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HOME and SCHOOL

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HOME AND SCHOOL

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On Quitting

How much grit do you think you've got?
Can you quit a thing that you like a lot?
You can talk of pluck; it's an easy word,
And where'er you go it is often heard;
But can you tell to a jot or guess
Just how much courage you now possess?

You may stand to trouble and keep your grin,
But have you tackled self-discipline?
Have you ever issued commands to you
To quit the things that you like to do?
And then, when tempted and sorely swayed,
Those rigid orders have you obeyed?

Don't boast of your grit till you've tried it out,
Nor prate to men of your courage stout,
For it's easy enough to retain a grin
In the face of a fight there's a chance to win,
But the sort of grit that's good to own
Is the stuff you need when you're all alone.

How much grit do you think you've got?
Can you turn from joys that you like a lot?
Have you ever tested yourself to know
How far with yourself your will can go?
If you want to know if you have grit,
Just pick out a joy that you like, and quit.

It's splendid sport and an open fight;
It will keep you busy both day and night;
For the toughest kind of game you'll find
Is to make your body obey your mind,
And you'll never know what is meant by grit
Unless there is something you've tried to quit.

—*Edgar A. Guest*

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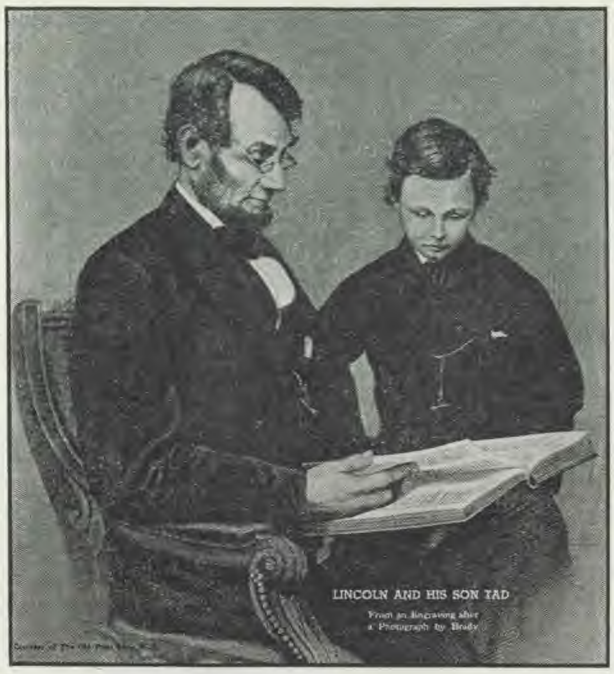

The First American

By EDNA EDEBURN

ALWAYS on February 12 our thoughts revert in gentle memory to one to whom all honor is due—Abraham Lincoln, the savior of our country. In an obscure log cabin near what is now Hodgensville, Kentucky, in 1809, he was born to Nancy and Tom Lincoln. Today his name in on the lips of every school child.

Lincoln was the first President of the United States to be born outside the boundaries of the thirteen original states. His was literally "new birth of our new soil," the first American whom the "traditions of the mother country had not spoiled."

As a lad he grew up on a large farm, where he enjoyed frontier life to the full. He knew the haunts of wild life in the woods, and recognized their footprints; he knew the honk of the wild goose and the song of the cardinal; he studied the changing colors of the trees; he knew where the laughing brooks ran, and where to find the picturesque ravines. He lived a woodsman's life until he was twenty-one. Thus he was intimately acquainted with nature.

By his constant association with men—in clearing land, planting, harvesting, trading, surveying, keeping store, flat-boating, and the gypsy life of a circuit lawyer—he learned how to get on with all sorts of people.

An Ideal

All the while he carried in his mind a goal. And he never lost sight of that goal. He seemed to have had to pass through more than average human experience. This, with that vision, or goal, made him what he became. During this formative period he was slowly and solidly laying those foundation stones which enabled him to carry the nation's load in a crisis. The sympathetic understanding and guidance of his stepmother helped him on in the realization of this goal.

We may wonder what it is about Lincoln that draws like a magnet. There is something in his face that begets confidence,—draws people to him and puts them on the same common ground. There are many things that contribute to this.

He was a great lover of children,—his own, and others. He was a most affectionate father. He knew how to grow up with his boys, how to study with them, and how to play with them. No room in the White House was too sacred from their intrusion. Both friends and enemies criticized him for the way he spoiled Tad. But the same folk also criticized him for telling amusing stories, for eating with the common soldiers, for going after his own newspaper in the morning, for getting information he should have sent an orderly to obtain, for doing all those little things that he liked to do so as to keep himself from feeling above his countrymen. Those very things which were to him a safety valve, he was rebuked by friends for indulging in. He took no glory to himself, never boasting over conquering another. It almost pained him to know that because he was elected someone was defeated.

Interviews

It is estimated that about three fourths of his time while he was president was spent in interviews. So many callers had he that his friends begged him to save his strength, not use it on insignificant interviews. To this he replied: "They do not want much, and they get very little. Each one considers his business of great importance, and I must gratify them. I know how I would feel in their place."

By these constant contacts with humanity he was able to read the country's pulse, to keep in touch with the masses. He termed them his "public opinion baths." Ofttimes if callers could not get by the orderlies, they knew Tad Lincoln could escort them by, and thus many times the president heard pleas that otherwise would not have reached his ears.

Many a soldier received pardon because Lincoln believed a man or a boy could do more good above the sod than below it. There were already too many weeping widows in the land. At the end of one long day of interviews Lincoln asked, "Is that all?"

Edward, the colored usher, replied, "There is one poor woman here crying, who hasn't had a chance to come in yet."

"Let her in," said Mr. Lincoln.

To her pitiful tale his ears were open. Her husband and three sons were in the army, and she was alone. For a time her husband had sent her part of his pay, but now it seemed he spent it otherwise. Would not the President discharge one of her sons that he might come home to her?

The President stood with hands crossed behind, head bent in intent thought; then he solemnly spoke as if in self-communion: "I have two, and you have none."

Quickly he stepped to his table and wrote out an order for a son's discharge. He also gave her written directions where to present the order.

A few days later, after another similar day at the White House, Edward announced, "That woman is here again, and weeping."

"Let her in," said Lincoln.

The second time he heard her story. She had gained admittance to the very regiment where her son was to be found, but arrived only in time to follow him to the grave. He had fallen in the Battle of Gettysburg. Now, would the President give her the next one of her boys?

Again his mind was wrapped in earnest thought as he walked the floor. "I have two, and you have none."

Duty or Sympathy?

Official duty and human sympathy were struggling. The latter won. As he was writing out the discharge for another son, she bravely drew herself to his side, and mother-like, placed her hand on his head and smoothed his wandering hair. The President arose, moved with deepest feeling, thrust the order into her hands, and hurried out, but her grateful words and blessing followed him as far as he could hear.

These opportunities to do kindnesses Lincoln greatly enjoyed, for they relieved for a little time the intense pressure of business matters which were ever with him. When reproved for not sparing his strength for "the greater things," he calmly replied: "Die when I may, I wish it said of me by those who know me best, that I always plucked a thistle and planted a flower where I thought a flower would grow."

In the many hospitals and barracks surrounding Washington during the Civil War, Lincoln won the hearts of the soldier boys. They felt his friendly handclasp, and his "God bless you" were the last words many heard spoken aloud. They called him "Father Abraham," for to him every soldier was a son. They didn't mind having to fight, because he cared.

This self-made man of more than average experience put into his writings the beauty of perfect simplicity. In his youth he had made it a habit to retain words or phrases met with in books or newspapers. Later he would translate them into simpler language. In this way he gave himself the training never taught in his day. Some of his writings live immortal in the annals of American literature. Among these treasured writings of history we find his letter to Mrs. Lydia Bixby, a poor widow of Massachusetts, whom he had heard lost five sons in the war. To her he penned this beautiful tribute:

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any word of mine which could attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

"I pray our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride which must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Speaking of the veterans of the American Revolution, he said:

"They were a forest of great oaks; but the all-restless hurricane has swept over them and left only here and there a lonely trunk, despoiled of its verdure, shorn of its foliage, unshading and unshaded, to murmur in a few more gentle breezes, and to combat with its mutilated limbs a few more rude storms, then to sink and be no more."

A Masterpiece

At the dedication of the Gettysburg battlefield as a national cemetery in November, 1863, Edward Everett was asked to make the oration, and Lincoln, out of respect to his office, was asked to say a few words. These few words which he had pondered o'er, he little dreamed would be later acclaimed a masterpiece. In this simple address of 268 words he seemed to compress the whole meaning of the struggle through which the nation was passing.

The next day after the dedication, Mr. Everett sent Lincoln this note of appreciation:

"I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I had come as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

With his magnanimous spirit Lincoln replied: "In our respective parts yesterday you could not have been excused for making a short speech, nor I a long one. I am pleased to know that in your judgment the little I did say was not entirely a failure. Of course I knew Mr. Everett would not fail."

In his Second Inaugural Address we find some of the most beautiful phrases in all literature:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to

(*Continued on page 27*)

Washington

By DOROTHA CASE

ON THE banks of the Potomac River, overlooking the city of Washington, a lone soldier stands guard over a tomb. Cut from a single rectangular block of marble sixteen feet long, nine feet wide, and eleven feet high, this tomb is striking in its simplicity. A very little carving along its sides lessens the feeling of austerity, and the rear panel bears the inscription, "Here rests in honored glory an American soldier known but to God."

This simple memorial is dedicated to all American soldiers who lost their lives while defending their country in the late World War.

As we watch the erect, uniformed figure pacing back and forth with rhythmic regularity, we can but think of what a truly noble thing it is to die for one's country. But many of these soldiers have left behind them little but the memory of that fact.

Near the banks of that same river a few miles from the city, is another tomb. It is only a simple vault halfway up the hill, with vines partly covering it. It was built according to the directions of him who lies there. It is a memorial to one who gave not a life to *save* a country, but a lifetime of unselfish service to *make* a country.

George Washington was born in Virginia in those days when there was little incentive to obtain an education. When he was only eleven years old his father died, leaving him in the care of an older brother.

Although as a youth he was strong, zestful, and ambitious, he was not neglectful of duty nor careless of the feelings and desires of his mother. When he was about fifteen, he made preparation for a career at sea, but his mother vetoed the plan. To this, it is said, was due his decision to become a surveyor. This training he secured mostly through private study, and although he followed it as a profession only four years, it had a marked influence on his after life. It took him into the great West and Northwest, and gave him a knowledge of the country which served him well as a soldier and subjected him to hardships that prepared him for discomforts and exposures that later had to be met in the Colonial Army.

The young man loved this work and might have continued in it, but he was called at the age of twenty, by the untimely death of his brother Lawrence, to take over the management of Mt. Vernon.

His military life began about this time too, for a little while before his death Lawrence had obtained

The man who made a country

for George a commission as major and district adjutant, and a little later he was made major and adjutant-general of the northern Colonies.

The movements of the French in the West were threatening the English frontier and someone was needed to carry a message to the French commandant. Washington was chosen for this hazardous task, and with an interpreter and guide he made the two hundred fifty miles in the dead of winter in record time.

Although the French refused to consider the terms of the message, and thus nothing was accomplished politically, Washington had established his own character in the eyes of the men who were to deal with the crisis now at hand, and had made friends for the English cause as well as many personal friends among the Indians.

On his return he was named second command to the commander-in-chief, and at once began a training that was to enable him to help free the colonies, not only from the French, but from the English rule as well, and make of them a strong and independent country among the older nations of the world.

In 1759 Washington was married to a pretty young widow, Martha Custis. This union brought him great increase of wealth as well as increase of responsibility. Her many thousands of acres, added to his own broad and fertile estate at Mt. Vernon, required real management.

He was quite methodical in his daily program. Rising early, he would invariably inspect his stables, and then spend some time in the library before the breakfast of Indian cakes, honey, and tea. After the meal, guests were provided with means of entertaining themselves while Washington spent the rest of the morning in a tour of his farms. The afternoon was spent in the library, and the evening with his family and house guests.

Charles J. Galpin in giving his own impression of Mt. Vernon says: "The Washington farmhouse can be a pattern for every farm home, even as Washing-

ton himself is a pattern for every American." During his long absences from Mt. Vernon, Washington received weekly detailed reports from his overseer. In 1791, there were one hundred fifteen "hands" on the estate, besides house servants; and De Warville, describing the estate in the same year, speaks of his having three hundred Negroes.

