

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 69

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No. 13



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Mastrienni, Sculptor

FINDING THE CHILD JESUS



# From Here and There

The national debt before the war amounted to \$11 for each person. Now it is \$265 per capita.

Our Chinese paper has a larger circulation than have all other Protestant Chinese papers together.

James Rowland Angell, son of the late President Angell, of the University of Michigan, has been unanimously elected president of Yale, to succeed Arthur T. Hadley.

Mr. Charles Swem, ex-President Wilson's stenographer, has been with Mr. Wilson since 1912. He has traveled 150,000 miles with his chief, and has taken down ten million words.

One hundred thirty-eight periodicals are now being published by our forty-three publishing houses throughout the world. These represent one hundred one languages and dialects, and every letter of the alphabet is used as an initial letter in at least one of these tongues.

Our denominational book sales the last six years have exceeded by one million dollars the sales of the seventy preceding years. The growth everywhere is well illustrated by a comparison of two reports from England. The first report of book sales from England was sent to the General Conference in 1890. It reported sales amounting to \$50 for 140 hours' work, making an average of 35 cents an hour. The sales for England last year amounted to \$150,000.

A colporteur in Cuba was having difficulty in delivering his books, as they were a month too late in reaching him, due to shipping conditions. The first three books he attempted to deliver were refused. As he had taken the mayor's order, he visited him next. After delivering his book, he explained the situation to the mayor, who immediately wrote out an order directing each person who had given the colporteur an order, to take the book. Placing his seal upon this order, he gave it to the young man, who found it greatly facilitated his delivery. Even the three books hitherto refused, were taken, and the colporteur left the field, having had a 100-per-cent delivery.

One of the greatest wonders of any age seems to have been achieved by the invention of the new phonetic Chinese script, which is a substitute for the present cumbersome one. This new Chinese alphabet consists of but thirty-nine characters, instead of the thirty or forty thousand of the old system. This system has already been adopted by the Chinese government, and it is destined to lessen materially the present illiteracy of China, which now includes 95 per cent of the population. It will also do much for the progress of Christianity, the whole New Testament having been translated into this new script, and the Bible societies are pushing its publication.

A teacher of one of our church schools recently wrote: "I am down here in the tobacco section, and sad to say, some of the church school children use tobacco." This teacher was making an effort to correct this evil habit. We hope she will succeed; but if the parents are engaged in the raising of the poisonous weed, she cannot hope to accomplish much for the children. Perhaps they are not; but another teacher wrote that she visited a country church where "members of the church were both raising and working in tobacco." This statement would be altogether unbelievable if it were not that we had confidence in the veracity of the one who made it. It is incomprehensible that any one professing to be a member of the remnant church of God, looking for the glorious appearing of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, should so far forget his responsibility to his fellow men and to God as to produce the narcotic that is sending so many to untimely graves.

A peculiar account was recently given of two theories to account for flying sickness, and of the experiments on which these theories are based. The French school, headed by Professors Bert and Regnard, holds that it is caused by shortage of oxygen, while the Italian school, led by Professor Mosso, maintains that shortage of oxygen does not of itself account for the sickness, but that collapse is due to lack of carbonic acid in the blood at high altitudes. Up to 9,000 meters, application of oxygen will overcome the sickness, but above that height a mixture containing carbon dioxide and oxygen is necessary.

Purchase of the Italian blimp airship "Roma," believed to be the largest semirigid aircraft in the world, for approximately \$200,000 has been announced by the War Department. It probably would cost \$1,250,000 to duplicate the ship. The "Roma" is of 1,200,000 cubic feet capacity, 410 feet long, 82 feet wide, and 88½ feet high, and equipped with six 12-cylinder engines of 400 horsepower each. It has an estimated speed of 80 miles an hour, and a cruising radius at full speed of 3,300 miles and a cruising speed of 8,000 miles.

New Salem, Illinois, the town in which Abraham Lincoln made his reputation as "Honest Abe," is being rebuilt, just as it stood in Lincoln's time, in order that it may stand as a memorial to America's great President. As nearly as possible the log cabins will be reconstructed in accordance with the best available data as to the appearance of the little settlement ninety years ago. When the work is completed, the site will be preserved as a public park.

There are said to be more than a million Russian refugees in Europe today. This multitude of men, women, and children constitute a nation without a country, without work, without money, and without diplomatic or legal representation. The relief committee ministering to this unfortunate company, desire General Pershing to act as high commissioner on the Central Relief Committee.

Tanks are to become angels of mercy as well as messengers of death. The medical tank is the latest innovation which will bring the hospital to the emergency. They will be electrically lighted, equipped with a dressing table in the center of the hold behind the engine, and will contain stretchers and hammocks arranged in tiers, capable of holding six lying cases or twenty sitting cases.

In Norway a girl must possess a certificate showing her ability as a cook before she is allowed to marry.

## The Youth's Instructor

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. 69

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 29, 1921

No. 13.

## The Mantle of Charity

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

UNFOLD the dear mantle of charity;  
It may fall upon one who is recklessly free,  
It will cover her failings whate'er they may be,  
So that none but our God can look through it, and see  
What hides 'neath the mantle of charity.

Guard well the kind mantle of charity;  
For the tongue is a flame that can scorch it at will,  
And the tongue is a sword cutting fiercely, until  
The hearts that are pierced by its keen blade are still,  
Slain rashly by lack of true charity.

This virtue is prized for its rarity.  
Some are glad the mistakes of a neighbor to air,  
Caring not for the pain that another must bear,  
And few are the Christians who openly dare  
To plead for the erring with charity.

We all need the mantle of charity.  
Though the sins of another our sins may not be,  
Which are greatest, which least, judges could not agree.  
Be as He who once wrote on the sand by the sea,—  
Be silent; for that is true charity.

## A Lesson on the Mountain Side

GRACE E. BRUCE

I KNOW a certain lonely road that winds its way to the top of a forest-clad mountain, the banks and level spaces on either side of which are carpeted with strange mosses, some a sober gray, some yellow, and some green as a beautiful gem. Bright-hued flowers and trailing vines run over the banks and fences, and back among the trees where the long gray shadows fall softly, tall, feathery ferns unfold their delicate green fronds, and a dark stream loiters silently through the woods.

One bright morning, soon after "the golden gates of sunrise" had "fallen ajar, dispersing mists and dew," and when the business of the forest world was in full swing, I slowly climbed this interesting roadway in company with a friend whose love for nature equaled my own.

Often in times past we two had sought freedom from life's cares and perplexities amid the scenes of nature; and we always came away from the dimly lighted forests and grassy meadows with our hearts filled with a calm content, and a deeper, truer knowledge of the tender love and watchcare of an all-wise Creator.

One of the most instructive lessons from the works of God was revealed to us on this bright, sunlit morning as we slowly ascended this mountain roadway. A long, golden silence was broken by my friend when she pointed to the mossy bank by the roadside, with this question, "Have you made the acquaintance of those dark-green leaves growing there?" I reached out my hand and plucked one of the long, slender stems on the top of which the leaves she pointed to were fluttering as lightly as a butterfly. After studying it for a few moments, I remarked, "It looks like a very common leaf."

"Yes," she replied, "it does look common."

"Just what do you mean?" I questioned, looking into her smiling eyes.

"Place the leaf between the palms of your hands and press it hard," she said.

I did so, and almost at once a faint, sweet perfume entirely different from anything I had known before, filled the air. I removed my hand, looked upon the leaf, withered, bruised, and torn, and as the true meaning of its lesson was revealed to me, I let it sink deep into my heart and life.

"How like the sweet simplicity of a Christian life," I said; "quiet, plain, unattractive, and unassuming, but when bruised, torn, and oppressed, revealing its true nature in sweet fragrance. You are right, this is not a common leaf; the lesson written thereon is well worth learning. My life shall be richer for having made its acquaintance."

"And mine to," Mrs. Crane said quietly. "I had not read all its lesson until now."

We each pulled a handful of the leaves, and carried them away with us. Mine I placed between the leaves of my Testimonies, and every time I open the volume a faint, sweet odor brings vividly to my mind that sunlit morning on the mountain side when I crushed the common-looking leaf in my hands and it revealed to me its sweet mission.

## John's Introduction to the Missionary Volunteer Society

HOW do the students spend Sabbath afternoons in a way that is profitable and in keeping with the day?" asked John White, a new arrival at Walla Walla College, who had only recently accepted the truth. His question was directed at his roommate, Robert King, who had been a student at the college for some time, and who was also an active, energetic Christian.

"We have organized a Missionary Volunteer Society, in harmony with the plans of the General Conference," replied Robert.

John showed a deep interest in the society by his further questions: "What is the society like? Is it an organization for training in a spiritual way?"

"It is the purpose of the society to deepen the spirituality of our young people, but this is not done entirely through the meetings that are held regularly on Sabbath afternoons. We pledge ourselves to do what we can to help others, and that always proves the greatest stimulus to spiritual growth. In fact, the help we give others may be regarded as the thermometer indicating our own spiritual growth."

"Tell me something of the work the society is doing," John suggested.

