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The Poison of Self-Pity



LET angry with yourself, pat yourself on the back, commend yourself, praise, blame, love, or hate yourself—do anything to yourself, but don't pity yourself.

Self-pity has a certain septic satisfaction, like picking at a sore, and there is an undeniable "luxury of self-dispraise," but it's as dangerous as getting drunk. It's habit forming. It grows on one. Quit it.

Pity is a glorious and creditable attribute—when it flows out toward another. Then it is like the mountain brook, sparkling, chattering, leaping, the laughter of the woods, the refreshment of bird and beast, carrying health and joy to all who drink of its cool flood or even gaze upon its happy play.

But pity, when it turns upon self, is like a stagnant pool, covered with hateful scum, and concealing ugly, slimy things in its foul ooze.

One who is sorry for himself is already half beaten.

The self-pitying are abused. Nobody treats them right. People talk about them. Others are promoted over them. They get no proper thanks. They are unappreciated. Alas! Also alack, and woe is me! Let us all go into the garden and eat worms.

The self-pitiers invite every variety of spiritual microbe to come in and breed. They are the clouds, mud, and slush of mankind.

They are rarely efficient. No man that hasn't enough egotism to admire himself a bit ever amounts to much.

Bad as egotism is, it is infinitely better than self-contempt.

The self-pitiers are hard to love, trying to live with, and impossible to please. They cannot enjoy riches, nor appreciate poverty.

When they are well they think they are sick, and when they are sick they think they are worse.

They are gloom spreaders and heart depressants.

Self-pity is the most exquisite form of selfishness, the camouflage of impotence, the acme of disagreeableness.

Self-pity requires no brains, no capacity, no worth. It is sheer and utter no-accountness.

If you pity yourself, you are hypnotized by yourself. Come out of it!

No self-pitying troops ever won a battle; no self-pitying clerk ever rose to be general manager; no self-pitying merchant ever made his business thrive; no self-pitying woman ever retained her husband's love; and no self-pitying human being was ever a help to another human being.

Self-pity is the collapse of all the faculties; it is cowardly surrender in the face of the enemy.

Don't complain! Keep your chin up! The courageous soul, in no matter what condition, is a point of cheer, a lamp of brightness, a tonic draught, to his fellow men.

In every city there ought to be a public spanker for all self-pitiers.

—Dr. Frank Crane.

From Here and There

In Russia a good pair of shoes now costs 77,000 rubles.

The city of Kief, Russia, has had fourteen different governments in twelve months.

No religious literature of any kind is allowed to be published in Russia, under the Bolshevistic régime. The name of God is forbidden to appear in print.

In some parts of Europe people cannot now go out on the street for want of clothing. Sometimes a man feels well dressed if he has a vest, though no shirt, and a pair of trousers, even though these come only to the knees.

Before the war the city of Riga, Russia, was a beautiful city, and had a population of 550,000; now it has but 222,000 inhabitants. The city at the present time is without coal, without machinery, and without power to run machinery.

California, Montana, and Arizona show the greatest increase in population during the last decade, Arizona having had an increase of 63 per cent. Nevada, Vermont, and Mississippi all show a decrease in population during this same period.

A physician in Russia connected with the Red Cross work, operated on patients for forty-eight hours in succession in an emergency. He kept at the work until the nurses associated with him collapsed. No anesthetic was given during these operations, as there was none to give.

This country is "city-crazy," exclaims the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier*, as the 1920 census announces that more than half our population—51.9 per cent—are now city dwellers. Ten per cent of the people of the United States live in its three largest cities; between 30 and 40 per cent live in the sixty-eight largest cities; more than half the land farmed in Kansas is farmed by tenants. Our "urban population" is about 4,000,000 more than the rural, while in 1910 the rural was about 7,000,000 more than the urban. The whole urban population has increased more than seven times as fast as the rural.

Cotton will bear better when the plants are crowded together thickly in the field than when they are thinly spaced. This result, which runs directly contrary to old ideas and practices, has been thoroughly established by tests at various State experiment stations, and thick spacing is strongly advocated by the United States Department of Agriculture. If cotton is sufficiently thick in the row, the plants put out only fruiting branches. There is no room for the vegetative branches to grow. Therefore mere plant growth is restricted and the vitality of the plant goes largely into lint production. The result is that the bolls are put out and mature much earlier and more profusely than when the plants are far apart, and boll weevil and drouth injury are minimized.

The explosion motor used in automobiles always requires outside aid to start it. A steam engine will usually start itself, but when it is a locomotive engine with a heavy load behind it, it sometimes has a good deal of trouble. To help it, there has been invented a device called a "booster," which is capable of giving aid when most needed at a negligible expenditure of energy and practically no added weight for the machine. This booster, we are told by the writer of a leading article in the *Scientific American*, is simply a power unit applied to the trailing wheels, utilizing their full traction and increasing the drawbar pull by 25 to 40 per cent at starting. After getting up to road speed, it disengages automatically when the engineer hooks up the reverse lever.

Elder L. H. Christian, lately returned from Europe, brought with him 1,000 rubles, which sum before the war would have been worth about \$600, but which he bought from a bank for sixty-five cents. This illustrates the depreciation of money throughout the war-stricken countries of Europe. The German mark, worth 24 cents before the war, is now worth 1 cent; in one of the countries of Middle Europe the mark, valued at 37 cents before the war, is now worth but one-half cent.

The Republican party won on November 2 in the election for the nation's highest offices, Senator Warren G. Harding being elected to the Presidency, and Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, to the Vice-Presidency.

During the World War, according to the "Pathfinder," Germany lost 203 submarines and Austria 20.

Information Bureau

Why was the home of George Washington named Mount Vernon?

The mansion was built by Lawrence Washington, half brother of George, and was named in honor of Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served in the West Indies.

How much has the time for crossing the Atlantic been shortened since the time of Columbus?

Columbus crossed in 37 days. The first steamship, "Savannah," crossed in 27 days. The "Mauretania" crossed in 106 hours and 40 minutes; the airship "R-34" in 75 hours and 6 minutes; seaplane "NC-4" in 54 hours and 17 minutes; Vicker's airplane in 16 hours and 20 minutes.

What is the origin of the word "kid" as applied to children?

"Kid" is a gypsy word meaning child, and in this use is not the same as the word meaning young goat. The word has also been explained as a facetious formation from the Anglo-Saxon "ci(1)d," the "1" being silent.

How large was the biggest fish ever caught?

The Smithsonian Institution says that the biggest fish was captured at Miami, Florida, after a fight of thirty-nine hours. It was a whale shark and weighed 30,000 pounds, its liver alone weighing 1,700 pounds. Five harpoons and 150 bullets were required to subdue the monster.

How much silver is there in a billion dollars?

To coin a billion dollars 31,250 tons of silver would be required. It would take 2,083 cars to haul it to the mint. Put edge to edge, this number of dollars would make a line from New York to Salt Lake City.

Does a man with a wife and child and a salary of \$2,100 a year have to make an income tax return?

If a married man has an income of more than \$2,000 he is required to make a tax return, though the exemption of \$200 for a dependent child may make his return nontaxable.

Must an alien legally adopted take out naturalization papers to become a citizen?

Yes, adoption does not confer citizenship.

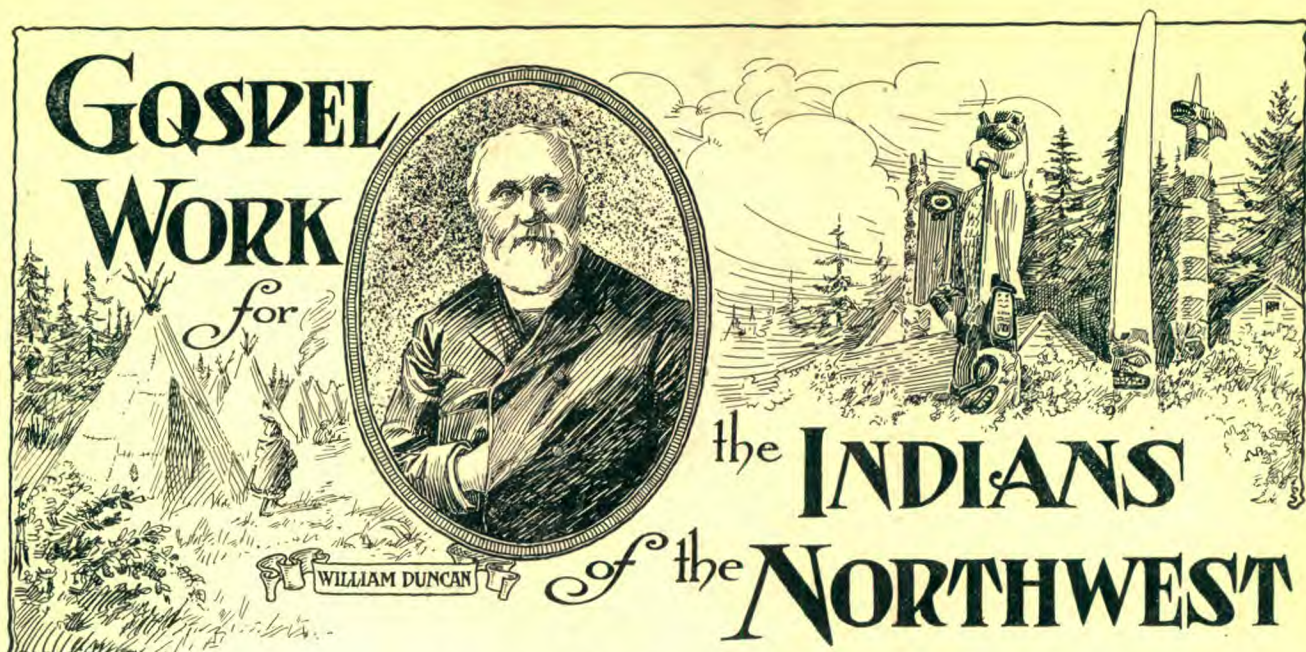
How many people died of influenza in the 1918 epidemic of that disease?

