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"Thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule My people Israel." Matt. 2: 6.

A view of Bethlehem with the hills of Judea beyond. On these hills the shepherds were watching their flocks when they were surprised by the great light and the message from heaven announcing the birth of the Christ.



From Here and There

Even so small a thing as a comma may prove quite disconcerting when used in certain relations; for example: "Aren't you a red, cross nurse?"

Our Sabbath school membership throughout the world now numbers nearly 200,000, and our church membership does, not fall far behind the Sabbath school membership.

During the last seven years our investment in the entire world in church and institutional lines of work has grown from \$12,084,438.13 to \$19,975,500.49, an average increase of \$1,127,294.62 a year.

Judge K. M. Landis, of Chicago, has accepted the position of baseball commissioner, by action of the two major leagues, at a salary of \$50,000 a year. He retains his present position as United States district judge at a salary of \$7,500 a year.

The Pennsylvania Railroad system recently dismissed about 10,000 employees, and several other roads have reduced their working forces. The rubber tire industry, which was hard hit by the policy of the Federal Reserve Board in discouraging loans for lines of business classed as unessential, continues to curtail its operations, and about 50,000 of its former employees have been obliged to seek other work. From various parts of the country have come reports of factories going on short time or shutting down entirely.

According to statistics compiled by the War Industries Board, the total world's estimated capacity production of paper in 1919 was slightly over 15,000,000 tons, of which over half, or 8,369,000 tons, was in the United States. Germany's capacity was placed at 1,981,000 tons and Canada's at 1,203,000 tons. No other country has the capacity to produce as much as 500,000 tons a year. We are, therefore, the dominant paper makers of the world. Figures on imports and exports indicate that the United States consumes about 90 per cent of its total production and in addition imports considerable quantities of certain kinds for domestic use.

Vitality such as comes from active physical exercise in the open, a healthy skin such as may be induced by frequent bathing, healthy mucous membranes, sound teeth, sound tonsils—these are the best protections against disease. Bad tonsils, bad teeth, bad appendix—these, among other specific conditions, give an opportunity for the development of disease from germs lodged in their localities. It is only a few diseases, such as measles, chicken-pox, and smallpox, that seem to infect those in good physical condition as easily as those in poor condition. If you allow your health to be below normal, the activity of the various organs and the action of the various substances in your blood are decreased. This decrease may make you susceptible to such diseases as tuberculosis or typhoid fever.

Some of Edison's contributions to his country during the late war were the device for detecting submarines by sound from a moving vessel; that for turning a ship quickly at right angles; collision mats for minimizing loss from torpedo attack; methods of camouflaging vessels; obstruction of torpedoes with nets; the underwater searchlight; oleum cloud shells; high-speed signaling with searchlights; water-penetrating projectiles; researches on the zigzagging of ships; production of nitrogen gas from the air; a hydrogen detector for submarines; protection of observers from smokestack gas; device for use in watching for periscopes; putting out coal-bunker fires; direction finder for hostile airplanes; locating hidden guns by "sound ranging;" and the preservation of submarine guns from rust. It will be acknowledged that this is a fairly comprehensive catalogue.

Mr. Herbert Hoover is calling for \$23,000,000, with which to continue the care American philanthropy has made possible for the suffering millions of hungry children of Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Austria, and other parts of Central and Southern Europe. The relief resources will not last longer than January. The *Literary Digest* has started a Child-Feeding Fund by a gift of \$25,000, and President-elect Harding has sent a check for \$2,500. Every ten dollars is supposed to provide coat, boots, stockings, and one meal a day for one child throughout the winter. America needs no league of nations to make it respond generously to this appeal of suffering childhood.

The Temperance Star

[Through prohibition the temperance star has risen in many homes.]

THE streets were rife with joyous life,
For the Christmas time was near;
But into our rum-ruined home
There crept no sign of cheer.

As I sat alone in the darkness,
And looked through the coming years,
My heart was full of sorrow,
And my eyes were full of tears.

Then I thought of the shepherds that kept their flocks
On the plains of Galilee,
How their hearts sent up that longing cry
For the Christ that was to be.

And I thought how the glory of God came down,
Till the night shone like the day;
Of the wise men's journey by night, and the star
That guided them all the way.

And my heart sent up its longing cry
To the God who answered them:
"Lord, into the dark night of my life
Send a star of Bethlehem!"

I heard a step far down the walk—
A firm and ringing tread;
It reminded me of John's glad step
The day that we were wed.

The moon slipped in and spread her robe
Upon the poor, bare floor,
Till I thought of the streets in the City of Light
And—John stood at the door!

There was a new light in his eyes,
So tender and so proud;
And a ribbon shone on his ragged coat,
Like a star against a cloud!

A little silken, crimson star,
That lighted all the gloom,
And changed to a palace, grand and fair,
The dingy little room.

We did not speak a single word,
But we knelt by the children's bed;
"God help me to keep it always bright!"
Was all the prayer he said.

The moon crept through the narrow pane,
And fell like a blessing down;
It touched wee Mary's flaxen hair,
Till it shone like a silver crown.

It kissed the baby where he lay,
In his lowly cradle bed;
"Thank God for the star that rose tonight!"
Was all that my full heart said.

—Selected.

The Right Gift

REMEMBER,
This December,
That love weighs more than gold!
Help us spread the news to young and old;
Friendship bought and sold
Leaves the giver cold.
The right gift
Is the bright gift,
The kind thought and cheer;
Send your loving heart,
That's the greatest part,
So will Christmas crown all the year!

—Josephine Daskam Bacon.

The Newborn King

B. F. M. SOURS

UNTO my heart, O Christ, my stay,
Be born today!
Nor may the angel heralds bright
Take heavenward flight,
Except as Thou dost more than fill
My heart with peace, and love's pure thrill,
Nor yet until,

Unto Thy liege, O King, I bow;
Take me just now,
And panoply this heart of mine
By power divine,
That I a witness, too, may prove
That Thou art come, my King of love,
From heaven above.

O newborn King! Thy throne all years
Will banish tears.
I seek Thee, O my King, to be
All, all for Thee;
For where the feet of darkness trod,
Came holy angels, sent of God,—
To speak us free!

Thy kingdom is for all the years,
With vanished tears.
The wars of earth must die away
In happier day.
O Christ, Thou Prince of Peace divine,
Take fully now this heart of mine,
And with me stay!

The Founder of Bethlehem

J. D. MONTGOMERY

IT was only recently that I noticed that the founder of the town of Bethlehem, "the city of David," was Hur, the son of Caleb, and the grandfather of Bezaleel, the man who was especially endowed with wisdom and skill to build and decorate the tabernacle in the wilderness. Hur is said by Josephus to have been the husband of "Miriam the prophetess," therefore standing close to "Moses and Aaron and Miriam" in the leadership of Israel from Egypt to Canaan.

Hur is best known as one of the men who held up the hands of Moses that day on "the top of the hill" while he prayed for Joshua and his men fighting the battles of Israel in the valley below. As long as Moses prayed with arms raised, "with the rod of God" in his hand, Israel prevailed; "when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed." So when his hands became too weary, "they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun." The battle of Israel with Amalek that day in Rephidim, "where no water" was, was victorious for Israel because this man Hur, of the tribe of Judah, helped to hold up the hands of the prophet.

We cannot all be like Moses, who talked with God "face to face, as a man speaketh unto his friend;" we cannot all meet God like that. We cannot all endure the shakings of Sinai and the fire and smoke of Horeb as Moses did; nor stand in the breach and stay the plague as Aaron did when Korah thought he, too, was a prophet. We are not all called to do the great things nor the brilliant things, but we can all hold up the hands of those who are leading modern Israel through the modern wilderness of Zin. We can all be helpful in our sphere, like Aaron and Hur away over yonder on "the top of the hill" in Rephidim, where God "opened the rock, and the

waters gushed out." Yes, we can do that much.

It seems too bad to chronicle the last word we have of Hur, "the founder of Bethlehem," where Jesus was born. The last we hear of him was when Moses was called up into the cloud overshadowing Horeb, to receive the two tables of stone from the hand of God. He, with Aaron, was at that time left in charge of affairs while Moses was away. He was there when the calf was made from the golden trinkets of the people. He was there when they "sat down to eat and to drink, and rose up to play." He saw them dance before the image, but we do not read that he made protest.

He must have been there when Moses returned, full of furious indignation, and called out, "Who is on the Lord's side? let him come unto me." What became of the upholder of hands, I do not know. Perhaps he was slain that terrible day by the Levites, or maybe killed by the plague that broke out after the slaughter ceased. I do not know; but I believe that as the son of a loyal father he must have been among those who in obedience to Moses' command stepped over on the Lord's side. However it may be, I shall always think of him as one of the faithful men who

stayed the hands of his general till the going down of the sun on "the top of the hill," while Israel prevailed over her enemies.

* * *

WHEN a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the corn.—*Emerson*.

* * *

"WHEN you hear of good in people—tell it;
When you hear a tale of evil—quell it.
Let the goodness have the light,
Put the evil out of sight,
Make the world we live in bright
Like to heaven above."