We get some idea of how Washington felt about slavery from his own statement: "I have more working Negroes than can be employed to any advantage in the farming system. To sell the overplus I cannot, because I am principled against this kind of traffic in the human species." Washington was very thoughtful in the care of his Negroes, and a doctor was employed by the year to look after their health.

In Public Affairs

With such heavy domestic responsibilities it would seem that there would be little time for public affairs. But Washington always found time to serve his country. Excluding his boyhood, there were but seven years in his life in which he was not engaged in public service. And when in 1775 an efficient leader was needed to pilot the Colonies through the revolution, he accepted with a mixture of modesty and pride. "You may believe me, my dear Patsy," he said to his wife, "when I assure you in the most solemn manner, that, so far from seeking this appointment, I have used every endeavor in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from a consciousness of its being a trust too great for my capacity. . . . But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown me upon this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose."

These words proved to be prophecy. After years of struggle and hardships, a new nation was born, and the country turned as one man to Washington to be the first president of the United States. After two terms of office he was urged to take a third, but refused, and when the day came on which he should resign his office to John Adams, there was a scene which left no one in doubt, not even Washington himself, what the people thought of the leader they had trusted these twenty years.

He returned to Mt. Vernon and the quiet days went by without incident. He served upon a petit jury of the county when summoned and was more than content to be the simple citizen again. Old age and the consciousness of a life work done added to his serenity, and at last the end came.

The country knew him when he was dead, knew the greatness of the man who was gone, and knew not whether to mourn or give praise. He could not serve them any more; but already they saw his light shine upon the future. The light of that noble life shines today, not in monuments, memorials, or guarded tombs, but in that which is more lasting, the hearts of his countrymen.

Little Sketches---No. 5

By Mary Miles

A GROUP of upper-grade church-school boys and girls stopped on the corner, arguing over the last ball game of the day. From that they went on to the pranks they had played in school and how two of them had, without being seen, as they thought, sent notes to each other right under the teacher's nose. They scarcely noted the stranger standing near.

And the stranger pondered. Could these boys and girls in early adolescence come from homes where the name of God was revered? Could it be possible that they attended the little school a few steps away where the word of God was daily taught, and where the teacher worked earnestly to instill high ideals and noble aspirations in their growing minds? For their speech, away from the ears of fathers and mothers and teacher, was not the speech of such homes and school. Underworld expressions picked up from the newspaper, the radio, the story; expressions of the street, and yes, even one or two of the brothel—where had they learned them?

"Come over after supper and I'll give you that magazine. It's got the swellest stories this time. All about—" The girls went down the road, leaving the boys at the corner.

"Say, Fred, when ye gonto be through with that book of mine?" Lee asked.

"You stop and I'll give it to you. My dad heard me using some of the words in it and—"

"I bet you got it plenty." Lee grinned.

"No-o-o. Dad said—" Fred shied a stone at a fence post. "I'm not going to say such words again."

"Sissy!"

"Well, Dad said a real boy never used such words."

"Well, you give me that book. Your dad might burn it. I got two more, too, but if you want to see them, you'll have to come to my house."

The boys moved on and the stranger, with bowed head, walked toward the schoolhouse. Well he knew what little books the boys referred to—books of army and navy expressions, books of the speech of the underworld and the brothel, books used by writers of stories which appeal to the lowest and basest in human nature. What could he say to the fathers and mothers in the meeting to be held that night that would awaken them to the danger of this soul-destroying influence?

He paused at the open door of the schoolhouse, listening to the voice of the teacher as one by one she named the boys and girls to her heavenly Father, and his heart prayed with her that he might bring such a message as would rouse the parents in that little church to the desperate though little-felt need of their children, who, in their conversation, betrayed, not the influence of the Christlike home, but that of forces under Satanic control.

Little sugar makers

Sugar-Making Season

By JESSIE STABLER BURDICK

DAYS on a farm are jolly days! Early March is a delightful month, when nature is waking from her winter's sleep. The spring with its sugar-making, with the return of the birds, the opening of the streams, and the bursting of the buds, brings joy to the dullest. Soon summer with its juicy wild berries and hay-making time will follow.

The Newkirk sugar-bush had been growing smaller every year. Only last year one hundred monarchs of the forest had been laid low by the power of the tempest. The missing trees caused the south side of the woods to resemble a plucked chicken. The sugar maples were widely scattered. Even though it was still winter, spring was already astir in the hearts of the trees. Early March in Michigan, with the ground freezing at night and thawing in the daytime, gives ideal sugar weather.

The day before tree-tapping, Mr. Frank Newkirk gathered and cleaned his metal spiles in preparation for service. Bright and early the next morning he loaded them on the stone-boat, together with a big iron kettle, pails, dippers, and pans, and hauled them to the boiling place in the center of a group of trees, for there was no modern sugar house. The syrup and sugar were made in the good old pioneer way, which gives a much better flavor.

Ye Olden Days

In the olden times, spiles were split out of either basswood or sumac blocks with a gouge, then sharpened, and driven into holes that had been bored in the trees. Large black-walnut troughs were placed under them. On warm days the sap began to drip, and by evening each trough was ready to be emptied into barrels and taken to the camp to be boiled down in a huge iron kettle. But the day of wooden spiles is long past.

Mr. Newkirk bored holes in the hard maple trees and drove in the metal spiles, placed pails in position, and soon he was listening to the musical dripping of that sweet "nectar that dripped from their maple trees in the late winter and early spring."

Most sugar makers rise when the dawn is yet dim and hurry to the sugar camp.

Each day Mr. Newkirk, with old Fred hitched to a stone-boat, gathered the sap, putting it into small cans to be taken to the boiling place. Some was placed in the kettle, some in larger covered cans to keep out dry leaves and rain until it too could be boiled.

A sizzling fire under a large rectangular pan, placed on a long empty water tank, with one end removed for the stoker's convenience, kept the sap which had been taken from the kettle and cans boiling until it was ready for sugaring off. This liquid was strained through a fine cloth while it was still hot, then taken to the house, strained again, and reduced to the right consistency on the kitchen stove.

For a wind break on the west side of the boiling place Mr. Newkirk had placed a lot of dry branches, all leaning toward the center, resembling a long mammoth wigwam.

While they were gathering the sap, Old Fred, the horse, and Rover, the faithful dog, knew where the sap-trees were as well as Mr. Newkirk. On sunshiny days the trio wended their way along the wood road, Mr. Newkirk pouring the sap from buckets into the tall cans while Mrs. Newkirk tended the liquid boiling over the fire.

The destructive storm had left a fringe of trees out in the open on a sunny hillside apart from the main group. These were the earliest to run and produced more sap. Then came the bewitching days of April, —a glad time when, about the middle of the month, the birds twittered joyously in the fields and trees. These were the "sparrow days" of spring! Song sparrows, fox sparrows, and swamp sparrows flitting about in bush and tree sang to their mates their most charming spring songs. These, mingled with the drum of the downy woodpeckers and the calls of the meadow larks and flickers, presented one of the most glorious symphonies of spring.

Vacation Time

Sugar-making days were over. The trees were budding, and the sap no longer made good sugar. It was spring vacation time.

A group of lively boys and girls were restlessly waiting for a favorable hiking day. After three semi-rainy days, the sun rose bright and warm, and they were off with lunch boxes, binoculars, and a chaperon. A merry lot of youngsters they were as they

walked rapidly down the lane. They suddenly came upon a large pond bordered with last year's cat-tail reeds and willows. The first spring peepers' shrill piping could be heard until interrupted by the noisy children. Then all was quiet on that edge of the pond. A flock of plump, domestic ducks sailed majestically away across the water. "Oh, see the red-winged black birds!" shouted Albert, as several rose from the brown reeds, flew a short distance, and again settled on their well-loved cat-tails, singing "um-pe-lee, um-pe-lee."

The hikers hastened on to the woods, happy to be out in the lanes and broad fields. Gates and barbed wire fences were no barriers to them. Soon all were at the boiling place under the maples.

"Oh, Mrs. Newkirk, we want to taste of the warm syrup," called Bruce, who was spokesman for the crowd.

"All right," she said, "I'll put some in this pail and you may drink all you want when it is cool enough."

"May we have some sap too?" asked another one of the boys.

Mrs. Newkirk dipped a generous serving of sap into another bucket and away they ran to a log where they waited for the syrup to cool. Immediately there was a clamor of eager boys and girls.

"Give me some." "I want a taste." "Hurry up."

All drank out of the community sap bucket while the hot syrup was cooling. They took turns drinking sap, each drinking from a different place around the rim to avoid "germs."

All about, the bees hovered near, attracted by the sweet-smelling sap; bugs settled on the spiles; squirrels, too, liked the sweet water, and why should not boys and girls have their fill?

Happy Hikers

Full of energy and glee, the hikers ran along one bend of the river after another, now up on the high bluff, now down at the base scrambling over large stones and logs, and through dense thickets of underbrush. After reaching the top of an unusually high hill, Albert spied Stanley sitting on a hillock still higher. "Oh, Stanley!" he shouted. "What's the matter, Stanley?" (No answer from Stanley.) "I say, Stanley, are you resting?" Albert teased.

"No, I'm puffing," was the answer.

When they were at the base of one bluff, several boys stopped. "Come here!" yelled Bruce.

"What is it?" The girls all ran to see the find.

"This is the first flower of spring," Bruce announced proudly. And so it was,—skunk cabbage!

"Yes, spring is here; the pussy willows and skunk cabbage prove it, and the toads are trilling it too," the chaperon added.

"Old Man River" was a sparkling, moving mass seen through the trees. The high spring water splashed as it swiftly passed several boulders near the bank and one large boulder amid stream. A hurrying creek roared like a waterfall, as it came from a mammoth culvert built under the road, on its way to join the river.

"Come on, boys," Howard challenged, "who will go through the tunnel with me?" Several accepted the challenge and somehow managed to get through the tunnel past the noisily rushing stream without getting their feet wet.

"There goes a rabbit!" Nancy cried excitedly.

"Sure enough, there goes cotton tail on a leap for his life," the chaperon answered.

"Now let's get a drink of good spring water," suggested Stanley, as he stood down in the ravine beside the clear, crystal, rushing waters of the creek bounding over the rocks with great glee.

"Who wants a drink?" he asked.

"I do! I do!" came a chorus of answers.

In an instant several were waiting to kneel on a large smooth rock at the water's edge to get a drink. "Do it this way," Howard advised, as he leaned over the rock and drank thirstily, exposing a very wet face as he stood up.

"No, don't do it that way," said Albert. "Put your hands in the water and take up enough to drink, and then you won't get your face wet."

"Hurray! We are almost to the place where we are going to eat!" one of the boys called as they all ran along the road to a bend beside the river. In the center of a large grove of trees stood the stump of an immense sycamore tree, broken thirty feet from the ground. At its base it was exactly six feet in diameter. Two huge branches had fallen on either side of the old stump. Suddenly three boys were seen peeping around the branches and stump of the old tree, and Wimpy, the black, curly-haired water spaniel, came panting along, wagging his stubby tail.

"Hello, here are the twins," said Catherine, and all greeted Harold and Gerald and their friend Billy Peters, an alert little black-eyed lad.

All ate so industriously that no one noticed the several killdeer soaring overhead—the first of the season. But lunch was soon over. Then, while the girls carved their initials on the branches of the sycamore, the boys crawled in and out of a hole in the stump that was large enough to admit the body of one boy. Five boys could stand inside the hollow tree at one time. As they emerged, their nostrils, hair, eyes, and clothes were full of brown, pulverized wood dust. "But it's lots of fun," they all agreed.

Some of the boys took large pieces of decayed wood which had been thrown from the cavity in the tree and splashed them in the water. Harold held one above his head and let it crash into the river with a loud report.

"Did you hear me fall into the river?" he asked. "I can dive like a feather and swim like a stone," he added laughingly.

(Continued on page 28)

Our Hoosier Poet

By MILDRED C. WOOD

ONCE upon a time there lived in the town of Greenfield, Indiana, a fat little old lady who kept a dame school. She was well versed in the rudiments of learning, and in the art of mothering the small charges who came to her daily. She taught them, and played with them, and when they grew drowsy she put them to sleep in her old-fashioned parlor. If they were naughty, she whipped them, but directly after took them to the kitchen for a piece of bread and jam to soften the pain of the whipping! Small wonder the pupils loved her!