According to a survey made by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a total of 15,000,000 people, or about one per cent of the world's population, died of this disease previous to 1919.

—The Pathfinder.

An Enunciation Exercise

THEOPHILUS THISTLE, a successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb; now, if Theophilus Thistle, a successful thistle sifter, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust three thousand thistles through the thick of his thumb, see that thou, in sifting a sieveful of unsifted thistles, thrust not three thousand thistles through the thick of thy thumb.—Selected.



An Indian's Answers

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS

ONE might think these untaught Indians of the Northwest would be unable to grasp the Bible truths for this time sufficiently to defend them, but that they can do this has been proved. Their minds are bright and keen. If attacked on a subject they have not yet thoroughly mastered, they show great ingenuity in turning the conversation to a subject they do comprehend, and they stand like a rock when once convinced that a doctrine has a "Thus saith the Lord" behind it.

To illustrate: The wife of a missionary of another denomination, meeting an Indian named Joe Alexander, asked, "Are you going to join Watson's church, Joe?"

Joe did not answer for a moment, and a number of Indians crowded around the two, waiting to hear what he would say. Finally he answered thoughtfully, "No, I'm not going to join Watson's church; I'm going to keep the commandments of God."

Wishing to turn the laugh that followed away from herself the lady said, "I'm sorry for you, Joe."

"No, don't be sorry for me," Joe answered with great earnestness. "Be sorry for yourself; I have my Bible." The lady did not seek to continue the conversation.

Henry Pierce, early in his Christian experience, was met by a leading missionary of another denomination and asked, "Why do you keep that old Jew Sabbath, Henry?"

Henry, being a child in the message at that time, and not feeling quite able to defend the Sabbath truth as yet, fell back on his favorite subject, "The State of the Dead," which he did understand thoroughly.

"Never mind that old Jew Sabbath," he answered quickly; "where you go when you die?"

"Where do I go to when I die?" repeated the missionary with a surprised look. "I go to heaven."

"No, you don't go to heaven when you die," and Henry shook his head deliberately and convincingly.

The missionary was indignant, and asked, "What do you mean by saying I do not go to heaven when I die?"

Henry was working up to a climax, and was in no hurry to reach it. He continued to shake his head and cast pitying looks at the missionary. After more urging he finally replied, "If you are in a

hurry to go to heaven, you better go before you die, for the dead know not anything."

Henry always had a desire to make himself useful, so when he had an opportunity to work as helper to a plasterer who came to Port Simpson he gladly accepted the place, and watched and studied the manner of mixing the mortar and applying it to the walled surface. In time he became an efficient plasterer, and was often employed at such work.

When the Government agent's son built a residence, he engaged Henry to plaster it for him. Henry, being a Sabbath keeper, questioned whether it would be wise to work on Sunday. Upon counseling with Elder Watson, he was advised not to do so unless the owner of the building was perfectly willing. Inquiry proved that the man had no objections whatever to Sunday work, so Henry prepared to work.

Early Sunday morning the missionary was surprised at his appearance, with a request for a piece of blackboard paper such as he kept on hand to use for illustrations in the Indian Bible school.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, not very much—about three feet square," answered Henry.

"What are you going to do with it?" inquired the missionary as he cut off the required piece of paper.

"I have a plan; you know—sometime," was the smiling but evasive answer as Henry took his departure.

That afternoon Elder Watson and his wife decided to take a walk and visit the house where Henry was at work. It was situated at the end of a long plank walk leading from the town up to a slight elevation. As they approached the front entrance, they saw with surprise a large sign tacked up near the door. The sign was made by writing with white crayon on the section of blackboard paper secured by Henry that morning, and read:

S-U-N-D-A-Y

Wild solar day of all pagan time.

—N. British Review.

Underneath the sign, on a neat little shelf placed there for the purpose, lay three books—"Two Republics," "History of the Sabbath," and on top of

these, the Bible. Inside they could hear Henry working busily, so decided to enter and find out the meaning of it all.

"I thought some one might come and ask me questions why I was working today," explained Henry, cheerfully.

"Did any one come?" they inquired.

"Yes; Dr. B. and his wife came." Dr. B. was the minister of another denomination.

"What did they do, Henry, when they saw the sign?"

Henry could tell almost as much by his acting as by his words. Now, as he talked, he acted out the actions he described. "Oh," said he, "the doctor came walking up until he saw the sign" (and he imitated the slow, self-satisfied walk to perfection). "He read it carefully, then he turned his head and

read the titles of the books. He said something, very low, to his wife, and without saying anything at all to me, he took her arm and walked back to the village." Henry finished by imitating a rather hurried manner of walking.

This incident illustrates the comprehension and resourcefulness of these Indian minds. Surely they are worth laboring to save. As for Henry Pierce, one cannot but wonder whether he is still living, still preaching to his people, and still looking toward the south, hoping and praying for more light to come.

Many among these Indians died during the influenza epidemic of two years ago. If Henry Pierce is gone, we wonder who is holding up the light in his place; and as we wonder we pray, "Dear Lord, send reapers to this harvest field, too."

"Real Pagans in the State of Minnesota"

HENRY SKADSHEIM

WHEN I saw the article with the foregoing title in the INSTRUCTOR of July 27, it occurred to me that some additional information on this subject might be of interest.

That there are real pagans right here among us in this highly civilized country may seem startling, but it is a serious fact that there are "over a thousand pagan Indians" in only the northern part of the State of Minnesota. I am inclined to believe this to be a very moderate estimate, considering that there are 450 on only the Red Lake Reservation and hundreds on the White Earth Reservation, besides those mentioned in the list given by the Y. M. C. A. bulletin.

The tribe which inhabits these reservations is called the Chippewa tribe, of which those who retain their ancient pagan form of religion are known as "Medicine Indians," because of their belief in what we may call divine healing. They practise various rites through which the evil which causes the disease is supposed to be subdued by the spirits, much the same as the Hindu or the African savage charms the evil out of the victim of disease. Thus it is that their priests are their "medicine men," or doctors.

These Medicine Indians have a great yearly celebration beginning the 14th of June, at which the Great Spirit is worshiped with various ceremonies, of which one is the "medicine dance." It consists of a peculiar sidestep by which they all move around in a circle about some poles between which sit those who beat the drum and lead out in the singing. When the dance is over, all are seated in a circle while some lead out in prayers to the Great Spirit, and some of the women go to the poles in the center and stroke them from top to bottom with the palms of their hands.

Every year hundreds of tourists come to witness these primitive practices and the war dances, and to hear the crude songs and the war whoops accom-

panied by the drumming of the tom-toms. It really touches one's heart to see the natives of our own country so primitive still that they are an object of curiosity.

Another pagan practice is to make offerings to the departed spirits of the dead. For this purpose they build small houses over the graves, in which they

place articles that have been made by the deceased before his death, such as maple sugar, a weapon, or anything that the spirit would partake of and enjoy when it, as they suppose, returns to visit the body.

These facts ought to reveal the need that the natives of America have of enlightenment, to free them from this pagan bondage and raise them to a higher plane. Their daily life is a continual

proof of their great need of a higher standard of living. But to reach the older generation one must learn their language before one can do anything for them. Some of the younger Indians are being reached with literature, as the accompanying picture shows. This is a full-blooded Chippewa Indian minister being canvassed for "The Great Controversy" outside his wigwam. He bought thirteen dollars' worth of our books. Almost seventy dollars' worth of our literature was sold in one day by the one who canvassed on the White Earth Reservation.



A Full-blooded Chippewa Indian Minister Being Canvassed for "The Great Controversy"

"A GENTLEMAN is full of consideration for others, a foe to violence of opinion or expression; an enemy at the same time of restraint, suspicion, gloom, or resentment. He is merciful, gentle, and tender; avoids unseasonable allusions or topics; never makes himself prominent in conversation and suppresses his own egotism. He makes light of the favors which he does and seems to receive while he confers. He is scrupulous in imputing motives, is never mean or little, never takes unfair advantage, and never mistakes personalities or abuse for argument."

A Visit to Plymouth, Massachusetts

SINCE the Tercentenary of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers is soon to be celebrated in this country, and the eyes of practically the whole nation is turned toward Plymouth, Massachusetts, that prosperous town of 15,000 inhabitants, I thought it might be of interest to the INSTRUCTOR readers to give an account of my visit there last summer.

After a charming voyage of about three hours from Boston, we arrived at Plymouth Harbor. Immediately to be seen was the inclosure which contains the famous Plymouth Rock. This is a large boulder of greenish syenite stone. There is a crack in the middle of it, which has, however, been cemented. I could not but look upon and handle this boulder with feelings of reverence when I considered what it represents, and thought of our revered ancestors, their sacrifices, trials, and sufferings. The following words, written by Felicia Hemans, came to my mind:

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod.
They have left unstained
What there they found—
Freedom to worship God."

