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Ma Becomes a Socialist

PA was out on picket duty for the striking bricklayers; Jerry was performing a similar task for the striking plumbers; Dan was at the public playgrounds enjoying a game of baseball; and little Janey was at summer school. This left Dora and Ma Murphy to hold the fort alone.

Dora was in a belligerent mood.

"I'm sick and tired of it!" she declared vehemently. "Just when I am ready for my last year in high school and ought to be getting a few dresses made! It isn't as if I wanted a lot of fine clothes, ma; but you know I have nothing fit to wear to school. I'll just have to see if I can get a place as clerk in a store and save up enough to go back next year. But, O ma, I did want to graduate with my own class, and — and —"

The sentence broke off with a sob, and tears fell on the faded gingham dress that Dora was ironing.

"I don't blame you a bit, Dora," said her mother. Her own voice was husky, and tears were very close to her eyes. "I never went to high school, but I know all about making plans and then having to give them up. I've been doing that over and over for the last twenty years; and it's always been on account of strikes.

"Ever since your pa first joined the union, we've built up hopes about what we were going to do with the high wages he was going to get. We did begin to save money to buy us a home here in Jewell, but they called a strike, and we had to use the money for living expenses. It's always been that way. Just as soon as times were good, the bricklayers would quit work because the carpenters didn't want to work because the stonemasons had quit, or because the owner of the house had a son who was a plumber and didn't belong to the union, or some other such foolishness. If it had been on account of low wages or long hours, or to help the other fellow get better wages and better hours, it would have been different. It was that way a few times, and I don't begrudge hardships on that account; but when it's only to compel everybody to belong to the union, or when it's to punish some contractor for hiring other men, when he pays them as well and treats them as well as the union rules call for,—or even better,—then I get out of patience with the unions."

Dora, who was somewhat startled by ma's warmth and eloquence, wiped away her tears. "I ought to be ashamed to complain, ma, when I have had so little to bear, and you have had so much and haven't made a fuss over it. I remember, when Jerry and I were little, how you used to take in washing and ironing because pa was out on strike and couldn't get work for so long afterward, and wouldn't take any when he could, because the Bricklayers' Union would put him out if he did anything except brick-laying."

"Well, I'm not against unions, Dora," said ma, "because I think men ought to have some way of protecting themselves; but I'd like to see them use a little more common sense. The more they listen to the Socialist speakers and the more they read these Socialist papers, the less common sense they seem to have."

Pa and Jerry, who had just arrived, heard the last sentence clearly; and after they had entered and demanded luncheon in a hurry, Jerry undertook to reprove and instruct ma.

"See here, ma," he said, "instead of knocking Socialism, you ought to study our paper."

"If you'll stay home and pull the weeds out of the garden this afternoon, I'll read your paper," said ma.

"Sorry, ma, but pa and I have to go to a meeting at Labor Temple this afternoon. When the strike is settled, I'll hire a man to weed the garden; and, believe me, it's going to be settled soon; we're going to vote to call out the whole Trades Council if the contractors don't come to time pretty soon. We'll show them who's who. The workers should have the profits, and we're going to get them, and after a while we're going to take the tools. The workers really ought to own the tools."

Ma was familiar with such talk, and meditating upon it while she weeded the garden, she was suddenly converted to Socialism. She decided, however, not to break the news to her family immediately.

The next morning Dora was astonished to see her mother industriously slashing a pretty blue-and-white striped silk material into the shape of a shirt waist.

"Where did you get that, ma? Whose is it? You're not taking in sewing, are you?" she asked.

"It's yours, Dora, to wear to school, or to work, if you have to go to work. But I don't believe you will."

"Why, ma, it looks like — it is — Jerry's silk shirt! What will he do?"

"Don't you worry, Dora, I'll tend to that," said ma decisively; and then she confided to Dora the secret of her conversion to Socialism.

Dora proceeded with the stitching while ma cut up one of pa's best shirts and, with skilful fingers, turned it into a school waist for Dan.

That evening Jerry had planned to make a call; he searched in vain for the silk shirt.

"Ma, have you seen anything of my silk shirt?" he asked.

"Yes, Jerry, I saw it in your drawer this morning, and it made a nice shirt waist for Dora," ma answered. Apparently she was calm, but really she was badly frightened.

"You cut up my best shirt to make a waist for Dora?" cried Jerry, aghast. "You surely did not, ma!"