Such was the status of education in Greenfield some seventy years ago, when James Whitcomb Riley attended school. James was a slender lad, with "wide blue eyes and corn-silk hair." He was timid and shy, and not very robust, but he never lacked ideas for a prank. He could *not* learn numbers; figures just refused to make any connection in his small head. And history was "a dry thing without any juice in it." But he did love to read and recite. However, his youthful ambition transcended all of that. It was to become a baker, wear a white cap and apron, and produce "snowy loaves of bread and toothsome bon-bons," like those in a shop window he passed frequently.

Now Mr. Riley, Senior, was one of the ablest lawyers in the county, and James gradually fell into the habit of attending court sessions with his father. There, mingling with the farmers and hill-folk, he came to understand them, their habits, their customs, their ideals, their desires, and their problems, so that in after years he was able to interpret them, —to speak in their language, as it were.

According to the poet's own memory, his first attempt at versification was a valentine for his mother, who was so pleased with her son's effort that she rewarded him with "three big cookies and no spanking for two weeks!"

"The Gypsy In Me!"

As Riley grew to manhood, he was very undecided as to what profession he should follow. He tried art, but failed. He tried music, and failed again. He tried sign painting; that brought a little success. His father regarded him as a hopeless visionary, and finally insisted that he settle down to the study of law. All went well in the law office, and the young would-be professional was well through his Blackstone, when a traveling doctor chanced in one day. After some conversation, the M. D. persuaded young

All poets are lovers of nature, and therefore they enjoy a walk in the woods.

James that his health was poor, and that confinement in the office was not helping it any. The result was that the lawyer slipped away with the doctor's company as a sign painter! "There's a tang of gypsy blood in my veins that pants for sun and air," was his only explanation.

The gypsy in him having had its fling, he returned to Greenfield and became the editor of the village paper. By this time he had also discovered that he enjoyed writing verse; in fact, that he *had* to write, in obedience to some inner urge. This verse he tried to market, more or less unsuccessfully. He was becoming fairly discouraged when he decided to send a few samples to Longfellow for criticism. He received much encouragement and praise from Mr. Longfellow.

About this time he was called to Indianapolis for work on the *Journal*. So it was in Indianapolis that he brought out his first collection of poems, in 1883, entitled, "Old Swimmin' Hole and 'Leven More Poems." These were in dialect form, and were so well done, and so truly interpretative of the Hoosier people, that he earned the title by which he has since been identified,—the "Hoosier Poet." After this success he attempted to fulfill another boyish ambition, and became a traveling lecturer and reader of his poems. He found such a life extremely fatiguing, however. In spite of fatigue, he never could resist the urge to write, although he said he more often used the rubber end of his pencil than the point. His writing was simple, sincere, and straight from the heart, because he believed, after a careful study of his public, that simple sentiments and heartfelt expressions were what presented the strongest appeal to the largest number of people.

A True Poet

In 1887 the poet-lecturer made his first appearance before a New York City audience. At his second lecture he was introduced by James Russell Lowell, as "the voice of a true poet."

Two years later selections from his poems were published in England, and his international reputation was established. Colleges and universities gave him scholastic recognition—Yale, Wabash University, the University of Pennsylvania, and Indiana University. In 1912 he was awarded the gold medal for poetry from the Academy of Arts and Letters.

Riley made his home in Indianapolis, in a "middle-aged, dignified brick house," behind an old stone wall, against a garden background of his two favorite flowers, hollyhocks and wild roses, on the famous "Lockerbie Street."

"Such a dear little street it is, nestled away
From the noise of the city and heat of the day,
In cool shady coverts of whispering trees,
With their leaves lifted up to shake hands with
the breeze
Which in all its wide wanderings never may meet
With a resting-place fairer than Lockerbie Street!"

This jovial, genial, contented bachelor-poet wrote voluminously for children,—quaint, original verses which will always be a charming part of childhood's literature. What boy fails to find delight in making the acquaintance of "The Raggedy Man What Works fer Pa"? And every girl knows "Little Orphant Annie" who's "come to our house to stay," and "Our Hired Girl . . . 'Lizabuth Ann." There are other poems too, not in dialect style, from this versatile poet's pen. "Knee-Deep in June" holds the essence of the woods and pasture lands; "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" brings us the odor of the cookie jar on the old pantry shelf; "Life's Lessons" reminds us that, "Heaven holds all for which we sigh"; we "see the pink sunbonnet, and the little checkered dress" of "That Old Sweetheart of Mine"; and we smell the autumn fragrance "when the frost is on the punkin."

Although Riley never married, his life was a part of many other lives. He was especially dear to the host of loyal, devoted friends which constantly surrounded him. For them he wrote the most exquisite of all his pieces, the "Prayer Perfect":

"Dear Lord, kind Lord, gracious Lord, I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love, tenderly today;
Weed their hearts of weariness, banish every care
Down a wake of angel wings winnowing the air.
Bring unto the sorrowing all release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter overflow again;
And with all the needy, oh, divide, I pray,
This vast treasure of content that is mine today!"

The poet's death occurred in his sixty-third year, on July 22, 1916. "Turn back the leaves of life. . . . Don't read the story. . . . Let's find the pictures, and fancy all the rest."

The Master Builder

Building houses in which to live—
Laying foundations true and sound
In every pile and every curve
Upon the good earth's solid ground.

Cutting the beams in perfect lengths,
Shaping the walls steady and strong,
Making the floors and ceilings firm—
Fitting the grooves where all belong.

Modeling windows to let in air
And rays of sun where dark has been;
Swinging doors on hinges of faith
And wide enough to let Love in.

Building houses where souls may dwell,
Living, growing, from day to day;
Carpenter, let me work with Thee,
Teach me the builder's art, I pray.

—Ruby Dell Baugher

Paul's Second Missionary Tour

By DALLAS YOUNGS

THE missionary fever soon seized Paul again, and he proposed to Barnabas that they visit the churches they had established. Barnabas was willing to do this and preparations were going well until he suggested that they try John Mark again. Paul was unwilling to take again the young man that had turned back from the work before, and he refused to consider the suggestion. There was a sharp contention between the two, and so Barnabas took Mark and went to Cyprus, and Paul chose Silas, an older man, as his companion. It is not for us to say here who is right; no doubt there is something on both sides. Barnabas being related to Mark can be understood as wanting to give him another chance. And while the contention was so sharp between them that they parted asunder, and never worked together again, yet Paul later refers to Barnabas in a kindly way, showing that he harbored no resentment. Paul also learned to find Mark of service to him in the gospel. (Philemon 24; Colossians 4: 10; 2 Timothy 4: 11.)

Paul and Silas journeyed overland, visiting and strengthening the churches of Syria as they went toward Galatia. When they reached Lystra they found Timothy, who became a companion in the work, and who did not falter and draw back as did Mark. Timothy was of mixed parentage. His mother was a Jewess, but his father was a Greek. He had been well trained and instructed in Biblical knowledge at his mother's knee. Before they left Lystra, Paul had Timothy circumcised. There was no matter of principle involved here, and Paul acted prudently.

"Come Over to Macedonia"

As they went forward, the Spirit of God hedged them in, and did not allow them to go where they willed. Paul had a vision of a man in Macedonia, the land of Alexander the Great and of Aristotle, inviting him to come over and help. The city of Philippi was a colony of Rome, established mainly as a military post. There seemed to be no synagogue here, so Paul was unable to follow his usual custom; but he found the place by the river where they were in the habit of meeting on the Sabbath for prayer, and on his first Sabbath in Philippi he met with the Jews there,—only a handful of women. We are reminded of the experience of Jesus by Jacob's well. There was one woman, Lydia by name, who opened her heart to the gospel. She was a business woman, and threw her home open to the believers. The work for Christ in Europe began with a handful of women.

But Paul and Silas were not long allowed to carry the gospel message without opposition. A group of men were making money out of the misfortune of a poor girl who seemed to have a spirit of divination. Paul cast the evil spirit out of the girl. This touched the pockets of her masters, and gained their enmity. These men, posing as Roman patriots, dragged Paul and Silas before the magistrates. The magistrates yielded to the popular cry and ordered the prisoners flogged and thrust into prison; and not only were they put into prison, but into

Paul healing the girl with an evil spirit

stocks as well. This was a new experience for Paul, although his future brought many similar ones. In fact, the time was to come when he would write from a Roman prison to the church at this place. But then he and his companion in trouble sang as they were fast in the stocks. About midnight there was a violent earthquake which opened the stocks, and the doors of the prison, releasing the prisoners. The keeper of the prison, believing that all the prisoners had escaped, was at the point of taking his own life when halted by Paul, who declared that they all were there. This man and all his household, upon hearing the gospel, were baptized.

A Roman Citizen

It became known that Paul was a Roman citizen and the magistrates were afraid, for they had flogged and thrown him and Silas into prison uncondemned, which was unlawful. The gospel messengers were shown proper courtesy now. They were urged to leave, and so they went on to Thessalonica, leaving behind at Philippi a fully organized church, and Timothy and Luke to care for it.

Thessalonica was the capital of the province of Macedonia, and was perhaps the most important city of that entire region. When Paul arrived there from Philippi he found a synagogue of the Jews, and for three Sabbath days he preached to them, giving the usual proof of the Messiah's life and work, and showing how Jesus had come and fulfilled all the predictions, thus proving Himself to be the Messiah.

A great many here believed on account of Paul's preaching, but the Jews who were fighting the apostle gathered some of the "vile fellows of the rabble," the toughs, against him. This time they took Jason, a believer, to the rulers of the city instead of Paul and Silas. So the believers sent Paul and Silas, probably against their wishes, out of the city, for the riot was really dangerous. Paul later put the blame upon the Jews, where it belonged. (1 Thessalonians 2: 15.)

But Paul and Silas were not driven out of Thessalonica until a great work had been done in this the chief city of Macedonia. A live, active church was established, which could give a good account of itself.

Judaizers Again

The Judaizing Jews who were ever trying to destroy Paul's work took advantage of his doctrinal teachings to confuse the minds of the Thessalonians on the points of the second coming of Christ and the state of the dead. Paul indeed taught them that Jesus was coming again the second time, but not that He was coming immediately. This misunderstanding caused Paul to write his first epistle to the Thessalonians from Corinth. When this was also misunderstood, he wrote them a second time.

From Thessalonica Paul and Silas went to Berea where they found a synagogue of the Jews. But the Jews here were very different from those in Thessalonica. They had a mind to investigate these new doctrines in the light of the Scriptures to see whether they were true or not. Their openness of mind entitled them to the characterization "more noble": "These were *more noble* than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind, and searched the scriptures daily, whether those things were so." Acts 17: 11.

The Jews of Thessalonica followed Paul and Silas to Berea as the Jews of Antioch of Psidia had followed Paul and Barnabas to Iconium. They stirred up and troubled the multitude, and it became necessary for Paul to leave. So he went to Athens, leaving Silas and Timothy at Berea to strengthen the newly organized church.

The Unknown Teacher

I sing the praise of the unknown teacher. Great generals win campaigns, but it is the unknown soldier who wins the war. Famous educators plan new systems of pedagogy, but it is the unknown teacher who delivers and guides the young. He lives in obscurity and contends with hardship. For him no trumpets blare, no chariots wait, no golden decorations are decreed. He keeps the watch along the borders of darkness and makes the attack on the trenches of ignorance and folly. Patient in his daily duty, he strives to conquer the evil powers which are the enemies of youth. He awakens sleeping spirits. He quickens the indolent, encourages the eager, and steadies the unstable. He communicates his own joy in learning and shares with boys and girls the best treasures of his mind. He lights many candles which, in later years, will shine back to cheer him. This is his reward. Knowledge may be gained from books; but the love of knowledge is transmitted only by personal contact. No one has deserved better of the republic than the unknown teacher. No one is more worthy to be enrolled in a democratic aristocracy, "king of himself and servant of mankind."—*Henry Van Dyke, Courtesy of The Journal of the National Education Association.*

Down by the sea of mild Galilee
The Saviour passed time and again;
From the shore of the sea, He called,
"Follow Me,
And I'll make you fishers of men."
He is calling today, in the same earnest way;
He is calling for fishers again.
And the brightest names known around God's throne,
Will be those who were fishers of men.
—*Author Unknown.*

The Possum Hunt

By ELGEVA BURDICK-HALL

A possum mother

THE family was comfortably seated around the fire, reading, sewing, and crocheting, when from the neighborhood of the back porch came sounds suggesting that some marauder was investigating the possibilities of obtaining a meal from the empty-can box there. Thinking it to be a stray dog which had been troublesome, the head of the house picked up some pieces of coal from the coal bucket and proceeded in the direction of the back door.