The next place of interest is Cole's Hill, where the Pilgrims buried half their number that melancholy first winter, and afterward leveled the graves and sowed grain over them to conceal their misfortunes from the Indians.

We are told that fourteen of the nineteen wives who came over with their husbands died.

Next we visited Burial Hill, where several Pilgrims and many of their descendants lie. This was used as a burying ground for about three hundred years, the last burial taking place in 1909. Many interesting things are to be seen there, but lack of space forbids their mention.

Another prominent landmark is the national monument to the Forefathers. This monument was dedicated in 1889, and is of magnificent design. On a main pedestal stands a figure representing the Pilgrim faith. From this pedestal project four buttresses, seated upon which are four monolith figures typifying morality, law, education, and freedom. Below these statues, and on the faces of the buttresses, are marble high reliefs illustrating scenes from the history of the Pilgrims.

But by far the most interesting place to visit is Pilgrim Hall. This building was erected in 1824 by the Pilgrim Society. It was remodeled in 1880 by a wealthy merchant named Joseph Henry Stickney, who saw the necessity of having a fireproof building to preserve carefully the invaluable relics of the Pilgrims. Among the many things of interest to be seen there are these: Many fine paintings on the walls; Eliot's Indian Bible, written in a now dead language; Miles Standish's sword, with its mysterious inscriptions; the original manuscript of Felicia Hemans' famous ode, "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers."

During my brief stay of two days in Plymouth, I was hospitably entertained at the home of Dr. C. O. Prince, a prominent physician of the town. Through his kindness I experienced what to me was the most

pleasant feature of my visit. We went on a trip to Duxbury by automobile through a thickly wooded country and saw the home of Capt. Miles Standish, and that of John Alden, the fond lover of Priscilla Mullens. These houses are still in an excellent state of preservation. The grave of Standish, which was discovered only in recent years, and the Standish monument, which can be seen for miles on Cape Cod Bay, are of interest also.

I went away feeling amply repaid for my pilgrimage to this place, which is one of the most important, yes, sacred, shrines in America.

FORREST WASHBURN.

Accomplish Something

ACCOMPLISH something!" That was the emphatic reply given by Theodore N. Vail when asked what he considered the most worth-while thing in life, the thing that yields most satisfaction. "The only real, lasting happiness," continued Mr. Vail, "can come from doing something, accomplishing something; and, looking back, the thought that you have accomplished something is the one that gives you most satisfaction."

"Mind you, by accomplishing something I do

not mean that you must necessarily have done something great, something big, or something unusual. Accomplishment is relative. The boy who delivers messages, the girl who types letters, the mechanic who turns a lathe, the worker who walks the railway tracks, the telephone operator at the switchboard, the man stringing wires, can earn this feeling of satisfaction that comes from worthy accomplishment just as much, just as keenly, as the chief executive of a great industrial enterprise, or the president of a railroad, or the famous author. One's sphere matters little. Everybody wants to feel that he or she has accomplished something."

The telephone wizard may be accepted as authority, for his record has been one of achievement. That the United States has nearly three times as many telephones as all the rest of the world combined, is chiefly due to Mr. Vail's untiring energy. "His has been the master mind which has linked together every city and every town and every hamlet and almost every home by means of Alexander Graham Bell's 'talking toy,'" says one writer.

There are no "big" positions in the work of God. To every man has been given his work. The boy or girl who goes to school day after day, with the thought in mind of preparing to become an efficient worker, the girl who types letters for this cause because she loves it, the mechanic who turns a lathe with the light of the gospel shining in his face, the church elder, the Sabbath school teacher, the treasurer, the clerk, the home missionary secretary, the Missionary Volunteer worker in the church, the mother in the home, can each "accomplish something" worth while in advancing the third angel's message if they do their appointed or chosen task faithfully.



Plymouth Rock, Plymouth, Massachusetts

Position matters little. It is not the offices we hold, the sermons we preach, the books and articles we write, the resolutions we make, but what we really *do* that counts. Lose no time waiting. It is *action*, not *resolution*, that brings results. Cultivate an inherent desire to "accomplish something" for the truth.

Think a moment what one hundred fifty thousand people, ninety thousand in our own United States, might accomplish for the Lord in one day if each one set to work with a will.

Men may talk, men may write, men may plan, and men may resolve, but after all, it is something accomplished that counts. Did *you*, dear reader, "accomplish something" for your faith today?

ENNIS V. MOORE.

Do We Value the Morning Watch?

DO I value the Morning Watch?" is a question for each to ask himself. If we cannot answer it in the affirmative, is it not because we ourselves are to blame,—because we have failed to give it its rightful place in our lives? A great scientist has declared, "Prayer is the mightiest power in the universe, and the Christian world is blind to the fact." So perhaps we are blind to the value of the Morning Watch because we have not tested its power and blessing. The university man who had a terrific fight with doubt, and who in speaking of it, said, "The only thing in the world that saved me was my practice of keeping the Morning Watch," was brought to realize its worth as perhaps you and I do not.

The value of the Morning Watch does not lie simply in learning a text of Scripture, but it is in searching for the great truths hidden therein, and in meeting the Master,—coming to know Him better, to hear His voice, to realize His presence, to look into His face. Of the Master himself we read: "The early morning often found Him in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer." If our Saviour felt the need thus to turn aside, should not the morning hours find us sitting at His feet?

How much we need to plead for guidance for the day—the day filled with responsibility, with opportunity, with temptation, and with all the other things that go to make up its hours! Surely each morning—as "each day is a fresh beginning"—we need to spend some time in communion with Jesus, that our love may be deepened, our courage increased, and our hearts strengthened. And as we thus daily listen to Him and talk with Him in our Morning Watch, it will become dear to us. We will love those quiet hours alone with God and His word, and because of them will be able to go forth from this communion and be a blessing to others.

As we come with a quiet, unhurried spirit, listening to hear God speak, and asking Him to point out the way and to strengthen us to walk in it, He will give us the help we need. One who has learned the value of this morning appointment, says:

"I want to tell you how much help the Morning Watch has been to me. Being at present without church privileges, discouragement at times presses hard. One morning especially the outlook seemed unusually dark. My Bible and Morning Watch Calendar lay close at hand. As is my custom, I began to review the texts for the week. As I read Sunday's text, Deuteronomy 11:8, 'Therefore shall ye keep

all the commandments which I command you this day, that ye may be strong, and go in and possess the land, whither ye go to possess it,' courage flowed from every word. From the window of our hillside home, my eyes wandered from the living green of the near-by orchard, over the tops of the tall fir trees, over the broad valley below, dotted with many homes and hamlets, to the hills beyond and to the snowy mountains in the far distance. Perhaps I felt something as did Moses when from Pisgah's height he viewed 'the landscape o'er.' Or as the children of Israel did when they faced the Promised Land from the Jordan. The scene before me was to me the earth made new. The command, the promise, mine.

"Monday's text was Joshua 1:9: 'Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.' 'Is with thee;' mine the promise, mine the protection, mine the companionship—and the tears started.

"Tuesday's text, 2 Chronicles 15:7: 'Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak: for *your work shall be rewarded*;' and this brought gladness."

She permitted God to speak to her through His promises, claimed them for her own, and they brought to her courage, comfort, and gladness. And so as we let the Lord speak to us through His word, and we talk to Him, may we be fitted to "fight the good fight of faith."

Just recently I was told the story of a young man in college who was under appointment to a foreign field. He hesitated to go, feeling that he was not fitted. Finally he decided to accept the call, and at the same time made the decision to spend at least one hour each morning in prayer and Bible study. After many years of successful ministry in the mission field, he returned, and in telling of his experiences, declared that the thing which he had found most helpful and which had contributed most to his success was his decision to spend that morning hour alone with God.

It is said that Sherwood Eddy was one of the greatest soul-winners in his undergraduate days that the academic world has ever known. Why? Because he knew the value of the Morning Watch. It was his custom during his college days to spend one hour and a half with his Lord each morning before he went out to meet his fellow students. We do not wonder at his success.

How much we might do for our unsaved friends if this morning hour were but more faithfully used! If we wonder why we do not win more souls to Christ, perhaps here is the secret of our failure—broken communion with heaven always spells failure as a soul-winner. We need the help of God for this,—yes, and in all our ways,—and is not the morning hour the best time to receive it?

"In the early morning watch, when friendly sleep has sped away,
And the soul in silence waiteth for the coming of the day,
Then, for calm and sweet communion, of all times is surely best,
And the one in touch with Heaven starts in fortified and blest.

"Just a moment in the morning! 'Tis a small thing to be sure,
But that moment may bring blessings which forevermore endure;
Keeping one in touch with Heaven,—giving courage for the way;
Just a moment in the morning means time saved through all the day."

IRENE STUART CURTISS.



FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, Oct. 27, 1920.

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL: I envied you girls your pleasant trip to town, and smiled about the many and varied purchases you made for other people. How many similar trips it brought to my mind! You'll be shocked at my asking, but I just wonder how much your buying for other people cost you. I wonder if all the girls who sent for shoestrings and ribbons and stockings and candy remembered to pay for them. In planning to go to town one must either be disobliging enough not to let any one know she is going, or else allow a little extra for the expense of the trip. I'm afraid I'm not much of a business woman, for I manage to lose from three to five dollars in uncollected bills every year—such little bills, too, mostly dimes and quarters; never more than half a dollar. It isn't the losing of the money, but the fact that the girls are forming bad habits, that makes me think of mentioning to you the unpleasant experience I had.