"Jerry, I've just taken your advice and have been studying Socialism. I don't believe in private property any more; the people who need things should have them, and Dora needed the waist more than you needed the shirt. And, pa," she added, "I cut up one of your best shirts to make a waist for Danny. He has to have one to go to school in next week, and, with nothing coming in, it takes all our money for food and rent."

Wednesday morning, before pa and Jerry were out of bed, ma and Dora, Dan and Janey, equipped with large baskets, pails, and pans, set out for the country in the cheap car Jerry owned. Ma knew that Jerry had been planning to drive to Gem City with a fellow striker. The machine, with its baskets, pails, and pans filled with elderberries and wild grapes, arrived home in time for ma to provide luncheon for her puzzled husband and indignant son.

"What do you mean by going off with my machine, especially when you knew I wanted to use it this morning?"

(Continued on page five)

A Providential Deliverance from Slavery

A SHY Armenian lass recently arrived at the home of her brother in Takoma Park. Her face bears the brand of the Mohammedan crescent and stars, marks of slavery which can never be removed, and the look of shrinking terror which comes now and then into the soft brown eyes as she talks of some of her experiences is sufficient proof of the deep waters of sorrow and oppression through which she has passed during the last six of her fourteen years. Her father was a wealthy merchant in Ovacik, Turkey, when the great World War began, and in their happy home Serapi, the youngest, was the pet and darling. Her mother was a devoted Seventh-day Adventist.

"It was in August, 1914," she told us (her brother acting as interpreter), "that the Turks came to Ovacik, where we lived, a village about ten miles from the city of Ismid, and took all the able-bodied men between twenty and forty for service in the Turkish army. In this way my brothers were taken from home.

"Then the chief men of the village were called together in the schoolhouse and told that the Armenians would have four days in which to cook and wash and get ready to go away wherever they should be taken.

"Next our homes were thoroughly searched for guns, knives, and weapons of all kinds. In my aunt's house a gun was found. Although her husband belonged to the Turkish army, they bound her, took her to the schoolhouse where the men were, and beat her almost to death. They also said they would punish the whole village by sending the men away by themselves into the desert alone, the women alone, and the children alone, instead of together as families, but this threat was not carried out.

"When the four days had passed, Turkish soldiers drove us out of the village by side roads instead of the regular highway. Thus they made our journey much harder, for the paths were narrow and stony. We were allowed but little time for rest, and often when we were so tired it seemed that we would drop in the way, the Turks would tell us we might rest; but just as soon as we sat down, they would drive us on.

"My father took a large sum of money with him, thinking he would be able with it to procure some comforts for us; but he did not dare to carry it himself, as the Turks would have stolen it. However, they seldom troubled the children, and so I, an eight-year-old girl, carried all our money in a belt

on my person. But after all, it did us little good, because we were not allowed to hire wagons, and often the little food we were allowed to buy was taken from us by the Turks.

"The first two or three days of our journey the mothers could take care of their children, but as the days passed and the Turks pushed us on and on without allowing us food or rest, they began to drop the babes by the roadside, throw them into the rivers, or give them to the Arabians—anything to keep them from falling into the hands of the Turks.

"Our only chance to buy food was when we

passed through Turkish villages. The prices were so high that only those who had much money could purchase. Water was sold for what would be \$1 a glass. They knew they could get this of all who had the money, because all were suffering for water. Of course some did not have the price, and these suffered greatly. When a stream was forded, the company would drink all they could, no matter how filthy the water was. Often the Turks would not allow us to stop to drink. Then those who could not buy water would drag their clothes in the stream as they walked through it, later sucking the water out and thus moistening their parched lips.

"All the way along the road the Turks beat and stoned the Armenians and made them as miserable as possible. In this way we traveled for months, all the time meeting more and more Arme-



Serapi and the Brother Who Rescued Her

nians on the way till we were thousands and thousands in a line so long that it seems it would reach from New York City to Washington. At first we did not know our destination, but finally learned that we were being taken to Der el Zor in the Arabian desert.

"As we passed through Turkish villages the Turks would come out and seize any pretty Armenian women or girls who pleased their fancy. Sometimes when they could not get them by force they offered money, and many were sold. The wives of my two brothers were taken by Arabians.

"We passed through Adana and Aleppo on the way, and were near the desert. Then one day my father left us for a little while, and an Arabian chief asked my mother for me. She knew she was going to die, and though he offered to pay for me what would amount to twenty cents, she refused the money, praying only that he would be good to me. Soon after this she was beaten until she died from injuries received. My father also was killed in the

same way. The Turks cut out the eyes of my older sister in order to increase her suffering, and she soon died, after being terribly beaten.