Upholding Moses' Hands

"The World's Best Seller"

OLIVE D. OSBORNE

SOMETIMES I think that we who believe fully in the inspiration of the Bible, and find comfort and companionship in it for our daily life, still fail to appreciate its value to us in our education.

Fannie Casseday Duncan, writing in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, under the title, "The World's Best Seller," says:

"There are magazines which publish monthly lists of the 'best sellers' in the book world. A recent survey of the files of such magazines showed that in no case had a record of the really 'best sellers' of the month been made. A ten-year lot of issues of these magazines further disclosed the fact that no registry had been kept of the real 'best seller' of the decade. Queer, was it not?

"The best seller, of any month, any year, any decade, has always been the Bible. It has the distinction of being the first book printed after the invention of movable types. That was in 1455. In less than five hundred years from that date the total issue of Bibles from the Bible Society alone was, in round numbers, two hundred fifty million copies. . . .

"Now imagine a man born, reared, and schooled in a place where no mention of the Bible was ever made, although his schooling had been wide along lines of philosophy, art, science, history, music, and literature. Suppose after he had finished college some one had met him and chanced to speak of the Bible as the 'world's best seller.' Would not the student have a great desire to learn more about the Book?

"What does the Bible treat of? History?' would perhaps be his first question.

"Yes, it does,' his companion would answer, though it was not at all written for its history. However, it is our only informant on the history of the world at its sources. The only one that goes into how the world was created, who created it, how light was created on the first day, and on the fourth day it flashed out from sun, moon, and stars; how, on the second day, air and water were created, and on the fifth day they were stocked with birds and fishes; on the third day dry land appeared, and on the sixth day it was the home of live stock and man.'

"That sounds like a romance.'

"Well, yes, it is a romance, but it was not written for a romance. However, the Bible does tell of the first love affair, hints at the supreme beauty of the woman, the devotion of the man, the woman's lure, and the man's weakness. In fact, I can think of no book in literature that has such fascinating romances — love stories, pastoral stories, tales of heroes.

"There is a tale of Abraham sending a confidential messenger with a retinue of servants and camels and jewels to find a wife for his son. This tale is full of a wonderful Oriental atmosphere. Then there is a description of Jacob matching wits with Laban for the hand of Rachel, getting the better of Laban by a psychological trick in the matter of cattle breeding, which we moderns would do well to imitate. There is the story of Joseph, half tragedy, half comedy, with a great lesson at the foundation of it.

"The story of Ruth is a lyric idyl; the story of Esther is an epic, with plot and counterplot, full of literary and artistic power. The Song of Solomon is a beautiful bit of Hebrew love poetry. These and hundreds of others are so briefly and deftly told as

to seem scarcely more than black-and-white sketches, yet nothing in Hawthorne, Poe, or Maupassant equals them for short-story writing. It is said that the story of the prodigal son is the greatest short story in existence. It has only three hundred eighteen words, all graphic. The story of creation is told almost wholly in words of two syllables.'

"I imagine it must present fine bits for dramatic presentation. Is it like a drama?'

"It is a drama, from its opening chapter in Genesis to its closing verses in the rapt vision of St. John at Patmos, where he tried to communicate to mortal ken, in symbolic interpretations, conditions in the other world for which neither human words nor imagery was ever invented.

"Why, that 'masterpiece of all literature' lies folded within the covers of the Bible — the story of Job. It deals with an unfathomable tragedy — the mystery of human suffering — and is unsurpassed and unsurpassable in its dramatic presentation.

"I can hardly believe that you have not heard the story of the crucifixion, of the weird darkness, the quaking earth, the rocking crosses, the hoarse cry: 'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani.'

"Then comes the drama of the ascension — the waiting disciples, the sudden ghostly appearance of the Christ, His last tender words, His body floating, floating up and up until the clouds caught Him out of their sight forever.

"Yes, the Bible is highly dramatic, though the purpose of its existence was not to be known as a drama.'

"Is it largely written in poetry?'

"The Bible is full of poetry of the highest order, epic, lyric, pastoral, ballad. From the Psalms the Christians get much of their beautiful ritual and their psalter. The themes of Bible poetry are wonderfully varied. For instance, we have festal songs, tribal songs, votive hymns, prayers of penitence, songs of victory, pilgrim hymns, the song of the starry night, the song of the sunlit day, and so on. . . . Yes, the Bible is full of music and poetry. But the value of the Bible to the world is far above its music or its poetry.'

"I should like to possess a copy of this wonderful book. It was always my ambition to become a noted man of letters, but I have known that some serious lack has held me back. Do you not think a knowledge of this Bible would aid me along these lines?'

"I think you have missed the most important feature in any scheme looking to authorship. You have been given the background that only an intimacy with the Bible can furnish.

"You have been withheld from acquaintance with the great things in imaginative art, such as paintings of Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Raphael, Fra Angelico; or from such embodiments of beauty as the frescoes of Giotto, Andrea del Sarto, and Tintoretto; or from the noble sculpture of Michelangelo and Luca della Robbia.

"These all drew their inspiration from the Bible, and, with thousands of others in art and letters, have so enriched the world that I do not believe it possible for one unacquainted with the Bible to become a great writer. Shakespeare alone has some five hundred fifty quotations, allusions, or sentiments from

the Bible. Tennyson has four hundred sixty. Much of Browning was built on it. Canon Farrar asserts that the one hundred best pictures and the one hundred best musical compositions in the world were drawn from Bible sources. He might also have put the one hundred best books in this classification."

We know that the Bible, over and above all this, is the word of God. The fulfilment of the prophecies it contains, its historical accuracy, the central thought which runs through it from Genesis to the Revelation, and its marvelous preservation and circulation are all proofs to us of its inspiration. It is occupied from cover to cover with the central theme of the ages, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The value of the Bible to our inner life is entirely in its connection with Christ, for He is the supreme revelation of God.

Science Earning Its Living

NOT so many years ago a scientist would have scorned to "waste" his time studying bricklayers, when there were so many ancient inscriptions to translate and so many new germs to name; but at present scientists are finding bricklayers a most interesting study. Bricklaying is one of the oldest of the crafts, dating back thousands of years to the days of Babylon and Nineveh, where those early masons laid brick in almost the same manner as our American bricklayers used to lay it until Frank B. Gilbreth began to study them some years ago.

Every one has seen the traditional method of bricklaying. Husky tenders brought loads of brick and mortar and dumped them at the feet of the masons, who worked up the mortar to the proper consistency, reached down and picked up the bricks, selected the proper face, buttered the brick with mortar, and tapped it into position with the handle of their trowel. This process was continued until the wall became too high to reach, when the scaffolding was raised to the level of the wall, and the mason began the process over again, this time being compelled to stoop to the level of his feet. Mr. Gilbreth, observing this laborious process, conceived the idea that he could make this work more efficient, and soon began to introduce changes. One of the first things he did was to invent a new scaffolding. This consisted of, first, a lower platform having a front portion next to the wall, on which the mason stands, and a rear platform away from the wall, on which the tender walks; the second platform is a shelf on which the mortar and brick are placed within easy reach of the bricklayer. The front of the material shelf is seventeen inches from the line of the wall, thus eliminating all stooping and stepping for supplies on the part of the mason. The scaffolding is so constructed that it can be raised by the tender, a few inches at a time.

The order in which the brick should be placed in the wall was next studied. Each type of wall was studied separately, and the order of movements for each was worked out. To save the time of the mason in picking out the sound brick, and selecting the best face, low-priced helpers were selected to do this work on the ground, the brick being sent to the mason in packets of twenty-four, each with its best face up. To avoid loss of time with the mortar, a box with sloping sides was devised, so that the mason might insert his trowel without looking, while his eyes followed the other hand to the brick packet. The consistency

of the mortar was so controlled that no tapping was necessary.

By means of such improvements as these, the ancient craft of bricklaying has been completely changed. Of the eighteen processes previously performed by the mason, ten have been eliminated, one has been arranged to appear every other cycle, three have been combined with other elements, and two have been improved. The apparatus has all been redesigned, the materials have been standardized in quality and located at the most convenient points, the most economical movements have been adopted, and the labor has been evenly divided between the mason and his helper. As a result of these changes, a mason can now lay 350 bricks an hour with no more fatigue than he used to lay 120 bricks under the old system.

Although Mr. Gilbreth has achieved much success in industrial engineering, Dr. Frederick W. Taylor, his teacher, is the recognized authority today on scientific management, as the new science has come to be known, and is recognized as one of the greatest scientists, as well as practical men of affairs, that this country has produced. This remarkable man died in 1915 at the age of fifty-nine years, after having created the profession of industrial engineer, and becoming very successful in it himself. This newest of the professions is rapidly assuming much importance. At a recent semiannual meeting held in Philadelphia, over 1,200 men were present, and a paper was read before them, discussing the nature and the work of the industrial engineer. "An industrial engineer," it was said, "is a creator of plans and standards to govern the use of human labor for productive purposes. His scope is unlimited. He may and does create plans to govern human labor in every activity of human life. The services of the industrial engineer have been utilized in industrial plants, hospitals, transportation systems, educational institutions, banking houses, commercial enterprises, military activities on both land and sea, insurance offices, and other classes of enterprises.