Here as elsewhere we may improve our lives by avoiding the undesirable things we see in others. I was amused the other day to hear some one make a distinction between people who are honest and people who are "just about honest." I do hope, little niece, you won't ever allow yourself to get too busy to remember small obligations. In asking a friend to make a purchase for you, it is only courteous to have your money ready. If that is impossible, don't let yourself forget it afterward. And when you have been shopping and have taken the pains to make selections for other people, don't count your favors finished until you return the change.

If necessary to borrow even so small a thing as a postage stamp, return it promptly. If you find yourself in Sabbath school without your donation and borrow money for that purpose, remember it is a loan and not a gift. When a number of students are buying a gift or arranging a spread, don't forget to repay the trusting friend who lends you something to pay your share. Since my own school days I have been looking for a quarter I lent for a special offering to a fellow student who is now a foreign missionary.

On the whole, I feel to condemn the practice of borrowing. Some girls have the habit of borrowing writing material, textbooks, neckwear, wraps—anything they want that some one else has. And too often the constant borrower is a poor returner. She would be shocked to have her carelessness called dishonesty, but it amounts to that. Of course I must

admit that every one has to contend with emergencies, and I know there are pardonable borrowing emergencies, but they ought not to become chronic.

After so much admonition you'll be glad for a bit of encouragement. Your father stayed overnight here when he came home from the convention. He had met Professor Parsons there, and was so happy over the good report he gave of you. Professor Parsons says there isn't the least question about your making grades in algebra, although mathematics will always take harder work from you than the English branches.

Your teachers are especially gratified at the improvement in Gladys. They feel that she is in a fair way to become a satisfactory student, and best of all, a real Christian; while if she had not been with you, they fear she would have been lost to the school and to the cause of God. I was glad to hear from that source about Gladys. Keep on praying and planning for her. As Professor Russell says, "A piece of ice will melt if you hold it in your hand long enough." There is such a thing as "loving people into this truth."

All the evening your father was so ready to talk about you and so pleased and proud about the good things he had heard of you, that I fell to thinking of the many parents who are sacrificing to keep their girls and boys in school this year, and I was more than ever impressed with the pathos of disappointing these devoted fathers and mothers. And then I began to realize a little how the heavenly Father feels about us all. He loves us beyond our understanding, and has given us heaven's choicest possession, and now He watches us with tenderest anxiety to see what use we will make of our opportunities. Make it your constant aim to live up to your heavenly Father's ideals for you and I shall not worry lest you disappoint your earthly father.

Just one thing more, Doris. I wonder if it is as cold at Oakdale as it is here in Fairland. If it is, I hope you will soon put on your winter underwear. Too many girls neglect their health and break down from "overstudy."

I see it is already past time for your lights to be out, so I'll put mine out, too, and dream of school.

Good night, little schoolgirl.

Your loving

AUNT GUSSIE.

"BEING a real American isn't a matter of birthplace. It's a matter of mental make-up."

Nature and Science

Two Great Natural Bridges

IF the roof of Mammoth Cave should suddenly collapse, leaving behind a single, narrow arch, spanning an empty chasm between the cavern walls, we should have another natural bridge like that in Virginia. This is, in fact, the origin of the Natural Bridge. It is made of massive limestone. Grottoes abound in the vicinity, and the famous Luray Caverns, a few miles to the north, are excavated in the same formation. Geologists, therefore, consider the bridge a departed member of the family. It is the last roof arch of a vanished cave.

Few persons realize the huge proportions of this structure. From the level of the brook beneath to the upper surface of the arch, it measures 215 feet. That is to say, it is forty-eight feet higher than Niagara Falls. The span of the arch is ninety feet, the width one hundred feet, and an important State highway passes over the top. It is, in reality, a natural bridge, the only one in America to be used in this way. Do not imagine for a moment that you will be disappointed when you see it. It surpasses all expectations. John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States, called it "God's greatest miracle in stone."

The phenomenon of a hole eroded through a ledge is not uncommon. Such holes occur in many parts of the world, and have received various names, depending on the whims of the people who live near.

Down in the Bahama Islands, a ledge of coral rock which rises abruptly out of the sea, has an opening in it like a window. One may look through it and watch the great billowy clouds drifting across the sky on the other side. Sailors call it "Hole-in-the-wall." Out in the desert of Arizona, about seventy-five miles northwest of Gallup, the huge hole shown in our picture, has been named Hope Window. Over the State line in Utah, not far from the Colorado River, another window, similar to this one and formed in much the same way, is known as



The Natural Bridge, Virginia

Owl Bridge. The origin of all these formations is much the same. They are examples of erosion, varying slightly, here and there, according to local conditions.

The most unique illustration of a window hole that has come to my attention, is mentioned by John Burroughs in one of his books. He describes a high rock in Central Asia, near the Oxus River, called Lamp Rock by the natives. It was held in great dread by people in the valley, because of a peculiar glow which issued from a cave far up on its side. They believed that a dragon lived there, and, in some mysterious way, was the cause of this light. One day a fearless explorer climbed to the cavern, and found that instead of a cave, there was a hole or tunnel extending clear through the mountain, and the daylight entering at one end made the glowing effect at the other. The dragon with red eyes and fiery tongue disappeared, and plain, everyday sunlight took its place.—*George Burbank Shattuck.*



Hope Window, Arizona

Facts in Comparative Anatomy — No. 4

Showing How a Nail Is Like a Hoof or Claw

CLOSELY allied to the scales found on reptiles, such as snakes and lizards, are claws, nails, and hoofs in the higher animals. At first thought it may appear that there is very little similarity between the finger nail of a man and the hoof of a horse or the claw of a bird. But that there is a great deal of likeness in structure is at once apparent when a comparative study is made.

The claw is made up of two scales. One is dorsal, or on the back, and horny. It is called the unguis. The other is in front of the latter and is called the subunguis. It is much softer than the unguis. The horny scale grows from a root and grows forward

over its bed (A). In the human nail it is properly called the finger nail. It lies flat and the subunguis is reduced to a narrow plate just beneath it in front. In the bird's claw the unguis, or hard portion, is not flat, but very much curved both forward and side-wise (B). In the hoof the unguis is even more

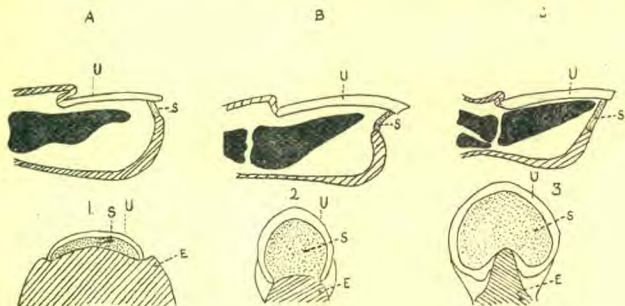


Diagram of (A) Nails, (B) Claws, and (C) Hoofs, After Kingsley

completely rolled around the tip of the toe, so that the subunguis is completely inside it (C), forming the "sole" of the horse's foot. The "frog" is the reduced ball of the toe which projects into the hoof from behind. Naturally this is very tender, and when the hoof wears down too far, is exposed to injury.

EDMUND C. JAEGER.

Music in China

WHEN one first visits China, the native music that he hears on all sides seems to him to be nothing more than hideous clashing, clanging, screeching, banging, tooting sounds of noisy instruments. I suppose that critics of classical music would call a Chinese orchestra a jazz band.

After about a year's residence, however, one begins to discern method, and to recognize time, beats, and measure in all this at first seemingly confusion of noise resulting from the fierce efforts of the artists. What was once only a dreadful attack of noise upon one's eardrum and nervous system, becomes to him an expression of emotion and thought executed with skill and enthusiasm.

One thus discerning the real music of a Chinese orchestra not only learns to tolerate the many productions heard daily, but actually not to dislike the various renderings of musical ability.

Western music played by a brass band has been recently added to the Changsha collection. This band plays many selections of American music. It is the busiest society in the city, being in much demand for funeral processions, weddings, students' demonstrations, and department store advertisements.

The other morning, while on the way to the office, I met this band leading out in a funeral parade. Excepting the mourners, who rode in sedan chairs, everybody was stepping out lively to the tune of "Yankee Doodle." Returning in the afternoon, I saw the band heading a wedding procession. All the paraders were seriously engaged in marching to the tune of "John Brown's body lies a-moldering in the grave."

O. B. KUHN.

"THE rainbow came after the raining was done,
And I'm glad, for perhaps the bright colors might run
If the rainbow came first. Oh, it's strange how the weather
And rainbows arrange things so kindly together!"

"LIVE pure, speak true, right wrong,
Follow the King —
Else, wherefore born?"

He Went Too Far

A FRENCHMAN traveling in Burma, while visiting an extensive lumber yard, was much interested in watching the elephants at work. Finally his attention was claimed by a baby elephant possessed of the play instead of the work spirit. The following account of an episode that took place under his observation is interesting and novel:

"While the adult elephants were faithfully at work, the youngsters played about the yard. The elephant that attracted the traveler's particular attention was hauling, in her chain harness, huge tree trunks from the bank of the river. She had a heavy load, a fact that her offspring did not realize. Bent on playing a prank, he wound his little trunk around one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his strength.

