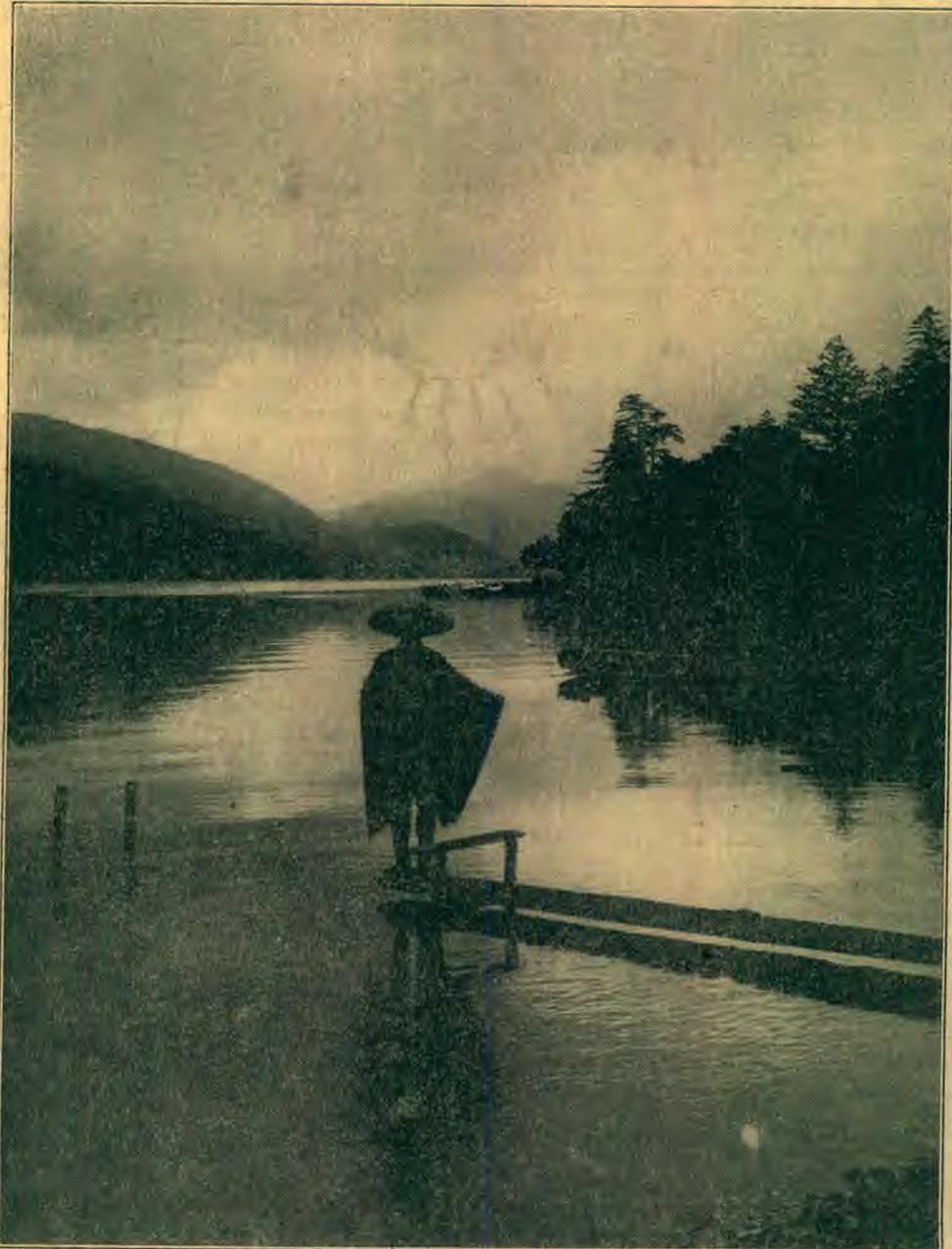


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 69

April 5, 1921

No. 14



SUNSET AT CHIUZENJI, NIPPON

From Here and There

The United States mints turned out 809,500,000 coins during 1920. Of these 512,500,000 were pennies.

Last year the Ford company sold 1,250,000 cars, 50,000 cars being sold in one month while the plant was shut down.

650,000 automobiles were exported during the period of 1900 to 1920. More than a million dollars' worth a day is the estimated value.

A perfectly good food for cattle has been made out of sawdust by the United States Forest Products Laboratory, by treatment with sulphuric acid.

Three large symphony orchestras have been formed in Constantinople within the last few months. The weekly programs of these organizations are well chosen and well attended.

Automobiles killed 3,808 persons during the year 1920. Youngstown, Ohio, is said to have the highest relative death rate from automobile accidents of any city in the United States.

There were 2,063 recorded earthquakes from A. D. 1 to 1800. In the period from 1800 to 1910 there were 2,005. This is counting only the destructive quakes, and not all the minor tremors.