Sounds of the fray were heard, and then the scrambling footsteps of the departing "guest." Our protector returned saying only one word,—"Possum."

But that was sufficient to set me all agog. "Not a real, sure enough possum?" I asked incredulously.

"Of course. What other kind is there?" answered my husband teasingly.

"Why didn't you tell me? I want to see it!"

"Well, come on, and we'll find him." With which he picked up a flashlight and led the way.

The flashlight swept back and forth in the direction that the possum had gone, but to no avail. "Oh, dear, and I *did* want to see him," I fretted.

To which my spouse replied, as he stopped beside the open door leading into a storeroom, "Maybe you will yet. Come on."

After searching for a few minutes the roving light fell on a gray fur ball, and stopped.

"There's your possum, and he's 'playing possum,' so have a good look."

The little animal had wedged himself between a set of bed springs and the wall. When the light struck him he "froze" and stayed that way for some time, until he decided it was time for the inspection to be over.

"Oh, don't let him get away!" I cried.

"Why not?"

"Let's catch him and send him home to my little brother."

"What does he want with him?"

"He'd get lots of fun out of him as a pet."

"All right, I'll see what I can do. Is there a gunny sack over there?"

After much scrambling, the sack was secured, and the chase was on. In the process, however, the "ratty" little individual turned around. This was my husband's opportunity, and he grasped the animal by the tail.

We had him; now what to do with him. A large wooden box was finally secured, and two boards for the top. But he couldn't be kept there unless the boards were nailed down.

"Come hold the possum and I'll nail down the boards," said my husband.

"Me hold him? By that funny big rat tail? Well, hardly."

At this juncture the possum was beginning to tire of his lack of freedom and turned around and snarled,—or did he snap?

After discussing the proposition pro and con it was almost decided to let the little creature go on its way. Perhaps its mate and babies—or wasn't this the time of year for breeding?—were hungry and waiting for the male. Anyway, it was a full grown possum and there wasn't much chance of taming him.

"Let's see if he'll eat something. He ought to have a bit for all his trouble," my husband said, after starting to release the tail, and then regaining it immediately.

So a piece of bread was produced, but it was studiously ignored by Mr. Possum, in spite of its being almost forced upon him.

After the bread had been proffered several times and a snap was the only response, the possum was released, and he scurried down the path and out of sight.

"Oh, why didn't we keep him until morning and take his picture," was my last suggestion, but this time it came too late.

Schools in the Philippines

By A. M. RAGSDALE

SCHOOL starts at queer times in the Philippines. Instead of September, the opening month is June. The usual time to start in the morning is nine o'clock, but our little brown cousins sing their opening song at seven thirty. They are about ready for recess by nine. At eleven o'clock they are dismissed for a three-hour intermission, taking up their work again at two. The dismissal time in the afternoon is usually four-thirty or five.

There are different holidays, too. Because the Philippine Islands are an American possession, July 4 is a school holiday. It is called Independence Day, but to the Filipino student it means only freedom from school for a day. August 13 is known as Occupation Day, for on that day American soldiers took possession of Manila (1898). Bonifacio Day, celebrated in honor of one of the national heroes, comes on November 30. Occasionally it comes during Thanksgiving vacation.

The summer vacation begins the last of March. The hot months come in April and May. Perhaps "hotter" would be a better word to use, because it is never very cool in this tropical country. Children are barefoot, or wear wooden shoes with only a strap across the toes, all through the year. Some children in the cities wear American style shoes. There are no seasons known as spring and fall, because the trees and grass are green all through the year. Birds sing and flowers bloom every month.

Many of the schoolroom floors are of packed earth, some of beach sand, and a few of concrete. Large windows and doors are open every day except during typhoons, when they are closed to keep the strong wind from blowing the heavy rains into the room. The walls of the school buildings are more often of sawali, or bamboo, than of wood or brick. Often the roof is of nipa, which is the leaf of the nipa palm, laid double, one overlapping the other, shingle fashion. If the roof is of corrugated iron, it is very noisy during a rain and very hot when the sun shines.

Children who enter the first grade know only a very few English words, if any, but they must learn to speak, read, and study in English. Even though this is difficult, the Filipinos do very well, and complete the elementary course to enter high school in seven years. The eighth grade Bible lessons are studied in English by the seventh grade.

There are at present 74 church schools in the Philippines. Eighty-one teachers daily teach read-

(*Continued on page 22*)

A typical scene in the Philippines

The Story Circle

When Janetta Stayed Up

By INEZ BRASIER

JANETTA was playing with her dolls. She knew it was 'way past bedtime, but it was much more fun to stay up.

"It is time for you to be in bed, Janetta dear. Say good-night to your dollies," mother called.

Janetta pretended not to hear. She was very busy putting a pretty pink dress on Jean Marie, her biggest doll with the long curls.

"Janetta!" mother called again, and Janetta knew she had better do as mother said.

"Oh, bother! I just hate beds! I wish I didn't ever have to go to bed," she said crossly.

She slowly picked up her dolls and stamped her feet as she went up the stairs. She would not answer when Uncle Bob called, "Good-night, Curly Locks." 'Most always that made her laugh, for her hair never did curl, but tonight she was cross. When she reached her room, she dropped her dolls on the floor and banged a chair against the wall.

"I am not going to bed. I shall sit by the window as long as I please," and she sat down on the window seat. "I don't see why mothers always say, 'Time for bed,' when it is only eight o'clock. And Miss Cox at school always says, 'Now children, go to bed early so you will get plenty of sleep. Then you can study better.' I don't b'lieve it."

Janetta sat watching the cars go past. She tried to count them, but her eyes would close. At last she tumbled over, fast asleep. The little breeze became a cold wind that blew in through the window. When she wakened, the rain drops were splashing over her, and she was, oh, so cold! She climbed into bed, and after a long time she got warm. When the sun peeped into her room she was much too warm.

"I won't tell mother, 'cause she will keep me home today," Janetta said to herself.

Her head ached and she did not want any breakfast. It seemed so far to school that morning, although it was only four blocks. And Miss Cox was really cross because she did not know her lessons.

"I am sure that you were up late," she said, "for you are yawning. You will have to study your spelling words again, as you do not know them."

Poor Janetta! She wanted to cry, and at recess the children would not play with her.

"Now our grade can't get the gold stars for one hundred in spelling this week," they said.

After recess, Janetta, very slowly, went home. Her head ached worse and her throat was sore. She found mother in the kitchen.

"Janetta! Why are you home so early? Are you ill?" mother asked.

"Yes, mother," Janetta answered, as she leaned her head against mother's arm. "I—I sat by the window last night instead of going to bed. I went to sleep and got so cold, and now my head aches, and —" she began to cry.

Mother did not say one word. She just looked at Janetta. Then she put her to bed and called Dr. Bowers.

"Keep her in bed a week," he said, and he left some horrid-tasting medicine for her to take every two hours.

But it was two weeks before Janetta was well enough to go back to school. Then she said to mother, "I am never going to stay up again when it is time to go to bed. Miss Cox said we couldn't learn our lessons when we didn't get lots and lots of sleep. And you are right, mother, when you said I'd be sick. I am so sorry, mother, and I will always do as you tell me after this."

"That is the best way, dear," mother agreed, and she was very happy knowing that Janetta would try hard to keep her promise, and she did.

Restraint

By HAZEL BAUGHMAN

If you can see a little child
  And love him in his walk;
If you can pray for him alone
    When others fain would talk;

If you can teach him in your school
  And not a hope destroy;
And love him ever—always though
  Bent really to annoy;

If you can pray in faith for him,
  And know that you are heard;
If you can help the children dear
  In deed as well as word;

If you can plant within the life
  And heart of one small child,
The faith to help him daily be
  Brave, faithful, true, and mild,

If you can ever patient be
  When days are filled with strife;
Then come, our church school waits for you;
  You'll find real joy in life.

The Two Stewards

By VIOLET LARSON

The Master stood watching His servants one day,
Who labored for Him here below;
He gazed upon two who were striving alway
Their love for their Master to show.

"They've heeded My counsels with purpose most true;
They've kept all My precepts divine.
I must give them a test to prove them, and know
That they are true stewards of Mine."

He thought for awhile of the most precious gifts
With which to entrust these two men;
But His heart nearly faltered, knowing the risk,
For if they should fail Him, what then?

He called these two servants and solemnly spake:
"Give heed what I say unto thee;
I lend each of you an innocent child;
So take him and keep him for Me."

The first servant gazed with a pride in his heart
On the babe thus placed in his care.
"I'll give unto him the most excellent gifts,
Endow him with graces most rare."

Then he gave to his child much glittering wealth,
Pleasures, popularity, ease;
The child became great in the eyes of the world,
As he sought its fancies to please.

Then the proud father called, "Behold my great son!"
And the world gave honor and praise.
Then the sweet little child—now such a great man—
Was the pride of his father's days.

But what had the other poor servant to give
To the babe thus placed in his care?
He too must bestow the most excellent gifts
On his treasure lovely and fair.

So with prayers and with tears, he sought till he found
A gem, set with jewels most rare,—
Not of wealth, nor of ease, nor world-loving fame,
But truth, humble service, and prayer.

'Twas a homely gem, so unpolished and rough,
Thus placed in the heart of his son,
And the world looked on with a sneer and a scoff
At the folly this man had done.

But the child grew up in the nurture of truth,
And kept in the paths of God's ways;
And the world beheld, and admired the youth,
But said not a word of real praise.

At last the Lord came to reckon His accounts;
And called for His servants by name;
"Bring hither the gifts which I lent unto thee;
I have come, My treasures to claim."

The first servant looked on the son of wide fame;
Then proudly, he called him to come.
Astonished he was when his calls were in vain,
And there he stood stricken and dumb.

The Master looked on with a sorrowing heart;
A justified look in His eye;
"Unfaithful thou art, thou art servant of sin;
To you it is given to die."

The next steward came with a trembling of heart,
And fearfully called for his son,
Presenting his child to his sovereign Lord
To learn what reward he had won.

The Master then smiled as he uttered, "Well done;
Thou hast kept the charge I have giv'n.
And faithful thou art, thou dear servant of Mine!
Come thou and thy son into heav'n."

TRUE PEACE

The heart of the wicked is weary
Like the waves of the restless sea;
Like the desert all parched and dreary,
So his life forever must be.

The heart of the righteous is peaceful,
Like the smooth-flowing river, clear;
Like the tree with roots by the waters,
So his life reflects only cheer.

—Leona Summey-Burman

CONCERNING CARDS

I'm very glad for Christmas cards,
And birthday cards are fun;
A valentine is always fine,
But when all's said and done,
I know a kind that's best of all,
Although you work so hard;
So much to learn before you earn
That June promotion card!

—Daisy D. Stephenson.

~Editorial Quillograms~

The Children's Week of Prayer

THE Week of Prayer is an established institution among Seventh-day Adventists, having been observed for fifty-two years, usually in December. At first not very much was thought about any special arrangements for the children during that period. Both leaders and laymen saw and felt the need of special periods to lay aside some of the burdens and cares of ordinary life that there might be more time for seeking the Lord. In connection with these seasons there was at least one fast day, that the housewife might not have too much to absorb her attention.

It is very interesting to reread the call for that first week of prayer, December 24, 1885, to January 2, 1886. The *Review and Herald* of December 15, 1885, contains the call for that week of prayer, but not the readings for it; these were promised to be sent to the church elders. The readings were sent, all of them addressed by hand by one young man. He still lives and works and rejoices over the progress of the work.

This call to prayer was authorized at a General Conference session held shortly before this time. In the appeal the usual custom of a week largely taken up with pleasure and the celebration of Christmas and New Year's and selfish pleasures was discussed, and the importance of a different kind of celebration by God's people, "a week devoted to solemn prayer and humiliation of heart, calling us away from earthly and sensual things to the work now pressing upon us from all directions. . . . We all realize that our people are not generally awake to the necessities of the cause, and that many are doing but little for its advancement, either by personal effort or means. Many are spiritually asleep. . . . Large numbers will surely be lost unless they arouse. . . .

"Openings exist all around us. Never before were they so plentiful. A spirit of inquiry concerning the truths of our message is manifesting itself all over a large portion of the globe. In our domestic and foreign missions, help is everywhere needed. Macedonian cries for help are coming in from many quarters."