Robert, who was very enthusiastic over the work of the society, replied: "Each week one hundred



twenty *Signs of the Times* are mailed to individuals in an effort to interest them in the truth, and many of our people have heard the message for the first time through the printed page. Another hundred twenty *Signs* and twenty-five *Present Truth* are distributed in Walla Walla and vicinity. More than two hundred missionary visits were made during the past quarter, carrying sunshine and happiness to many discouraged souls. We also assisted in collecting and packing more than fifteen hundred articles of clothing to be sent to the relief of our people in Europe."

"I suppose the society is divided into smaller bands for different lines of work," said John.

"Yes," was Robert's reply, "we have a number of work and study bands. We feel that the Leader's Band of fifty-two is an important one, as one has not filled his position in its fullest sense until he has trained another to take his place. This band will not only furnish leaders for the local society, but when our members go out from here, they will become leaders of other societies, and we hope some will become Missionary Volunteer secretaries in the future."

"Do you have goals toward which you work?"

"Yes, definite goals are set, and we have been much encouraged by the efforts to reach them. Our offering of \$1,052.10 is more than 60 per cent over the financial goal. During the Week of Prayer, eighty-eight students took a definite stand for Christ, many of them for the first time."

"Is anything done by the society along educational lines?" inquired John.

Robert's reply was, "Let us look in upon the society at study. We find fifteen who have completed the Reading Course, eleven who read the Bible through in 1920, and eight who received the Standard of Attainment certificate. Three fourths of our membership of two hundred sixteen are members of the various Mission Study Bands. We are studying conditions and needs of the people in South America, Africa, Europe, India, China, and the Moslem world."

"If I may become an active member of a society doing the kind of work you speak of," said John, "I hardly think I need fear being lonely on the Sabbath; but on the contrary, it will be as it should be, the best day of the week."

MARION G. DEALY.

### Seven Looks

"Look, ye blind, that ye may see." Isa. 42:18.

*Look Back:* Remember God's goodness.

*Look Up:* In praise. "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Ps. 103:1. In prayer. "In the morning will I direct my prayer."

*Look Down:* In humility. In caution. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." 1 Cor. 10:12.

*Look Forward:* In confidence. In hope.

*Look Within:* Daily. Thoroughly.

*Look Around:* Be vigilant. "Looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God." Heb. 12:15.

*Look unto Jesus:* "Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Isa. 45:22. "Looking unto Jesus the

Author and Finisher of our faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God." Heb. 12:2.—*Expositor's Dictionary.*



### The Angelus

THE sun is setting at close of day;  
The birds are winging their homeward way;  
The weary laborers in the field  
Their forks and hoes still busily wield.  
Then softly coming with the sun's last beam,  
The soothing tones of the Angelus seem  
Like the voice of God, which bids them cease  
Their toil, while He, the Prince of Peace,  
Pours out a blessing on their heads,  
And sends them for rest to their lowly beds.  
So there they stand 'neath the evening sky,  
And give their thanks to the Lord on high  
For all His mercy and love to them,  
The humblest among the sons of men.  
They thank Him for food and clothing and health,  
For their scanty share of the world's vast wealth,  
And, most of all, for the lowly birth  
Of the Christ, who became the Saviour of earth;  
Who came a noble example to give  
Of how men should labor and love and live.  
The Father above them hears their prayer,  
And blesses them while they are standing there.

MYRTLE EBERT.

### Sentence Prodders

FEARLESS minds climb soonest into crowns.—*Shakespeare.*

CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms than He went through.—*Richard Baxter.*

DEAR work! art thou the curse of God?  
What must His blessing be?

—*Mrs. Browning.*

FAR and away the best prize that life offers is the chance to work hard at work worth doing.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

IF we knew our brother as God knows him, we should never dare despise him.—*G. H. Morrison.*

To live for self means to die slowly, and forever.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

SPOIL not the English language by overloading it with slang.—*Henry Van Dyke.*

DON'T feed your brain on titbits or comic section soup all the time; try a real idea on it once in a while.—*McAlpine.*



## Discovering the Book

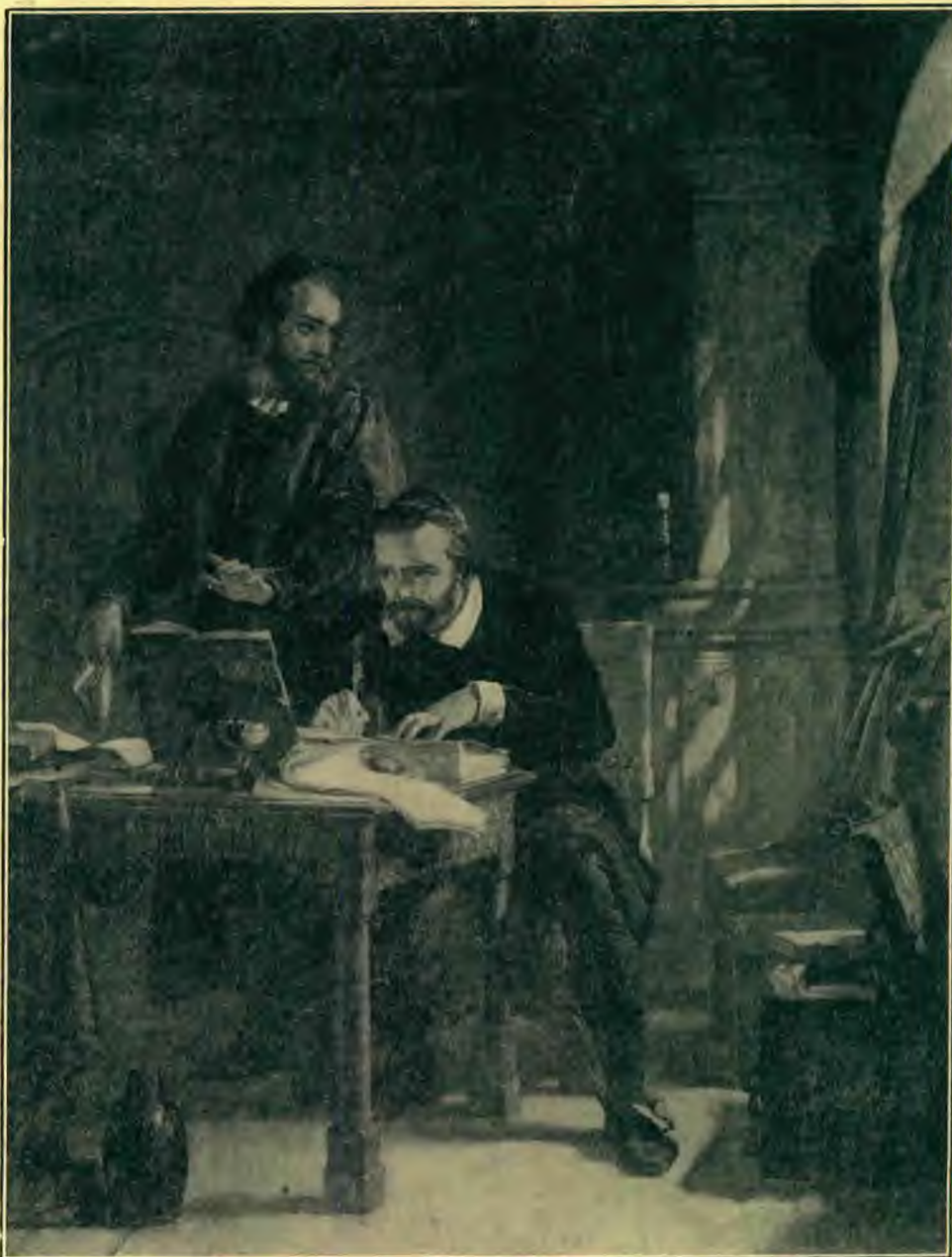


WYCLIFFE discovered the value of the Bible at a time when the minds of men in England were greatly agitated; and he saw in the Book the panacea for this age. There was no English Bible at that time; and he felt that what England needed was an open Bible in the hands of her people. So in the face of bitter opposition, he spent his life translating the Bible into English that others might discover the Book that transforms lives. Yes, so much did he love the Bible that he risked his life for its freedom.

And how the people appreciated that wonderful Book! "A considerable sum was paid for even a few sheets of manuscript; a load of hay was given for permission to read it for a certain period one hour a day." There is a touching incident of one Alice Collins who was called to different gatherings to recite the ten commandments and other portions of the Bible that she had committed to memory, so hungry were the people for God's word. Not only was it difficult to get access to the Bible, but whoever studied it, studied at great risk. There was opposition to meet. "God grant us," runs the prayer in the preface of Wycliffe's Bible, "to ken and to kepe well Holie Writ, and to suffer joiefulli some paine for it." That prayer did not go unanswered. "Readers of the Book were burned with copies around their necks; men and women were executed for teaching the Lord's prayer and the ten commandments in English to their children; . . . children were forced to light the death fires under their parents; and possessors of the banned Wycliffe Bible were hunted down as if they were wild beasts." Still the people read. They risked their lives. They died rather than give up the Book—for they had discovered the Bible.