"It was the plan of the Turks to gather these thousands of helpless Armenians at Der el Zor, and there kill them. On the fatal day they surrounded them, and while bands played to drown out the sounds of murder, the soldiers fired into the crowd until the dead lay in heaps and no more living ones could be seen to shoot. Then they dismounted, drew their swords, and killed the wounded. Some of the wounded escaped by covering themselves with the dead. This one of my brothers did, and when night came, he with a few others stole away and fled toward the Euphrates River. There were two companies of these refugees; one group camped on a hill near by, the other on the river bank. During the night there was a storm and the river rose high and overflowed, so that those on the bank were drowned while they slept. In the morning no trace of them could be found. Thus my brother lost his life. The chum of my older brother, who was with the group on the hillside, brought the word to my relatives in Constantinople.

"When my mother gave me to the Arab chief she told me that I had two brothers in America who were safe and would find me some day. This was my one hope. In the village where I lived with my Arabian parents there were seven houses, and in each an Armenian slave girl. I had been there but a short time when my face was tattooed. They bound me securely and held me, and then in sight of a great company who had gathered to see it, a woman whose business it was to do this work, marked the Turkish crescent and stars on my forehead, cheeks, and chin. This was very painful for a time.

"My Arabian father tried to be kind to me in his way, but his young wife — his sixth — did everything possible to make me miserable. Often she beat me and pulled out handfuls of my hair. The house was like a large barn, and we all ate and lived and slept in the same room. I had to cook, wash, gather fuel, and herd sheep, and perhaps do other hard work that no one else wished to do. I could not bear to listen to their conversation, and never stayed in the room with the Arabs when I could get away. Sometimes, however, they compelled me to stay by.

"After some time my Arabian father decided that I should marry his thirteen-year-old son. I did not wish to do this, and all the time I prayed for my brothers to come for me. Finally, when I saw that they would force me to marry, I ran away. I ran

away again and again, but was always brought back. Finally, another Armenian slave girl went away with me, and we believed that we had really escaped. At last we took refuge in the house of an Armenian-Arabian who was friendly. My Arabian father soon came after us, and this friend pleaded for us. As a result of his pleading, my Arabian father promised that I should not have to marry for a year. I agreed to this because it was the only hope, and still I prayed for my brothers to come. Much can come to pass in a year.

"Now I cared for the sheep most of the time. There were about two hundred fifty in the flock, and I took them out several hours' travel beyond the village. I was made to care for them all alone, and

had to bring them in for milking, as Arabian sheep are milked as cows are here.

"One day when I was in the village with the sheep some one told me that an Armenian man was passing through. This was after the signing of the armistice and all Armenians were supposed to be free. I ran to speak with him, but I remembered only a few words of my language. I told him my name and asked if he knew my people. He said he knew them well, but just then my Arabian father came and took me away, and would not allow me to talk more. I sent a friend from another house, who told him about my brother in the Turkish army, and asked that he find him if possible and tell him where I was and to come and get me.

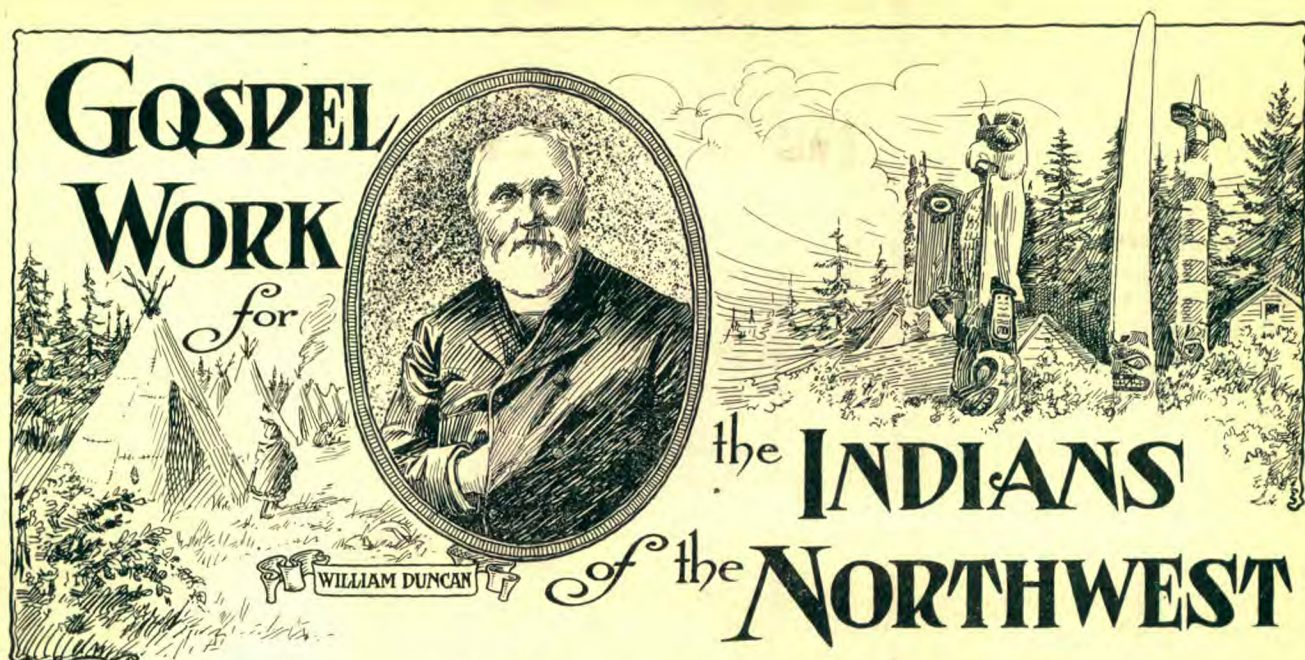
"This man found my brother very soon after he reached Constantino-