Peruvian Indian skulls with holes in the forehead are frequently found in Peru. These are said to be the result of a scraping process done to permit the escape of the demon causing the headache.

The population of the United States, according to the recent census, numbers 105,683,108. Of this number 38.8 per cent live in rural districts; and the other 61.2 per cent live in cities or under city conditions.

An effort is now being made to establish better relations between the United States and Mexico by exchanging educational facilities with Mexico. During the closing month of 1920, the University of Texas opened its doors to six Mexican young men for a four years' course. Several other universities have signified their willingness to establish from one to four free scholarships for Mexican young men. This plan must result in a better mutual understanding between the two peoples.

During the last century more than 33,000,000 European immigrants have come to the United States. The number of representatives of the principle racial groups now here are as follows:

British	10,000,000	Czecho-Slovakian	1,000,000
German	9,250,000	Lithuanian	750,000
Scandinavian	3,750,000	Spanish	700,000
Italian	3,000,000	Hungarian	450,000
Jewish	3,000,000	Dutch	400,000
Polish	3,000,000	Greek	300,000
French	1,600,000	Finnish	300,000

Hogs

"UH, road hog!" said the driver, as another car in passing almost forced us into the ditch. That was a new expression, but it needed no explanation.

This led me to think about those folks who, when traveling, like to occupy two double seats with their feet and baggage, and then grumble when they are asked to share the seat with another passenger who has been pacing the length of the car in an endeavor to be seated. Why do we do it? Why wait for some one else to make the first move? Why wait to be asked? Why say, "Let somebody else move?"

When a young girl, I had an experience I shall never forget. I boarded a crowded train, and every

seat but one was full, and that one had a man's coat and hat in it. Thinking that but one occupied the seat, and he was in the smoker, I sat down. A little later, a large, aristocratic-looking man came in, and in a gruff tone of voice said, "This is my seat!" I replied that inasmuch as he was alone in the seat and the car was crowded, I thought I might have some of the space. "I tell you, that's my seat, and I paid for it," was the response from the man. I arose, and gave him the whole seat, and was preparing to stand, when several men sitting near, jumped to their feet, and I soon had a seat. They had heard the conversation, and at once became vehement in their denunciation of the big man's little act. I really felt a bit sorry for him, as it seemed that every one in that end of the car was against him, and they were loud in their remarks; but I suppose this was only the fruit of the seed he had sown a moment before.

If folks who take your half of the road at the same time you need it, are "road hogs," then the folks occupying two or more seats on a train when other folks need them, must be known as "car hogs."

When traveling, it's an excellent thing to remember that other folks are traveling too.

EDNA L. WALKER.

Treatment of Seeds

It may seem a strange procedure to put boiling water on seeds that are expected to grow. In years gone by that was the way my mother served her onion seed if she was in haste to have it grow. The remembrance of what she did led me to so treat some hard-shelled seeds. Then I read of agriculturists who did the same thing. It makes a vast difference in the time of beginning their growth.

May there not be a valuable lesson drawn from this experience which will aptly apply to the sowing of the seeds of truth in the soil of human hearts? If simply placed there with no heart warmth and moistened eye, it may be years ere the germ of growth will appear to have made any progress; whereas, if warmed by love and moistened by expectant tears, there will be a growth as sudden as in the case of our hard-shelled garden seed. Let no heart become discouraged if growth is delayed, but continue the warming and moistening process until fruit appears.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

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Resurrection

E. F. M. SOURS

DAY ere breaking
Saw the waking
Of a dawning full of joy.
'Mongst the gloaming,
Shadows roaming,
Could not that sweet dawn destroy.

Dark was reigning,
Doubt was gaining,
O how drear the night of gloom!
Death had found Him,
Fetters bound Him,
But ere dawn He burst the tomb!

Day awaking
Saw the breaking
Of the bondage of the race.
Hell surprising,
Christ arising,
Flooded all the years with grace.

Weary, fretting,
Come, forgetting
All the vanished gloom of yore.
Brothers, sing it;
Help to ring it:
"Death shall terror be no more!"

Hallelujah!
Hallelujah!
With a new, immortal breath,
Us to gather
To the Father,
Jesus Christ has conquered death.

Orion and His Bright Stars

JAMES C. HANNUM

ORION, now in the southwestern skies, is to us the most interesting of constellations. The notable figure has been visible from December up to the present time, and now is best seen about ten or eleven o'clock in the evening almost directly in the south. Immediately after the stars begin to appear, Orion is one of the first constellations to be seen.

Almost directly east of Orion the famous planet, Jupiter, can now be seen. Mrs. E. G. White, some time before astronomers knew so much about the nebula of Orion as they now do, in describing a scene presented to her in vision, said: "Dark, heavy clouds came up, and clashed against each other. The atmosphere parted and rolled back; then we could look up through the open space in Orion, whence came the voice of God. The holy city will come down through that open space." At the time this statement was made, little was known about the open space of Orion, and some astronomers regarded the statement as made from ignorance. Later the Mt.