"Conscious of the suddenly increased weight, the mother stopped and looked around. She saw the youngster and shook her head solemnly, but, paying no further heed to his teasing, bent again to her work. Meanwhile the little rascal with his mischievous trunk had loosened the ring that fastened the traces to the load.

"While the mother was straining to set her burden in motion again, her rascally son pulled with all his might against her, and pulled so sturdily that she was quite unaware that she had been disconnected from her load. Then, suddenly, the youngster let go. Naturally enough, the mother was thrown to her knees and her driver hurled in a wide circle from her back.

"The culprit sought a huge woodpile that seemed to offer him at least a temporary protection. His mother, with her iron harness clanging noisily behind her, kept close at his heels.

"Although the little one's greater agility gained some space for him at the corners, his mother eventually overtook him. The first blow of her trunk drew from him a bawl of pain. At the second he sank, quite humbled, to his knees; and then he endured without a murmur, although with many tears, a sound thrashing. Finally the mother let him up. With tears still streaming and with drooping trunk, he took his disconsolate way out of the yard.

"The little fellow had won the complete sympathy of the observer. Consequently he was overjoyed to witness during the noon hour a touching reconciliation. The mother did all she could to comfort the penitent little sinner; she caressed him with her trunk, cuddled him up against her, and looked at him as if to say, 'You still have a mother who loves you.'"

The Airplane Lubricant

THE war found a new use for castor oil, and lifted the humble castor bean, from which it is derived, to a position of great importance in the commercial world, and the Department of Agriculture has been endeavoring to induce American farmers to undertake the cultivation of the plant. The highly refined oil taken from this bean has been proved, by numerous experiments, to be the only lubricant capable of meeting all the requirements of aeronautical engines. — *Selected.*

Daughter's Jewels

WOULDST thou have jewels, my daughter, to wear?
They could not make thee more winsome and fair.
In thy possession are jewels I prize
Far above these that have dazzled thine eyes.

Health, with its cameo color so rare,
Thou in thy cheek, with its soft bloom, doth wear.
Truth, like a diamond, shows in thy speech,
Fairest of jewels, and yet within reach.

Wit like the fire of the opal, which burns
Changeful but tender, however it turns.
Down in thy heart is a jewel I own
I would most joyfully keep as my own —

Love, warm as rubies; but best of the whole,
A pearl of great price, is thy beautiful soul.
Beauty the casket is, fragile, my dear,
Time with the lock tampers daily, I fear.

Yet, though the casket should crumble away,
Changeless thy character jewels will stay.
Time cannot grasp them; the glittering strand
Thou shalt reclaim in the heavenly land.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

The Correct Thing

Don't Be Guilty of These Things

BORROWING books, music, patterns, or any other little things that you may like to have for a while and then expect the owner to come for them when she wants them again.

Thinking that your views are the only ones. It is a sad fact that so many young people are guilty of this habit. Don't forget that although experience doesn't count for everything, it does count for something.

Walking with three or four friends abreast on the sidewalk. This habit is very trying to persons who have to walk around you and perhaps are in a great hurry. You and your particular friends are, of course, entitled to your share of the sidewalk, but not all of it.

Being "bored stiff" (to use a very inelegant expression) by everything and everybody you come in contact with. Some young girls seem to think this is just the thing to do, but it isn't.

Allowing your wet umbrella to drip promiscuously over those who have to stand near you in the car on a rainy day.

When you have been a guest for the week-end or any other time, for that matter, don't be careless and leave your gloves, handkerchief, or umbrella, which necessitates the hostess going to the trouble of sending it to you.—*Selected.*

"Picking Out My Own Faults"

I HAVE found a new way of fighting my faults," declared a bright-faced girl. "And it is so simple I wonder I hadn't thought of it long ago." This sounded promising, and the girls clustered about her eagerly. For after all, the worst of us, as well as the best, seek a new and effective method of dealing with the faults that afflict us. "Why," explained the bright-faced speaker, smiling at the interest her statement had evoked, "you know it is not really easy for us to sit down and pick out our own faults definitely and decidedly. We're so likely to find an excuse for ourselves! So I've been utilizing the wisdom of the old philosopher who said that the faults we detect most quickly in our friends, are our own faults transferred—our possession of them makes us recognize them quickly in others. Those are not the words, but that is the idea. So I've been working on that idea."

"For instance?" demanded a business girl, very practically.

"I have been watching myself to discover the faults I detect in my friends. There is a new girl in our office. This morning I noticed her bending very earnestly over her work when Mr. H. was just outside the door. 'She's trying to get a stand in,' I thought. And then, like a flash, it came—'Is that the way you do?' And to be honest, I had to admit that I have tried pretty hard to get a good reputation with my employer." The girls smiled, but rather consciously.

"When I was standing on the corner today waiting for my car, I noticed two girls noisily trying to attract the attention of another girl across the street. She was entirely too much engrossed in the window exhibits to hear them—too much engrossed, indeed,

to give it a genuine appearance. 'That's her way of snubbing them,' I thought; 'she doesn't want to talk to them.' And again, like a flash came the thought, 'Is that your way of doing?' And to be honest, it has been. But it won't be any longer."

She smiled quietly at the little group about her. "Two in one morning," she said. "Isn't that pretty good? Hereafter, I shall try to win the respect of my employer by the real worth in me and in my work, not by any whimsical and superficial suggestion of industry. And hereafter, I shall not be guilty of the petty snobbery of being absorbed in a window display to get out of talking to girls I don't care about."—*Selected.*

The Tattler

You've asked me my name, and I'll tell you the truth,
You'll find me wherever you go;
Men love me and hate me and woo me because
I tell everything that I know.

The very first letter of my name is G,
And the very next letter is o;
Perhaps that's sufficient to tell you my name,
Since I've told you I tell all I know.

Now, an ass spells his name, cap'tal A-double-s;
In mine I change a to an o;
No, g-o-double-s does not spell a goose,
And geese never tell all they know.

G-o-double-s with an i wouldn't spell
Much without a small p—there I go!
I tell you my failing, and in the same breath
I tell everything that I know.

But that is the way I always have done,
I freely acknowledge 'tis so;
There isn't an instance, there isn't a time,
When I do not tell all that I know.

E. F. COLLIER.

His Wife Did Not Count

HE was so polite to ladies, says *Life*, that a young woman who was visiting the family with which he lived grew quite enthusiastic.

"Oh, he's such a perfect gentleman!" she exclaimed. "He always remembers the little things that mean so much."

"Yes," agreed her hostess. "For example, he and his wife were coming down from the roof in the elevator last evening. I boarded the elevator at the fourth floor, and the instant I entered he removed his hat and held it in his hand all the rest of the way down."—*Selected.*

One Profitable Hour

MOTHER," called Dora from the sitting-room, "when I grow up, I am going to be a foreign missionary. I have just been reading some of the wonderful experiences of our workers in mission fields. It must be lovely to tell the story of Jesus to poor heathen who have never heard it."

"There is nothing I should like better than to see my little daughter doing the work of the Lord. But there are long years of preparation before you, and there are many lessons in character to be learned before any great work can be done."

"Dora," called a plaintive voice from the bedroom, "I can't seem to get my shoe laces tied right. Will you help me?"

"How many more times must I show you, Donald? I do believe you're lazy. I've shown you three times. But come here and I will help you."

"Patience, Dora. That is one of the first lessons a missionary must learn. Do you suppose the heathen will be saved by one hearing of the story of salvation? No, it must be told over and over, with sweetness and patience. All lessons are driven home by repetition. You must learn to forgive to the seventy times seven."

Dora blushed, and bent lower over her book. For a time only mother's movements could be heard as she came and went at her tasks.

"Dora, please bring me some apples from the cellar. I can't leave what I am doing."

There was a long-drawn sigh. "O dear! Just as I get to the interesting part—" lamented Dora.

Bang! went the book, and Dora dragged her unwilling feet across the floor.

"Never mind, then," called mother, "I was going to make one of those apple cakes you are so fond of, but I have changed my mind."

This time there was no mistake about the lament in Dora's voice. "O mother! I didn't mean that I wouldn't get what you wanted; but it always seems as if just when I am doing what I want to do, there is something else that has to be done."

"Well, that is one of the lessons life will teach you. It is only the selfish man who lives to gratify

his own pleasure. We should all strive to find our joy in the performance of our duties, for it is only as we are true to our work that we are true to our best selves. Idleness and pleasure take us off our guard, and we are open to the onslaughts of Satan. Work trains our mind to accept responsibility, and strengthens our abilities. This one hour this morning can do more to train you for the mission field than years of study from books. Patience, forgetfulness of self, and responsibility are the making of character."

Dora sat in silence for a few moments. Suddenly the eyes of mother and daughter met—Dora smiled. She had conquered her failure of the morning.

"Do you know, mother, I can see another lesson that you missed?"

"What is it, dear?"

"Well, my selfishness cost me an apple cake. Now I can understand the verse that says that whosoever would save his life, will lose it. Of course, it is a long way from an apple cake to a human life, but I think the lesson is the same, isn't it? We lose the good things because we do the bad things."

"Quite right, little missionary," said mother.

MARY M. ROBBINS.