Our European missions were young then. Money was not so plentiful as it is today, and it came in small sums. Elder Butler, as President of the General Conference, appealed for means to put our work in the Central European and Scandinavian missions in a more prosperous condition. So we see that the very first week of prayer was accompanied by gifts to God's cause rather than to friends and relatives who do not need our gifts. Of course useful gifts to those who need them and are unable to purchase them are in order at any time.

In another article in the same issue signed "General Conference Committee," an appeal was made to "our men of wealth," then to "our poorer brethren"; next to "our sisters," and last of all to "the dear children," asking all to do their best by sacrifice to help the cause of God to prosper. So we see the children were distinctly mentioned in the plans for this first week of prayer.

Plans for the Children

As time passed on, in some churches it was found best to have some meetings for the children alone, but it was not until about 1906 that regular lessons were published for their meetings. Some of these seasons with the little folks have been very precious; many children have given their hearts to God, and started the Christian journey. This article is being written on November 29, 1937, fifty-two years after the inauguration of the week of prayer plan. It will

(*Continued on page 28*)

Prayer easily becomes natural to the child

In the Schoolroom

Was Jack Lucky?

By BERT RHOADS

Characters.—Mr. Jones, a carpenter. Mrs. Jones, his wife. John and Jack, who want to earn money to buy bicycles.

Equipment.—A washroom, with a hand-power machine and wringer, tubs, boiler, benches, alarm clock, and bicycle. Curtain.

SCENE I

In a plain, simply-equipped home room, with the washing equipment handy to bring in when needed.

Mrs. Jones.—William, are you going to help me with the washing Monday morning?

Mr. Jones.—Well, Sarah, I don't see how I can. How long would you need me?

Mrs. Jones.—I think if you would help me two hours I could get along with the rest of the washing very nicely.

Mr. Jones.—But, you see, I am getting seventy-five cents an hour for my carpenter work, and you could hire a boy to run that washer two hours for twenty-five cents. Couldn't you get John Brown to help you?

Mrs. Jones.—I could try it once. But there is John going by right now. (Runs to the door and calls him. John comes in.) Good morning, John.

John.—Good morning.

Mrs. Jones.—Mr. Jones and I were just wondering if you would come and run the washer for me two hours Monday morning. I will pay you twenty-five cents for two hours' work.

John.—Yes. I can come. (Exit Mr. Jones.)

Mrs. Jones.—Can you be here promptly at eight o'clock Monday morning?

John.—I'll be here right on the dot Monday morning.

Mrs. Jones.—Good. I always like to have the washer going not later than eight o'clock.

John.—I'll be here, sure.

Mrs. Jones.—All right, John, I'll be looking for you promptly at eight o'clock. Good-bye, John.

John.—Good-bye.

(Curtain.)

SCENE II

A room fitted up for wash day.

Mrs. Jones (at the washboard).—Well, I wonder why John doesn't come. I thought I made it very plain to him that I wanted the washing to start at eight o'clock sharp, and here it is nearly half past. (Looking out of the door or window.) Well, here he comes, poking along.

Mrs. Jones.—Good morning, John.

John.—Good morning.

Mrs. Jones.—A little late you are, John, but the washer is ready to go. It is just half past eight, and two hours will take us to 10:30 A.M.

John (looking at the clock very intently).—May I set the alarm for ten-thirty?

Mrs. Jones.—Yes, if you want to. (John sets the alarm and proceeds to operate the machine very slowly and deliberately.)

Mrs. Jones (at the washboard and speaking aside).—If that boy doesn't put more pep than that into his work, my clothes won't come out very clean. (The old washer begins to slip cogs and fails to work. Mrs. Jones steps over.)

Mrs. Jones.—If you press the handle to the left as you make the stroke, I think it will work all right. (John starts to work again.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE III

It is nearly quitting time. John is operating the machine. Suddenly the alarm goes off. John stops instantly. His time is up.

Mrs. Jones.—All right, John, I can manage the rest of the washing very well. Can you change a dollar so I can pay you?

John.—Naw, I ain't got no money.

Mrs. Jones.—Well, just wait a minute. I'll slip over the alley and get the change. (John sits down, tries to catch some flies that bother him, gives up, yawns, and nearly goes to sleep.)

John (talking to himself).—The ol' gal would like to work me an extra hour for nothing, but she can't put any game like that over on me. I'll do just what I'm paid for, and not a lick more.

Mrs. Jones (enters).—All right, John, here is your money. (Hands him 25 cents.) I thank you very much.

John (nods his head and retires.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE IV

Mrs. Jones.—William, do you think you can help me with the Monday morning washing?

Mr. Jones.—Well, Sarah, I'm still busy on the same job for seventy-five cents an hour; and it would be pretty expensive for me to lose $1.50 to help you two hours. Can't you get John again?

Mrs. Jones.—I suppose I could, but his work is not very satisfactory.

Mr. Jones.—Well, there are plenty of other boys who would be glad to get twenty-five cents for two

hours of work. How about Jack White? He lives close to us, and I'll be going by his home in about two minutes. I'll send him over to see you. (Exit Mr. Jones.)

Mrs. Jones (calling after him).—All right, William, we'll get along some way.

Jack (enters, doffing his cap).—Good morning, Mrs. Jones. Mr. Jones just told me you want to see me.

Mrs. Jones.—Yes, indeed. I was wondering if you could help me with my washing Monday morning. I'll need you for about two hours, and will pay you 25 cents for your services. Can you come?

Jack.—Yes, ma'am, when do you want me?

Mrs. Jones.—Promptly at eight o'clock Monday morning.

Jack.—I'll be here on the dot. (Bows gracefully and retires.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE V

The room is arranged for another washing. Mrs. Jones is busy over the washboard, humming or singing a tune. It is just a few minutes before eight o'clock. Jack enters, doffing his cap.

Jack.—Good morning, Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones (cheerily).—Good morning, Jack. You are here right on time, and the old washer is full of clothes and ready to go. (Jack never looks at the clock. Starts the machine with plenty of pep. Pretty soon it begins to slip cogs.)

Mrs. Jones.—That washer is getting so old that Mr. Jones and I have more than once been ready to carry it to the city dump. But new washers are so expensive and we are trying to put up with it a little longer. If you will press the handle stoutly to your left as you operate the machine, I think it will go all right.

Jack.—Mrs. Jones, I have been noticing how the machine works, and I believe if I put a little wooden wedge right in here, the machine will work all right. (Whittles out a little wedge and places it.)

Mrs. Jones.—Well, you have put a better tune in the old machine.

(Curtain.)

SCENE VI

Mrs. Jones.—Well, Jack, your two hours are up and you may quit.

Jack.—Oh, no, Mrs. Jones, let me finish this last washer.

Mrs. Jones.—All right, Jack.

(For a few minutes while Jack runs the machine and Mrs. Jones works at the washboard, they sing a song together. The washing is done with the song.)

Mrs. Jones.—Now, Jack, that is fine. You've worked long enough.

Jack.—Oh, no, let me operate that wringer. (He does so.) And now let me empty the washer and clean up the tubs and boiler. (Does so whistling.)

Mrs. Jones.—Well, now we are all done, and if you can change a dollar, I'll pay you.

Jack.—Sorry, Mrs. Jones, I haven't any money with me.

Mrs. Jones.—Very well, you just wait and I'll go across the alley and get the change.

Jack.—No, no, Mrs. Jones, you needn't pay me now; but in any case, let me get the change for you.

Mrs. Jones.—All right again, Jack. (Jack takes the dollar and returns soon with the change. Hands it all to Mrs. Jones.)

Mrs. Jones.—And here, Jack, is your quarter; and I should pay you for the overtime.

Jack.—I'm perfectly satisfied with the quarter. It is enough. This quarter makes me $2.75 that I've saved to buy a new bicycle. John is saving his money to buy a new bicycle too, but he has only $1.50.

Mrs. Jones.—Well, that reminds me that I have an old bicycle out in the shed. It is one that my boy left when he went to California. I've a good notion to give you that bicycle.

Jack.—Surely I couldn't expect nor do I deserve any kindness like that.

Mrs. Jones.—Well, Jack, will you go to the shed and fetch in the old bicycle?

Jack.—Certainly, with the greatest pleasure. (Enters shortly with a very dusty bicycle. Both Mrs. Jones and Jack pick up some cloths and start to rub off the dust.)

Mrs. Jones.—It's pretty dirty. It has been in the shed so long. The tires must be about useless from standing so long. But, Jack, I'm giving you the bicycle.

Jack.—Really, Mrs. Jones, I can hardly believe such good news—Troxel saddle, coaster brakes, sturdy handle bars, and even a carrier and a head light; and my $2.75 will buy the new tires. I'm surely ever and ever so grateful to you, Mrs. Jones.

Mrs. Jones.—Never mind; I'm sure you are very welcome.

Jack.—Thank you, Mrs. Jones. Good-bye.

Mrs. Jones.—Good-bye.

(Jack takes the bicycle with him.)

(Curtain.)

SCENE VII

John and Jack meet, Jack with his bicycle.

John.—Where in the world did you get that bicycle? Isn't it a dandy!

Jack.—Mrs. Jones gave it to me. I have to get new tires for it, though.

John.—Mrs. Jones? Would that stingy thing ever give anything away?

Jack.—It was one her son used to own; but he went to California, and Mrs. Jones just gave the bicycle to me.

John.—Well, Jack, you always were a lucky guy.

The Unemployment Situation

By NELLE P. GAGE

THE world will never know the untold harm that has been done to its youth today because it has not work to offer them in sufficient amounts to keep them from forming habits of idleness. And, as if permanent inertia were not enough, there are the vicious interests that follow in the train of idleness. In a lesser degree our schoolrooms are worlds in which children must be provided with work, or we may expect them to develop an attitude of indifference to responsibility and an interest in undesirable activities. The successful teachers are those who have kept children engaged in gainful occupation, thereby accomplishing two things: They have well-ordered schoolrooms, and they have developed right characters. Nothing is more important.

Lesson assignments carefully given, with sufficient work for the average child, is one of the ways to keep them busy. But it is not enough to assign work. A teacher must *expect* the work to be done. She must hold the child responsible for it. A confidently expectant attitude, which makes the child feel you have no other thought than that he has or will get his work done, is necessary. And if he fails, he still must do it. There is no alternative here.

Very often the schoolroom with its assignments is the only opportunity the child will have to learn to take responsibility. Especially is this true of the city child. The country boy has wood and water to carry and chickens to feed, while the sum total of a city boy's home responsibility is too often exactly nothing. We cannot altogether blame the home. It is rather the fault of our modern civilization of which we are so proud. It gives us every convenience with only Dad having to do the work.

Home Vs. Institution

The home could do better, it is true, by making a boy feel responsible for rising promptly when called in the morning, getting to breakfast and school on time, making his own bed, washing dishes, running errands, or helping prepare meals. I have a friend who has been left alone. She felt the need of someone in the home with her, and as an experiment she took a boy of fourteen from an orphanage. Last night she told me that in the two weeks Thomas has been with her, he has kept all the floors clean, the basement stairway scrubbed, the rooms tidy, the dishes washed, the dog bathed and fed, and at night when she comes home from work the evening meal has been started. If a boy raised in an institution can do it, so can boys who are fortunate enough to be reared in homes.

The school can carry on the work by giving children plenty to do. In the ungraded school this is not as simple as it sounds. In looking over programs, we find children are in recitation only about forty-five minutes out of every three hours. If the teacher does not supply work for the remaining two hours, children will find their own occupations—cleaning desks, trips to the dictionary and waste basket, leaving the room, playing with rubber bands, now and then in vicious mischief, and occasionally in sleep.

The work assigned finished, energy may be directed toward other material, which may or may not be definitely related to some other school work. Keep a table or empty desk upon which there is always a supply of interesting and worth-while things to be done. There may be work sheets in all subjects, extra work in arithmetic, a small collection of library books from the public library, including books on travel, biography, and nature, scrapbooks, stamp books, and preparation of seat work for younger children. Besides these, there might be preparation of hot lunches, making up back work, Junior Missionary Volunteer programs arranged, and monitor work, such as watering plants, cleaning boards, and keeping bookcases in order.

Two things are important. The regular assignments must be done first, and the work must be useful employment with a good standard of workmanship.