Lowe and Mt. Wilson observatories disclosed the fact that the "open space" of Orion agrees perfectly with the description of Mrs. White. So when the largest telescope in the world reveals the "open space," we can rest assured that the remaining quotations from Mrs. White will also in like manner prove true.

The first bright star of Orion to rise is Betelgeuse. Other stars appear before Betelgeuse, but they are not of first magnitude, and so when Betelgeuse appears, the observer's attention is attracted to it. One can also see three stars of second magnitude in a straight line. These form the belt of Orion. No

doubt this forms the "bands of Orion" spoken of by Job. Betelgeuse marks the right shoulder of the mighty man, while Rigel, another bright star, marks the left foot. One other bright star, though not of first magnitude, marks the left shoulder of Orion and is called Bellatrix. Saiph marks the right knee of the mighty star hunter.



Nebula of Orion, Showing the Trapezium of the Multiple Star

Betelgeuse is a deep red, tinged with orange, indicating perhaps that the star has already passed its brightest stage, and is in its decline. Rigel, the brightest of the group, is of a white, dazzling light. Rigel's distance is too great to be determined. The spectroscope, however, shows that it will never be any closer, receding at the rate of about fifteen miles a second. Betelgeuse is in the same class, although the spectroscopic view shows it to be receding at the rate of about twenty-two miles a second. Of course, at such a great distance, allowance must be made for calculations. Some of the measurements at present show that Rigel cannot be less

than 162 light years away, light traveling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second.

The "open space" is located in the sword, which is composed of the line of three stars at right angles to the band, or belt. Perhaps the most wonderful nebula in the heavens is the nebula of Orion, which surrounds the middle star of the sword. This star is a multiple star, the four brightest stars composing a trapezium. The "open space" is the space within the trapezium.

Through pictures taken by the large telescopes, and through observation, we find that the nebula

seems to be a ring of gas, with an opening in the center. The gas appears as walls leading far back into space. Calculation from the spectroscope shows that if the distance is measured now, and again in six months, with an instrument able to measure the thickness of a fine hair, the two measurements will be the same. What does this mean? The earth in this time has moved 186,000,000 miles from the place, and this would cause a great change in measurements of near objects; but since there is no change, we must conclude that it is at such a distance that the motion does not affect the measurements even to the thousandth of an inch. Thus we see that the opening is somewhere in the vicinity of 16,740,000,000 miles, by calculating with near objects. This would mean that 90,000 rings the size of the earth's orbit, with a sun in the center of each, could be placed side by side within the opening and still be engulfed. The distance to the rear of the opening is not measurable, but it certainly must be at least three times the opening of the space, or about fifty-one trillion miles deep.

We must look for Christ to come through this open space. Knowing this to be true, should we not spend time to become acquainted with the mighty star hunter as he travels across the sky? But we must act quickly, because he will not stay in the evening heavens much longer. He will begin to leave us early, but now we can with little trouble become acquainted with the "open space" that must concern us if we expect to be saved.

Splendid Progress in the Far East

THE following paragraphs from C. E. Weaks not only show what splendid progress the colporteur work is making in the fields of the Far East, but also reveal how the Lord is guiding His servants in this work. Shall we not join Brother Weaks in carrying a burden upon our hearts for those native boys who



Group of Canvassers, Manila, Philippine Islands

are making such heroic efforts to get the truth into the hands of those who sit in heathen darkness?

"News that filters through to headquarters is mostly good news, and indicates that the good work is on, that victories are being gained in every place, and that souls are being won to the message as a result of literature circulated. Brother Klose tells of a company of twelve that are keeping the Sabbath as a result of one colporteur's work. He also passes on the following item regarding the way he helped a young man who had become discouraged and was about to give up. 'I was looking for a colporteur

that had about become discouraged. I didn't know where he was at that time, but I believe the Lord directly answered my prayer to help me find him. From last reports he had been working near a town named Rire, but because of cholera quarantine in many places, he was obliged to move from place to place. I decided, however, to go to Rire and see if I could get track of him by inquiring at the post office or hotel. But the night before I could get a train for Rire I had to stay in a town named Shotun, and so I took lodgings in a Korean hotel. I prayed the Lord earnestly to help me find him the next day. The colporteur had no knowledge of my whereabouts, but somehow felt impressed to go to Shotun the same day I got there. The next morning before I went to the station he passed my hotel and we met. I went out with him and got him started canvassing again. Now he is sending in good reports. Yesterday I received a letter from him, and he gave the names of four men who have recently accepted the truth and are keeping the Sabbath as a result of his work.'