Tyndale, who came about one hundred years after Wycliffe, also realized an open Bible was England's greatest need. "We had better," said his opponent, "be without God's laws than the Pope's." In indignation Tyndale arose and said emphatically: "I defy the Pope, and all his laws; and if God spare

me, I will one day make the boy that drives the plow in England to know more of Scripture than the Pope does." Tyndale prized the Book of books so highly that he decided to give his life to the work of translating it into modern English. But where could he do his work? After searching for a place, he sadly confessed that "in all England there was no room for attempting a translation of the Scriptures." Still he did not give up. Even a life of



Tyndale Translating the Bible

exile would he cheerfully accept, if he only could spread the Bible over England. So he left his native land, never to see it again; and in a foreign country, amid poverty, distress, and constant dangers, he worked incessantly.

A year or two later the little stream of Bibles began to flow across the English Channel. In cases, in barrels, in sacks of flour, in bales of cloth, and through other secret channels, the forbidden Book made its way into Tyndale's native land. Thousands of copies were seized and burned with solemn ceremony, before reaching their intended destination. But Tyndale despaired not. The Bible was



worth everything to him, and his people must have it. So he worked on, feeling that in time the recently invented printing press would defy the enemy. "In burning the Book," he said, "they did none other thing than I looked for; no more shall they do if they burn me also." His expectations were fulfilled. He was not permitted to see the wonderful change that came to England in a few short years, for in 1536 he was strangled and then burned to ashes, praying fervently as life went out: "Lord, open the king of England's eyes." So died another great discoverer of the Bible, that the Book that wins might go forth in England to transform the lives of men.

What changes time has wrought! Today we see not a few Bibles here and there. No! Today the Bible and portions of it are printed in at least 650 languages and dialects. During the World War the American Bible Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the National Bible Society of Scotland together published for the forces of the contending nations over 16,000,000 Bibles and Testaments. The report of the American Bible Society for 1917 showed that up to the close of that year that house alone had put out 128,110,923 volumes.

No, these are not days when the lover of the Bible must risk his life to gaze at its sacred pages. Today we do not have to walk fifty miles to get a copy of the Bible, nor yet spend six years saving enough money to buy one, as did little Mary of Wales. But these are days when we need the same love of the Bible as possessed those who hazarded their lives for the privilege of studying the Book of books. Today, as J. Q. Adams said of his time: "It is not so much praiseworthy to be acquainted with the Bible as it is shameful to be ignorant of it."

M. E. A.

### I Would Sing

THERE'S a song in my heart  
That my pen cannot speak,  
Nor my tongue find the power to sing;  
It beats in my breast like an imprisoned bird  
That longs to soar out on the wing.

I would sing, I would sing,  
Of a still, small voice  
That will not be hushed or still,  
Till the children of God throw off every weight  
And bow to the Father's will.

I would sing, I would sing,  
Of a saving power;  
That keeps men from falling away;  
Holding them safe in this world of sin,  
And Satan himself at bay.

I would sing, I would sing,  
Of a pleading love;  
So precious, so pure, so sweet,  
That lifts saint and sinner and holds them both,  
Down at the Saviour's feet.

I would sing, I would sing,  
Of that glorious day  
When Jesus will claim His own,  
To present them at last in His Father's house  
Faultless before the throne.

I would sing, I would sing,  
Of the dear homeland,  
And the glorious songs of His grace  
When the ransomed shall dwell in the city of God  
And see Jesus face to face.

I must put by my pen;  
But the song complete  
Will swell the glad chorus abroad,  
Salvation and glory and honor and power,  
Unto Jehovah our God!

AGNES M. DUPEE.

### "Gossipitis"

THIS seems to be an extremely contagious disease, and one germ has been known to infect a whole community in a few short weeks. When the disorder once reaches the epidemic stage, only the most strenuous measures will serve to eradicate it. None of us have escaped exposure, and there are few who have not at one time or another discovered symptoms of the malady in their individual experience. Whether it has been merely an incipient case or a hard attack, is largely dependent upon the preventive measures used.

Gossiping is such a common fault! We may pride ourselves on being above reproach in this particular, and hold to rigid ideas concerning such a contemptible pastime, but surer than sure, sooner or later, we find ourselves gloating over some choice bit of news. Thoughtlessly we repeat the tale, and soon it has become a topic of conversation wherever two or three are gathered together. Carelessly we discuss the neighbor across the way, and find with a start that hearing some one's character assailed and dissected bit by bit has grown—well, interesting and somewhat attractive. We have no thought of being malicious—oh, no! But nevertheless we gossip, at least most of us do, and repeat gossip, and rank as members in good standing of the fraternity of backbiters, which society at once despises and fosters, the passwords to which are, "Oh, have you heard?" and, "They say."

Suppose we each assume a new rôle and think of ourself as the person under fire. When some whispered scandal or spiteful tale of doubtful veracity comes to us, consider whether or not, if you were the victim, its repetition would seem cruel or unjust. This puts the matter in an entirely new light.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us  
To see oursel's as ithers see us!"

"No man is my friend," says an ancient sage, "who will either permit my name to be rudely handled in his presence, or so handle it himself; and if he repeat gossip while disbelieving it himself, then he is ten times my enemy." The threads of life get sadly tangled sometimes in the loom of circumstances. It is so easy to misjudge the actions and motives of our fellows—but need we judge at all? And if we *must* talk about it, why not take the offending party into our confidence first? Perhaps we can help him see the error of his ways and reform; perhaps things are not as they seem; perhaps what we have heard—and more often than not this is true—is merely idle gossip, a tale which has so grown by repetition that it would not be recognized by the original "starter."

For instance: A teacher dropped out of her chosen profession temporarily and took up clerical work. In doing this her only thought was to remain for a time nearer home, as her mother was in poor health. She did not, however, confide her plans to the general public, and some one wondered why Kathrina had given up teaching. Soon it was reported that she had not been rehired at —; later the reason was added—her influence had not been considered helpful. As a matter of fact, she had been implored to return. The tale was repeated with various embellishments, until it came to involve her friendship with a young man who had been her fiancé. The story grew amazingly with each telling, and



finally her morals were called into question. Friends — or those who posed as such — repeated the story with that confidential of-course-I-wouldn't-think-of-telling-anybody-but-you air.

Two years came and went, and Kathrina wondered why she was not asked to teach again. Never before had she been obliged to apply for a school; there had always been a variety of calls. But now the suggestion that she was open for a position brought evident embarrassment to the educational secretary, and he only promised to keep her in mind in case there was an opening. She was puzzled and hurt, but, unable to solve the mystery, tried to forget the incident.

At last the story came to the ears of a woman who had learned through bitter experience the sting of gossip, and by this time it had grown into cruel slander. Mrs. M promptly discredited the tale. "Any one who *knows* Kathrina *couldn't* believe that!" she exclaimed to her informer. But being assured that it came from the usual "absolutely authentic source," she resolved to have a talk with the girl herself. If it were true, Kathie surely needed help.

The innocent victim of all this scandal was nearly crushed by the revelation. "Surely my *friends* wouldn't believe it!" she wailed; and, "Why, oh, why didn't some one tell me before?" The indignant family set to work to trace the cruel tale to its source. Erstwhile friends grew embarrassed and incoherent when faced with definite evidence of the things they had said. "Of course I never believed it for a moment!" one after another avowed, but their chief concern seemed to be about how their connection with the affair had been traced. Gossip usually comes back with the surety of a boomerang. Of course the first remark was made with no evil intent whatever, but it fell on fertile soil, and surely bore fruit ten thousandfold.

There is a wholesome sermon in this little poem by Benton P. Stebbins:

"They say '— Ah! well, suppose they do:  
But can they prove the story true?  
Suspicion may arise from naught  
But malice, envy, want of thought;  
Why count yourself among the 'they'  
Who whisper what they dare not say?"

"They say '— But why the tale rehearse,  
And help to make the matter worse?  
No good can possibly accrue  
From telling what may be untrue;  
And is it not a nobler plan  
To speak of all the best you can?"

"They say '— Well, if it should be so,  
Why need you tell the tale of woe?  
Will it the bitter wrong redress,  
Or make one pang of sorrow less?  
Will it the erring one restore,  
Henceforth to go and sin no more?"

"They say '— Oh! pause and look within;  
See how your heart inclines to sin.  
Watch! lest in dark temptation's hour,  
You, too, should sink beneath its power.  
Pity the frail — weep o'er their fall;  
But speak of good or not at all."

Disease always suggests certain remedies, and a family in the Middle West originated a unique cure for this affliction of "gossipitis." The mother first discovered the dangerous symptoms of the malady, and called a family committee meeting in the back "stoop" of the old ranch house. They all agreed that something must be done, and finally decided on the pay-as-you-gossip plan. Any member who fell from grace must write out the name of the person

censured, and cover each letter of that name with a coin.

"G-e-n-e-v-i-e-v-e M-o-r-r-i-s-o-n — seventeen perfectly good pennies!" wailed Percy. "Now *why* couldn't it have been May instead?" "O dear!" sighed Ruth, "why should this particular person have been named 'M-a-r-g-u-e-r-i-t-e' and 'W-h-i-t-t-i-m-o-r-e,' too?" But she covered the name with a quarter, not having the exact change. Four years have passed since this family began its treatment, and I am told that now the members consider themselves nearly cured.