Work Cards

The other day I ran onto a device which a teacher was using to keep the fast workers employed while the normals and plodders were still doing regular assignments. It had taken extra work to prepare, but had paid for itself in saving time, energy, and nerves. That the supply did not always meet the demand is evidence that it was a successful way of meeting the unemployment situation.

The device consisted of work cards labeled and numbered for each subject and grade. There were a dozen or more cards for each grade and had been added to year by year. The work on the cards was related to the regular assignments, or review of work from previous years. Each card had a number, the last figure of which was the grade for which it was intended. For instance, Geography No. 47, was the fourth card in the seventh grade series. The cards were made of tag board, cardboard, and tablet backs instead of paper for durability.

When a child was through with his assigned work, he was permitted to get a card. When the work was

finished, it with the card was returned to the teacher's desk. The work was checked by the teacher and the child given credit for doing the work on card No. 64, or No. 35 or whatever it was. Each month the child was given a little extra for this extra work. No credit was given until all the work was correct, and no papers accepted which were not the child's best effort in neatness and legibility.

Each card should have a key from which the teacher can check the work quickly. The answer papers should be headed with the child's name and the number of the card. The answers should be in neatly numbered rows.

Following are three examples of work cards. The first is one of general interest in the form of a false and true test, No. 3 of the sixth grade series.

WORK CARD 36

Number your paper from 1 to 20.

This is a false and true test. Place X for the true statements and — for the false.

1. A pound of gold is heavier than a pound of feathers.
2. Mrs. Roosevelt's maiden name was Roosevelt.
3. The young of pigeons are called squabs.
4. The present king of England is George III.
5. Cedar chests are made of chestnut wood.
6. President Roosevelt is a grandson of former President Theodore Roosevelt.
7. Niagara Falls is the highest falls in the world.
8. Ford is the greatest automobile manufacturer in the world.
9. Squirrel corn is the name of a spring flower.
10. Texas is the largest state in the Union.
11. The divisor × the quotient = the dividend.
12. Luke was one of the twelve apostles.
13. Lake Michigan is the only one of the Great Lakes wholly within the United States.
14. Lindbergh was the first man to fly alone across the Atlantic.
15. Corks come from Cork, Ireland.
16. Cats, skunks, tigers, and lions are all canines.
17. The first five books of the Bible were written by Moses.
18. The Japanese are at war with China.
19. The seed of an oak is a tiny, flat seed.
20. Blue and yellow make green.

WORK CARD NO. 45

1. Add	2.	3.
1428	$300.00	9468
7657	—72.48	×68
3643	———	———
4762		
9386		
4974		
8563		
2975		
———		

Keeping the children busy is the secret of the solution to the unemployment situation

4. 23088 ÷ 78.
5. $7\frac{1}{2} + 14\frac{2}{3} + 6\frac{5}{8} + 3\frac{1}{4} + 25\frac{5}{6}$.
6. Which is correct?
   (a) ¼ of a number is 12½%, 25%, 33⅓%, 50% of it.
   (b) 12½% of a number is ½, ¼, ⅛, 1/12 of it.
   (c) ½% is written .002, .02, .005, or .05.
7. Draw a circle, square, rectangle, triangle, hexagon.
8. $4\frac{2}{3} \times 2\frac{1}{7}$.
9. Find the cost of two money orders, one for $4.98 with a fee of 7c and one for $595 with a fee of 10c.
10. How much more does a man earn who works 40 hours a week at $1.25 an hour, than one who earns $1.12½ an hour?

Bible Work Card No. 46

1. Name two miracles Jesus performed at Cana.
2. Locate 10 miracles of Jesus. You may use your Bible.
3. Name two people Jesus healed but had never seen.
4. How many times can you find that Jesus healed on the Sabbath?
5. There are recorded thirty-six miracles of Jesus. Make a list of twenty.
6. What parable was put into a song?
7. Where was a roof wrecked that a man might see Jesus?
8. Who climbed a tree to see Jesus?
9. Locate in your Bible two different times that Jesus wept.
10. Complete this text, "Greater love hath no man than this . . .." Locate it in your Bible.

Permissions

Recess was at 2: 10 in Miss Mingle's room. At 2: 25 the children came in, and at 3: 30 were dismissed for the day. At 2: 45 of one of the last of the fall days, a fist with an uplifted finger was raised. Miss Mingle nodded. The finger's owner left the room. At 2: 47 another single finger pointed upward. Another nod and another boy left the room. By 3: 10 five more boys and three girls had done likewise. By 3: 15 one by one they had begun to slip back into the room. A little casual detective work proved that four of the boys had joined in a marble game, two were tossing a ball, one was unaccounted for, and the girls were visiting in the girls' cloak room.

Miss Mingle was surprised when the situation was called to her attention. She had almost unconsciously given consent, the children had so unobtrusively gone and come. She was a young teacher and no doubt felt justified in letting them leave the room whenever they asked. To her mind that was one thing children had to do and she had no control over it. But must children leave the room? Why are there recesses and intermissions? Are they not for the sole purpose of taking care of physical needs, —food, exercise, drink, and toilet? If these needs are properly cared for at set times, is there any need for special permissions? Should the normal child need to leave the room within a half hour after school opens or a half hour before a recess?

If there is such a need, there is one of two reasons for it. First, there is some organic trouble with the child, either acute or chronic. If this is the case, the teacher should be informed of the condition, and such a child given privileges not given to those not afflicted. The other reason is that the need of play and exercise has demanded time at the expense of drinks and toilet, which leaves this matter up to the teacher to see that children have opportunity to go, and do go, to the toilet at the beginning of recess and get drinks at its close.

Of course in Miss Mingle's case it was not an actual need which drew her children outside, but the desire to loaf a bit during a long afternoon's work. The children had found it easy to slip away, and had taken advantage of it. To meet the situation, Miss Mingle the next morning talked over with the children the matter of leaving the room, explained why there were recesses, and left it with them if it were necessary to leave the room except at the regular times. They agreed it wasn't, and for the most part the rule was kept. Miss Mingle ignored all sign language during class periods, and in her walks up and down the room between classes when she answered other questions she met the one to leave the room with a quiet counter question: "It is only twenty minutes until recess; can't you wait?" The answer was usually a nod, but if it was a no, she would say, "Wait if you can. If you can't, you may go."

Very young children, especially at the beginning of the school year, may need opportunities to leave the room at shorter intervals than older children. A toilet recess, in charge of an older girl, is better than individual permissions.

Schools in the Philippines

(*Continued from page 14*)

ing, writing, and arithmetic, and of greater importance, the Bible lessons, and character development to 2,344 boys and girls.

The children are very neat and clean when they come to school. The Filipinos take well-deserved pride in their neatly laundered clothes, and their sleek, black hair. They are good missionaries, too. They have their Junior Missionary Volunteer meetings on Wednesday morning, and take an active part in the Harvest Ingathering work. They love to sing songs, both in English and in their own dialect. They are a happy group and quickly win the affections of the American missionary.

Music Appreciation for Children---No. 6

By ROSALIND A. BOND

APPENDIX

AS I wrote, I thought of some records which have been especially successful and appropriate as illustrating certain phases of music appreciation. They are few, but should I lay in a stock of records for use in teaching, these would be first, because I know their value. I pass them on.

RHYTHM

The Clock (Kullak)
Amaryllis (Air Louis XIII) (Ghys-Seredy)
Blue Danube Waltz (Strauss)
Sousa's Marches
Rhythms for Children.

MELODY

Humoresque (Dvorak)
Narcissus (Nevin)
Serenade (Drigo)
Souvenir (Drdla)
Songs by great singers.

HARMONY

By the Waters of Minnetonka (Lieurance)
(To show contrast)

FORM

Three-part:
To a Wild Rose (MacDowell)
Narcissus (Nevin)
Rondo:
Amaryllis (Ghys-Seredy)
Rondo (Shubert-Friedberg)
Le Coucou (Danquin)
Air with Variations:
The Harmonious Blacksmith (Handel)
Symphony:
The Toy Symphony (Haydn)

(As new records are added, I believe that symphonies, sonatas, and concertos should be added.)

PROGRAM MUSIC

Descriptive:
Rustle of Spring (Sinding)
Imitative:
Flight of the Bumble Bee (Rimski-Korsakov)
Le Coucou (Danquin)
The Clock (Kullak)
Narrative:
Of a Tailor and a Bear (MacDowell)
In a Persian Market (Ketelbey)
In a Chinese Temple Garden (Ketelbey)
In a Monastery Garden (Ketelbey)
In a Clock Store (Orth)

POETIC THOUGHT

Narcissus (Nevin)
Barcarolle (Offenbach, from Tales of Hoffmann)
Fair Rosemary (Kreisler)
Largo (Handel, from Xerxes)

NATIONALITY

Song of the Volga Boatman (Russian Folk Song, by Koneumann)
Amaryllis (Air Louis XIII) (Ghys-Seredy)
O Sole Mio (Di Capua)
Hungarian Rhapsody No. II (Liszt)
Cradle Songs of Many Nations (Norwegian, Swedish, German, Bohemian, Japanese, Chinese, French, Italian)
Indian songs
Negro folk songs
(Of the Negro songs I prefer, Nobody Knows the Trouble I've Seen; Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; and Water Boy as sung by Paul Robeson)

COMPOSERS

The life stories of any of the great composers may well be illustrated by their compositions. Mozart, Haydn, and MacDowell are particularly interesting to children.

INSTRUMENTS

All of these records may be used to acquaint the pupils with instruments. There are other records which introduce each instrument separately.

Cultivate the habit of talking with the Saviour when you are alone, when you are walking, and when you are busy with your daily labor.—"*Ministry of Healing.*"

When one's belief in God becomes the controlling passion of the life; when he loves God with all his heart, with all his soul, with all his mind, and with all his strength, he is anxious to learn God's will and ready to accept the Bible as the word of God. And yet the Bible characters grappled with every problem that confronts mankind from the creation of the world to eternal life beyond the tomb. They gave us a diagram of man's existence from the cradle to the grave, setting up warning signs at every dangerous point.—*William Jennings Bryan.*

Mission Geography Helps

THE INCA UNION---*Concluded*

By R. J. ROY

NOW let us work on Peru again. There is enough irrigation along the streams that flow into the ocean on the west so that we find people in the valleys almost everywhere if there is a stream. Some of the valleys are very wide at the coast, as much as a hundred miles, and the soil is very fertile. Here cotton is everywhere, in every little nook, from the north to the south of the entire country. The coast population of Peru is mostly white, and the people who work in the cotton plantations are very poor and lack in educational advantages.

About half way down the coast of Peru we want to put the city of Lima. It is the capital of Peru and perhaps the largest city that we have in our territory, with a population of around 400,000. It is about ten miles back from the coast, in a valley, and bordered on the south, for about twenty-five miles, with tillable land. Back of the city are mountains, and beyond the tillable land is pure desert. Traveling down the coast of Peru one surely finds miles and miles of barren soil where there is not the least sign of life of any kind. Of the entire coast line of Peru, some 1500 miles, perhaps not more than one tenth is tillable. The rest is powder-dry sand or bare rocks.

The second city of importance in Peru is Arequipa, in the southern point of the country, at an altitude of 7,500 feet, and about five hours steep climbing by train from the coast. Its population is approximately 60,000. It is situated about one third of the distance from the coast to Lake Titicaca. So we will want to locate this city in our territory, as it is also one of our centers. The main business of Arequipa is trading in agricultural products.

Cities

On the shores of Lake Titicaca are two towns that are not so large, but are important in our work, so we will put in Juliaca and Puno. Juliaca is near the lake, about six miles from the farthest western point. Puno is east and south about thirty-five miles, and is right on the lake. It is the port from which steamers leave on the lake to go to Bolivia. Juliaca is a town whose population of 4,000 is mostly Indian. Puno has 15,000 population, also mostly Indian. Let us mark them, for they will get very familiar as we take our journey to visit all the centers of our work in this part of Peru. These all have an altitude of about 12,500 feet.