"How important it is that we carry a burden for our boys upon our heart, and that we be prepared to speak a word in season and give a lift at the right moment! A colporteur saved is really better than a new colporteur found. O how earnestly we should pray and work for these men that the Lord has given us to stand with us in the work of carrying the message to the homes of the people! We can all remember the dark valleys through which we sometimes passed when we were traveling the hot, dusty roads with our prospectus under our arm. How good it was to receive encouraging letters, and how we welcomed the visit from our field secretary! Yet we were working in a favored land where the Bible was held sacred. Here the boys have conditions to meet that try strong hearts. Many of these boys have but recently come to the light. Many are still but babes in Christ. The responsibility resting upon us to labor tenderly for them and help them is great.

"How often I have thought of those beautiful words in Christ's wonderful prayer of John 17: 'While I was with them in the world, I kept them in Thy name: those that Thou gavest me I have kept, and none of them is lost, but the son of perdition. . . I have given them Thy word; and the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world. I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil.'

I am sure that this prayer contains the secret of success in the handling of our men, who so often seem to us so far from perfect. The Saviour had the 'sons of thunder,' the 'son of perdition,' and every other type of character, it seems, represented there in His little group. Only a little while after this wonderful prayer was offered, the entire group forsook Him and fled; one denied Him with cursing, and another sold Him to enemies for a few pieces of silver. But they came back, all but one of them, and what giants in God's work they became! Prayer and example did the work.

Information Bureau

"Good word comes from Brother Beecham of Malaysia. Heretofore it has seemed difficult to sell our religious literature to the Javanese Mohammedans. The Malay-speaking Chinese have been the principal buyers of our Malay literature. Brother Beecham says: 'Our work has been gratifying in many respects. . . . We do not have a boy here at this end of the island [east Java] that is not making good. Two of the boys are doing excellent work. They have averaged about 100 orders each a week with the book "Our Day." But here is the best of it all: Eighty per cent of their orders are taken from the Javanese—not Malay-speaking Chinese, but Javanese Mohammedans. Don't you see what a wonderful thing this is to our field?' Yes, I do, Brother Beecham. The time has come for those 30,000,000 Mohammedans to hear the message.

"The following word just comes from Brother Ferrin, of the Pacific Press, regarding shipments to the Far East: 'We were wonderfully pleased yesterday, and a bit surprised, to get a large order from Shanghai for English and Russian books. Something like 1,700 copies of the large English books were ordered, besides 600 copies of "The Great Controversy," Russian; 2,000 "The World's Hope," Russian; and several thousand small current event books and children's books in English. This will make about twenty-five cases from here and probably six or eight from Brookfield.'

"One of the Swatow boys is pioneering in Annam. His October report totaled more than \$1,000 Mexican.

"The foreign workers of Shanghai have organized a home missionary society for work among the foreigners of Shanghai. They have ordered a club of 500 of the weekly *Signs*, 100 of the *Signs Magazine*, and 100 of the *Watchman*, besides literature in other languages. They have ordered a supply of reading racks and have already received permission to place them in several important places. They also plan on placing literature on the ships that call at this port. Brother Rebok, one of our former bookmen, is the society leader, so we are warranted in looking for big things to happen." N. Z. TOWN.

The Jungle Path

It winds among the lonely, jagged hills;
A bare, brown trail, where eager, naked feet
Pass swiftly to and fro; a toiling throng
In morning's cooling mists, and noonday's heat.
O'erhead the giant trees keep silent watch;
Beside it, heavy bush, and thick-grown grass.
The drooping ferns reach out their dainty hands,
To touch the travelers' garments, as they pass.

Earth's lowly and neglected wander here,
With darkened minds, and souls beset with fears,—
The poor, the sick, the ignorant, the lost,—
Throughout the sad and swiftly passing years.
For them no star illumines the soul's dark night,
No hope beyond life's round of work and strife;
Not knowing of the Saviour who has died,
That for the least of these He gave His life.

How long, O Lord! How long shall years go by
While these lost sheep in darkness stumble on?
How long shall those who tread the jungle paths,
Be held in bondage by the evil one?
How long, O ye enlightened, will ye wait,
While hourly they pass to heathen graves?
How long delay to answer Heaven's call
To bear the precious message—Jesus saves?

NORMA YOUNGBERG.

Sandakan, British North Borneo.

"THEY are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

When did pins make their first appearance?

Pins of some form have been used from earliest antiquity; but the pin we know is an invention of the nineteenth century. In 1824 a machine was invented and first put into actual operation in London for making pins of a single piece of wire.

"In a modern pin-making machine, wire of suitable gauge running off a reel is drawn in and straightened by passing between straightening pins, or studs, set in a table. When a pin length has entered, it is caught by lateral jaws, beyond which enough of the end projects to form a pinhead. Against this end a steel punch advances and compresses the metal by a die arrangement into the form of a head. The pin length is immediately cut off and the headed piece drops into a slit sufficiently wide to pass the wire through but retain the head. The pins are consequently suspended by the head while their projecting extremities are held against a revolving cutter, by which they are pointed. They are next cleaned by being boiled in weak beer, and then arranged in a copper pan in layers alternating with layers of grained tin. The contents of the pan are covered with water over which a quantity of argol (bitartrate of potash) is sprinkled, and after boiling for several hours the brass pins are coated with a thin deposit of tin, which gives them their silvery appearance. They are then washed in clean water, and dried and polished by being revolved in a barrel, mixed with dry bran or fine sawdust, from which they are winnowed finished pins.