Shall we decide now — today — to take every precaution against "gossipitis"? to say nothing about another that we should not wish said of ourselves? to repeat nothing unkind or in any way derogatory to our fellows? Vaccination with the serum of the golden rule is the only antidote absolute known for this deadly malady. Jesus Christ is our perfect example, and the directions He left for us were these: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

L. E. C.

### A New Book

**O**FTEN it is said by those who have embraced the gospel message of the third angel, "The Bible is now a new book to me." As we witness the interest in Scripture manifested by some of the young Venezuelan Catholics, we are led to exclaim, "The Bible is certainly a new book to them." Having never before had the privilege of even reading it, they prize it more than they can express in words.

One who renounced Catholicism years ago has recently found new beauties in the Book of books, saying, "I have been a Protestant for seventeen years and yet did not know anything about the Bible." She is now studying it diligently.

Is it not always a new Book even to us who have studied it for years? In "Special Testimonies on Education," we may read, "By the world it [the Bible] is thrown aside, as if the perusal of it were finished, but a thousand years of research would not exhaust the hidden treasure it contains. Eternity alone will disclose the wisdom of this book. The jewels buried in it are inexhaustible; for it is the wisdom of an infinite mind."

From the book "Education" we take the following: "When a real love for the Bible is awakened, and the student begins to realize how vast is the field and how precious its treasure, he will desire to seize upon every opportunity of acquainting himself with God's word."

MRS. D. FITCH.

### Beloved

"O how I love him!" the fair angel cried,  
As he walked and watched by the sinner's side;  
"Fallen and fainting, besmitten and frail,  
What would betide him if my care should fail?"

"O how I love him!" the hand pierced was raised;  
Thus Jesus plead 'fore the Ancient of Days:  
"He's sinful, I know; for this cause I died;  
My blood, My desire, must not be denied."

"O how I love him!" the Father of all  
Cries for His creature. Heaven answers the call:  
"Haste every angel to bring the release;  
Fail not, nor falter till I bid you cease."

"O how we love him!" the universe plead;  
"He 'twas for whom our loved Maker did bleed;  
How we shall welcome the saved of our King,  
When He in triumph His trophies shall bring!"

ALBERT CAREY.





# Just for the Juniors



## When Kitty Laughed

MRS. LESSIE M. DROWN

"Do you want me to tell you a story?"  
Said little Margaret one day;  
She was all breathless and eager  
As she hurried in from play.

"I certainly do," I answered,  
As I smiled at her childish glee,  
And wondered what sudden fancy  
Had captured this child of three.

"Once a little girl threw a kitty  
Away up in the sky,"—  
Her manner was truly dramatic,  
With her little arms raised high.

I waited with eager interest—  
For the kitty to descend,  
But quickly began to realize  
The story was at an end.

"But didn't it hurt the kitty  
When she fell down again?"  
I wondered if she were so little  
She really knew nothing of pain.

(I was thinking more of the moral,  
Than the story-teller's craft.)  
"Why, no," she merrily answered,  
"The kitty only laughed."

## It Pays

MARGUERITE BOURDEAU

**B**UT, mother," said Ellen, for the fifth or sixth time, "I don't see why!" "My dear child," said Mrs. Gordon, "you know that if I can do anything to give you a good time—the right kind of good time—I never hesitate to grant you permission to have all the fun you wish."

"I know, but all you have to do is to say 'yes,' and everything will be happy all round. Please, mother."

"I would if I saw my way clear to do so, dear; but I don't. Now, please look at this reasonably."

"The only way I see it is that Myrtle Branson, Ethel Elliott, Elizabeth Franklin, Minnie Dover, Lloyd Greenly, Bruce Parker, Frank Wilson, Henry Berkley, and Harold Gilbert are as nice as any of the young folks in Milburn, and that I wouldn't hurt my reputation one bit by going on that ride with them, even if there isn't any chaperon!"

"I know they are all apparently well-bred young people, but I cannot have my daughter risk her good name by going unchaperoned. If there were the right older person along, I would consent to your going."

"But, mother, chaperon or no chaperon, what *could* they do that would be so disgraceful, and that would hurt my reputation? They are all respectable people, and what would be the harm in going without a chaperon?"

"I have made the reason plain to you, Ellen. If you will stop to think, I'm sure you will agree with me. It is all for your own good. If I felt free to do so, I would gladly give you permission to go."

Ellen left the kitchen, where her mother was preparing supper, and went to her room, and threw herself on the bed.

"I don't see what is the matter with mother," she sobbed to herself. "I can't have any fun—just stay at home, and not go out unless some old maid, or 'joy killer' of a professor is along to chaperon! I might as well make up my mind right now not to have any fun this winter. If I can't even go on a ride with the nicest young people in town—well, there's no telling what else I can't do!"

The next day the atmosphere of the home was clouded by Ellen's attitude. Bob was sharply told to "stop whistling, or go outside." Baby Nettie was

so violently rocked that the poor little thing had a hard time going to sleep, as the quick jerks of the crib kept her awake. Mrs. Gordon endeavored to keep a happy atmosphere in the home, but her efforts were frustrated by Ellen.

That night—the night of the ride—Ellen decided to go to the library and finish a book she was reading. She went, but the book did not prove so interesting as she had anticipated, and so she started to go home. Just as she turned the corner, she heard a familiar voice say, "Hello, Ellen."

She turned, and saw Grace and Mildred.

"Hello, girls," responded Ellen.

"What's the matter?" inquired Grace, "you look as if you had lost your last friend."

"Oh, nothing—only I'm disappointed because mother wouldn't let me go on the ride tonight!"

"Why," exclaimed Mildred, "would you go on that ride? I was invited, but when I heard the details, I declined the invitation."

"Oh!" said Ellen, surprised at the attitude with which her friend regarded the outing. "I—well—where are you girls going now?"

"Down to Murphy's to get ice cream. Come on with us."

So the three girls started toward the drug store, and soon were laughing and chatting, and having the best of times.

"Just think," said Grace, "only two more days and one night, and I'll be on my way!"

"Where?"

"I'm going to camp-meeting. Last year I couldn't arrange to go, but this year everything turned out my way, so it is all planned for me to go Thursday."

"Isn't that fine!" said Ellen. "Camp-meeting is certainly a place to have the right kind of good time."

"Yes, indeed it is," said Mildred. "I am going Friday. Grace and I planned to go together, but we couldn't arrange to do that, so we go separately; but we shall see much of each other while there."

"That certainly is splendid," said Ellen, "I wish mother could be spared from home, so that we could go too."

"That would be nice."



All the way from the drug store, Grace said little, but appeared thoughtful. Mildred and Ellen kept up a lively conversation, and the trio soon came to the street where Ellen would leave them.

"I think I will go on home with Ellen, as I have not been there for some time," said Grace.

"All right; then I'll run right home now, and see you girls tomorrow," answered Mildred.

Grace and Ellen soon reached the Gordon house, where Mrs. Gordon met them at the door, and cordially invited them into the parlor.

"Ellen," said Grace, "may I see that pattern you were speaking about the other day? I was interested in your description of it."

"Surely," said Ellen.

While she was gone for the pattern, Grace said to Mrs. Gordon:

"Thursday I join mother at the camp-meeting, and I should like very much to have Ellen come too. As I could not go last year, I do not want to miss this one. Mrs. Gordon, if you will allow Ellen to go, mother will take good care of us, and I'm sure Ellen will enjoy it."

"I have no doubt of that, and see no reason why she can't go," said Mrs. Gordon, "if you are sure she will not trouble your mother, and that her going will not interfere with your plans."

"Mother and I will be more than pleased if she can come, and we two can sleep in one bed, and everything will be all right."

"If you are sure your mother will not object, I shall be glad to have her go."

Just at this moment Ellen came into the room with the pattern.

"Ellen," exclaimed Grace, "your mother says you may go with me to camp-meeting! Isn't that splendid? Won't we have a delightful time?"

"Honest?" exclaimed Ellen. "Oh, I never could have dreamed of such a nice plan! Mother, you're a dear!"

"It will be more pleasant for me now that you are going, Ellen. You know, last year when I couldn't go, I thought all my pleasure was spoiled. You see mother couldn't leave home last year, so I wanted to go with some of the young folks; but mother wouldn't consent. But I've found out, though, that when one gives up a thing because one knows it is right, something else, just as good, or better, usually turns up — but it took me a whole year to find it out."

"It took me just twenty-four hours," said Ellen.

"Please explain, Ellen," requested Grace.

But Ellen only looked toward her mother and smiled, and Mrs. Gordon returned the smile.

### The Wrong End of the String

**O** DEAR! I can never, never get it open." "You have hold of the wrong end of the string, dear." "Why, there is no other end." "What a strange string it must be!"

There was a moment's silence. Grandma Gould took up her knitting, and Madge bent lower over the dainty box, her fingers working nervously at the bow of rose-pink ribbon. Suddenly the missing end was drawn out from under the band, and a deft movement untied the bow.

"Oh, oh! How lovely! Look, grandma!" and a dainty, cobwebby lace handkerchief was held up for the other's inspection.

"How lovely of Aunt Blanche to send it to me for my birthday! Her own work, too!"

After the two had duly admired the pretty gift, Madge exclaimed: "How petulant I was, grandma! What makes me always so impatient?"

"You get hold of the wrong end of the string."