To the north, and somewhat west, about 250 miles from Juliaca. is Cuzco, with a population of 30,000. It is the ancient capital of the Inca civilization which the Spanish destroyed when they came to South America. Here is found the largest number of ruins of the former civilization anywhere in South America. It is the city that is visited most by tourists and students interested in history and archeology. These make the main large centers of our work in Peru. Oh, no, not yet. Iquitos, away up in the north, on the Amazon River, should be located. We have already told of its being a port for ocean vessels from the Atlantic. You, no doubt, have been somewhat surprised to learn of the two inland ports of Peru, which are many, many miles away from the ocean, and which, nevertheless, receive a very large percentage of their commerce and passengers by full-sized steamships. Have you forgotten what places I refer to? Iquitos, in north Peru, getting its visiting ships from the Atlantic Ocean two thousand and more miles away, and Puno, away up at almost the altitude of the top of Pike's Peak, with a 150-mile line between the two ends of the great Lake Titicaca. That is something that you will doubtless always remember as you think of Peru.

"They Call Us"

What did you say? You thought that we would be able to finish this trip and get through with this in just a few minutes? And here we have been at this for a good while, and it seems that we have not yet touched the most interesting part. That's right. You said the right thing when you said that we had not yet gotten to the most interesting part, and that we have been at this a long time. Do you think we have done a very thorough job of making our countries? Personally, I think we have been very, very hasty if we intend really to know anything about them. Which all goes to show that although we have heard a great deal about only one small section of this large field, there is just as much to be said about all the rest of it. Just as many unsaved souls live there, and their need of a Saviour is just as great. This world is a tremendous thing when we begin really to look it over in detail. Only God in His infinite power can ever help us to reach all these people. But how grateful we are for the marvelous work that has been done.

Again we think of the methods of travel in these countries. In spite of its great length, Peru has no railroad running the length of the country. It has

only two important railroad lines, one of them running from Lima back up into the mountain region, the other in the south, connecting the coast with the mountains and Lake Titicaca, and the Lake Titicaca steamship line at Puno. A branch of this road runs north from Juliaca to Cuzco. In spite of the extremely poor condition of the roads, there is considerable auto travel along the coast. Since they have to travel in pure, dry sand so much between the valleys, they all have to have very large tires. These large tires do not sink in the sand and they get along quite well. But any car or truck with small tires just digs itself into the sand and stays there. Until the past few years, almost all the hauling and traveling was done by mule trains, and in the interior, in most places, this is still the common method. Practically all the coast and mountain regions of Peru are more or less accessible to civilization, but the eastern slope of the Andes and the jungle regions are still practically a law unto themselves. They are visited only by those who have more than ordinary business motives.

Did you get all those towns and railroads put in your sandbox? All right then, let us go again to Bolivia. We will soon be ready to take our trip to our mission centers. So far we have gotten just a faint idea of what we will see. We have been only laying a foundation, as it were.

Bolivia

In spite of the size of Bolivia, we do not have to put down many cities as far as our work is concerned. We have been able to reach only a small part of this country. So first of all, we will put in La Paz, the leading center of the country. It is at an altitude of some 12,000 feet, and is about seventy-five miles southeast of Lake Titicaca. It is reached from the Peru side by a railroad that connects with the steamers running across the lake. La Paz is the center of our work in Bolivia. It has mostly Indian population, and it is surrounded by the great Andes tablelands, on which many thousands of Indians live. The population of La Paz is approximately 120,000, with a fair percentage of white people and considerable foreign element connected with or attracted by the great mining interests. It is quite a progressive city for being so difficult to reach.

Perhaps the main reason for this is that it has three railroad lines running out of the city connecting it with various countries. One line connects it with Peru; another line runs south and turns off to the Pacific Ocean, connecting it with Chile; and another line going south connects it with Argentina. This line to Argentina is one of the main lines crossing the South American continent. Also there are other branch lines that connect it with important and productive parts of the country. So let us put La Paz in our sandbox, with the lines indicating the railroads as I have mentioned. We will visit this city many times in our work here.

Going almost straight south from La Paz, for about 185 miles, is the main railroad that continues on down to Argentina. At this point, a branch line turns east and a little north, and drops down into a very fertile valley, ending at the city of Cochabamba, the second city of Bolivia. It has a population of 60,000. This is in a beautiful, wide, fertile valley, with an almost ideal climate. It is at an approximate altitude of 7,500 feet. Once you visit this place you will always welcome a return to it, after leaving the cold, treeless plains of the Andes tablelands. I tell you, it feels good to get there.

Other Cities

Another small city and we will have finished that part of Bolivia. Climbing up and up from La Paz over a pass of some 15,000 feet, and dropping again very rapidly into a deep, narrow valley, with just room at the bottom for the stream to rush over the rocks, after some seven hours in car we come to Chulumani. The road is a masterpiece of engineering, and is passable even in the biggest part of the rainy season, in spite of the fact that cars have to make practically the entire journey in intermediate or low gear.

Chulumani is just at the edge of the jungles, at an altitude of about 6,000 feet. The actual distance from La Paz is only about ninety miles. The population of this place is 6,000 only, but it is surrounded by a dense country population, mostly of Indians. In all these countries the general rule is that the white class is the land-owning class and the Indians and mixed are the laboring class.

There is no other country where there are at the same time so many openings and calls and also so many difficulties as Bolivia. The capital of the country is Sucre, down about in the middle. There are other important cities, but since we will not visit them, we will not place them on our map yet. If you want to do so later, we may take a little time for it.

The total population of Ecuador is 2,500,000; of Peru 6,000,000; and of Bolivia 3,000,000. Ecuador is the most densely settled, and has the least nonproductive land. Also the percentage of white people there is higher than in the other two countries. And now I am getting very restless to get to these people and to know something about them. How about you? That is really the very best part of all our trip. It is thrilling to see and work with them.

Don't stare up the steps of success; step up the stairs.

Taking things as they come does not wear one out as fast as dodging them.

Down Our Alley

By DOROTHY C. RETSLOFF

THERE'S a little old woman living down our alley who for twenty years has been plugging along alone, making her living by canning jellies and jams, baking cakes and pies, and cultivating bulbs and flowers in a tiny rectangular plot on the south side of her small cottage. No newspaper has ever mentioned her in connection with any social activity; no club numbers her among its members. Few persons in other parts of the busy city have ever heard her name.

But the telephone shooter in our district knows how tenderly she can wrap a cut finger; the milk boy always finds his bottles clean and shining on her side porch, and sometimes a warm drink entices him into her spotless kitchen; the grocery boy will never forget the warm doughnuts that are set aside for him once a week; the crippled child in the first house to the left watches anxiously for his weekly bouquet; the laundress knows when she leaves her paralyzed husband each morning, that he will have a cup of hot milk at noon from the hands of the little old woman next door; in the upper flat across the street the country girl with the freckled face, working her way through college, smiles when she thinks of the cheerful sitting room where she is always welcome whether its mistress is in or out; the young stenographer who boards at the Inn in the next block knows of a laundry tray where she can wash her handkerchiefs and hose, and a back yard where she can hang them out in God's cleansing sunshine, without feeling like a sneak cat; and the postman, when he drops a letter in the box near the little plodding woman's front door, is always sure of a smile. And if ever a Christmas comes without a fat mince pie fresh from the hands of the owner of the tiny cottage, he will feel that something kind and precious has gone from his life.

This little, unattached woman, with her quiet unassumingness, is the salt of our alley. She rings as true as virgin gold. Her name surely is recorded in the Book of Life, and when the Great Bookkeeper balances the debit and the credit sides, there will be a wonderful surprise in store for those who are waiting before the Judgment Seat when they see the crown and harp that will be handed to the little old woman who lived for twenty years down our alley, unheralded and unsung.

You get nothing for nothing.

When we permit our communion with God to be broken, our defense is departed from us.—"*Ministry of Healing.*"

The secret of happiness lies in unselfish service

"I AM NOT OLD"

I am not old—Time may have set
  His signet on my brow,
And some faint furrows there have met,
  Which care may deepen now:
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves
  Of fresh, young buds and leaves;
And still in fancy I can twine
Thoughts, sweet as flowers, that once were mine.
  —*Park Benjamin.*

Last eve I paused beside a blacksmith's door
  And heard the anvil ring its vesper chime;
Then looking in I saw upon the floor
  Old hammers, worn with beating years of time.

"How many anvils have you had," I said
  "To wear and batter all these hammers so?"
"Just one," he answered; then with twinkling eye,
  "The anvil wears the hammers out, you know."

And so the Bible, anvil of God's word,
  For ages sceptic blows have beat upon,
Yet though the noise of Paine, Voltaire was heard,
  The anvil is unworn—the hammers gone.

Don't Watch Them ALL the Time

By MILDRED UDELL RUSSELL

AN ARTICLE by Angelo Patri in last night's paper brought the incident to mind.

Some perplexed mother had written to Angelo Patri asking him how to make her wilful and impudent little daughter mind. After inquiring and finding that her health was all that it should be, Professor Patri's next inquiry was, "Does she mind anyone else?"

"Oh, yes," replied the distracted mother, "she minds every one except me."

And out of the years of his experience and the depth of his wisdom Professor Patri responded:

"There is such a thing as trying too hard, caring too much. The person who tries too hard, who lives anxiously and in fear, passes his fear and anxiety to the children; and as these emotions are poison to the body and mind of a child, trouble is bound to come out of them.

"'But I must care. There is nobody but me to care. I can't let my child go to the bad while I forget all about her, can I?'

"That is like asking, Which would you rather have to eat, a dose of poison or a ton of ice cream? Either will kill you. There is always a saner way out of a difficulty than the extremity. The nervous, anxious mother should have herself treated for fear. *She* needs treatment more than the child does. As long as she is tense, rigid, quivering as she hovers over an active child, she will create disturbances in the mind and body of the child *and so set the stage* for tantrums, rebellions, scenes of all sorts.

"The way for such a mother is to learn to relax. . . .

"I have seen mothers so tense that their presence seemed to send sparks into the air, trying to relax. The harder they tried, the tenser they became. 'I will relax,' was their way of doing it."

Relaxation

"'Willing' hard always causes tension. Instead of 'willing' to relax, try accepting relaxation. Try just letting it come. Try thinking of the pleasantest thing possible; try repeating some favorite passage, but always without effort. Effort is what causes the trouble.

"Take it easy, move slowly, gently, as Gerald Stanley Lee says, 'Rest working,' and this strain will pass, and with it the tantrums of the child who has suffered under it will disappear."

And now the incident called to mind by these words of Angelo Patri.

Sister Robinson came down from St. Helena to show us some moving pictures at the Healdsburg church. Part of the time I kept my attention on the pictures, but usually one eye was on the eager, restless, yet attentive children.

After the meeting Sister Robinson came to me. "Sister Russell," she said, with her always pleasant smile, "don't watch your children *all* of the time."

Startled, I stared at her in blank amazement. Again Sister Robinson smiled. "Don't watch them *too* much. After all, they are only little children. No one expects a little child to be *perfectly* quiet and *perfectly* still. Watch them some, but do not watch them too much; don't watch them all the time. It's bad for them and bad for you."

Then I remembered one of the rare occasions on which Charles was allowed to sit by himself, and the too-anxious looks I had cast in his direction, and the wistful way in which he had said to me afterwards, "Mother, I wish I could sit somewhere sometime where you would not always have your eye on me."

So perhaps we do watch our children too much. If we have laid the right foundations, will they not live up to our expectations if we repose trust and confidence in them?

The First American

(*Continued from page 4*)

bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow, and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

Of this address Carl Schurz has said: "This was like a sacred poem. No American president had ever spoken words like these to the American people. America never had a president who found such words in the depth of his heart."

His was an orderly development—from log cabin to White House. Each act achieved prepared the way for the one to follow. "First the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear."

We look beyond the numerous marble statues erected in his honor since his death, and see the soul of the man. The spirit of his homely, homey life lives on forever. The vision of his youth is realized, his goal attained. His whole effort was to help others, to understand men, to give liberty to every man. Always to be right in his own mind and heart, honest before God, and truthful to all, were the great concerns of his life.

His experience in the presidency brought to a full, rich bloom this flower planted in nature's own soil, which, plucked later at the hands of an assassin, plunged into grief the entire nation. Truly we can all say the words Stanton breathed by his deathbed, "Now he belongs to the ages."

The Children's Week of Prayer

(*Continued from page 17*)

appear in the February issue of HOME AND SCHOOL, the manuscript for which goes to the publishing house immediately. It may seem that it would be more appropriate that this bit of history be read before the week of prayer than after it. But perhaps it is well to call these things to mind two months after the passing of the week that we may again think of what was accomplished in the 1937 prayer season.

Different schools find it necessary to vary the time of holding their meetings somewhat; this makes it possible for us to observe a group in each of two schools this year.