"A large proportion of the pins sold are stuck into paper by an automatic machine not less ingenious than the pin-making machine itself. Mourning pins are made of iron wire, finished by immersing in black japan and drying in a stove. A considerable variety of pins, including the ingeniously coiled, bent, and twisted nursery safety pin, ladies' hairpins, etc., are also made by automatic machinery. The sizes of ordinary pins range from the 3½-inch stout blanket pin down to the finest slender gilt pin used by entomologists, 4,500 of which weigh about an ounce."

Test Your Knowledge

MR. SHERMAN CODY suggests the accompanying list of questions as a means for testing one's mental deficiencies. He claims that any one is likely to miss two or three of these questions; but the rating for those who answer all but four questions is *very good*; for those who answer all but eight is *good*; all but twelve is *fair*, and all but twenty is *average*; while for those who answer fewer than sixteen it is *very poor*. The questions and their answers follow:

1. What is the largest river in the United States?
2. In what harbor is the Statue of Liberty?
3. Who invented the phonograph?
4. With what country did the United States fight in 1812?
5. In what city does the Pope live?
6. What are the sleeping cars on railroads called?
7. Who is the main owner of the Standard Oil Company?
8. Who was defeated at the Battle of Waterloo?
9. How many feet in a mile?
10. What is the highest range of mountains in the United States?
11. To what army did the "Blue Devils" belong?
12. Who wrote "Tom Sawyer"?
13. Who defeated the Spanish at Manila?
14. What fort was fired on at the start of the Civil War?
15. In what city was Christ born?
16. In what year did Columbus discover America?
17. Who wrote "The Merchant of Venice"?
18. By what religious sect was Salt Lake City founded?
19. On what ship did President Wilson sail to France?
20. What harbor is called the "Golden Gate"?
21. From what plant is linen made?
22. Who discovered the north pole?
23. Who defeated Jack Johnson at Havana?
24. Who wrote "Paradise Lost"?
25. From what country did the United States buy Alaska?
26. Who assassinated Lincoln?
27. What kind of leaves do silkworms eat?
28. What famous statue has her arms broken off?
29. What fortress guards the mouth of the Mediterranean?
30. Who led the Israelites across the Red Sea?
31. Who wrote "Rip Van Winkle"?
32. In what city are kodaks manufactured?
33. Of what two elements is water composed?
34. On what continent are kangaroos native animals?

35. How many feet in a fathom?
36. What language is spoken in Brazil?
37. From what tree is turpentine made?
38. What baseball player is called the "Georgia Peach"?
39. From what animal is cordovan leather made?
40. What American general was a delegate to the Peace Conference?

Answers are as follows:

- (1) Mississippi; (2) New York; (3) Edison; (4) England (Great Britain); (5) Rome; (6) Pullmans; (7) Rockefeller; (8) Napoleon; (9) 5,280; (10) Rockies; (11) French; (12) Mark Twain (Clemens); (13) Dewey; (14) Sumter; (15) Bethlehem; (16) 1492; (17) Shakespeare; (18) Mormons (Latter-Day Saints); (19) George Washington; (20) San Francisco; (21) Flax; (22) Peary; (23) Willard; (24) Milton; (25) Russia; (26) Booth; (27) Mulberry; (28) Venus de Milo; (29) Gibraltar; (30) Moses; (31) Irving; (32) Rochester; (33) Hydrogen and oxygen (H₂O); (34) Australia; (35) 6; (36) Portuguese; (37) Pine; (38) Cobb; (39) Horse; (40) Bliss.

Dziang — a Man of Prayer

DZIANG was a Chinese who for many years had led a most wicked and idolatrous life, being known as Dziang "the terrible." He had first been a lower official in the local magistrate's office, where by extortion he bled the poor and needy who came to this court of justice for help. From this he rose to a position as an officer in charge of five hundred soldiers. It was in this position that his life was most dissolute. Nothing was too wicked for him to do. He drew his own sword one day and cut off the head of a man who offended him.

It was while he was living this life of sin that he became afflicted with an ulcer on his leg, and visited our mission dispensary at Ying Shang Hsien. When the evangelist there had finished dressing the ulcer, he told Dziang that he had a disease more fatal than the ulcer on his leg. He told him that there was an ulcer on his heart which was slowly eating away his life, and that it must have attention or he would surely die. Dziang was much surprised at such a diagnosis, and told the evangelist that he had never felt better in his life. The evangelist then told him that he had reference to his spiritual heart and not to his body. He told him if he would be healed he must come to the meetings in the chapel, where he would learn of the medicine and treatment. He was much impressed by this statement of his having a diseased soul, and attended the meetings, where he learned the truth and gave his heart to the Master, who healed his sin-sick soul.