Armenia and the Armenians

THE region known to history as Armenia is a high table-land east of Asia Minor, bounded on the north by the Black and Caspian Seas, and on the east and south by Mesopotamia and Syria. The table-land rises in mountains, the most notable of which is Mt. Ararat, and contains many lakes of wonderful beauty. This table-land is the source of the great rivers of Western Asia.

Armenia is a land of violent earthquakes. It has rich pastures, lovely valleys, fruitful plains. Its winters are intensely cold, its summers intensely hot. Copper and lead abound in its rocks; coal and oil are to be found.

The country was seized by many peoples, one after another. They came from all points of the compass, and left diverse impresses upon the land. The Armenians, however, came from Thrace, north of Greece. They mingled their blood with Asiatic tribes, and the result is the Armenians of today.

The Armenians were ruled by the Persians and then by the Macedonians. After a brief period of power the Armenian kingdom was conquered by the Romans.

Gregory was the great apostle of Christianity to the Armenians. He was a young court official converted to Christianity in Cæsarea, and on his return he made Christians of the king, Tiridates III, and all his court. This was at the beginning of the fourth century. Gregory became bishop of the Armenian Church, and has obtained in history the proud title of the Illuminator.

In the fifth century the Bible was translated into Armenian and a national literature was created at the same time. Armenian is a language of great beauty and flexibility and a very copious vocabulary—an admirable literary medium.

The Romans reduced the Armenian kingdom to complete dependence, but as the Roman Empire fell into decay, a final period of prosperity was vouchsafed to Armenia. This last of the Armenian king-

doms was established in Cilicia on the Mediterranean, northwest of Syria—Paul's home country, it will be remembered. Here the Armenians reigned in splendor and power till they were overwhelmed by the flood of Turks, the last king of Armenia surrendering to the Moslems on April 13, 1375.

For five and a half centuries they have remained in slavery to that cruel power, suffering from time to time the most horrible of massacres, and yet through it all constituting the strongest mental, commercial, and moral force of the Ottoman Empire, hated by the Turks for these very virtues and for their superior ability. Now, at length, after four years of terror and heroic resistance in which the nation has all but disappeared, Armenia, under the protection of the League of Nations, is about to be re-established, to set up its own dominion under the form of a modern republic, and to regain the peace and happiness which its fidelity to truth and honor so well deserves. All Christians will wish the new nation well.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Thirty-two kinds of apples and six kinds of pears is a record for bearing of one apple tree, at Findlay, Ohio. The tree is owned by Henry Flater, of Findlay, and when he went to work on it, the trunk was decayed in a number of places. Filling the holes with cement and bracing the broken limbs with chains, Mr. Flater grafted on a number of kinds of apples. Year after year he added new grafts until this summer the tree gave more than three dozen kinds of fruit. The tree is more than seventy-five years old, and is bearing apples from early summer 'till late fall.

What makes the fresh-water trout change his coat so frequently, the color always conforming to the stream bed in which he lives? One experimenter, through a series of experiments, has convinced himself at least that "the transitions are due, not to any power which the fish possess to effect these changes for protection, but to the effects of the rays of light on the coloring matter in his skin."

Alexander, king of Greece, died recently from the bite of a pet monkey. King Alexander took the throne in 1917, when his father, King Constantine, abdicated in response to the demand of France, Great Britain, and Russia.



Just for the Juniors



I Can

I CAN rules a mighty dominion,
With power to do and to dare;
I Can't is a slave and a minion,
Who lives in the realm of despair.

I Can wears the crown of the master,
Whose forces no foe can turn back;
I Can't flies the flag of disaster,
And surrenders at every attack.

I Can is a fighter and leader,
Who faces the battle each day;
I Can't is a chronic seeder,
Who always retreats in dismay.

I Can marches steadily forward,
Achieving, rejoicing in life;
I Can't is a craven and coward,
Who never can win in the strife.

—John C. Wright.

Rhoda's Test of Character

HOT July brought the much-longed-for invitation to visit Aunt Julia in the country. Rhoda was all expectation, but mother hesitated long before consenting. Rhoda had just been baptized, and as yet had had no contact with the world to test her strength of character. She and her mother had always shared their joys and sorrows together, and never before had she gone alone to any distance from her mother's side.

At last the moment of departure came, and looking earnestly into the sober little upturned face, Mrs. Grange said sweetly, "Keep the faith, little daughter." Rhoda needed nothing further, for the reality of the presence of Jesus had been the thing that had made her baptism so beautiful.

All the cousins were waiting at the station when the train drew in—May, Rhoda's senior, Grace, her own age and dear chum, and jolly, good-natured Roland. They drove gayly the four miles to the farmhouse. There were so many confidences to exchange and plans to discuss that the time seemed all too short. Aunt Julia was a pleasant, hearty woman, but very much occupied with the work of the house. After the first greetings were over she left the young people to themselves.

Rhoda was to share the girls' room, and that night came the first test. After the usual pleasant talk, the girls prepared for rest. Rhoda knelt for her prayers. The two cousins fell silent and slipped into bed, and although she called a cheerful "Good night" later, she received but little response.

In the morning May was up and away before the others. As Rhoda looked out of the window upon the fresh green fields and the distant hills, her heart overflowed with happiness, and she knelt for her morning prayer.

When she arose, she found Grace watching her with wide eyes. "Do you ever get what you pray for?" she asked.

"It all depends on what you pray for, you know. Yes, I have received all the things that I asked for that were really worth while, and the only thing I didn't get, I found out afterward wouldn't have done me any good if I had had it; so I'm glad that I didn't get it." Rhoda told of the blessed experience of the past few weeks in such a way that Grace began to long to hear more.

"Will you read me some of your books before you go home, Rhoda? I haven't many books of that kind, and it all sounds so beautiful."

"I will give you one that you will learn to love. It is the wonderful story of Christ's life, told so that

you feel as if you had known Him." Rhoda brought out her copy of "The Desire of Ages" and placed it in her cousin's hand.

While they were speaking, there was a sudden cry from the direction of the barn, and presently all were running toward the spot. What a sad ending to Rhoda's lovely morning! There lay Roland, white and still, where he had fallen in climbing to the hay-mow. Mrs. Holland stood wringing her hands, and all felt helpless. It was miles to the doctor's house, and May had taken the buggy early that morning to go on an errand. The men were all at work in a distant field, unaware of the accident that had befallen the boy. What was to be done?

Rhoda was equal to the occasion. "If Grace will go with me, we will get the doctor. Perhaps we will meet some one who will give us a ride.

Thankfully Mrs. Holland cried, "Go at once. I will do what I can for Roland in the meantime. Go past the Avery place, Grace; perhaps they can lend you a horse and wagon."

The cousins set off as fast as their trembling legs would carry them. Rhoda's heart was full of anguish.

"Now is the time for prayer, Grace. I am going to pray that we may find help sooner than we think. You pray too, and believe that we will."

"O Rhoda, you don't know the country. This is the haying season, and all the men and horses are away in the fields. We will be lucky if we find even Mrs. Avery at home."

"Grace, there's nothing too hard for God. Don't you remember how he worked miracles in Bible times? He doesn't always send what you ask for; sometimes He sends something *better*. I'm going to pray that we'll get something better."

On and on they ran down the white road. They had gone about a mile, when a black object could be seen far down the road ahead of them. "It's a buggy! And it's coming this way." Nearer and nearer it came, and with the hope of aid in sight both girls broke down, and by the time Dr. Brewer drew up beside them, neither of them could speak for tears. However, they soon made known their need, and climbing in, made all speed toward home.

"Well, well! And to think I was needed up this lonely road. I was enjoying the fresh morning air and something urged me to go a little farther than usual. I don't have many opportunities to enjoy the scenery, I can tell you, with all these frisky youngsters who climb trees, gather poison ivy, fall down wells, and eat green apples."

Roland was soon made as comfortable as possible, and the broken limbs began to heal. But what a trying time for the active boy! Rhoda found many an opportunity to do a little for him, and Dr. Brewer said that had it not been for her untiring efforts to amuse and interest the boy, he could not have been responsible for the condition of the patient. One day Mrs. Holland looked in for a moment at the absorbed circle. "Say, mother," called the boy, "I never realized what an exciting time those old Hebrew soldiers had. It beats the most exciting modern history."

"I wish I had more time to read," said Mrs. Holland, wistfully, "but there is so much sewing to be done and I must get at it."

"Mother," cried Grace, "I know what we can do. We'll move the old machine right in here, and then you can listen while we read, and we can all lend a hand with the mending."

No sooner said than done, and as the days slipped by with pleasure and profit, they did not realize that soon Rhoda must return to her own home. One day, Mrs. Holland said with regret, "Rhoda, your mother has written asking me to prepare you for your return journey. I cannot tell you how much we shall all miss you. You must come again next summer. There will always be a place kept for you."

And this was Rhoda's certificate of character:

"DEAR ADA:

"I am returning your little daughter to you, but the place she has come to occupy in my heart will be forever hers. Her sweetness and beauty of life have endeared her to us. I should be happy to think that my daughters could go away from me and yet be as true to the best that is in them.

"I often wish that I had not always been so busy, that I might have given a little more time to my girls; but Rhoda has done more for them in one short summer, by her example, than I could now do with years of teaching.

"May God's blessing rest upon her.

"Lovingly,

"JULIA."

MARY M. ROBBINS.