Not long ago, the medical adviser to a large insurance company referred, during an interview, to a set of charts on the wall, and tabulated data which he had in his desk. In the course of the conversation, it became evident that the work of that medical division was being planned, scheduled, routed, and checked up in as systematic a way as would have been found in the production office of any factory. That medical adviser was an industrial engineer, but did not realize it. Unquestionably the scope of the industrial engineer is universal.

Today there is great need in all walks of life for the work of the industrial engineer, whether or not he is exclusively engaged in that profession. Very few who have not made special investigations realize how inefficient the majority of labor is, even in the highly civilized United States. While everywhere brilliant results are seen, yet the losses between that result and the initial supply are not so apparent. These inefficiencies are not due to the fact that men will not work hard, but to the fact that the work is poorly planned, and executed under adverse conditions. Railway shops throughout the country do not show 50 per cent efficiency on either labor or materials; and in the operation of trains, there is much to be done. On a very large railroad system, the fuel per 1,000 pounds train weight a mile averaged 260 pounds; yet actual tests where all the coal was

used showed a consumption of 90 pounds was ample. Mr. Taylor found the efficiency of the laborers in the Bethlehem Steel Company's yards to be 28 per cent. Harrington Emerson found the efficiency of a gang of laborers in New York to be 18 per cent. Mr. Gilbreth, the leading authority on motion study, has estimated that the loss due to inadequate division of labor between men of greater and less skill in the manual trades is sufficient, if it could be saved, to pension one half the workers in the United States on full pay.

In the last decade, the attitude of the business man toward the scientist has changed from one of tolerance to one of profound respect. Science is at last earning its own living.

A. P. HEFLIN.

Little Sara's Christmas

ESTHER FLETCHER was cutting out cooky dromedaries and pigs; they were very comical-looking, but Esther did not smile over them; instead, there was almost a frown on her face.

"These legs are a nuisance," she said, looking gloomily at the dromedary that she placed in the baking pan. "They keep coming off, and they puff out of all shape just as soon as they begin to bake."

"They will be beautiful," said Little Sara. "I shall love them, and the pigs, too. I wonder how it would seem never to have any cookies."

"You will never know," Esther said, still with that hint of a frown on her face. "I am sure you get enough of them. It seems as if I am always making cookies."

"You make perfectly lovely ones," said Little Sara earnestly, "and lots of them; I'm not a bit afraid of not having enough; but some people don't, you know."

"Some people have to do without more important things than cookies," was the answer given with a sigh.

"Oh, I know they do; they don't have nice things at all in their baskets; no cookies, nor cakes, and not a speck of pie; nothing but just bread and butter, and sometimes an apple."

"Whom are you talking about?" exclaimed Esther, rousing to the fact that Little Sara meant some particular persons.

"I'm talking about the Welland boys and girls, the new people who live in the brown house around the corner. They don't ever have nice things in their baskets; they used to when they lived in Sheffield, but they don't any more, because it is such hard times."

"How do you know all that?"

"I asked Laura; she is in my class; she asked me one day if my cooky was good, and I gave her a bite, to see, and asked if she didn't have any, and she told me all about it."

"You shouldn't ask such questions," Esther said reprovingly.

Little Sara said, "Why not?" in great astonishment, but just then one of the pigs, on being taken from the pan, left his head behind him, and in the consternation that followed, the Welland lunch baskets were forgotten.

It was at the supper table that some word of Little Sara's reminded Esther of them again, and she asked her question.

"Father, are the Wellands poor?"

"Why, I think they are a good deal like us, have pretty close figuring to get along sometimes."

"Oh, I don't mean that kind of poor," Esther said quickly. "I mean —" and then Little Sara came to her help. "Oh, they are not one bit like us, father; they don't have cookies and things at all; and Laura's shoes are all worn out, and her father can't spare the money to get her any more; she said so."

"I'm afraid they are having pretty hard times," Mr. Fletcher said soberly. "They had a good deal of sickness before they moved here; that is why they came here, to see if a change would help the oldest boy. Then Welland lost a great many of his tools in that fire, you know. I shouldn't be surprised if they had to do without a good many things besides cookies."

"Oh, they do," said Little Sara. "They aren't going to have any Christmas presents at all. I asked Laura, and she said they were not."

"Well, little girl, you certainly have an inquiring mind."

Esther's face sobered quickly as she said, "Christmas won't be much this year, I'm sure."

Mrs. Fletcher sighed, and for a moment no one said a word. It was a dreary Christmas that they looked forward to this year. Keith, the only son, who lived a hundred miles away, for the first time in his life was not coming home for the holidays. Last year they had brought Baby Keith with them, a perfect little darling, who was this year beginning to say words; he was actually trying to say "G'ampa and G'amma." They had been so eager to hear him! and then the word came that they simply must go to the other "G'ampa's" for this Christmas; especially since Alice's brother David was at home, and would go back to Alaska as soon as the holidays were over. It was all very reasonable, and the Fletchers could not deny it; all the same, it was almost spoiling Christmas for them. There were other things that were hard; it had been an unusually hard year, and there was less money to spend on necessities than usual — there had never been much; they could not even afford the few little extras that had been usual at holiday time.

Esther, especially, had fretted over it all a good deal. There was no money for some of the gifts on which she had set her heart. She couldn't even buy the kind of trimming that she wanted for the new dress that Keith and Alice had sent for her birthday. Such a time as she had had making it, too! She would have to work all day Christmas to finish it if she got it done in time for the party in the evening. Oh, everything was horrid this year! These are some of the thoughts that she let shadow her face while she was putting away the cookies next morning. So busy was she with them that Little Sara had to gently twitch her apron to get attention enough to ask:

"Don't you think, if I should go without for a whole week, I might take three dromedaries and three pigs to the Wellands for a Christmas present? They don't expect a single thing, and they would be so glad! Do you think I might, Esther? I won't eat a single one for a whole week."

Esther set down her pan of cookies, and stopped to kiss her little sister, with the frown gone from her face as she answered:

"You darling! Yes, indeed, you may; we will make it six dromedaries and six pigs, enough for them to give presents to their father and mother; I will wrap them in tissue paper and tie them with pretty colored cords, all ready for the Christmas

stockings." She told her mother about it after Little Sara had danced away, and there was a hint of tears in her eyes as she said, "Think of her sacrificing a whole week of cookies, when she loves them so!"

And mother, standing close to father while he washed his hands at the kitchen sink an hour or two after, told the story again in a low voice. There was a smile on his face as he listened, and a tender look in his eye; but he said no word. That evening at the supper table he said:

"I've been thinking about the Wellands and their first Christmas in a new place. I had a talk with Welland this afternoon; they've had harder luck than I thought, a good deal worse than ours; I think they feel pretty homesick. I was wondering if we couldn't do something to make them have a pleasant Christmas. How would it be to have them all here for Christmas dinner? Not a great spread, of course, just a quiet little dinner; could it be managed, do you think?"

"Why—I don't know," Mrs. Fletcher said doubtfully. "We hardly know them; I never exchanged a dozen words with Mrs. Welland; there are a good many of them, too, and even a plain dinner makes considerable expense, to say nothing of the work; Esther has some sewing that ought to be done by Christmas night." She looked toward Esther as she spoke, but that young woman said no word, although her face plainly looked dismay.

"Well," said Mr. Fletcher, "perhaps we can't do it; I thought since we raised most of our vegetables possibly we might; you know we would have done it twice over for Keith and Alice. As for not knowing them, oughtn't we to? They are rather near neighbors, and have lived here for more than three months. But I didn't think of the extra work and your burned hand; perhaps that—"

And then Little Sara, who had been sent to close a door, rushed back to add her word, not having heard a word of the objections.

"O father, wouldn't that be lovely? They could have my plum pudding; I would just as soon go without, and that would help make enough, and I could—" Then she stopped, and looked from one to the other in perplexity. What could they be laughing at?

"What about Esther's dress?" asked her father as soon as he could speak. "Do you think you could finish that for her?"

"Never mind the dress," said Esther, still laughing. "If Little Sara can give up her plum pudding, I can surely give up that; I can wear my blue one once more. Mother, won't you go and call on the Wellands this very evening, you and father, and invite them? Little Sara and I will do all the extra work that is needed; won't we, darling?"

There could hardly have been a more successful Christmas gathering than was held at the Fletcher home that year. The Wellands came early, as they had been urged to do, so the children could have a nice long day together; and Esther said afterward that she hadn't the least idea that half a dozen children could be so helpful as those were; she was sure she wouldn't have had dinner ready until midnight if it hadn't been for them. "Why, Mary Welland set the table perfectly, with Little Sara's help; then John pared the potatoes as well as a girl could have done, and Emily filled the salt cups and cracked the nuts, and that cute little Robbie polished the apples until they shone, and they were all so bright

and pleased and happy it was fun to have them around."