Madge sat for a moment, looking thoughtfully out at the lawn, where the May sunshine lay, warm and bright. Then she turned her dark-brown eyes to the dear wrinkled face upon the other side of the table.

"I don't understand, grandma."

"You and Ray had — well, some cross words about his wearing his muddy rubbers in on the carpet last night."

"You know it was wrong in him, grandma; for mother had forbidden it."

"It was thoughtless. A gentle reminder would have proved a pull upon the right end of the string."

Madge's cheeks grew very red. She might have been hasty, but Ray was so trying.

"Then there was your misunderstanding with May Graves. It was not you of whom she was speaking, but a third person thought it was, and repeated the words to you. Instead of waiting to learn the truth, you gave a pull to the wrong end of the string, and spoiled what had been a beautiful friendship."

Madge caught up her embroidery, and began putting hasty stitches in a half-completed yellow violet.

"Yesterday there was another pull at the wrong end of the string — the hasty words when your dear mother gently spoke to you of your untidy room. You were sorry the next moment. You found the right end, but the tears had come into your mother's eyes. Last week a shower forced you to give up a promised ride. You were vexed, and the twitch you gave the wrong end of the string slammed the door you were closing so violently that a dearly prized cut-glass vase fell from a shelf and was broken."

It was only by a great effort that Madge refrained from then giving a hasty pull to the wrong end of the string. She conquered, though. A moment later she was kneeling by her grandma's chair, and asking: "What is wrong, grandma? Why do I always get hold of the wrong end of the string? I try; indeed I do."

"You have hold of the wrong end of the string now, dearie. You have given yourself to Jesus, but instead of trusting Him to help you, you insist on trying to help yourself."

"Surely, I must cure myself. I cannot ask Jesus to do such things for me."

"Ah, dear child, you must trust Him for all things! Take His presence unreservedly into your heart. Then there will be no room for doubts and misgivings."

A thoughtful look rested upon the girl's face. She began to see.

"Is self the wrong end of the string, grandma?"

"I think it is, Madge. Is not the right end love, love for God and man?" — *Selected*.

"CAN that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of the great debt owing to our God? I never made a sacrifice." — *Livingstone*.

GREATER than keeping silent is the answering of angry words with kindness. Self-control is magnificent, but forgiveness is divine. — *Anonymous*.





FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, March 16, 1921.

DEAR DORIS: I suppose you've already counted the time and know it is less than ten weeks till your home-going. I am planning to go to Emmanuel Missionary College for commencement, because two of my old schoolgirls are in the senior class. I should certainly be with you at Oakdale if it were not for that. Delighted as I am to again have the privilege of attending the closing exercises at the college, I can't help having a few homesick pangs at missing all of Oakdale's worry and hurry for once. You must write and tell me about everything. I imagine I shall soon begin to get news of the senior class. I shall be interested in every detail.

By this time, or earlier, the girls are discussing the new dresses they must have for all the closing exercises. I suppose there are not more than two or three girls at Oakdale whose parents are as well able to afford pretty dresses as yours, and whether or not you choose to influence the others in the matter of what they are to wear, you can't help doing it. That ought to make you more than usually careful about the comments you make on other girls' dresses, as well as in what you choose for yourself.

Yes, I know that "mother sends" whatever you have, but back of that are the whims or good principles of Miss Doris herself. If you ask for one dress, your mother may wonder if you won't need two; and if you ask for three or four, she may suggest that you will want new ones again before they are worn out. But she will get you just about what you ask for. My idea is that if the little white dress you got for camp-meeting last summer is still nice, you won't need more than one new dress now. I wish you would think you could get along with only one, because I know so well the sacrifice it will mean in the homes of quite a number of Oakdale girls if two new dresses must be bought and made at this time. The second dress will surely mean that mother or sister or brother back home must go without something far more important. When you are ready to be graduated, I think it will be quite allowable to get two pretty summer dresses at once. One dress besides the graduating dress is almost necessary for the various exercises preceding commencement proper. However, the second new dress is not indispensable even at such a time. I admire the rare courage of the girl graduate who will make one dress do if she cannot afford two, and I predict that we'll hear from such a girl again some day.

Aside from the expense of new dresses one must give attention to the material and the making. I hope the shimmery, gauzy, fragile things that can only be freshened by a dry cleaner, won't tempt you away from the true daintiness of a simpler dress that can be made fresh and spotless for many future occasions by home laundering. But your mother will help you to be sensible about that, and will see that you don't wear conspicuous or insufficient underwear with your thin dresses. And while you are planning how the new dress is to be made, stop to think how it will seem to wear it at the little church back home. I question a girl's ever needing a good dress that is inappropriate to wear at church.

In selecting dresses many girls do not give attention enough to their future usefulness. I am thinking now of several girls who are embarrassed over and over again by not having anything suitable to wear in case of unexpected need, and every one of them has more clothes than you ever had at one time in your life. It is due to a lack of forethought. In the long run, a few well-chosen clothes would cost no more than such a variety of ill-assorted ones, and they would give genuine satisfaction; but it would take careful planning. A girl staying at home may be well dressed always if she has a few simple cotton house dresses or aprons, dresses for church wear that are nice enough and conservative enough to wear quite out without growing tiresome, a neat suit with fresh blouses to wear on the street and when traveling, and a serviceable dress or suit that will stand frequent laundering, to wear on outings. In addition to this the business girl must have her business suits, the schoolgirl her school dresses, the nurse her uniforms, et cetera.

Most girls cannot have everything just as they would like it, but any girl who has anything to do about choosing her clothes, no matter how few they may be, may have some sort of plan and color scheme well enough in mind to keep her from always looking as if the things she wears were gathered up by a Dorcas society. Half the girls at Oakdale would present a more pleasing appearance, and that at less expense, if their clothes were fewer and better! Yes, and *better kept*. Indeed, one of the commonest mistakes among girls who are not well dressed is not taking care of their clothes. A girl may save herself much annoyance by seeing that no garment is put away unfit to wear. If the mending, pressing,

(Concluded on page fourteen)



## Buckhorn—a Story of Work Among Kentucky Mountaineers

LYNDON L. SKINNER

THE canvassing field always seems to be a delectable land of enchantment to the average student attending the colporteurs' institute, usually held near the close of each school year. And he looks forward to a summer of canvassing as a delightful vacation. Such it is; but many, before the summer is past, change their minds about the "delectable land of enchantment."

With somewhat the same vision the student usually gets at an institute, I started out for a summer in the mountains of eastern Kentucky, in company with an older colporteur who had been in the field before. My viewpoint changed several times during the summer, and now with the vacation behind and the school year before me, I am at the same place, mentally, that I was after the institute. Some may doubt the possibility of this statement, and it is for them that I relate this experience. Should any one then doubt, I should advise him to try it himself.

We had been in the field about six weeks when my partner had to leave for a few days on account of illness. In order to improve my time, I started for a lumber camp I had heard of, accompanied by another colporteur of the freshman class. My partner had given me instructions, such as they were, on how to get there. They read something like this: "Take the 6:40 train from Hazard; arrive at Dumont about 10 A. M., get off the train at the tunnel, and walk up the spur along the river a mile to 'Quicksand,' the railroad camp of the lumber company. Get your dinner at a boarding house, and be ready to ride up on the narrow gauge log train about noon. The lumber camp is twenty miles up in the woods. You will get there by two o'clock, if you have good luck. Meet me in Jackson, Friday night."

That was Wednesday. According to instructions we took the 6:40 train, the mountain accommodation train, which accommodates only the train crew. It was a lovely trip down the Kentucky River, in spite of the drawbacks. The railroad follows the river along the mountain side most of the way, now and then running through a tunnel to cut off some of the distance. The train stopped on an average every three miles, or oftener if there happened to be a mining camp there. We crossed one neck of land through a cut. The cut was about a hundred feet long. It was nine miles around by the river. At last we passed through a long tunnel, and the train stopped. This was Dumont. We got off and looked around. There was the river, the tunnel just behind us, and three camp cars. This composed the station of Dumont. We looked up the river, however, and saw the planing mill and started up the spur.

It was a beautiful morning. Across the river, away up on the mountain side, was a clearing in the woods with a little deserted log cabin in it. It looked so lonely that morning that we almost felt sorry for it. No one lived there, and it is known by the natives as "The Lonely Cabin of Quicksand Creek." To it a legend is attached about an old man and his daughter who had lived there. With the on-coming of civilization some ten or fifteen years ago,—that is, the building of the railroad and the lumber camp,—they deserted the cabin and moved

about twenty miles back into the woods. Later the old man died and left the girl, who married a surveyor passing through the country. The couple had left the mountains and gone to the city to live.

We walked on up to the camp. There we found a pretty little town, for a mountain town. We walked over and watched the men roll big logs from the flat cars off into the pond, from which they were carried up into the sawmill by great conveyors. It was interesting, and we almost forgot our dinner. We rushed over to a boarding house, ate a hearty meal in contemplation of a hard journey, and returned to the sawmill, in order to be on hand when the log train started.