ple, and my brother at once borrowed money of the tract society and friends and started for the desert. All this time the day when I must marry my Arabian father's son was drawing nearer, and I prayed and prayed for deliverance. After several months my brother located the village. Then he went to the chief over that section and told him he had come for his sister, who was held as a slave, and asked for an escort of soldiers. Two came with him to our village, but I was away with the sheep. When my Arabian father saw my brother he said, 'You look like my daughter Marie,' for they had changed my name from Serapi. My brother asked them to send for me, and this they did, sending along some decent clothes with which I could appear, and also a picture of my brother, which I at once recognized. My brother came only a few weeks before I should have been married to the wicked Arabian young man. He took me back with him to Constantinople, and finally we are here in America, where all are free. I am so happy to be here."

L. E. C.



Serapi as She Now Appears



The Living Missionary Among These Indians

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS

IN June, 1901, the first Seventh-day Adventist missionaries, Elder T. H. Watson and Elder A. M. Dart, with their families, were sent to Alaska. They landed first at Douglas, a mining camp; a strong village of the Tlinkit Indians was also situated there.

From the very first, Elder Watson felt the appeal of these poor, ignorant natives, and often walked down through their village. For a time the Indians paid no attention to him, for the white man had so often betrayed their trust that they were suspicious; but at length the Lord gave an opportunity to win their confidence.

One day, as the missionary was passing through the village, he noticed a pale, emaciated Indian with one leg gone, sitting on a log near his shack. Approaching, he asked the man if he was sick.

The Indian replied, in excellent English, that his leg had been shot off, the doctor had not fixed it right, and so it had never healed. Further conversation brought out the information that his name was Jack Sheeshan, for many years interpreter for Governor Brady, of Alaska.

Our missionary's sympathetic interest in his troubles finally caused Jack to ask, hopefully, "Are you a doctor?"

"No," replied Elder Watson, "I am not a doctor, but I understand a good deal about the care of the sick, and I should be glad to try to help you."

So an appointment was made, and early the next morning our missionary went to Jack's shack and examined the diseased leg. He found it in a serious condition: the end of the bone was bare, the flesh never having healed over it; there was much inflammation, and blood poison, no doubt, would soon have ended the poor fellow's sufferings. As the missionary realized the Indian's great need, and looked into his eyes so full of suffering, but now shining with renewed hope, he determined to seek the Lord earnestly for wisdom and help to give relief.

Relying on simple treatments, hot water, massage, and disinfecting ointments, accompanied always by earnest prayer, he visited that lowly shack for forty consecutive mornings, and the marvelous result of perfect healing and the return of health to the Indian, followed.

Better still, Jack Sheeshan gave God the glory, not only for the healing power, but for sending the missionary to his help.

While these treatments were being given to the afflicted man, the other Indians of the village came in and out freely. Slowly but surely their confidence was gained, until, by the time the wounded leg was healed, they listened gladly to the Bible message as it was read and spoken to them.

The results were even more far reaching, for the news of the missionary, his work, and his teaching, was carried to other villages miles away, and from one of them Chief Jackson traveled seventy miles to beg that his people, too, might be visited and taught the truth.