Then Mrs. Fletcher took up the tale.

"They were all lovely; it was a pleasure to have them here. Mrs. Welland couldn't say enough about Little Sara's present; she said she did not know that pigs and dromedaries could bring so much happiness into a house; it heartened them all up, somehow; it wasn't so much the cookies, either, fine as they were, as the friendliness of it; and then to be invited, all of them, together! I couldn't think, she said, what a change it had made in their feelings; they didn't believe they would be real lonesome again; they began to feel as if they belonged. I felt half ashamed to think that such a small kindness which I almost didn't do should mean so much. If it hadn't been for Little Sara, I—" she stopped.

And Esther thought this was a good time to speak.

"She must have gone to sewing almost as soon as she got here, didn't she, mother?"

"Yes, she did; she said she remembered my burned hand and thought there must be a bit of sewing she could do for me; and, when I told her about the dress that I was working on when I scalded my hand, she just made me let her see what she could do. Didn't she finish it beautifully? Better than I could have done it if I had three hands instead of one."

"Welland was almost as eager to talk about our 'great kindness,' as he called it, as his wife was," Mr. Fletcher said. "He is a fine man; I enjoyed him very much; they are choice neighbors. Altogether, Pussie, your plan was a success, wasn't it? Where did you learn the secret of a happy Christmas?"

"I!" said little Sara, her wide-open, wondering blue eyes studying his face. "Why, father, I didn't do a single thing, only to show Mary Welland where the places were, and run errands, you know; and I had just as much of everything as anybody; there was lots, wasn't there, father? I didn't even go without pigs and dromedaries; Esther saved a lot for me, and she says she is going to make a whole menagerie for me to take to school next term; won't that be fun? I'm so glad we know the Wellands now; I love them."

"Every man also on the things of others," said Mr. Fletcher. "And 'a little child shall lead them.'"

"Yes," said Mrs. Fletcher and Esther in the same breath.

"And father," added Esther, "I shall have to have my verse changed to, 'Cast your bread upon the waters, and you shall find it that very day.' You can't think how lovely it was to wear my new dress to the party, after I had given it up."

"Looking at other folks' things, and 'bread' and 'waters,' and finding things"—Little Sara turned these things over in her puzzled mind and could not match them. What were her people talking about? —Pansy.

Home Hints

TO remove medicine stains from linen, apply strong ammonia.

Onion juice rubbed over gilt frames will make them look much brighter and keep away the flies as well.

To make boiled potatoes white and mealy, add a few drops of vinegar to the water they are boiled in.

To remove iron rust from linen or cotton goods, boil a small portion of rhubarb and dip the spotted materials into it.—Selected.

In Bethlehem

'Twas night in ancient Bethlehem,
All calm and clear and mild,
And tenderly, with voice and touch,
A mother soothed her child:

"Sleep, little one, the day is done,
Why do you wake so long?"

"O mother dear, I seem to hear
A wondrous angel song!"

"Not so, my son, my precious one,
'Twas but the wind you heard,
Or drowsy call of dreaming bird,
Or osiers by the streamlet stirred
Beneath the hillside trees;
Some bleating lamb that's gone astray,
Or traveler singing on his way
His weariness to ease.
Rest, little son, till night is done
And gloomy darkness flees."

Yet while she spoke, the shepherds ran
In haste the road along,
To find the mother and the Babe,
For they had heard the song.

"Rest, little son, the night's begun,
Why do you toss and sigh?"

"A brighter star than others are,
O'er yon low roof hangs nigh."

"Not so, my son, my darling one,
I see no gleaming star
That shines more bright than others are;
'Tis but a lamp that burns afar,
Or glowworm's wandering spark;
Some shepherd watch fire in the night,
Or traveler's torch that blazes bright
To cheer him through the dark.
Sleep, little son, till night is done
And upward springs the lark."

Yet while she spoke, three kings had come,
Three kings who rode from far.
To lay their gifts at Jesus feet,
For they had seen the star.

And so today beside our way
The heavenly portents throng,
Yet some there be who never see
The star, nor hear the song.

— Annie Johnson Flint.

Two Boys Who Became Famous

The Boy Whose Brains Were in His Brush

HE had always wanted to see a picture by Raphael, the most famous of Italian artists. So when the sexton uncovered the painting, he looked at it for a long time.

"It was worth coming to Mantua for," the boy said. "It's great, but some day I shall do something like that, for I too am a painter."

"Conceited fool," the sexton murmured as he carefully covered the picture once more.

But the boy did not hear him, for he was looking at the carved pillars that supported the roof and thinking what a wonderfully fine background they would make for a painting. All his life Tony Allegri had thought of nothing else but pictures. His uncle was an artist, and as soon as the boy's baby fingers could grasp a pencil or a bit of crayon, the drawing lessons began. Correggio, the little town where he was born, was overlooked by the castle where Uncle Lorenzo was employed to paint the frescoes on the ceiling of the great banquet hall. And Tony was often allowed to help him.

The Lady Veronica came in one day and found him hard at work. She admired the smiling cherub he was painting, and after

that she took a great interest in the curly-haired boy. When a terrible fever broke out in the town and her parents sent her to her relatives in Mantua, she decided to take Tony with her to study under the famous artists of that city.

"How can you paint so fast?" his master asked him one day, astonished at the ease with which he did his work.

"My thoughts are at the end of my brush," said Tony. "I do not have to dig them up out of my heels as some people do."

He got on so rapidly that when he was nineteen

he was engaged to paint a very important piece of work, a large altar piece representing the Virgin surrounded by saints.

He was the first artist who ever tried to decorate a large cupola lighted only from below. To make his figures look lifelike when seen from the floor, he tried something new. He foreshortened them, that is, made them very short and wide, much shorter and wider than anybody else had ever made such figures. They looked very queer close by, but the effect from below was beautiful. People who did not like him said that they looked like frogs and laughed at him a good deal. But the most famous art-



Painted by Antonio Allegri

"The Adoration of the Shepherds"

ist then alive, Titian, when taken to see this work, said, "Turn the cupola upside down and fill it with gold, and even then you will not have all it is worth."

The young man's pictures were much admired, and he grew rich. He began to be called Correggio instead of by his own name Allegri, because by his work he was making Correggio, the town where he was born, famous.

Among other achievements, he thought out new schemes of lighting. In the illustration "Holy Night," which is one of the best known of Italian paintings, all the light comes from the newborn Child, throwing a wondrous radiance on the faces of the Virgin, the shepherds, and the women standing by. This is considered by many the finest of all the Christmas pictures.

Correggio died in 1534, when he was only forty years of age, but long before that the boy who had his thoughts at the end of his brush had made himself one of the greatest painters of his time.

The Boy Who Loved Color

Gabriele Cagliari came into his studio to speak to Paolo, and found the room empty. He took up the little marble bust on which his son had been working. "What shall I do with the boy?" he thought. "He will never be a sculptor. He hasn't touched it since this morning. He could do well enough if he wanted to, but he's always daubing with paints."

He put the model down, and discovered something else that annoyed him. The clay model he had made for the young sculptor to work from was so dry it was rapidly crumbling to pieces. Still grumbling to himself, he sprinkled it with water and wrapped a wet cloth around it to preserve the outline.

As he was doing this, the door opened and the culprit himself appeared.

"Just look at this, father," he said, so enthusiastically he did not notice the sculptor's frown. "I've got it at last—the white towers of the castle against the deep blue of the sky; the yellow flowers in the field at one side with the green trees back of them, and right in front the soldiers going over the drawbridge with the bright sun shining on their armor," and he held out a little picture crudely drawn, but strong and spirited and aglow with vivid color.

Cagliari looked at it a long time. Then he laid his hand lovingly on the boy's shoulder.

"So you would rather be a painter than learn to make statues, as your father does?" he questioned.

"There's no color in a statue," said Paolo, "and I love to work in color; I seem to feel it in the tips of my fingers. I am sorry to disappoint you, father,

but I'd never make a good sculptor; if I could study painting, I might amount to something."

The next day the boy was sent to his uncle's studio. Antonio Bodile was glad to get Paolo, but he did not believe in making things easy for him.

"So you think you can draw—a boy like you!" he said scornfully. "Here, copy that, and see if it does not knock the conceit out of you," and he handed him an engraving by the great German artist Albrecht Dürer.

But Paolo was not easily discouraged. He was doing the thing he loved, and he copied industriously whatever was set before him. He also studied anatomy, so that he could draw men and women as they

really are, and learned the proper use of light and shade, and a great many new things about mixing his colors. He worked so hard that his uncle told Cagliari there was not a lazy bone in the boy's body.

One day when Paolo was nearly nineteen, the greatest man in the whole city of Verona sent for the boy's uncle. This was Cardinal Gonzalo, a prince of the church. He wanted to consult the artist about some important frescoes for the Cathedral of Mantua. Now though Bodile rarely praised his nephew, he was secretly very proud of his work; so he took several of the boy's pictures along with him to show the cardinal.