Twelve came, and twelve-thirty, and still the train was not ready. At one-thirty it pulled out. The little dinkey engine, which, except for its being larger, greatly resembled the toy engine I played with when a boy, pulled twenty-eight flat cars. We had to sit on the framework of the flat cars. We boarded the very front of the train, but noticed that the others got on toward the middle. We soon found that sometimes accidents happen, and that it is better to be in the middle of the train. Later, after the trip was over, we wondered that there are not more accidents.

With two shrill whistles, the dinkey engine pulled out of town, crossed the river, and went on up the valley of the Quicksand. Soon we rounded a curve, and so lost sight of the last outpost of civilization.

We were in a veritable wilderness. We would go along a mountain side, then across some creek; again we would pass through some mountaineer's cornfield or orchard. The train crew took ample advantage of this route, jumping off and picking enough roasting ears for supper and helping themselves to the apples. Then at times we would go up some creek bed and through dark woods. The massive trees on either side formed an arch overhead. At last we passed through such a tunnel of trees and found ourselves at the very foot of a mountain. We went off on a switch; then, with many whiffs and snorts, the engine started pulling us up the mountain side. A few moments later we switched again, and went on up, higher and higher. At last we reached the top. From here we could count a dozen ranges of mountains. Soon we started the descent, and after an hour's ride from the bottom of the mountain, we reached it again in safety on the other side. The engine pulled us up to a water tank, and we spent another half hour there. We were truly glad when the train started again. We had traversed about half the distance between the camps, and it was already getting late. Soon we came to a siding, where our engine left us with the cars and went back over the mountain. Riley's Siding, as it was called, was the meeting place of the train crews—the crew which had just brought us over the mountain, and the one from the logging camp.

We waited some time, but the engine did not come, so we walked around a bit, and soon met a barefoot boy.

"Where are you going, sonny?" we asked.

"After the cow; have ye see'd her?"



"We saw one about three miles down the track," we told him.

"Was she brown with white spots?" he asked.

"Yes."

"My, but I'm glad she is only that far away."

"Would you mind our going along with you?"

"Sure, come along."

So we walked along with him and talked. "Do you live around here?" we asked.

"Yes, right down the track, the first house. Where are you going to stay tonight?"

"O, we haven't the least idea! You don't suppose we could stay at your house, do you?"

"Certainly; pop often has visitors stay. He don't charge 'em nothin', neither."

Thinking he might know something about his native country, we asked him about how far it was to the Buckhorn lumber camp.

"Hits 'cordin' to what yer mean. I ain't never been way up to real Buckhorn, hit's ten miles from here. I've just been to Bear Branch; but they hain't loggin' there no more."

Just then we heard the whistle of our engine coming at last. We gave a shout of joy, and ran for the siding.

As we rounded a curve through a native's rear yard, I noticed a freshly made mound next to the track in the edge of the garden. So I asked the brakeman, "What is that mound? Has one of the children's pets died?"

He replied, "O no! The baby of the family died day before yesterday; that's where they buried it." The brakeman seemed quite interested to find out what two young fellows with white collars on were going to do up there in the woods. We noticed he eyed us with suspicion as if he considered us tenderfeet and doubted our ability to handle a saw or an ax; but we said nothing. He fell to telling his family history, and the history of every cabin we passed. He pointed out the hollows that had moonshine stills at the head of them, and told us just how much a gallon the moonshiner charges for it. He must have thought we were in search of moonshine.

It was getting dark, and my partner began to think of the directions we got when we started, "You will get there by two o'clock, *if you have good luck.*" My partner thought this must have meant two o'clock in the morning. Soon it was dark, and the train broke down. We were stalled again; but the train was "tinkered up," and on we went. It was getting cold. Our only light was the headlight on the engine far ahead. When we went around curves the brakeman would light some piece of cloth and throw it on the bank, and watch the cars as they came round to see that they were all there.

At last we crossed a bridge. This was "Bear Branch." We knew then we were near our destination. We crossed creeks, "Troublesome" and others, and at last started up Buckhorn Creek. We pulled into the "railroad yards" of the Buckhorn Narrow Gauge. It was pitch dark. We stumbled off the train and over to a night watchman in the cab of a locomotive. From him we received directions to the boarding house.

"Follow the track in front of yer, and hit's the first house to the right after yer cross the branch."

On and on we stumbled, going over a bridge with the crossties three feet apart, it seemed, and at last arrived in front of the famous inn. There was a

light in one of the rooms. We knocked. "Who be it?" a rough voice called out. We told him, and in a few moments the man sleepily appeared at the door.

"I told my wife, sure as we go to bed some one would come. Had yer supper?"

"No, sir; we just came in on the train."

"Well, peers like hit's a leetle late; them fellers like ter get in all thur overtime they can."

"Well, they certainly took their own time today."

We washed and sat down to a cold supper by the flickering light of an oil lamp without a chimney. We tried to eat. Shall I tell you what? No, I will spare you the misery. Then taking our beautiful lamp, our host said, "Wall, I'll show yer up to the lobby, I reckon there's a bed that hain't in use;" and he led us out of the house into the darkness.

He led us to the "lobby," as he called it. A rough, wooden structure, the boards running up and down, with nothing to stop the storm from coming in between the cracks. The lobby was composed of three rooms; a central room, furnished with a long bench, a shelf with a pail and washdish on it, and that is all. Then there was a wide opening in the partition, and a room on either side. Each of these rooms had three beds in it. The man pointed to the only unoccupied one and told us we could sleep in it; then handing the lamp to one of us, he left. Naturally we were tired and straightway prepared to retire. One of us opened the bed and started to see how soft or hard it was, but found it full of dirt. This we swept out as best we could. After thanking the Lord for safety on our journey, and an earnest prayer that we might bring some rays of truth to these needy people, we retired. We did not do a great amount of sleeping, but I was awakened in the morning by all manner of grunts and odors from under the floor. The other men got up. The breakfast bell rang, but we thought if the breakfast was anything like the supper, it might pay us to buy something to eat at the company store. But the proprietor did not forget us, and sent several different persons to make sure we heard the call. At last we got up. My partner looked at his watch, "Five o'clock!"

We looked around a bit, and found the cause of our early awakening to be the contents of the pigpen under the shack. We washed and started out to work. We walked up to the head of Clemon's Fork, about six miles in all. A branch of the railroad went up this creek to haul out the logs; it ran right in the center of the creek. The woods were beautiful. Now and then we would see a bubbling spring or cross a fresh little stream. The lumber men lived in little "shoe-box shacks," as we called them, about six by twelve.

We found an empty shack, had a good season of prayer, and then started canvassing. We worked all day and finished the creek, and then worked the immediate houses around the boarding house and the railroad yards. When night came, each of us had about ninety dollars' worth of orders, and twenty-five dollars in advance payments. The people were eager to hear about the Bible. They realized that we are living in perilous times and that we must study God's word. It was really a great pleasure to talk to these people, they were so earnest in their interest in what we had to say.

Our supper was much like that of the night before.



The biscuits and potatoes swimming in grease, did not agree with either of us. It is needless to say that my partner, whose health was not the best, found it quite unsatisfactory.

Friday morning we canvassed Lewis Fork. Again we each took the same value of orders. We enjoyed working with the people. They were so earnest and sincere, so unlike the class of people we had been dealing with in the mining camps. By noon my partner was very sick, and, as we had agreed to meet our other partner at Jackson that night, we thought we had better go. We were glad when it came time to again board the old train for our trip back to civilization. However, we vowed we would return to this queer pioneer country.

There happened to be a box car attached to the train, filled with feed to be unloaded a few miles down the track. Several men were in the same car, and we fell into conversation with them. Before long my partner had sold one of them a book. Then he was ahead of me for the day's sales. Later I sold one, and we were even again. Once when the train stopped, I went out of the car and sold a man standing near by a Bible, and received two dollars in advance payment. So I won out in the day's sales, my partner getting fifty dollars' worth of orders and I fifty-four. This made us a total of more than one hundred forty dollars for one and one-half days' work.

Our return journey was much like that going up into the wilderness. The train crew seemed blessed with time. As we were waiting on top of the mountain, an old mountaineer came along with a load of peaches and garden truck to take down to the camp at Quicksand to sell. We had a talk with him, and the first thing he asked was, "Say, where yer come from?"

"New York."

"New York, eh? Say, New York's that biggest city, ain't it?"

"Yes, New York is the largest city in the world."

"Say, is New York in the United States?"

"Yes."

"Well, what do yer think up there 'bout this yer comin' 'lection 'tween Hardin' an' Cox?"

So we discussed politics with him, and the bravery of the boys of Breathitt County in the last war, and how every man of draft age enlisted, so that there was not a man drafted from the county. We discussed feuds and moonshiners and a great many other subjects. And we were loath to leave him, when we arrived at Quicksand long after dark.

We felt timid about the three-mile hike into Jackson, the county seat of Breathitt County. My partner said, "I'm afraid I can't make it, boy." But he did. And when we got to Jackson we found my former companion there, and he had brought the brother of my fellow servant and comrade into the wilds to join us in the field. We had a pleasant reunion and experience meeting Friday night. We were glad for the experience and its hardships, since we could be of help to some one.