The World's Wealthiest Woman

THE richest woman in the world lives, not in the United States, but in Japan. She is a little widow, who, until her husband died in 1899, lived the cloistered life of the average Japanese wife. Her husband, who had worked up from nothing to the ownership of a \$1,000,000 sugar refinery, left her his refinery and his camphor business. The Russo-Japanese War gave such an impetus to Japanese commerce that she sold the refinery to what was then the Japanese sugar trust for \$3,250,000, then a record price for a single commercial transaction in Japan. The outbreak of the European war found her in control of fifteen large factories—steel works, shipyards, cotton mills, coal mines, breweries, flour mills, match factories, and celluloid works. The European war poured from \$200,000,000 to \$250,000,000 into her lap, and its ending finds her a frail, unobtrusive queen of commerce whose fabulous wealth is one of the most vital factors in Japan's growing power.

Employs 35,000 People

She is Mrs. Yone Suzuki and she lives on a modest estate on the fringes of Kobe, Japan. Her business manager, S. Takohata, has just arrived in London. I asked him how many people Mrs. Suzuki employed. "I do not know," he said. Probably between 35,000 and 40,000.

This tiny Japanese woman owns 98 per cent of the shares of the great firm of Suzuki & Co., one of the most powerful corporations in the world, with its head office at Kobe and branch offices in London, New York, Glasgow, Hongkong, Seattle, Shanghai, San Francisco, Madras, Manila, Bombay, Calcutta, Valparaiso, Vladivostok, Singapore, Melbourne, and a long list of Far Eastern seaports.

She controls the steel industry of Japan, she has the world monopoly in crude camphor, and she dominates the sugar market. She is the holder of vast estates in Japan, Korea, China, and the East Indies.

She operates at present a fleet of 60 steamships, built in her own yards and totaling more than 500,000

tons, but as many more are building in her yards, so that shortly she expects to operate a fleet of 100 ships, with a tonnage of almost 1,000,000.

The marvelous career of this great woman capitalist appears the more remarkable when it is understood



U. & U. N. Y.

Mrs. Yone Suzuki

that she has risen out of the degraded estate which, even now, holds a large part of Japan's women in its grip. She has not only herself broken the shackles which bind the women of the Orient, but she is freeing her fellow women of Japan of the swathings which have held them helpless.

A Reform Worker

"What is Mrs. Suzuki accomplishing for her women employees?" I asked Mr. Takohata.

"You must understand," he said, "that labor conditions are very different in Japan from what they are in the United States. Almost 75 per cent of our laborers are women in Japan, and the conditions under which they formerly worked were very hard. When Japan passed the 12-hour-a-day labor law, it was looked upon as a great reform. Even then the factories worked day and night and when one shift of girls was finished with their day's work, they crawled into the still warm beds which had been vacated by the last shift.

"But now it is all being changed and conditions are improving rapidly. Mrs. Suzuki's employees are working only eight hours a day, which means a greater concession than even six hours in the United States, for with the unfavorable climatic conditions of Japan and the poorer education and skill of its laborers, it is necessary for them to work about four hours a day longer to equal your production."—*Washington Post*.

A Word to the Seniors

JUST a moment, Seniors, I want to talk to you, please. For a long while something has been telling me that I should take advantage of time and say a word to you.

I wonder if you realize how much influence you have over the Juniors? You have more influence over us than any one else in the world.

I am only fifteen, but "the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts;" and we Juniors notice some things as quickly as the Seniors do, more quickly perhaps.

Then be careful, Seniors, how you speak and act, for some Junior is watching you closely to see how he or she should do. If you will look in the Bible, you will find that this is the right thing to do; for Philippians 3:17 reads: "Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample." From this verse it seems as if God meant for the younger people and those new in the faith to be followers of the older and more experienced members.

You should be particularly careful how you speak about things that are wrong according to Adventist belief, even if you don't see the harm at first; find out for sure why it is wrong before you speak.

Many a Junior is lamented in some church or Sabbath school; and if the truth could be known, it would probably be, that through the influence of some Christian or "unchristian" Senior, although the Senior might not know anything about it, this Junior had "lost faith," "failed," or "given up," as the case might be.

Not long ago there was a time when all things seemed dark and dreary to me. Had not my father and mother prayed for me and pointed the way to Christ, I suppose I would not be a Christian today; but, thank God, all that is in the past.

The things I have seen and heard Seniors do and say prompt me to write this appeal to you; and I pray that God will open the hearts and eyes of the Seniors so they will lead us Juniors aright, and that we may all meet in that new and better land far beyond the sin and terrors of this world.

A JUNIOR.

Telephone First

WHEN the telephone bell rings, you leave your present customer or neighbor to answer it. The call may have been unimportant, but you did not know, and the conditions of the service demand an answer.

In one respect the call of religion is just like the call of the telephone. As that call has *first right of way*, so has the call of religion upon your life. Other things are pressing, but this has the right of first place. It is never unimportant. Other things can wait. God has a right to be heard. Moreover, the business man who will not answer customers' telephone calls will soon have none to answer. That somebody called about church time is no excuse. If you will treat God with the same courtesy you treat your telephone, you will excuse yourself and be at God's house. This is the thing that demands your attention when the bells say, "Time to worship God." — *The Expositor*.

What Are Lights For?

IN a South coast town, some years ago, a business girl who was having a very hard time among her friends and suffering much persecution for her Christian testimony, came to a friend of mine who was holding a series of special Sunday evening services in a large theater. She told him she was afraid she must give it all up. He said to her, "Tell me, where do we put the lights?" She looked puzzled at his question, so he answered it. "We put the lights in

a dark place," he said. In a moment she saw his meaning, and realized that God had put her in those difficult surroundings that she might shine for Jesus in the midst of the darkness. She went back determined to be more courageous than ever in her witness for Christ. A few weeks later, after the theater service, she came to him with a group of other girls, all radiant with joy. "Oh," she said, "the thirteenth from our business house has decided for Christ tonight." — *The Expositor*.

He Had Never Met the Lady

THE big farm laborer, says the *Argonaut*, had come for advice to the village doctor. "What are your symptoms?" asked the doctor.

"Oh, I feel sort o' swimming, and hot and cold."

The doctor examined the man. "I don't like your heart action," he said at length. "You have some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right, sir," said the man with a smirk, "only you ain't got her name quite right." — *Selected*.

Our Counsel Corner

Please explain Ecclesiastes 9:5, "The living know that they shall die;" and 1 Corinthians 15:51, "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed."

There may appear to be a contradiction here, but such is not the fact. The first statement is general; the second is specific. The first refers to humanity in general for all time. The second, as the context plainly indicates, refers only to those who are living and are translated without seeing death at the coming of Christ. (See also 1 Thess. 4:15-18.)

C. A. R.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

X — Scientific Facts Mentioned in the Bible

(December 4)

The Bible Ahead of Scientists

1. WHAT fact about the air was early alluded to in the Bible though unknown to scientists until comparatively recent times? Job 28:25. Note 1.
2. Upon what is the earth hung in space? Job 26:7.
3. What holds the earth in its position? Heb. 1:3. Note 2.
4. How does the Bible seem to describe the rotation of the earth? Job 38:14.
5. What question was asked of Job regarding one of the fixed stars? Job 38:32. Note 3.
6. What does Paul say about the difference between the stars? 1 Cor. 15:41.

God's Present Relationship to the Earth

7. How close is God's watchcare over the things on the earth? Matt. 10:29, 30; Ps. 104:24.
8. What knowledge does God have of our thoughts and actions? Ps. 139:1-5.
9. For what does the psalmist give thanks? Verses 14-16.

Redemption Is Re-creation

10. Give Bible references that speak of creation and redemption in the same text. Isa. 43:1, 11; 40:9, 12, 21, 22, 26, 27; 2 Cor. 4:6; Col. 1:14, 16.
11. Why are these two great truths associated together in this way? Note 4.
12. Upon what do plants live? Job 28:5. Note 5.
13. From what do the creatures get their food? Note 5.
14. What prophecy tells of the extensive travel and increase of human knowledge in the last days? Dan. 12:4.

Notes

1. The fact that the air has a real "weight" has been understood only in comparatively modern times. But we now

know that the air by its weight exerts a constant pressure upon objects at the sea level of 14.7 pounds per square inch. We are able to raise water in a pump because of the pressure of the air on the water outside the pump. But ages ago Job said that the air had weight, which we ourselves now know to be true. In round numbers it is estimated that the air weighs 5,517,823,961,480,000 tons.

2. It would be difficult to state the various theories that have formerly prevailed as to how the earth is supported. Some peoples have said that it is supported on the back of a huge elephant; some that it is supported on the shoulders of a huge giant. But Job declared that God has hung the earth out in space supported by nothing. How then is the earth upheld? The writer of the book of Hebrews says that it is upheld by the word of God's power. Science now affirms that the earth has no material or physical support.

3. Arcturus is a huge sun, the brightest of the fixed stars in the Northern Hemisphere, and may be easily distinguished by being in almost direct line with the "tail" of the Great Bear, or the handle of the Big Dipper. It is about one thousand times the size of our sun, and travels through space at the inconceivable rate of 15,420 miles a minute. This velocity makes it the most swiftly moving body in the universe, so far as we know.