In dealing with primitive people, this and many similar experiences prove that acts of simple Christian love and kindness establish lasting confidence, while a show of pomp and power only cause awe and distrust.

Ma Becomes a Socialist

(Continued from page two)

"Our machine," ma interposed. "There should be no private property; besides, the tools should belong to the workers. We're going to provide some food that we can eat this fall and winter."

"But that machine is mine, ma. I bought it with my own money," said Jerry.

"So did Mr. Sterling buy his plumbing business with his own money!" ma exclaimed.

Jerry was silent. Socialism applied at home somehow seemed different from the Socialism he had planned.

One shock a day was all that ma cared to give the men of her family; so Wednesday afternoon and most of Thursday passed peacefully; pa and Jerry guiltily hoped that ma had forgotten about Socialism. Perhaps she had; but if so, she had remembered something else. No appetizing odors issued from the kitchen and no table was set on Thursday evening. Ma and Dora sat in their rockers and industriously mended.

"Why, ma, where's the supper?" asked pa.

"You and Jerry can get something for yourselves tonight, I guess. We've formed a union of all the wives in our block, and we're out on strike, because Sam Tyler doesn't observe the rules. He refuses to mend the chicken fence for his wife."

"Can't you get our supper, Dora?" asked pa.

"No," answered Dora airily; "we have formed a Daughters' Union, too, and we have called a sympathetic strike. You will find some things in the pantry," she added graciously.

"While you are eating," said ma when they had seated themselves at the kitchen table and spread out the really plentiful supply, "Dora and I have to go to a joint meeting of our unions and see whether Sam Tyler has given in. There's to be no cooking until Patty Tyler's chicken fence is mended."

"But, ma, that's not fair to the rest of us. Why should we have to suffer for Sam Tyler's meanness?"

"Pa, I'm surprised at you," replied ma in a hurt tone. "You know people will never get anything if they don't stick together. You've always believed in that."

When ma and Dora returned, they reported that Sam Tyler had offered to compromise; he would make his boy mend the fence; and some of the wives wanted to accept, but it had been decided to reject the offer. So there would be no cooking tomorrow.

The next morning, while pa and Jerry burned their fingers and scorched the toast, ma and Dora lay abed; but no sooner were they out of the house than the striking wife and daughter were busy dressing, and preparing breakfast for themselves and the two children. There had been similar scenes in the other houses in the block, for it happened that in each there was at least one member of a trade-union that was striking. The idea was also mysteriously spread into other homes throughout the neighborhood.

Friday afternoon, when another Trades Council meeting was held at Labor Temple, the leaders actually advised that the rights of the public, as well as their own rights, should be considered. Some even said it was their duty to apply the golden rule. Therefore, it was resolved by the greatest majority in the history of the Trades Council, that the carpenters, in whose behalf the other trades had gone out, ought to accept the compromise offer of the contractors and go back to work; and that resolution the carpenters, in a meeting called immediately afterward, ratified.

Thus ended the greatest strike in Jewell. From that time union leaders of socialistic tendencies found such scanty welcome there that they avoided the city ever after.—*Youth's Companion*.

Just for the Juniors

Keeping Out of Debt

HAVE you paid your bill? You did not know you owed one? Every Junior owes one unless he is paying it off week by week. One queer thing about that bill is the fact that it can never be paid at once, it must be paid a little every day, and neglect to do this soon makes it so large that, well—it goes unpaid. How about yours? Are you getting behind?

What is it you owe? You owe time, energy, and thought to your Junior Missionary Volunteer Society. Were you there last week? Perhaps you didn't have any special part on the program, but were you

there just the same, bringing encouragement and enthusiasm by your presence? If all the members stayed away because they had nothing to do, what kind of society would yours be? Yes, that is a bill which comes due each week. You owe an hour more or less, as the case may be, to your society. Do you keep that item paid up?

Did you promise to prepare that talk when you were last asked? How about it? Does your leader sometimes say discouragingly, "It's like pulling teeth to get any one to do anything here"? If so, is it your fault? Be honest with yourself. If you have not done something in the last three weeks, something that took a little of your time and thought but that helped make your Junior meeting a success, then—another item of that bill is unpaid.

Have you joined a band? Are you spending some time each week in active Christian service? Have you some items to put onto the report blank each week? That kind of experience is the kind that builds up a society and it is another thing you owe.

There are two classes of people in the world. One accepts life, home, the privilege of church and Missionary Volunteer Society, as something owed them. They take all they can get and give as little as possible in return. The world calls them "shirkers," the army calls them "slackers."