The simple faith of little children is very beautiful. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matthew 18:3. Their simple little prayers that God will heal their teacher who for sometime has been ill, that He will help them to be good on the playground, that He will bless their present teacher, and so on, are especially touching.

Great care should be exercised in conducting meetings with the little children that they be built up spiritually, that their ideals and standards of right be raised, and that they get a strong desire to live up to these standards. It is possible for these little folks to grow into earnest little Christians very naturally. In dealing with these little ones, baptism should not be emphasized.

We believe that even little children should learn something about habits,—what a habit is, how it is formed, what they should do with a bad habit, and what relation habits have to the Christian life. This can be done in a very simple way so that the children can understand. If parents and teachers only realized what trial and suffering they can save the children in later life by persistence in forming good habits and avoiding bad, they would certainly make a desperate effort to allow only good habits to be formed.

With the upper grades, the duty of baptism should be made clear, but the outward form should be deeply rooted in fact. *Being a Christian* is vastly more important than saying to the world by baptism, "I *am* a Christian." One should guard against "mass movement" in the matter of baptism. So often we hear: "Mother, I want to be baptized; May is going to be and Sallie too, if her mother is willing." That is a very poor reason why a child should be baptized. Be sure by a multiplicity of questions that the child understands just what baptism means, and that his life is really changed; then let him go ahead with the rite. Then let us nourish the new-born babe, instead of allowing him to die of neglect, as has many times happened. May we, as guides, be faithful to our trust.

Sugar-Making Season

(*Continued from page 8*)

"Yes," one of his companions agreed, "that's the way you swim, I know."

HOMEWARD BOUND

A graceful sea gull sailed along the river over their heads as they turned their faces homeward.

Some Boy Scouts across the river "scared up" a pheasant hen which half flew and half ran along in the underbrush with the usual hurried distress cry, "Huck-a-duck, huck-a-duck, huck-a-duck—huck—huck—huck—huck," more slowly as it died away.

A pair of bluebirds were investigating several hollows in a branch of an old basswood tree leaning way out over the river. Some birds do select such enticing homes!

Another flock of ducks was on the river, diving, swimming, and enjoying the open water. There were some on the bank preening their feathers.

"When de ol' puddle duck leave de pon'
En start to comb a-fedder—
Den yo' bettah take yo' umbrell,
Kase day's gwine to be wet wedder,"

Bruce sang out a verse of one of his favorite Negro poems.

"When de screech-owl light on de gable en',
En holler, 'Whoo—oo! Whoo–oo!'
Den yo' bettah keep yo' eye ball peeled"—

"Oh, come on," said Stanley, "there isn't any screech owl round here."

So the boys walked up the steep hillside, the ducks waddling along ahead, going first to one side and then to the other, with a "Quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack, quack." Finally they ran back down hill and flapped noisily into the water with such haste they appeared to be walking on the water with outstretched wings as they half flew and half swam away.

"Good-bye, old ducks," called the boys.

"Quack, quack," they answered.

Returning to the brow of the hill the children did not follow the winding river with its many curves, but took a straight line to the smoke of the sugar bush. After more sap and more syrup, they were off for home, a tired lot. A four-mile hike was a good endurance test, but they were all eager for another.

"It is good to be alive in April, isn't it, children?" asked the chaperon. And the children responded, "Sure!"

"New every morning are the mercies of God," she added softly.

God does not comfort us to make us comfortable, but to make us comforters.

Compliments are the small coin of conversation; very convenient and mostly counterfeit.

The SCHOOL *in the* HOME

Mrs. Jones Sells Her Potatoes

By MORLEY EUGENE EVANS

TWO farm wagons stood in a public market. Both were loaded with potatoes in bags. A lady passing through the market on a shopping tour stopped before the first wagon.

"How much are potatoes today?" she asked of the farmer's wife who was selling them.

"Two-fifty a bag," replied the farmer's wife.

"Oh, my!" protested the woman. "That is too high, isn't it? I paid two dollars for the last bag I bought."

"Taters has gone up," was the only information the farmer's wife gave.

The housewife went to the next wagon and asked the same question. Mrs. Jones, who was in charge, instead of treating her prospective customer with indifference, replied:

"These are Wisconsin white potatoes, madam. They are the best potatoes grown. In the first place, you see, we only raise the kind with small eyes, so that there will be no waste in peeling. Then we sort them by sizes. In each bag you will find a large size for boiling and cutting up, and a medium size for baking. The baking size cooks quickly, all done at the same time, which means a big saving in coal and gas. Then we wash all our potatoes clean before sacking them, as you can see. You can put one of these bags in your parlor without spoiling your carpet—and you don't pay for a lot of dirt. I'm getting $3.00 a bag for them. Shall I have them put in your car or deliver them?"

And Mrs. Jones sold two bags of her potatoes to the lady.

What a difference in the way the two women answered the same question! How differently each one looked upon the same opportunity! Mrs. Jones used her opportunity to quickly give, in just a few moments of time, seven very good reasons why the potatoes she had would be the best to purchase. It is very evident that before she started to the market with her load, she had made thorough preparation. She had organized her facts, and prepared herself for the first opportunity to make a sale.

From the Bible we have this admonition: "And be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear." 1 Peter 3: 15. Suppose someone would walk up to you now and ask, "Why do you believe that Jesus is coming soon?" Would you be able to give an answer at once? Would you be able to relate in just a short while, at least seven good reasons why you believe Jesus is coming soon, and do it in such a manner that the person would feel persuaded by your answer? The text tells us to "be ready always." It means to be ready for every opportunity that comes to speak a word concerning your own experience in the things of God. To the mother in the home, to the father at his trade, to the teacher in the schoolroom, to the nurse in the sick room, and to every other humble worker there come many opportunities to speak concerning the love of God.

In order to "be ready always," it is necessary to have our convictions re-enforced daily by humble, sincere prayer and the study of the Bible. Not merely *reading* the Bible, for reading may be merely passing away the time, but *studying* the Bible, working with a definite purpose in view. Studying means applying one's faculties to a particular task with a view to increasing mental strength and efficiency. God requires the training of our mental faculties. "The development of all our powers is the first duty we owe to God and to our fellow-men."—"*Christ's Object Lessons*," *p. 331.*

The Home Study Institute at Takoma Park, Washington, D. C., is offering a number of very helpful courses in Bible and history. Such courses as "Lay Evangelism," "New Testament History," "Old Testament History," "Advanced Bible Doctrines," "Major and Minor Prophets," "Daniel and Revelation," "Church History," "Principles of Christian Education," and various other subjects are being studied by many, and proclaimed as very fine courses. All those who will place themselves under the guidance of competent teachers, and follow the prepared instruction, will receive a real mental and spiritual training. Elder W. A. Spicer, Field Secretary of the General Conference, once wrote: "The Home Study plan opens wide the door for stronger service. Why should not thousands complete progressive courses of study? That means 'redeeming the time.'"

"They might not need me
Yet they might:
I'll let my heart be
Just in sight.
A smile so small
As mine, might be
Precisely their
Necessity."

Home and School Association

Home and School Association Meetings

By A TEACHER OF THE NORTH PACIFIC UNION

Subjects for meeting—

1. *Courtesy*
   - Value of courtesy (mostly from Spirit of prophecy).
   - Specific ways to help our boys and girls in the home.
   - Demonstration of courtesy.
   - Receiving callers (use children, parents, and teachers to demonstrate).
2. *English*
   - Value of the study.
   - Definite quotations from Spirit of prophecy and other works.
   - How I may help my child to speak correctly.
   - Devices.
   - Language games demonstrated by little children.
3. *Training of the Voice*
   - Essential qualities of voice to be developed.
   - Demonstration of proper breathing and voice exercises. How we may help our children in singing.
4. *Lectures on Health* (either a doctor or a nurse may be obtained).
   - Results of physical inspection.
   - How to remedy existing defects.
5. *Forest Preservation.* (Get a forest ranger, if possible, to show pictures and give lecture.)
6. *Good Citizenship.*
   - Patriotism—flag courtesies. Sing national songs.
   - How children may be taught to respect property of others.
7. *Adolescence* (no children present).
   - A man may discuss the problems of adolescent boys.
   - A woman may discuss the problems of adolescent girls.
   - A discussion of how to deal with these problems may follow.
8. *Vocational Guidance.*
   - How to direct our children into useful occupations.
   - Ways of increasing interests; books, games, apparatus.
9. *Reading.*
   - Compare good and bad reading.
   - Contrast good and bad books.
   - How to develop good reading habits.
   - Discuss reading courses; raise money.
10. *Christian Education.*
    - Definition of education from Spirit of prophecy.
    - The spiritual development of the child.
    - The mental development of the child.
    - The physical development of the child.
    - Helps: The books, "Education," and "Counsels to Teachers," as well as quotations from other books by the same author.
11. *Ways to Encourage or Discourage Students.*
    - Members to check correct item of two or more given items. Material—a mimeographed copy supplied to each. Discussion—after members complete the check.
12. *Influence of the Home* (Given on Mother's Day).
    - Home—what is it?
    - The father's influence.
    - The mother's influence.
    - Memories of home.
    - Home scene to accompany a reading.
    - Song on "Mother."
    - Material—Spirit of prophecy, old "Home and School Magazines," old "Instructors" and "Reviews." Poems selected from Readers.
13. *Friendship* (To foster spirit of friendliness in the community and in the school).
    - Poems, readings, and talks on what it means to be and to have a friend. Mottoes are effective.
    - Games on persons in the Bible and from history, which even parents enjoy.

Men and women can reach God's ideal for them if they will take Christ as their helper.—"*Ministry of Healing.*"

GIVE ME A HILL TO CLIMB

Give me a stony road
And a strength for wayfaring;
Give me a storm to dare
And joy in the daring;

Give me a battle to win
And the courage to fight;
Give me a hill to climb
And strength to gain the height;

And when I reach its summit,
One thing I'll ask of Thee:
Give me a hill beyond
Calling aloud to me.

—*Gertrude Bridges.*

You Ask Us ? *And We Say to You*

Sometimes there is a child in school who is not liked by many of the children. What can the teacher do to bring about a better state of feeling among the pupils?

There's something in First Corinthians, chapter twelve, about "bestowing more honor upon the uncomely parts." We think this text applies here. It is within the power of the teacher to do much toward changing the attitude of the children toward some member of the school. First, by her attitude toward the lonely child, and secondly, by private conversations with the other children, and especially with the leaders among the children. Look for the good points in the child and speak of them to the others, usually in rather a casual way.

Perhaps the teacher can get to the bottom of the difficulty if it is not already clear on the surface. Perhaps to inquiries made with reference to the matter the teacher will hear, "Oh we just don't like her; she's so queer." The neglected child naturally gets queerer, and the queerer she becomes, the more she is neglected. It is a "vicious circle." The teacher may be able to get into the queer child's heart and get her viewpoint. She has probably had so many snubs that she has withdrawn into her shell. She needs a little love expended on her. (I say *she* because it is usually a girl). Perhaps she can be brought out of the shell with such attentions as the teacher can give her, and that will encourage the children to give her attention. Perhaps a little judicious advice from the teacher will show her that she is partly to be blamed for the attitude of the other children.

Use plenty of tact and stick to it, teacher, till you have conquered. You can and will.

Should teachers waste much precious time on morons? Would it not be better to spend the time on brighter pupils?

A moron is *not* an imbecile. If given a good chance, he will learn something. He may learn enough to be of value to his church and community; he can learn enough to be of great help to himself individually, enough perhaps so that he can attend to simple business matters and can read for his own instruction and entertainment.

Yes, certainly, it is trying to the teacher's patience to work with a child for an hour on some small lesson and then have him fall down on it when tested, but love for the unfortunate can do anything that is necessary.

Then, too, there's another reason for being persistent. Sometimes the child who *seems* to have very little intellect is only sleeping; he may awake after a while and display an intellect developed along some certain line far beyond anything his teacher ever dreamed. We have notable examples of this. There are names known in every household for the really great things they have done; some of their teachers considered it useless to try to help them.

The writer well remembers the case of a boy who was dull, very dull, and it took grace to be patient with him, but in after years he was found occupying a good position where real brains were required to do the work, and his employer said he was doing good work.

Give every child his proportionate share of time.

—*F. H. W.*

The work of the world is done by *few*,
God asks that a part be done by *you*.

Some men look for work and are afraid they'll find it.

I have looked my duty squarely in the face and found it to be a friend.

A tactful man can pull the stinger from the bee without getting stung.

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