Our own sun carries its system of worlds with their moons along with it as it sweeps through space at the rate of eighteen miles a second; so Arcturus, being many times larger, doubtless has a far more majestic system of worlds that it carries along with it. These might very naturally be called "sons." In such case, we can see the deep significance of the Lord's question to Job as given in the Authorized Version, "Canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

4. It requires the same power to redeem as to create. The work of redemption is a work of re-creation. The psalmist said, "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." Ps. 51:10. He is referring to the heart and spirit which he already had, which was sinful and corrupt by nature, and which needed to be renewed, or redeemed. This work could be done only by the One who made him. Creative power involves redeeming power; and that is why none but the Saviour is able to redeem, because none but he is able to create. Take, for example, the money you give to the Sabbath school: it is created by the United States Government. The Government stands back of it to redeem it when necessary. Suppose you tear a bill into pieces: if you present it to the proper authorities, the Government that created that money, will redeem it, and give you in its place money that is perfectly new. No other government could do this, because it did not create the money. The law of creation and the law of redemption are one.

5. The plants draw their nourishment from the elements of the mineral substances, together with light, air, and water. When converted into this form, they furnish food for the entire animal kingdom. The animals could not live on the mineral substances of the earth, as do plants, although they require light, air, and water.

4. What question did Peter ask? What is the faithful steward said to be doing? Verses 41, 42. Note 1.

5. What promise is made to those who are faithful? Verses 43, 44.

6. What will some of the servants say? What will these begin to do? Verses 45, 46. Note 2.

7. What will be the result of such a course? Who is most responsible among the Lord's servants? Who will receive the greater punishment? Verses 46-48. Note 3.

8. How is the gradual approach of the end of the world described by the servant of God? Note 4.

9. How are families sometimes affected by the preaching of the gospel of Christ? Verses 51-53.

10. What did the leaders among the Jews desire Jesus to show them? Matt. 16:1. Note 5.

11. What did Jesus say concerning their ability to understand weather signs? Luke 12:54, 55.

12. What else should they have been able to understand? Verses 56, 57.

13. Why were the Jews unable to understand Jesus and his work? Note 6.

The Signs

What evidence did Jesus give to the Jews that his work was of God?

What evidence do we now have that we are approaching the end of this world's history?

Notes

1. "Those who are watching for the Lord, are purifying their souls by obedience to the truth. With vigilant watching they combine earnest working. Because they know that the Lord is at the door, their zeal is quickened to co-operate with the divine intelligences in working for the salvation of souls. These are the faithful and wise servants who give to the Lord's household 'their portion of meat in due season.' They are declaring the truth that is now especially applicable. As Enoch, Noah, Abraham, and Moses each declared the truth for his time, so will Christ's servants now give the special warning for their generation."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 634.

2. The evil servant "does not scoff at the idea of his second coming. But in his heart and by his actions and words he declares that the Lord's coming is delayed. He banishes from the minds of others the conviction that the Lord is coming quickly. His influence leads men to presumptuous, careless delay. They are confirmed in their worldliness and stupor. Earthly passions, corrupt thoughts, take possession of the mind. The evil servant eats and drinks with the drunken, unites with the world in pleasure seeking. He smites his fellow servants, accusing them and condemning those who are faithful to their Master."

3. "The Lord measures with exactness every possibility for service. The unused capabilities are as much brought into account as are those that are improved. For all that we might become through the right use of our talents God holds us responsible. We shall be judged according to what we ought to have done, but did not accomplish because we did not use our powers to glorify God."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 363.

4. "The crisis is stealing gradually upon us. The sun shines in the heavens, passing over its usual round, and the heavens still declare the glory of God. Men are still eating and drinking, planting and building, marrying and giving in marriage. Merchants are still buying and selling. Men are jostling one against another, contending for the highest place. Pleasure lovers are still crowding to theaters, horse races, gambling halls. The highest excitement prevails, yet probation's hour is fast closing, and every case is about to be eternally decided. Satan sees that his time is short. He has set all his agencies at work that men may be deceived, deluded, occupied, and entranced, until the day of probation shall be ended, and the door of mercy be shut forever."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 636.

5. "Signs direct from heaven had been given to attest the mission of Christ. The song of the angels to the shepherds, the star that guided the wise men, the dove and the voice from heaven at His baptism, were witnesses for Him. . . . Every miracle that Christ performed was a sign of His divinity."—*Id.*, p. 406.

6. "Those who desired a sign from Jesus had so hardened their hearts in unbelief that they could not discern in His character the likeness of God. They would not see that His mission was in fulfilment of the Scriptures. . . . No sign that could be given in heaven or earth would benefit them."

"A NURSE with soft and tender touch is gloomy-eyed November.

She roams through wood and meadow lands, where little flowers are peeping,

She sings to them soft lullabies, and tucks them up for sleeping;

She covers them with blanket white, with soft and fleecy lining—

Then whispers, 'Little flowers, good night till skies of spring are shining.'

Intermediate Lesson

X — Parable of the Waiting Servants

(December 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 12:37-57.

MEMORY VERSE: "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12:40.

The Setting of the Lesson

In this lesson, Jesus gives instruction especially helpful at the present time. His second coming, the proper attitude of his waiting servants, and the dangers and temptations of these days are portrayed.

"Watch! 'tis your Lord's command;
And while we speak, he's near;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

"O, happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned."

Questions

1. What does Jesus say of the servants who will be watching for his second coming? What honor will he show them? Luke 12:37, 38.

2. What other parable shows the necessity of constant watching? Verse 39.

3. Why is it necessary to be always ready for this great event? Verse 40.

EDITORIAL

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The Harvest

I GAVE a smile to the world one day,
For lack of something better,
And bore a thousand sun-kissed hours away,
Through others' smiles that came my way,
To gild life's stormy weather.

I gave a frown to the world one day,
For I was all a-worry,
And bore a thousand gloomy hours away,
Through others' frowns that came my way,
To hide the sun's bright glory.

Thus, in walking down life's little day,
We should with care remember
That the seeds we sow in balmy May,
Through the deeds we do and the words we say,
Find harvest ere December.

EDWARD J. URQUHART.

Gleanings from the Council

THE General Conference Council has taken action to create a church extension fund, to help provide churches in the large cities of the world. New York City, which has until recently been without any adequate church accommodations, has by the assistance of the General Conference purchased a Jewish temple. This gives adequate facilities for church services, Sabbath school, and a church school. A church building is needed in Chicago, St. Louis, Montreal, Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, Canton, Calcutta, London, Bukharest, Paris, and in many other large cities. The church extension fund is to be provided from a certain per cent of the "come back" fund, which is used in paying off the indebtedness on our colleges and training schools.

In a city of Rumania the priests, through an organized effort, succeeded in having every Seventh-day Adventist driven out of the city. A young man who understood our truth but had been indifferent and who had become an officer of the army, returned to his native city. He had heard what had happened to the church in that place, and was saddened by it. On entering the place, he seemed almost to hear a voice saying to him: "You are the only person here to whom I can look to uphold the banner of truth." He was deeply affected, gave his heart to God, and set about teaching the truth as opportunity presented itself. A church of seventy members was raised up. This was especially encouraging, since there were but twenty-two members before the exile.

The Lord is doing marvelous things for his people in Europe. Men of note plead that religious liberty be granted to Seventh-day Adventists, and many countries have granted them this liberty. Prejudice also is giving way, and so marked is the change of sentiment in some places that one of our canvassers thought to try a new form of canvass. He began by introducing himself as a Seventh-day Adventist, and stating that he had a Seventh-day Adventist book that he wished to show them. He would state that we are the only people that understand the prophecies of Daniel and the Revelation, and that he had the only book in their language that gave the correct interpretation of these prophecies. He had remarkable success in taking orders.

Each year there are, on an average, 15,000 persons accepting the truth for this time.

One hundred young men from Russia were converted and accepted the truths of the last gospel message while in German and Austrian prisons during the war. These have returned to their own land to help spread the good news of salvation.

The General Conference has sent out more than three hundred missionaries this year, the largest record of the kind ever made. Thirteen young people went from England last June, as missionaries. An equal number are soon to sail for the same field.

The General Conference Mission Board lacks \$1,700,000 of having sufficient funds to meet the demands of the mission fields. China asks for \$265,000 more than it had last year; Europe, because of war conditions, calls for over \$600,000, though Europe had been self-supporting for a score or more of years. Other fields are calling for large sums, so that more than \$5,000,000 is needed to meet these demands. The General Conference has but a little more than \$3,000,000 in sight at this time. Shall China have but a fifth of what she feels she must have to make the needed advances? Shall Europe be left without help in her dark hour? Shall India be forgotten? Nay, let us all awake to our privilege and our duty. Let us give, and give, to meet these needs. Let us save in every possible way that our gifts may help swell the treasury funds that those in darkness may see the light.

In one of the small countries of Europe, a shop owner asked if he could not have some of our Sabbath school lesson Quarterlies to place in his show window, as he had had no new literature for more than a year. The Quarterlies sold rapidly.

There are now one thousand more Sabbath keepers in Russia than before the war. This is nothing less than a miracle, since the Bolshevistic régime is entirely to divorce Russia and religion. They permit no religious literature to be printed; nothing with the name of God in it is allowed to come from the press.

In one of our conferences 110 persons were brought to accept the gospel message for this time in one quarter through the Layman's Missionary Movement. It is counted that it costs about \$1,000 to bring one into the truth through our organized effort. The financial gain the Layman's Movement effects is therefore no small matter, though this is the least important phase of its work.

F. D. C.

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