Then there is the other class. Let us keep their picture in our minds and hearts. There is a blessed promise in the Bible which says, "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." If we behold that glory often enough, we may become like him and so join that glorious throng. It was Jesus' glory to serve others. His only purpose of living was to bless others. Did he ever miss an opportunity to help some one? Did he ever refuse to help make a meeting a true success? And those that follow him forget what they can get, they think only of what they can give. That is what it means to pay the bill.

HARRIET HOLT.

Our Counsel Corner

Why do not Seventh-day Adventists call their ministers "reverend"?

"He sent redemption unto his people: he hath commanded his covenant forever: holy and reverend is his name." Ps. 111:9.

This is the only instance in the Bible where the word "reverend" is used. It is applied to the Great God. "Holy and reverend is his name." Does it seem consistent to apply to frail, fallible, finite man a term which is applied alone to God?
C. A. R.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

VII — The Flood

(November 13)

Reason for the Flood

1. WHY did God destroy the world by a flood? Gen. 6: 11-13.
2. What good man do we find among the descendants of Seth? Gen. 5: 28, 29; 6: 8, 9.

Provision for a Saved Remnant

3. What instruction did the Lord give Noah? Gen. 6: 14-16.

4. For what classes of animals was Noah to make provision in the ark? Gen. 6: 20; 7: 9. Note 1.
5. How ample was the provision for the care of the animals? Gen. 6: 14-16.
6. How completely did God say he would destroy the plants and animals on the earth? Gen. 7: 4.
7. Tell how this work of destruction was brought about. Verses 19-23.
8. When did Noah go into the ark? Verse 11.
9. How long was it after he entered the ark that the flood came? Verse 10.

The Agents of Destruction

10. What else besides the rain was used to bring the flood upon the earth? Verse 11; Ps. 104: 5-7, 9; Job 38: 8, 11.
11. Is there water enough now on the earth to cover it? Note 2.
12. How long did it take for the flood to reach its highest point? Gen. 7: 12, 17.

Time Covered by Flood

13. How long did the waters cover over the earth? Verse 24; 8: 3.
14. When did the land finally become dry? Gen. 8: 14.
15. How long was it from the beginning of the flood until the land was dry? Compare Gen. 7: 11 with 8: 14.

God's Covenant with Man

16. What covenant did God make with Noah after the flood? Gen. 9: 12-17.

Notes

1. "Beasts of every description, the fiercest as well as the most gentle, were seen coming from mountain and forest, and quietly making their way toward the ark. A noise as of a rushing wind was heard, and lo, birds were flocking from all directions, their numbers darkening the heavens, and in perfect order they passed to the ark. Animals obeyed the command of God."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pp. 97, 98.
2. The average depth of the ocean is about 13,000 feet, the average height of the dry land is about 2,250. Thus the ocean is nearly six times as deep as the land is high, in general average; and as the ocean's surface is about three times that of the land's, there is nearly eighteen times as much water below sea level as there is land above it. Accordingly, if all the present dry land were to sink beneath the sea, the water would only be raised a few hundred feet from its present level. Indeed, if the solid part of the earth were made into a perfect sphere, that is, if all the earth's inequalities were smoothed out, the water of the ocean would cover the earth to the depth of one and one-half miles, or nearly 9,000 feet.

Intermediate Lesson

VII—Parable of the Good Samaritan

(November 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 10: 25-37.

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Luke 10: 27.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 497-505; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 376-389.

The Setting of the Lesson

The topic, "Who is my neighbor?" was an old one. "Among the Jews this question caused endless dispute. They had no doubt as to the heathen and the Samaritans; these were strangers and enemies. But where should the distinction be made among the people of their own nation, and among the different classes of society? Whom should the priest, the rabbi, the elder, regard as neighbor? They spent their lives in a round of ceremonies to make themselves pure. Contact with the ignorant and careless multitude, they taught, would cause defilement that would require wearisome effort to remove. Were they to regard the 'unclean' as neighbors?"—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 498.

The story told by Jesus "was no imaginary scene, but an actual occurrence, which was known to be exactly as represented. The priest and the Levite who had passed by on the other side were in the company that listened to Christ's words."—*Id.*, p. 499.

"Do all the good you can
To all the people you can,
In every place you can,
And all the ways you can,
And just as long as you can."