The great man admired them so much that he decided to take Paolo with him to Mantua and give him the commission.

This was an unheard of honor for so young an

artist, and Paolo determined to put all that was in him into this work. His picture of St. Anthony was so great a success and received so much praise, that when Paolo returned to Verona, the older painters could not help feeling a little jealous of the boy.

Paolo had made such a reputation by this one painting that he began to get orders from many churches and religious houses, for in those days every place of the kind was adorned with beautiful pictures, and there was a steady demand for good work.

A few years later they held a competition in Venice to find the best man to decorate the ceiling of the wonderful old church of St. Mark's. Paolo had kept on working hard and was steadily improving. He not only obtained this order, but painted such a wonderful picture that the rival artists who had been trying for the job themselves, unanimously voted to give him the long gold chain that was the prize of the victor.

The young man now had more work offered him all the time than he could possibly do. Philip II, the Spanish king, invited him to come to Spain, but



"The Immaculate Conception"

the artist was much too busy. He had become so rich and famous that, according to the custom, he was no longer called by his own name, Cagliari, but Paul Veronese, as an honor to the city of Verona, where he was born nearly four hundred years ago. — *Gordon Hastings.*

You Are the Hope of the World

BOYS and girls are the most important beings in all the world. How could it be otherwise? There are so many of them!

If all the boys and girls of the world under fifteen years of age were gathered together, there would be enough of them to replace every man, woman, and child in the United States six times over. Think of it—six nations as large as the United States, and not a person over fifteen years of age.

This crowd, however, would mean more than mere numbers, for in it you would find all the future statesmen, authors, ministers, doctors, lawyers, business men, teachers, and the like upon which the welfare of the world depends.

Of course you would find there, too, all the criminals, scoundrels, and rascals of every kind who will in the future rise up to annoy society.

In other words, that crowd of more than six hundred million youngsters will determine the future of the world's history.

Looking a little more closely, however, we discover some startling facts. One half of these boys and girls live in Asia and Africa, where, for the most part, Sabbath schools are unheard of, public schools, with the possible exception of Japan, are almost unknown, and Christian homes are very scarce indeed.

Think of it, the future of one half the world in the hands of boys and girls who cannot read or write in any language, who are ignorant of Jesus Christ, and who never have had a Christian home!

When we turn to South America we find the boys and girls hardly more fortunate: ignorance, superstition, irreligion, and immorality abound.

When we speak of Europe, it is in hushed tones. Multitudes of the boys and girls have been sacrificed upon the altar of war.

Do you wonder that a very wise man recently wrote a book addressed to the boys and girls of America, in which he said over and over again, "Boys and girls of America, you are the hope of the world"?

Yes, you, the boys and girls of America, you are the hope of the world. You have plenty to eat, while millions of the boys and girls of the world go to bed hungry every night. Many of them have never in their entire lives had a chance to sit down and eat a full meal of wholesome food.

You have schools, while hundreds of millions of boys and girls live in ignorance and superstition.

You have the Bible and a knowledge of Jesus Christ, while a very large proportion of the boys and girls of the world have neither.

What are you going to do about it?

That is the most important question that you face today. The world is waiting for your answer.

Yes, your answer—you, the boys and girls of America, for "you are the hope of the world."—*Jay S. Stowell, in "Making Missions Real."*

"As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

The Sweetest Song

THE centuries step backward,
A curtain seems withdrawn,
Amid the old Judean hills
I wait the wintry dawn.
I see the shepherds with their sheep,
Some keeping watch, some taking sleep
In that chill midnight air.
I see them waken in surprise
As from the star-outshining skies
The glory floods them there;
And I can hear the angel song,
A sweeter song, a grander song,
Than mortals ever sing:
"Hosanna in the highest,
All glory to the King."

The curtain closes darkly
Upon that scene divine.
Again the slow-stepped centuries
Resume their mournful line.
Like aged men bowed down with woe,
Through toil and pain and grief they go
Along the paths of years;
And each one's faintly sounding tread
Is but an echo from the dead
Of blighted hopes, and tears.
But still lives on that angel song,
That sweeter song, that grander song,
Than mortals ever sing:
"Hosanna in the highest,
All glory to the King."

Again the curtain opens,
And now mine eyes behold
A greater glory shining out
Than on those hills of old.
I see the living waters flow,
I see the leaves of healing grow,
And throngs before the throne.
And there the Master gives them light,
And there they walk with Him in white,
And there He knows His own.
There swells the fulness of that song,
That sweetest song, that grandest song,
The ransomed ever sing:
"Hosanna in the highest,
All glory to the King."

EUGENE ROWELL.

Get an Education

SAMUEL ROBBINS BROWN, one of the missionary statesmen who helped Japan to find the way out of isolation, was ready for college when he was seventeen years old—that is, he knew enough to enter college. But he was not financially ready.

His father was a carpenter, and was unable to help him much. So the boy taught school. His first salary was nine dollars a month, with board from house to house.

After teaching two years, he told his parents of his desire to enter Amherst College, and he promised to pay off the mortgage on the house with the first money earned after commencement. Permission was given, though the father stated his conviction that it would require all the son could make for some years to pay his college debts. Samuel feared so too, yet he had a firm but unexpressed conviction that somehow he would succeed.

The trip to college for entrance examinations was made in his father's buggy. He carried with him crackers and cheese for his dinner, and just enough money to buy feed for the horse.

A friend offered to help him through college if he would go to Yale; so he turned his steps to New Haven. Dr. Griffis tells how he started for Yale College in a coat remodeled from his father's, though it was still too large for him. When he arrived, he had six and a half cents in his pocket. Deter-

mined not to apply to his friend, he set to work with his hands as well as his brain. He sawed wood, taught vocal and instrumental music to his fellow students, and waited on table in the dining-room. During junior year he acted as college bell ringer. The expenses of senior year were paid by teaching music in a boys' school. During the three months' summer vacation he taught in a school for deaf-mutes in New York City. He was graduated with all bills paid and fifty dollars in pocket. Then he worked for two years to pay off the mortgage on the home, according to promise. The expenses of the seminary course that followed were paid by teaching music.—*J. T. Faris, D. D.*

An Autumn Sunbeam

Thou dear little elf of the woods,
When bright sunny days are no more;
When dismantled ivy still clings
To the oak and the tall sycamore,
Thou fittest as free as a bird
That sings amid tropical bowers.
'Tis only faint glimpses we catch,
As of humming birds kissing the flowers.

No nut of the forest too hard
For thy sharp, flinty teeth to unfold.
Thou hoarest them up with great care
'Gainst the season of hunger and cold.
Thy industry wins thee a place
With the ant and the dear busy bee.
O would we might all with good grace,
Learn a beautiful lesson from thee!

Thou art cheerful and happy and gay,
No matter if shadow or sun.
No cloud hovers over thy way,
Though midsummer glories are done.
The asters are falling asleep,
The goldenrod silently fades.
We cherish thee, dear little elf,
Thou art sunshine amid autumn shades.
MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Silent Messengers

FROM the clattering, groaning press we came, one hundred strong, filled with a message to herald to wandering man. We were wrapped in a tight package, and soon found ourselves in a mail coach of a rumbling train which speedily brought us to Broadview Theological Seminary Correspondence Band.

At mail time a young man took us to his room, cut the tight cord that bound us, and distributed us among twenty-five young persons, who placed us in individual wrappers and addressed us to families in need of the good tidings we bear. This done, they gathered us together, knelt beside us, and prayed that our journey would be a safe one and our mission not in vain.

Again we found ourselves aboard a fast mail train, where we were placed in different bags, and before long we were scattered to the four winds on our life-giving errand. Some of us went into the lowly hovel of the widow, while others visited the gay palace. We were not made welcome in every case, for our message was a peculiar one; but some heard us gladly as we silently spoke and interpreted the significance of the events that cause men's hearts to fail "them

for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth."

Every week our visit is renewed, and frequently a kind letter accompanies our mission. In times past we have won thousands to Christ, our King, and from our visits to these one hundred homes, who knows "whether shall prosper, either this or that"? Remember, "More missionary papers going out means more souls coming in."

JAMES G. PAPIK.



The Poet's Inspiration — An Autumn Sunbeam

"That Reading Rack Question"

ONE of our conference presidents, while waiting for a train, was interested in watching people take Seventh-day Adventist literature from a rack that hung in the station. He writes:

"During the ten minutes I had to wait, nine persons went to the rack and took out copies of the *Signs of the Times*. As the *Signs* always speaks for itself, and wins its way into the hearts of the people, and as there are times when silence is golden, I sat quietly by, 'taking in' the situation and listening to the remarks made by those reading the papers."