As I have thought of these poor people up there in the mountains, miles and miles from churches and civilization, who even ask if New York is in the United States, I think what a blessed privilege it is to carry to them these words of truth which we have, and which mean so much to us. And then I think what God's truth does for these people when

they hear it, and I am glad that I can be an instrument in God's hands of conveying this light to them. These people need help. They need self-sacrificing Christian workers to go up there and live with them, and teach them how to live, and tell them the story of salvation. They need schools and churches. Who will go? Who will answer the call? In planning for work for mission fields, let us not forget the needs of our home missions.

One month later, we went back to Buckhorn to make our delivery, and delivered nearly every book. After having such an experience I am sure no one would shrink from such a part in the work of telling poor, darkened souls of the light of His message. I am glad I had this experience last summer. It is truly a "delectable land of enchantment."

### The Crane and the Swan

**T**HERE is an old fable of a swan and a crane who chanced to meet at the edge of a pond. The beautiful swan stood and quietly watched the crane in his search for snails in the slime of the pool. At last the crane broke the silence with the interrogation, "Where did you come from?"

"I came from heaven," was the reply.

"From heaven? Where is heaven?" asked the crane.

"Have you never heard of heaven?" asked the swan.

The graceful bird began to portray the beauties and grandeur of New Jerusalem with its streets of gold, its walls of precious stones, and its gates of pearl. He described with eloquence the throne of God, from which flows the river of life, clear as crystal, on whose banks stands the tree of life, which bears twelve manner of fruits, yielding her fruit every month, and whose leaves shall be for the healing of the nations.

But say what he might, there was little interest awakened in the crane. However, when the word picture was finally concluded, the crane in stupid wonder asked, "Are there any snails there?"

"Snails? No, of course not! What would you want with snails in heaven?"

Continuing his search in the slime of the pond, with a disinterested air the crane replied, "You may have your heaven; I want snails."

Though only a fable, a great truth is illustrated by the imaginary conversation between the two birds. Many young people who have had the wonderful advantages of Christian homes and Christian schools so graciously established by God in our midst, have turned their backs upon all, and are today in search of the snails of sin, with great loss to themselves and to the cause of God.

Wealth, honor, popularity, and all that earth affords outside of Christ are as snails in a muddy pond. We are living in a day when many youth are losing sight of the eternal city of God and are given over to mirth, pride, and fleshly lusts. Now is the time to lose sight of earthly things, no matter how dear to us they may have been, and to turn our faces toward Zion; "for since the beginning of the world men have not heard, nor perceived by the ear, neither hath the eye seen, O God, beside Thee, what He hath prepared for him that waiteth for Him." Isa. 64:4.

J. R. PATTERSON.



## Tobacco and Suffering China

**T**HE attitude of American tobacco dealers toward starving, suffering China should bring about the utter annihilation of the tobacco business, were there not another reason in the world for its destruction. The situation is almost unbelievable. American tobacco men have deliberately adopted the slogan, "A cigarette in the mouth of every man, woman, and child in China." Rev. R. R. Blews, writing for the *Free Methodist*, Chicago, says this slogan is posted all over China.

The ghoulish selfishness of the act is seen in the fact that 40,000,000 Chinese are facing starvation, according to Bishop Lewis, who has been traveling over the famine-stricken districts of the country. While the generous-hearted citizens of America are raising money to aid the sorely afflicted Chinese, American tobacco interests are planning to get from them, for tobacco, money so much needed for the bare necessities of existence.

The seriousness of the situation has prompted the Chinese minister of the interior to send forth an edict, in which he says tobacco will become a worse curse than opium in former days, unless restrictions are imposed. That China intends later to totally prohibit the weed is indicated in the following words:

"It is hereby decided that before taking up any measure for the *total prohibition* of its use, the following restrictions shall be placed upon the use of tobacco."

The restrictions mentioned prohibit cigars and cigarettes for any one under eighteen; for any military or naval men; for students in any government school or college.

Every real lover of humanity will heartily wish China success in throwing off the tobacco evil as she did the opium traffic. **WILL H. BROWN.**

## Letters to a Schoolgirl Away from Home

(Concluded from page ten)

and the replacing of missing buttons or other fastenings are attended to promptly, the girl owner is left free to choose and wear at any time the garment most appropriate to the occasion. She will not feel obliged to subject her best dress to the hard usage of some ordinary occasion because she has nothing else ready, nor will she be leaving some garment she most needs hanging away all through the season, simply because she only thinks of its need of attention when she wants to use it. When a girl hasn't time to take care of her clothes, she has too many.

I haven't said all I want to, but I'll soon stop writing about clothes, for you mustn't imagine I should like our girls to spend the best part of their time planning new dresses. I should say that the girl who is always thinking about something to wear is not a whit more refined than she would be if she were always thinking about something to eat. Our life is too sacred to consist in either of these things, and yet both must receive attention. If we would get our clothing with something like the regularity that we do our meals, and with as much attention to its usefulness, we should find that it takes less thought instead of more. The same rule holds good for both: "Simple living is conducive to high thinking." I was delighted with the girl who visited us over two nights last summer, and wore the same

blue voile dress all through her visit. It was in such contrast to a girl visitor of the week before who had worn four different dresses and three pairs of shoes in the same length of time.

Don't forget to write about all the things the senior class is doing. When I write next it will surely be about something different.

AUNT GUSSIE.

## The Days of the Week

**W**HEN holding a tent-meeting, in Napa, California, in the year 1873, a family who were embracing the Sabbath truth invited me to their home. The man of the family, before coming to California, resided in Iowa, where by occupation he was a miller. He showed me, with much interest, a little book called "The Miller's Almanac." In it was the following stanza, which may be of interest to those hunting for the Sabbath in "the week's initial day:"

"The sun still rules the week's initial day,  
The moon o'er Monday yet retains the sway;  
But Tuesday, which to Mars was whilom given,  
Is Tuesco's subject in the northern heaven;  
And Woden has the charge of Wednesday,  
Which did of old belong to Mercury.  
And Jove himself surrenders his day  
To Thor, a barbarous god of Saxon clay:  
Friday, which under Venus once did wield  
Love's balmy spell, must now to Freya yield,  
While Saturn still holds fast his day, but looses  
The Sabbath, which the central sun abuses."

J. N. LOUGHBOROUGH.

## Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topics for April

- APRIL 2. Senior and Junior: Religious Liberty Rally.  
April 9. Senior and Junior: "The Continent of Opportunity"—No. 2.  
April 16. Senior and Junior: "A Man Who Knew How to Pray."  
April 23. Senior and Junior: "Neighboring for God."  
April 30. Open.

## Our Counsel Corner

*What is your opinion about the wearing of wedding rings among Adventists?* M. H.

"Not one penny should be spent for a circlet of gold to testify that we are married. In countries where the custom is imperative, we have no burden to condemn those who have their marriage ring; let them wear it if they can do so conscientiously; but let not our missionaries feel that the wearing of the ring will increase their influence one jot or tittle."—*Special Testimony to Ministers and Workers*, No. 3, p. 6.

*How do we know God hears our prayers?* A. G. Y.

Because He says He does; that is, He hears if we meet the conditions of prayer. His word cannot fail. The Bible, however, explains fully the conditions upon which He does hear, and it is our duty to know what they are. M. E. A.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### II — Christ the Redeemer

(April 9)

##### Daily-Study Outline

1. SYNOPSIS, paragraphs 1, 2, looking up texts.
2. Synopsis, paragraph 3, looking up texts.
3. Synopsis, paragraphs 4, 5, looking up texts.
4. Questions 1-5.
5. Questions.
6. Questions 11-16.
7. Review the Synopsis.



## Synopsis

SEED THOUGHT: "Of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, who was made unto us . . . redemption." 1 Cor. 1:30.

1. We have nothing "wherewith to pay" the debt we owe our Lord (Matt. 18:25), and our only hope is that the debt will be forgiven through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus (Matt. 6:12; Rom. 3:24).

2. Our redemption is not secured by the payment of a stipulated sum of money (1 Peter 1:18), but by the life of Christ (Matt. 20:28), as represented by the shedding of His blood (1 Peter 1:19).

3. The lesson of redemption was suggested to Israel in the redemption of land and houses (Lev. 25:23-28), and in the case of a person who had sold himself (verses 47, 48). The one who thus redeemed another must be "nigh of kin" (verse 49), indicating that the Redeemer would take part of the same flesh and blood with those whom He redeemed (Heb. 2:14). Note this in the story of Ruth. Ruth 4:1-6.

4. Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Redeemer of the New Testament (Ex. 6:2, 3, 6-8). Redemption is found only in Christ (Eph. 1:7), and when His coming is near, our redemption "draweth nigh" (Luke 21:28).

5. Those who have been redeemed, the Lord regards as a purchased people (Ex. 15:16), who have been bought with a price (1 Cor. 6:20). The life and death of Christ has "obtained eternal redemption for us" (Heb. 9:12).