Dziang zealously studied the message, and at length was placed in charge of the station at Djeng Yang Gwan. Soon after his arrival it was planned to conduct a special effort in that place. A tent and other necessary equipment which had been sent to Dziang for the effort were stored in the chapel, awaiting the arrival of other evangelists and workers who were to assist.

One night shortly after the arrival of the tent a cry of "fire" was raised in the town. It was a cry that terrified all, for the wind was blowing a gale, and as there had been no rain for weeks the thatched roofs of the houses were worse than tinder. One spark, and in a flash all would be aflame. On, on, on came the roaring, leaping demon of awful conflagration! Directly toward the chapel it swept, fanned by the ever-increasing gale. Families in the path of the fire were hastily moving their few belongings to the river.

Men came to the chapel and offered to help carry away the things, but Dziang said, "No." And in the face of that on-sweeping fire, now not far distant,

he calmly closed the door and bolted it on the inside. Then, as Hezekiah of old, he ran to the chapel-room and throwing himself down upon the ground, prayed as he had never prayed before. "O Father, save Thy house! Thou knowest that I have told the people of their vain worship of false gods. Thou knowest I have told them that Thou art a living God that answers prayer. And Father," he wept, "I believe that for Thy name's sake Thou wilt save this chapel and the tent stored within it. Father, thou knowest that these who have heard my preaching would jeer at Thy name, saying that Thou art no greater than their own gods. Hear, then, Thou Holy One of Israel; let Thy name be glorified."

Thus he continued in supplication as the fire came sweeping on. On it came, leaping from house to house! Soon it was separated from the chapel by but one house! All at once the wind *changed*, carrying the fire back in the same direction from which it had come. Not one spark singed the dry straw of the roof. Not one thing had been moved from the building. God's name was glorified. He had heard the prayer of His servant, for like Jacob of old, Dziang had wrestled with God and had not let Him go until God blessed him. H. J. DOOLITTLE.

The Violet's Message

O BREATH of sweet flowers coming over the hill,
You have opened my eyes to a lovely surprise;
You led, by your fragrance, my steps to the rill
Where the dainty white violet lies.

A bed of deep moss hid the delicate stem;
From a little green cup the wee blossom looked up.
I saw as I stooped, there were hundreds of them
On whose fragrance the spring wind would sup.

Was it prayer, that uplifting of spirit and mind?
Were the spring breezes sent with a holy intent,
Bringing peace to my soul and a comfort divine,
Where all listless and lonely I went?

For I said in my heart, "I am not understood;
And the friends I would own, pass and leave me alone.
I would eat of the manna of joy if I could,
But the world offers only a stone."

O breath of the flowers, leave your dewy retreat!
Ever restful and sure is your influence pure.
Though you know not the need of the stranger you meet,
You whisper, "Be true, and endure."

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

Eloquence

IN promulgating esoteric cogitations or articulating superficial sentimentalities and philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your statements and dissertations possess a clarified, lucid conciseness, compacted comprehensibility, coalescent consistency, and a concentrated cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement, and idiotic affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity without rodomontade or thra-sonical bombast; sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and grandiloquent vapidness. Shun prurient jocosity and pernicious, pestiferous profanity, contumacious eccentricities, innocuous ambiguities, and preposterous, pathetic imbecility.—*W. E. Dennis, in Penman's Art Journal.*

"He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul."
Prov. 8: 36.



Letters to a Schoolgirl Away from Home

FAIRLAND, MICHIGAN, March 30, 1921.

DEAR DORIS: No, I didn't have anything special in mind to write about this time — not till your letter came. Now I have. I am seriously disturbed over the sort of missionary work your little roommate is doing as well as over her attitude toward school regulations and established authority. She is mistaken in thinking that a girl can do more effective personal work for a boy than another boy can. Even when the results seem good at the time, they are likely not to be permanent. Sadie may be sincere in the belief that she is taking a purely sisterly interest in Carson, but there is surely some sentiment mixed in, and she can prove it for herself if she will try to take exactly the same interest in any girl there.

I shall be sorry indeed if Carson leaves school. He needs the molding influence of steady older boys. Sadie shouldn't worry so much over Carson's being neglected by the finest boys there. God will see that he has all the help he will make use of, and of the right kind. Any girl is safer not to put too much confidence in a boy that other boys don't care for. Impossible as it may seem to Sadie, I think it more than likely that much of Carson's talk of leaving school is to keep her "preaching" to him; and uneasy as she feels about stopping her efforts to help him, she'd better do it and that right away. He won't succumb to the shock; he is made of better stuff than she gives him credit for. He may need encouraging, but he doesn't need coaxing.