"One man said, 'The *Signs of the Times* is a Seventh-day Adventist paper, and a good one at that.' Another remarked, 'The writers of these articles must be smart men.' I heard another say, 'Just read that short article on page — ; it is the best thing I have ever read on that question.' The train pulled in and I left the room. As I sat in the coach speeding away to my next appointment, I was thinking of two things: First, people do take our literature in preference to any other; second, *that reading rack question*. Why are our people not more faithful in putting up and supplying racks in depots and other public places? Every church ought to have one or more reading racks at work. Our literature does bring people into the truth. The reading rack will distribute the literature for you even in the small hours of the night."

This method of literature ministry is most commendable, especially if the rack is kept supplied with fresh, up-to-date papers, and some Missionary Volunteer keeps it clear of advertising matter. Many are happy in the faith today whose interest was first awakened by a paper taken from a rack.

A World Christmas Tree

COULD we but have a Christmas tree
For all the world, oh, what would be
The gifts upon its branches hung
To be distributed among
The eager peoples standing by?
What would you give, and what would I?
Would silks or furs or rarest lace
Or gold or diamonds have a place
Upon the branches of a tree
Designed to bless humanity?
Or would we rather fasten there
The gifts we know would banish care?
Does not the world have sorest need
Of sympathy and kindly deed?
Place on the topmost bough a star
Whose points these Christian graces are:
Faith, hope, and charity, good will,
And justice, every heart to fill.
Entwine each branch upon the tree
With festoons of fidelity,
With courage, patience, gratitude,
A cheerful thought, and happy mood,
With peace and joy and gentleness.
Such gifts would bring true happiness.

—Sophie E. Redford.

Our Side of Friendship — No. 1

CICERO said that man had received nothing better from the immortal gods, nothing more beautiful, than friendship. He spoke a great truth; for surely one of life's sweetest gifts is a true friend; and one of life's most sacred obligations is that of being such a friend to others. But most of us do not get out of friendship what it holds for us. We fail to appreciate what a mighty influence it exerts over us and over our friends. Yet the influence is there just the same, whether we realize it or not. Ever it travels onward. It knows no nights and keeps no Sabbaths. Every day, every hour, every moment, the influence of our friendship goes on, beautifying characters or blighting them. No wonder J. R. Miller, in speaking of the importance of friendship of young people, says: "It is almost the settling of their whole future."

How wonderfully you and I could enrich our lives, could we but learn how to make the most of friendship. There is a training in it that we cannot get from books. While striving to fit ourselves for service by pursuing a college course, let us not forget that book knowledge must be supplemented by

heart knowledge if we would succeed. You may have much learning, but your life will be cold, friendless, isolated, and unattractive unless you have been a friend to others. Yes, to make the most of life we must make the most of friendship. And let us never forget that it is not so much what our friends do for us as what we do for them that counts.

Some one has said that our friends are talents intrusted to us; and we must return them to the Master better than we found them or prove recreant to our trust. Here is where the responsibility of friendship rests most heavily. We have read the story of the talents. We admire the men who improved theirs, and are inclined to censure the one-talented man for his indolence and his poor management. Seemingly we forget that, so far as we know, he at least returned it in as good condition as it had been received. Do we do as well with our friends? Are we five or ten talent friends? Or do we even fall short of being in the one-talent class? How are we using the opportunity we have of enriching other lives?

It has been said that Emerson was a great inspiration to Longfellow, and that many of Longfellow's poems grew out of their friendship. While Stanley was in Africa on his search for Livingstone, he became a Christian. Some one asked what had persuaded him to make the decision. He replied, "The beautiful life of Livingstone." Mrs. Browning once said to Charles Kingsley: "Tell me the secret of your life, that I may make mine beautiful too." "I had a friend," was his simple reply. But it means much to be a friend who can wield such a transforming influence over other lives. There is an increasing tendency today to live on the surface, seeking the cheap pleasures which make for neither lasting happiness nor enduring friendships. Such living develops a nature that is like a bird flitting about from tree to tree, building its nest in none. It makes life too shallow to be capable of genuine friendships. A shallow life may be true to a clique of friends, but cannot ring true to all who touch it.

The very essence of genuine friendship is unselfishness. It seeks not to be ministered unto, but to minister. It remains loyal at all costs. You can trust it under the most trying circumstances. It is sympathetic. It demands nothing save the privilege of serving. 1 Corinthians 13:4-8 gives a beautiful word-picture of pure, noble friendship if we substitute the word "friendship" for "love." And surely we may, for in the highest sense friendship has for its source the love that "never faileth." M. E. A.

A Gentle Call

SOMETIMES the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Thinking of my own early experiences, I am wondering if among our young people there may not be some, possibly many, who do not realize how gently God's call can come, or how simply the Christian life may begin. For I know that I was a Christian for a good while before I dared to cherish any confident hope that I was. Among those who have been under good influence in the home, the church, the Bible school, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent "experience" or marked change in manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact, many parents continue to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for the conversion of their children long after that change has really

taken place; while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in strong efforts and deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God has indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in his service.

It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of sixteen years, living in the country at a distance from the church, which made attendance irregular, read, on a Sunday, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself, "That was a beautiful life." After a little thought, she added, "And I should like to live such a life." A few minutes later she kneeled down and said, "Lord, I will try from this time." The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—*Selected.*

The Birth of Christ

ONCE in the night when all was dark and still
And the shepherds were watching their flocks on the hill,
A very bright light shone away up above,
And the heavenly host sang a song of God's love.
"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth;"
They told the glad news of a baby's birth.
He who is Christ so holy,
Was born in a manger lowly.

Far from the East, three men who were wise
Followed the star that shone in the skies;
They followed it to the little Christ-child;
He is so tender, so meek, and so mild.
They came from the East, those wise men of old,
And gave the frankincense, myrrh, and gold.
They stayed at the stable—no room in the inn;
There lay the Christ-child, who saves us from sin.

Hopedale, Massachusetts.

MARGARET C. DROWN.
(Eleven years of age)

"I Couldn't Leave Him, Could I?"

AT the time of the great flood that did so much damage at Corpus Christi, Texas, last year, a young girl of seventeen found herself, with her brother of eleven, in the water. He soon became unconscious, and this older sister swam about in the surging waters, supporting her brother, for five long hours.

After being rescued, some one commended her on her heroic conduct. "Why, I couldn't leave him, could I?" was her response.

If we all felt as strongly that we could not leave unsaved those who are perishing spiritually, might not many more be won to the fold of God?

Printed Ribbons

IT is hard to imagine a time when figured ribbons were not used, but as a matter of fact they did not come into vogue until 1860. At that time the art of printing designs on ribbons was performed by irons or engraved plaques of steel, until a master ribbon weaver in Paris, Chandelier by name, who was tired of figuring ribbons by applying to them several plaques of steel engraved with different designs, invented an ingenious machine for accomplishing the same result in another way.

It is interesting to learn about this complicated process, which results in the gay ribbons we love to wear. This machine of Chandelier's consisted of a kind of rolling or flattening mill like those

which are used at the mint to flatten metals, but a good deal simpler. Engraved with the figures to be reproduced on the ribbon, two steel cylinders composed the principal parts of the new mill. These cylinders are placed one above the other and joined together by two flat pieces of iron placed perpendicularly and mounted on a sort of wooden bench, strong and heavy enough to support the whole apparatus.

Each cylinder turns on an axle and has a cog-wheel at either end, which fits into the corresponding wheel on the other cylinder, and conveys the motive power supplied by a heavy crank attached to one of the cylinders.

When the worker is ready to use this machine, he puts the cylinders in the fire and then, placing his ribbon in the crack between, closes up the crack by means of a vise and pulls the ribbon through on the other side, turning the cylinders all the while with the crank. In this way a whole piece of ribbon is figured in less time than it formerly took to figure one ell.

Chandelier formed an exception to the usual run of inventors. His invention earned him a fortune, and figured ribbons have remained in favor ever since.—*Selected.*

A Novel Key

ARRANGED in the entrance lobby of an Eastern Sunday school is a large wooden keyboard bearing a number of hooks. On each hook a cardboard key hangs, the key measuring about three inches in length, and shaped to represent a "locker key." The name of each Sunday school class is printed on this key, also the name above the key hook. Each Sunday, as a class tallies up and finds the attendance perfect, the Sunday school secretary removes the class key and presents it to the perfect class. In this way all good record classes are permitted to send for their key. In making the final Sunday report the Sunday school superintendent does not announce the names of the perfect attendance classes, but in place reads the number of perfect and non-perfect classes, advising the pupils to glance at the "keyboard" while going out to ascertain the record. The plan has been accepted well because all classes strive to keep their keys from hanging on the board for the full view of all others, and the thought spurs all pupils to co-operation with the teacher to bring about the best attendance possible. As the perfect classes receive their keys they allow them to remain on the table until after session, when the secretary gathers them up and places each one back in its proper place for the next Sunday.—*Clarence T. Hubbard.*

THE constant good nature of a street-car conductor in a New England town was noted by a frequent patron of his line, who finally asked the conductor how it was that he could maintain an habitually pleasant manner, even under exceedingly trying circumstances. The conductor replied with a smile, "Oh, I guess I'm insulated. Anyhow I have found that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' The Spirit of God dwelling within the heart is a perfect insulator. One so protected can take up the daily duties of life altogether oblivious to much that would otherwise be a constant source of irritation.