Questions

1. While Jesus was teaching the people, how was he interrupted? Luke 10: 25. Note 1.
2. Instead of a direct reply, what question did Jesus ask? Verse 26.
3. What was the lawyer's answer to his own question? Verse 27.
4. In what words did Jesus approve of this answer? Verse 28. Note 2.
5. How did the lawyer seek to excuse himself? Verse 29. Note 3.
6. Of whom did Jesus begin to tell the lawyer? Verse 30. Note 4.
7. Who came by the place where the wounded man was lying? How did the priest show his indifference? Verse 31.
8. Who was the next passer-by? What did his curiosity lead him to do? What did he then do? Verse 32. Note 5.
9. How may the reason for the strange lack of compassion on the part of the priest and the Levite be understood? Note 6.
10. Who was the third man to travel the same road? What did his pity for the wounded man lead him to do? Verses 33, 34.
11. What provision did he make for the further care of the wounded man? Verse 35. Note 7.
12. After telling the story, what question did Jesus ask the lawyer? Verse 36.
13. What answer did the lawyer make? What did Jesus then say to him? Verse 37.
14. What definite answer may be given to the question, "Who is my neighbor?" Note 8.

Are These Things True?

Sydney Smith says that if he were to declare that A is in trouble, B would instantly reply, "C ought to help him."

Some one else says that if he were to say that T was in trouble, U would instantly reply, "Well, it's his own fault. Let him get out."

Still another man says that if he were to announce that X needed some help, Y and Z would both reply, "I'm too busy."

Notes

1. The man who asked Jesus the question was not a lawyer in the modern sense of the word, but a scribe, a religious teacher, one who was a professed student and expounder of the law of Moses.

2. "The Jews still accused Jesus of lightly regarding the law given from Sinai; but he turned the question of salvation upon the keeping of God's commandments."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 497.

"Christ knew that no one could obey the law in his own strength. He desired to lead the lawyer to clearer and more critical research, that he might find the truth. Only by accepting the virtue and grace of Christ can we keep the law."—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* p. 378.

3. "The lawyer knew that he had kept neither the first four nor the last six commandments. He was convicted under Christ's searching words, but instead of confessing his sin, he tried to excuse it. Rather than acknowledge the truth, he endeavored to show how difficult of fulfillment the commandment is. Thus he hoped both to parry conviction and to vindicate himself in the eyes of the people."—*Id.*, pp. 378, 379.

4. "Jerusalem is on the table-land of Judea, and Jericho, twenty miles distant, is in the deep gorge of the Jordan valley, 900 feet below sea level. The road was narrow as well as steep, with hills and narrow gullies and caves on either side. The tract was uninhabited, and notorious for such brigands as the parable mentions."—*Tarbell*.

5. "Then a Levite appeared. Curious to know what had happened, he stopped and looked at the sufferer. He was convicted of what he ought to do, but it was not an agreeable duty. He wished that he had not come that way, so that he would not have seen the wounded man. He persuaded himself that the case was no concern of his, and he too 'passed by on the other side.'"—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* p. 379.

6. "Trained in the school of national bigotry, they had become selfish, narrow, and exclusive. When they looked upon the wounded man, they could not tell whether he was of their nation or not. They thought he might be of the Samaritans, and they turned away. In their action, as Christ had described it, the lawyer saw nothing contrary to what he had been taught concerning the requirements of the law."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 500.

7. "Two pence," two denarii, about thirty-three cents, two days' wages, or enough to pay for several days' care.

8. "Thus the question, 'Who is my neighbor?' is forever answered. Christ has shown that our neighbor does not mean merely one of the church or faith to which we belong. It has no reference to race, color, or class distinction. Our neighbor is every person who needs our help. Our neighbor is every soul who is wounded and bruised by the adversary. Our neighbor is every one who is the property of God."—*Id.*, p. 503.

EDITORIAL

FANNIE D. CHASE, EDITOR
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The "Movies"

THE Washington Post of September 30 contained a pertinent comment on the effect of the moving picture shows on the minds and hearts of the youth who patronize them. The writer says:

"Recently on both sides of the Atlantic the movies have been under fire. At the conference of Catholic charities held last week in this city much was said of the bad effects which a certain class of screen drama is liable to have on the youthful mind. Particular stress was laid on the suggestiveness of scenes which, while not necessarily lascivious or libidinous in themselves, are yet likely, in the case of the unsophisticated boy or girl, to arouse passionate emotions or to impart undesirable information before due time. There is force in this contention, and film censors everywhere ought to give it proper consideration before issuing a license to any production.

"At the Glastonbury festival of British musical drama a few days ago a representative of the English board of education expressed the view that the cinema [moving picture] is a dangerous influence for evil. He objected specifically to those sensational picture stories in which life and property are taken easily and often."