It seems a bit conceited in Miss Sadie to repeat what Carson said about getting more good out of talking with her than he did from the talk he had with Miss True. Miss True's wholesome advice has been a genuine inspiration to many boys and girls. It is founded on an experience deeper and wider than any schoolgirl's, and is warmed by a deep, whole-hearted interest in every boy and girl who comes within the range of her influence. Sadie may be just as sweet as Miss True, but she lacks her force of character. As to understanding Carson better because she is "nearer his age" and "more sympathetic," I fear she overvalues her knowledge of human nature, and surely she underestimates Miss True's.

When I wrote that I was disturbed over Sadie's attitude toward school regulations, I was referring to what you said about her thinking she *must* have some confidential talks with Carson, and since "Miss True doesn't understand Carson" and is inclined to "misjudge" Sadie's own motives, her best way is to

see him whenever she can without the permission or knowledge of the faculty. Her being "sorry" about it but feeling that it is "in a good cause," reminds me of the saying attributed to Paul by his enemies, "Let us do evil, that good may come." How can a girl expect her influence will help a boy to live up to the highest ideals of a school whose regulations she knowingly and wilfully violates? And the very fact that both young people know they are not doing exactly right will make them promising victims for further temptations.

In this particular case there is yet another danger. Sadie tells you that her interest in Carson is positively nothing more than that of a sister; that she is a full year older than he, and besides, he isn't at all the type of boy she could ever care for in any other way. She may be older than he is, but she mustn't lay too much stress on that difference on her own account, and as for the boy, it only makes him more susceptible. As to whether or not she might ever care for him I'm sure I don't know. Neither does she! But if she were absolutely sure about herself, how can she be sure about the boy? Surely the girl who willingly allows a young man to care for her when she has no idea of ever caring for him, is nothing less than a flirt. Moreover, I think that term applies to any one who engages in love-making without the definite idea of marriage in mind. Surely young people of seventeen and eighteen doing academic work are not ready to marry! They would be shocked to think of it. Then, until they are, they would better keep clear of love-making or anything that might lead to it.

I don't know how much of what I have said you will be able to make Sadie believe. Truly there are "none so blind as they who will not see," but you owe it to her to do all you can to help her. Outside of that, keep entirely out of her affairs of the kind, and if she tells you of things she does that are out of keeping with school regulations, you should persuade her to tell Miss True all about it. Then you will not be implicated in any such piece of disloyalty to your school. And it is disloyal to break any rule. I believe the Christian student's ideal at school should be to live in harmony with every requirement that does not actually conflict with his conscience; and surely the one who does this will have little trouble with his teacher. Whether or not the various regulations are wise or necessary is not for the student to determine. The teachers upon whom this responsibility rests, grapple with problems which bring into play their

best powers of mind and experience, and over and over again they seek God that their human wisdom may be supplemented by the divine.

Our teachers thoroughly approve of the association of boys and girls during their school days. It is of mutual benefit as well as pleasure; that is why our schools are all coeducational. But they could never stand for the high grade of work they now do if all the girls—or half of them—were to take the position Sadie does. Ask her if she would think it a good plan for every girl in school to choose some particular boy upon whom to concentrate her missionary activities. What is wrong for others is wrong for Sadie.

You are coming to your final examinations, and you would better give close attention to your school work these last weeks of school. Keep the cobwebs out of your brain by spending some part of every day out in the fresh air. Be sweet and cheerful and helpful to all who need you, and when your school days are over, you can look back upon them with satisfaction. My love and most earnest prayers are for you.

AUNT GUSSIE.

Check Up Your Friend — and Yourself

IN modern industry there have been created many new positions and offices unheard of a decade ago. They are still too new to be given a place in dictionaries and encyclopedias. Chief among these positions are those of efficiency expert and industrial engineer.

The man or woman holding such an office must understand human nature and just how much the human machine is capable of producing. Employees of large manufactories are listed according to their efficiency and capacity for producing superior work.

It pays directors and stockholders of such establishments to reward with the largest salaries the men and women who can direct their plant along efficient lines. Incomes trebling that of the president of the United States are not unknown, and can be demanded by the men and women who can bring about efficient conditions in industry.

We may with profit assume the rôle of efficiency expert, and check up our friends, including ourselves, to see who are really attempting to get the most out of life. Find out those—including yourself—who hold themselves up to a standard they have deliberately set that is high and gripping.

When you have checked over your friends according to such standards, plan your associations accordingly. It is still true that a man is known by the company that he chooses.

Friends with high ideals are worthy of greater consideration—they are worth cultivating. Young men and women who work and strive will some day achieve success; the thing is axiomatic—it is bound to come.

Friends (so called) who fail to pass the test are those who believe in "taking life easy" and "having a good time." There are young men, and young women too, who are slovens in talk, action, and in producing anything worth while. They slide along a day at a time, complaining often, achieving nothing of value.

Make a covenant with yourself to be efficient in life. Pledge yourself to work and strive and labor for the good and the true. Here are a few ready-

made resolutions that you might care to use in your personal, everyday life. They set standards to live by, to judge your friends and yourself by:

I will endeavor to—

Work hard, live hard, and eat lightly.