Money That Was Thrown Away

SAVING money which has already been thrown away is, in the end, economy—and necessity in Latvia. Immense quantities of paper money, issued by the Soviet government, were left in Latvia by the representatives from Moscow.

This paper currency was printed on only one side. As paper is practically impossible to secure in this little Baltic state, and the money which had been thrown away was no longer useful as legal tender, it was utilized for postage stamps.

Printed in bright colors, many of these stamps have reached American friends of American Red Cross workers in Latvia. If carefully removed, the stamps reveal their former "status" on the reverse side.

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions Printed

September 14

1. THE "Mississippi Bubble" was so called because of the sudden collapse of the French Mississippi Company early in the eighteenth century. This company was organized to settle and colonize Louisiana, and countless investors in France lost their fortunes in the failure of the enterprise.

2. The Pilgrims came to America from England to escape religious persecution. The right to worship according to individual conviction or opinion is the earliest foundation principle of our country.

3. Georgia was founded by James Edward Oglethorpe in 1731, as a colony where debtors then confined in jail in England by an ancient and brutal law might get a new start in life. The majority of these men were more unfortunate than criminal.

4. William Pitt, the great English statesman known as "the Great Commoner," was one of the warmest friends of the American colonies in the eighteenth century. His death in May, 1778, was precipitated by overexertion in making an earnest plea before Parliament in support of the colonists' opposition to unjust taxation by the king of England.

5. The Everglades, comprising the greater part of the southern half of Florida, are swamp lands which may eventually become reclaimed for agricultural development.

6. The four largest cities in the United States in 1800 were Philadelphia, New York, Boston, and Baltimore.

7. Eli Whitney, a young New Englander, invented in 1793 the cotton "gin" for the removal of seed from the cotton boll by mechanical means. This did away with Negro labor for that purpose, and consequently disturbed slave labor conditions in the Southern colonies, but it gave an impetus to cotton growing.

8. Massachusetts is the Northern State in which the bulk of cotton manufacturing centers.

9. A revenue cutter is a steam vessel, built on the plans of a large yacht and used by the Internal Revenue Department for patrol work, to prevent smuggling and to assist in the rescue of wrecks.

10. Sacramento is the capital of California.

11. James J. Hill, born at Guelph, Canada, April 16, 1838, was a man of rare executive genius who removed to St. Paul, Minnesota, in 1858. Through his organization of the Great Northern Railway system in 1890, extending from Lake Superior to the Pacific Coast, he opened up the western part of the American continent for development.

12. It is the United States Weather Bureau upon which mariners depend for their safety in navigation, through the storm-warning system.

13. The United States Coast Guard is the important Governmental department known by the initials "U. S. C. G."

14. Francis Bret Harte was an American poet who popularized the short story in America. He came into prominence soon after the gold rush to California. His stories and verse of the rough life in the early days of the gold camps were widely read.

15. The First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was as follows: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press, or the right of the people peaceably to assemble and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances."

October 5

Childhood or parentage.

The plane or buttonwood tree.

Our Counsel Corner

Why do some girls talk and laugh so loud in public that they attract attention, and call upon themselves the disgust or pity of all well-bred observers?

I. A. S.

This is a problem. *Why do they?* One of two things must be true: the girls are altogether ignorant of the proper convention concerning public behavior, or else they are suffering from that unpleasant disease, egoism, which is nothing more than a delusion that one is bright and pretty, and that people think whatever such a person does is clever. This idea breeds a feeling of superiority which ignores the silent but severe criticism of the onlooker. Peculiarly this disease rarely attacks the really pretty or bright girl. It is as Goldsmith says: "What the conversation wanted in wit [or good sense] was made up in laughter."

T. Y. I.

Is it polite for a person to look over a paper being read by one sitting near him?

A. C.

In one of George Washington's copy books was written a rule that is held to be as binding today as in the writer's day. It is: "Read no letters, books, or papers in company, but when there is a necessity for the doing of it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of another so as to read them unless desired. Look not nigh when another is writing a letter," and we might add, "or reading a paper."

T. Y. I.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I — A Personal Gospel

(January 1)

1. WHAT name is given in the New Testament to the story of the life and work of Jesus of Nazareth? Mark 1:1.

2. What is the meaning of the word "gospel"? *Ans.*—Good news. Note 1.

3. What different expressions are used in the Scriptures in speaking of the gospel? Matt. 24:14; Acts 20:24.

4. How is the unchanging character of the gospel indicated in Revelation 14:6?

5. Concerning whom does the gospel teach? Rom. 1:1-3.

6. Why is the gospel good news to us? 1 John 4:14; John 3:16.

7. How much is included in the gift of God's Son to us? Rom. 8:32. Note 2.

8. How are some of these things spoken of elsewhere? Eph. 1:3; 1 John 5:11, 12.

9. What power is revealed in the gospel? Rom. 1:16. Note 3.

10. In whom is God's righteousness made known to us? Jer. 23:6.

11. For what purpose did Christ give His life? Matt. 20:28.

12. What do we therefore have in Christ? Eph. 1:7.

13. To whom only must we look for salvation? Isa. 45:22; Acts 4:12.

14. What is He able to do? Heb. 7:25.

15. What three main facts formed the basis for the gospel which Paul preached? 1 Cor. 15:3, 4.

16. How complete a gospel did Paul find in Christ? 1 Cor. 2:2.

17. How did he speak of other so-called gospels? Gal. 1:6-8.

18. How have heaven and earth been united? Gen. 28:12; John 1:51. Note 4.

19. Through whom do we have access to God? Eph. 2:18.

Notes

1. "The Prince of heaven was among His people. The greatest gift of God had been given to the world. Joy to the poor; for Christ had come to make them heirs of His kingdom. Joy to the rich; for He would teach them how to secure eternal riches. Joy to the ignorant; He would make them wise unto salvation. Joy to the learned; He would open to them deeper mysteries than they had ever fathomed; truths that had been hidden from the foundation of the world would be opened to men by the Saviour's mission." — *"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 277.

The prophet Isaiah (58:6-8) presents a beautiful picture under the symbol of temporal blessings, of the joy the gospel will bring to those who are in need. This is the work Jesus went about doing when He was here upon earth, and His loving ministry brought eternal joy and gladness to many fainting and discouraged hearts, because they also received the message of which these temporal blessings were a foretaste. This was the kind of work that Jesus referred to as a sign of His Messiahship. (See Matt. 11:2-6.)

It is "good news" to those who are in the bondage of sin and carrying the burdens of an evil conscience, to know that they can be set free. It is "good news" to those who are clothed in the rags of their own self-righteousness and hungering and thirsting for the bread and water of life, to know that in Jesus they may have all their wants freely supplied.

2. "Here are revealed the heights of attainment that we may reach through faith in the promises of our heavenly Father, when we fulfil His requirements. Through the merits of Christ, we have access to the throne of Infinite Power. 'He that spareth not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?' The Father gave His Spirit without measure to His Son, and we also may partake of its fulness. Jesus says: 'If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?' 'If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it.' 'Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'—*The Great Controversy*, p. 477.

3. "The gospel is to be presented, not as a lifeless theory, but as a living force to change the life. God desires that the receivers of His grace shall be witnesses to its power. Those whose course has been most offensive to Him he freely accepts; when they repent, He imparts to them His divine Spirit, places them in the highest positions of trust, and sends them forth into the camp of the disloyal to proclaim His boundless mercy. He would have His servants bear testimony to the fact that through His grace men may possess Christlikeness of character, and may rejoice in the assurance of His great love. He would have us bear testimony to the fact that He cannot be satisfied until the human race are reclaimed and reinstated in their holy privileges as His sons and daughters."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 826.

4. "By His life and His death, Christ has achieved even more than recovery from the ruin wrought through sin. It was Satan's purpose to bring about an eternal separation between God and man; but in Christ we become more closely united to God than if we had never fallen. In taking our nature, the Saviour has bound Himself to humanity by a tie that is never to be broken. Through the eternal ages He is linked with us. 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son.' He gave Him not only to bear our sins, and to die as our sacrifice; He gave Him to the fallen race. To assure us of His immutable counsel of peace, God gave His only begotten Son to become one of the human family, forever to retain His human nature."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 25.

Intermediate Lesson

I — Jesus Dines with a Pharisee; Parable of the Great Supper

(January 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 14: 1-24.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted." Luke 14: 11.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 219-237.

Setting of the Lesson

"The Saviour was a guest at the feast of a Pharisee. He accepted invitations from the rich as well as the poor, and, according to His custom, He linked the scene before Him with His lessons of truth. Among the Jews the sacred feast was connected with all their seasons of national and religious rejoicing. It was to them a type of the blessings of eternal life. The great feast at which they were to sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, while the Gentiles stood without, and looked on with longing eyes, was a theme on which they delighted to dwell."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 219.

"Ask not to be excused,
This answer may be given:
Thou hast My love abused,
Thou art excused from heaven."