If the scenes portrayed on the screen are at all similar to the glaring posters and billboards advertising the shows, the most of them are surely not such as to inculcate or foster high ideals or even common decency. Let us refuse to expose the delicate mind film to anything but what will make a picture that will uplift and inspire.

F. D. C.

The Corporal's Prayer

THE Y. M. C. A. hut of a large base camp in France was packed to the doors to hear the new chaplain who had arrived from England only a few hours before.

How heartily the men sang the old songs, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," "Rock of Ages," and "Lead, Kindly Light," and how reverently quiet they were during the reading and the prayer. The chaplain had just started his address when suddenly a corporal—absolutely drunk—pushed his way into the hut, bawling at the top of his voice a comic song.

"Shut up!" cried several of the men.

"Pitch him out!" cried others wrathfully.

"Leave him alone, men!" cried the chaplain. "Let's see what he'll do!"

The drunken fellow stumbled up a narrow lane between the men to the platform, saying in a thick voice, "I can sing as well as any of you, I know! And preach, too, gov'nor!" he added as he caught sight of the chaplain. "Lemme try!"

"Come on," said the chaplain, to the astonishment of the men. "Let's see what you can do, mate."

With a broad grin the poor fellow climbed upon the platform. When he at last stood before the crowd, he said with a drunken laugh, "Now, chaplain, what'll it be, a song, a sermon, or a prayer?"

Under a strong sense of inspiration, and fighting down his natural repulsion at the idea, the chaplain replied, "You'd better pray, my son."

The man looked sobered for an instant, and then he shut his eyes.

"Let us pray," said the chaplain, and a hush fell over all the men.

The corporal, controlling his speech with difficulty, began, "O God!" There was a long silence. "O God!" he started again. Then another long spell of silence.

Then came a sob that rent the hearts of all. The fellow's head sank upon his hands; he half turned to the chaplain, whose arms were round him in an instant. In broken tones the man sobbed out, "I had a good mother, sir—once—she taught me—" He could get no further.

"Let us pray," said the chaplain again, and in strong but tender tones he commended the man and his comrades to the God of mercy who understands and who, in Christ, "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." The chaplain thanked God for the old home, for sainted mothers, and for honest fathers. There was no sermon that night—but the corporal's soul was given to Christ, and many another man's, too.

The corporal was never drunk again, and during his stay with that battalion the chaplain had no truer friend or more willing helper in all his work than he.—*Selected.*

The Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll

THE following persons have, during the year, signed the anti-tobacco pledge:

Donald F. Haynes	Bernard Kennedy	Merritt Leslie
Lawrence Chapman	Edwin Griffin	Clyde Sauder
Frank Parkhurst	Wilber Mitchel	Alvin Luitjens
Murland Sylvester	Westley Mitchel	Roy Higgins
Edmund Blaehn	Robert Whittaker	Lester Moore
Jewel Brooks	Vergil Gunther	Milton Mundall
Ira Sims	Vergil Harter	Donald Stump
Archie Gibson	Paul Felker	G. W. Gollihue
Hubert Smith	Warren Felker	Robert Benton
Mike Reichert	Byron Compton	Clarence Martinsen
Halmar J. Webb	Leslie Jackson	Fred Smith
Oscar Jones	Leonard Jackson	George Koeppen
Nelson W. Curtiss	Emerie Sanders	George Freeze
Victor Rallsage	George Sanders	Percy Cole
John R. Jones	Frederick Huguley	Howard Allison
Walter Griffin	Ronald Loe	Milner Grant
Robert Griffin	Hubert Douglas Smith	

Memorials in China

THE Chinese people approve of good deeds and right living, and publicly encourage benevolence, virtue, justice, and right-doing. On all sides one sees memorials to public-spirited, benevolent men, to virtuous women, and to noble, unselfish officials.

These memorial arches are of carved stone, and many of them are very old, some of them having been built several hundred years ago. These memorials are constant reminders to the people, and suggest to them imitation of the generous deeds, pure life, and honorable character of those who have passed along the path of life before them.

O. B. KUHN.

The Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

OUR friends in Canada are not forgotten and unappreciated, though often neglected, in that we have been giving the prices of our Reading Course books for those in the States and neglecting to give the additional charge for Canada. The price of the Senior Course books for this year to those across the line is \$4.50; Junior Course, \$3.85; Primary, \$1.85.

"WHY attribute our misfortunes to bad luck, and our successes to shrewdness?"