## Questions

1. What have we with which to pay our debt to the Lord? Matt. 18:25.

2. For what only can we hope concerning this debt? Matt. 6:12.

3. How does Peter say we were not redeemed? 1 Peter 1:18.

4. What has been given as the ransom? Matt. 20:28.

5. How is this ransom otherwise represented? 1 Peter 1:19.

6. How was the lesson of redemption first taught to Israel? Lev. 25:23-28.

7. What provision was made concerning a man who had sold himself, and what does this suggest? Verses 47, 48.

8. What condition of relationship was required of one who was to redeem another? Verse 49.

9. What did this indicate? Heb. 2:14.

10. What is one of the lessons taught in the book of Ruth? Ruth 4:1-6.

11. What is the redeeming name of God in the Old Testament? Ex. 6:2, 3, 6-8.

12. In whom only do we find redemption? Eph. 1:7.

13. What event identifies our redemption with the person of Christ? Luke 21:28.

14. How did the Lord regard the people whom He had redeemed? Ex. 15:16.

15. With what were they bought? 1 Cor. 6:20.

16. What has Christ obtained for us? Heb. 9:12.

## Intermediate Lesson

## II — Marriage of the King's Son; Tribute to Caesar

(April 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 22:1-22.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 12:13-17; Luke 20:19-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life." Rev. 3:5.

LESSON HELPS: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 307-319; "The Desire of Ages," pp. 601, 602.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; chief priests and rulers.

PLACE: In the temple at Jerusalem.

## Setting of the Lesson

Jesus continued His work in the temple, talking with the chief priests and rulers. The parable of the marriage feast reminds us of the parable of the great supper recorded in Luke 14:16-24. In the lesson for today the necessity of personal preparation is emphasized.

"Called to the feast by the King are we,  
Sitting, perhaps, where His people be;  
How will it fare, friend, with thee and me  
When the King comes in?"

## Questions

1. In another parable to what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Matt. 22:1, 2.

2. Whom did the king send forth? For what purpose? With what result? Verse 3. Note 1.

3. What message did the king send by other servants? Verse 4.

4. In what different ways did those who were bidden receive the message? Verses 5, 6. Note 2.

5. What punishment came upon those who had dishonored the king and his messengers? Verse 7. Note 3.

6. What did the king then say to his servants? Verses 8, 9.

7. Whom did the servants gather in? Verse 10. Note 4.

8. When the king came in to see the guests, whom did he see among them? Verse 11. Note 5.

9. What did the king say to the man without a wedding garment? How did this affect the man? Verse 12. Note 6.

10. What did the king then bid his servants do? What is said of the number called? of the number chosen? Verses 13, 14. Note 7.

11. What did the Pharisees then do? Whom did they send to Jesus? How did these men pretend to regard Him? Verses 15, 16. Note 8.

12. What question did these men ask Jesus? What did Jesus say that should have shown them that He read their hearts? Verses 17, 18.

13. What did Jesus ask to see? What was shown to Him? What questions did He ask concerning the Roman coin? Verses 19, 20.

14. What did these men reply? Verse 21, first part. Note 9.

15. What, then, did Jesus say was very plainly their duty to Caesar? What should they give unto God? Verse 21, last part.

16. What effect did this answer have upon them? Verse 22.

## The Wedding Garment

What garment must each one have who is present at the marriage supper of the Lamb? Rev. 19:7-9.

Of whom only may this be obtained? Rev. 3:18.

How does the King of heaven regard our own righteousness? Isa. 64:6.

Of all who are called, only which ones will be chosen? Memory verse.

## Notes

1. Guests were invited some time before the wedding took place, then summoned, according to an Oriental custom, when everything was ready for the ceremony.

2. The first invitation to the marriage supper is represented by the work for the Jews by Jesus and His apostles. The symbol of the second invitation is met by the fact that after the work of Christ on earth was completed, still another earnest effort was made for the Jewish people; but as a nation, they spurned the gospel message, and persecuted the messengers.

3. The first invitation to the marriage supper is represented by the work for the Jews by Jesus and His apostles. The second invitation to the Jews was given by the apostles after Jesus had ascended to heaven.

The judgment pronounced upon the Jews and their city was fulfilled in A. D. 70, when Jerusalem was destroyed and the nation scattered.

4. "The third call to the feast represents the giving of the gospel to the Gentiles."—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 309.

5. "When the king came in to view the guests, the real character of all was revealed. For every guest at the feast there had been provided a wedding garment. This garment was a gift from the king. By wearing it the guests showed their respect for the giver of the feast. But one man was clothed in his common citizen dress. He had refused to make the preparation required by the king. The garment provided for him at great cost he disdained to wear. Thus he insulted his lord."—*Ibid.*

6. "By the wedding garment in the parable is represented the pure, spotless character which Christ's true followers will possess. To the church it is given 'that she should be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white,' 'not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing.' The fine linen, says the Scripture, 'is the righteousness of saints.' It is the righteousness of Christ, His own unblemished character, that through faith is imparted to all who receive Him as their personal Saviour."—*Id.*, p. 310.

7. All are called. Only those who accept the call to serve the king are chosen by him to have a place in his kingdom.

8. The Pharisees did not go themselves, but sent some of their young disciples "who would look less like tempters, and more like learners." The Herodians and the Pharisees had been enemies, but they united their efforts against Jesus.

9. In admitting that the penny had the image of the Roman emperor stamped upon it, they confessed that it belonged to him; they owed him loyalty and tribute, or revenue.

"If work is not well done,  
It is not done;  
For there is one right way—  
There is but one."



### Making New Blood

**A** REMARKABLE discovery with regard to the blood, just made by Dr. W. J. Penfold, director of the Australian Commonwealth Serum Institute, is thus described by a writer in the *Scientific American* (New York), who says:

"In the making of diphtheria and other serums, considerable quantities of the plasma or fluid portion of horses' blood is used at the institute. The practice has been to allow the blood, after it has been drawn from the horses, to stand for some time to allow the red corpuscles to settle to the bottom. The fluid is then drawn off and used, while in the past the red corpuscles have been thrown away. This struck Dr. Penfold as an economic waste, so he began experiments in the way of injecting the corpuscles into the horses again. The results have opened up a new chapter in the study of the blood. It appears that the horse can easily and quickly form new fluid if the red corpuscles are put back into the blood. While the normal average amount of blood in a horse is thirty-six liters, it has been found possible to take forty-eight liters in a week from a horse to which the red corpuscles are returned and that without its vitality being any more, if as much, affected as was the case with ordinary limited bleeding. The practice of returning the corpuscles has been extended to all the horses, between thirty and forty in number, which are bled at the institute, and wider experience is confirming the results of the earlier experiments. The composition of the blood remains practically normal. It will take some time to realize anything like the full possibilities of so new and startling a discovery, but it is bound to have an important bearing on the practice, as well as on the theory, of medicine. For instance, there are diseases in which good results might be expected by an injection of the blood of those recovering from the disease, but under present conditions the convalescents cannot spare the blood."

### The Faithful Churchgoer

**S**UCH a night! The wind was beating the rain down in torrents while I was trying to balance my umbrella in the gale. Were it not for the fact of adhering to my set policy of keeping appointments, I should not have ventured out this evening. While hastening to the corner where I would be able to board a street car, I noticed in front of me the figure of a child about the age of seven. I wondered what might be bringing this midget outdoors in such a storm.

"Please, 'missus,' will you walk with me past the car barn?" Turning my back to the wind, I was trying to get a better view of my little petitioner, and asked, "Where would you like to go, little girl?" "To the church," she replied, pointing in its direction. "To the church! In all this rain?" I exclaimed, as I began inquiring into the urgency of this trip.

Feeling sheltered in my presence, she was soon telling me that she had gone to "St. Mary's" every night at this time for weeks. Her mother had succumbed to the "horrid flu," and now she was living with her grandmother, who had instructed her to pray for her mother's soul in purgatory. She had not missed a night, but since people had been telling her about a man who kidnapped children, tonight, somehow, the way had seemed so dark. Assuring her that I would go with her, we headed for "St. Mary's."

Having learned the child's name, I said to her; "Helen, your mamma does not need your prayers for her soul; our Lord tells us that the dead sleep and know not anything." Further explaining that we cannot be heard in our prayers for the dead, she



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### THE HORSE THAT SAVES THE BABIES

For two years Miss Margaret Williams, of Berkeley, California, has extracted blood from this horse to make antitoxin from which she makes diphtheria serum. It is claimed that more than one thousand children's lives have been spared by the use of this serum. Two gallons of blood are taken from the horse every thirty-five days.

responded, telling me what her priest and the sisters had taught her. With an emphatic gesture she remarked, "If I were God, I would not make people suffer so for their sins."

By this time we had to turn a corner where an open lot exposed us to the wind's fury. Tugging the child on the side where I might furnish her protection from the storm, we managed to reach a street where we could continue our conversation. With the church in sight, I briefly explained to her God's great love for man, the reward of the just, and the destruction of the wicked. Helen seemed to comprehend my points perfectly, and she asked if it would be all right to pray for her sick uncle. We were now by the steps of the great stone edifice, and as we parted, I felt impressed to ask her to pray that Jesus might teach her what was right. "Shall I say, 'Jesus, teach me the right way to pray'?" she said, as I helped her close the umbrella. "Yes, Helen, and ask it faithfully until He does," was all that I had time to reply. She was soon behind the big church doors while I hastened toward the car line.

How often since my meeting with little Helen have I compared the faithfulness of this not yet enlightened child with the "weather-Christian" attitude of some Volunteers. Are you as faithful in attending the Missionary Volunteer meetings as little Helen was in going to church to pray for her mother's soul in purgatory?

LOUISE KLEUSER.