Questions

1. With whom did Jesus dine on a certain Sabbath? Who was present? What did the Pharisees do? Luke 14: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. What question did Jesus ask the Pharisees? What were none of them willing to do? What did Jesus do? Verses 3, 4.
3. What further question did Jesus ask? What could the Pharisees not do? Verses 5, 6.
4. What caused Jesus to speak a parable to the guests at the feast? Verse 7. Note 2.
5. Relate the parable. Verses 8-10.
6. What experience awaits one who exalts himself? What is the reward of true humility? Verse 11.

7. After this instruction to the guests, what did Jesus say to the Pharisee who gave this feast? Verses 12-14.

8. What did Jesus' admonition lead one of the guests to say? Verse 15. Note 3.

9. In the parable which Jesus then spoke, what did a certain man do? When did he send a special message to the invited guests? What was the message? Verses 16, 17. Note 4.

10. What excuses did those make who were bidden to the feast? Verses 18-20. Note 5.

11. What further command was given the servant? What did the servant afterward report? Verses 21, 22.

12. Where was the servant then sent to find guests? What was said of those who had refused the invitation? Verses 23, 24.

13. What instruction is given us concerning the meaning of the three invitations that were given in the parable? Note 6.

Things to Think About

What form of selfishness is especially reprieved in this lesson?

With what motive are invitations and other favors often given?

What danger lies in offering common excuses for a neglect of duty?

Notes

1. The man with the dropsy was probably not one of the guests. It was a common custom for uninvited persons to appear as onlookers at a feast. He may have been placed there purposely by the Pharisees, to give opportunity to see what Jesus would do in such a case.

2. "The couches on which the guests reclined at meals were arranged so as to form three sides of a square, the fourth being left open to allow the servants to bring in the dishes. The right-hand couch was reckoned the highest, and the others, the middle and the lowest, respectively; the places on each couch were distinguished in the same way, from the fact that the guest who reclined with his head, as it were, in the bosom of him behind, seemed to be the lower of the two. The 'highest place' on the highest couch, was thus the 'chief place;' and human nature, the same in all ages, inevitably made it be eagerly coveted, while, as precedence was marked by nearness to it, there was almost equal anxiety to get as close to it as possible. With the vanity and self-righteousness of a moribund caste, there was no little scheming among the rabbis for the best position, and much anxiety on the part of the host not to give offense; for to place a rabbi below any one not a rabbi, or below a fellow rabbi of lower standing, or younger, was an unpardonable affront, and a discredit to religion itself."—*Geikie*.

3. A view of the scene when the table will be spread for the great supper in heaven, is given to us on pages 19 and 20 of "Early Writings," and is as follows:

"After we beheld the glory of the temple, we went out, and Jesus left us, and went to the city. Soon we heard His lovely voice again, saying, 'Come, My people, you have come out of great tribulation, and done My will; suffered for Me; come in to supper, for I will gird Myself, and serve you.' We shouted, 'Alleluia! glory!' and entered into the city. And I saw a table of pure silver; it was many miles in length, yet our eyes could extend over it. I saw the fruit of the tree of life, the manna, almonds, figs, pomegranates, grapes, and many other kinds of fruit. I asked Jesus to let me eat of the fruit. He said, 'Not now. Those who eat of the fruit of this land, go back to earth no more. But in a little while, if faithful, you shall both eat of the fruit of the tree of life, and drink of the water of the fountain.'"

4. We are told that in Oriental countries it was, and still is, the custom to send a messenger to summon the guests, previously invited, to a feast. To refuse at the last moment to keep the promise of acceptance was regarded as a grievous insult.

5. "None of the excuses were founded on a real necessity. The man who 'must needs go and see' his piece of ground, had already purchased it. His haste to go and see it was due to the fact that his interest was absorbed in his purchase. The oxen, too, had been bought. The proving of them was only to satisfy the interest of the buyer. The third excuse had no more semblance of reason. The fact that the intended guest had married a wife need not have prevented his presence at the feast. His wife also would have been made welcome. But he had his own plans for enjoyment, and these seemed to him more desirable than the feast he had promised to attend. He had learned to find pleasure in other society than that of the host. He did not ask to be excused, made not even a pretense of courtesy in his refusal. The 'I cannot' was only a veil for the truth,—'I do not care to come.'"—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 222.

6. The invitation to accept Jesus as the Saviour was first given to the Jewish people, the people who professed to know God and to serve Him. When the priests and leaders refused to heed the call, the message was given to publicans and sinners, to the poor, the maimed, the lame, and the blind. Afterward the gospel of the kingdom was preached to the Gentiles.

EDITORIAL

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Some One Has Been Working

THE following report of the missionary work performed by the Layman's Missionary Movement during the last two and one-half years is interesting. As you read it, you may be able to recall what proportion is yours, and so make for yourself an interesting observation:

Average number reporting	28,848
Letters written	287,573
Letters received	205,324
Missionary visits	1,494,146
Bible readings held	458,368
Subscriptions taken for periodicals	449,547
Papers sold	3,479,959
Papers, mailed, lent, given away	10,960,522
Books sold	988,289
Books lent or given away	471,131
Tracts sold	158,539
Tracts lent or given away	4,493,462
Hours of Christian help work	1,549,675
Articles of clothing given away	343,503
Number of meals provided	267,662
Treatments given	158,237
Signers to temperance pledge	12,816
Offerings to home missionary work	\$194,543.78
Number of conversions	8,570

F. D. C.

"Thank You"

TWO little girls called at a home and requested a small gift toward their church building fund. The lady gave them a piece of silver. They took it eagerly, but walked quickly away without saying "Thank you." This left in the giver's mind an unpleasant impression of those little girls, which she can never forget, though the matter is small. I wonder whether all of our church school children acknowledge their Harvest Ingathering donations by a pleasant and hearty "Thank you." We hope there is not one who could forget or neglect this simple courtesy.

A Red Cross nurse who was associated with Miss Edith Cavell says that not one of the soldiers that they nursed in the hospital and afterward helped to liberty ever sent back a line of thanks. If one forms the habit of expressing thanks for small favors, one cannot forget or neglect in case of big things. "Through habitual carelessness about expressing thanks to God or to men, one may be led to be guilty of ingratitude that seems most unnatural."

F. D. C.

Another Saul Converted

IN a province in the Philippines, our work was from the first greatly opposed by the head of the Methodist Church in that district. This man would gather his pastors together and come to the place where we were holding meetings and endeavor in every way possible to discourage the people and to hinder our work. But the Lord can find a way out of all difficulties for the children of God; so He did in this instance by giving this opposer a dream in which he was told that he should not "oppose" the work the Adventists were doing, but he should "investigate" it. True to this instruction, he attended our meeting and became so much interested in the

subject presented that he continued to attend, and persuaded his wife to accompany him. Bible studies were held with the couple, and they have now accepted the truth for this time and desire to be baptized and join the church.

This pastor speaks the Pampango language, and it may be that by his conversion God has answered the prayer of our workers in the Philippines to raise up laborers for this unentered province.

A New Call

MR. AND MRS. O. F. SEVRENS, with two other Philippine workers, recently visited one of the northern provinces of Luzon Island. The native chief and his people gave them a hearty welcome, though they had opposed the effort of the Roman Catholics to enter their province. The chief offered our people land for a school, and workers to aid in erecting the necessary buildings, only requiring that the mission workers feed those assisting in the work. Mr. Sevrens says:

"I had to tell the people that I was sorry to have to say that we were only a small committee, with no power to act, or even make a promise. We said that we might never be able to open a school—a pitiful thing to say. We said that we would do all that we could to hasten matters. And, indeed, we must hasten. Never, it seems to me, has there been so opportune a time to open territory like this, with the people so anxious."

However, he cabled to Shanghai, as the division committee was then in session, telling them the province was open to us. "Imperative we enter," said the cable. "Advise \$2,000."

The Heart of Love

LIKE an oasis in the desert,
Like a coral isle at sea,
Is a heart of love,
Born from above,
That beats for you and me;
Is the touch that thrills
And with rapture fills
The heart till it's glad and free.

Like the stars at evening gleaming
In the azure vault above,
Are the eyes that shine
As they look in mine,
And mutely speak their love;
As friend meets friend
And voices blend
Like cooing of the dove.

Like the sunshine after tempest,
Like the sunset's afterglow,
Is a smile to cheer
The heart, my dear,
In its sadness here below;
To feel its worth
Just give it birth,
'Twill cheer the heart, I know.

C. A. RUSSELL.

The Teacher's Christmas Prayer

God of the teacher, Thou dost know
These little ones who try me so!
Give me Thy patience,—let them see
Thy fulness manifest in me.

Grant that their little hearts may twine
More closely 'round this heart of mine;
And heart of mine may cling to Thee,
E'en as these little ones to me.

Help me to point to Christ, who lay
'Midst cattle and sweet-scented hay;
God of the teacher, bless, I pray,
My little ones this Christmas Day.

—G. W. Tuttle.