Keep a check on appetite, fearing enslaving habits.

Keep informed on world events.

Give as a tenth of my life a tenth of all I earn.

Drive my mind to its full capacity.

Keep my soul fresh, my heart warm, my hope high.

Maintain a generous judgment for all men.

Keep a song in my heart and sarcasm and smut from my lips.

Take time daily for reading the Bible and good books and for music, love, and prayer.

Pay bills, answer letters, meet duty, make decisions promptly.

Save money, conserve life and resources.

Keep the Sabbath, and worship at the church.

Meet with Christians in fellowship and prayer.

Do all within my power to spread the gospel light of Christianity among those about me.

Check up daily at my private judgment seat.

UTHAI V. WILCOX.

Kadesh-Barnea

THERE are eleven days' journey from Horeb by the way of Mount Seir unto Kadesh-barnea." When Moses wrote these simple words at the beginning of his last book, it must have been with a sense of deep sadness. He was about to speak his last words to the Israelites "on this side Jordan," in the fortieth year after they had left Sinai. Forty years to come an eleven days' journey! Six hundred thousand graves of unbelief in the wilderness! Surely he who travels by the road of unbelief, will not soon arrive at happiness or well-being. There are Kadesh-barneas in every life. They stand at the entrances to the promised land of self-control, victory, and Christian character. There is only an eleven days' journey from the Horeb of conversion unto Kadesh-barnea, and we may enter into victory over temper, insincerity, greed, and selfishness, if we will let God have His way in our lives. But we fail to trust Him for strength to conquer our giant temptations, looking only at our own grasshopper powers; or we go out in our own strength to fight our foes, and they smite us woefully and discomfit us "even unto Hormah" (this is, being interpreted, utter destruction). Then we are fain to turn back into the wilderness until all our self-sufficiency is dead, and God can bring us by His own stretched-out arm into His Promised Land. But there is no need of the wilderness wandering, if we will but remember that it is only eleven days' journey unto the Kadesh-barnea of faith.

MARY H. MOORE.

Life

A LITTLE sun, a little rain,
A little loss, a little gain,
A little joy, a little strife—
And this is life.

A little work, a little play,
Some kind deed done each passing day,
A few good-bys, a setting sun—
And life is done.

—Nelson Weedon.

"THERE is no playing fast and loose with the truth in any game, without getting the worst of it."



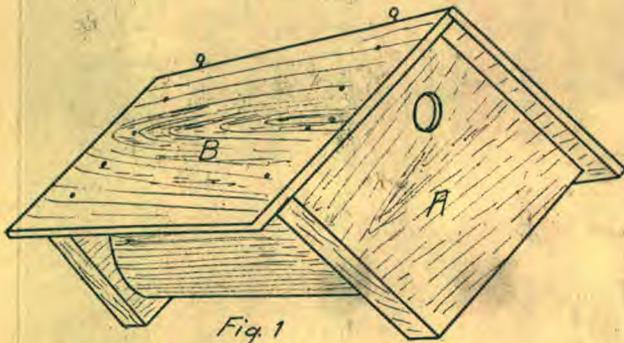
A Wren House

WILLIAM B. MILLER

ALMOST every boy likes to make things, and certainly every Seventh-day Adventist boy should like to make houses for God's birds. Just at this time they are returning from the Southland, and are looking for a place in which to build their nests and rear their young.

As boys we have an excellent opportunity to help

A WREN HOME



Easily made from an empty tomato-can and an old orange crate.

them protect themselves. You can easily make a house for wrens that will just suit them, and will at the same time protect them from the old cat and the weather.

This house is made without expense. All you need is an empty tin can, what is known as the number three size; this is the size ordinarily used to can tomatoes, beans, peaches, and pears. A small five-pound tin bucket will do good service.

In either case the tin should be rusty, as bright tins or a can covered with bright-colored paper is not satisfactory to the birds. Rusty tin looks more natural.

The pieces A in Figs. 1 and 4 are easily made from the ends or partition boards of an old orange crate or any other packing box used for soap or canned goods. These two pieces should be about three fourths of an inch thick and about five and one-half or six inches square. Nail the can to one piece and bore a one-inch hole in the other in such a position that it will be near the top of the can when the roof is nailed on. Do not put the can too near the roof. The roof is simply to hold the ends together and to shade the can so that the hot sun will not strike it. If space is left between the can and the roof boards, the air can circulate between.

The entrance hole should be just about one inch across. If you do not have the right size bit, lay a twenty-five-cent piece down and mark the circle around it, and then bore small holes around the inside of the circle and finish smoothing up the hole with your pocketknife.

The roof boards B in Figs. 1, 2, and 5 can be made from the thin boards in the orange crate or packing box. Remember they need not be in one

piece, as they are not intended to keep off water; the tin can will not leak. These boards are to act as a parasol to keep off the sun.

This house may be made with a larger can or bucket for bluebirds, but the entrance hole must be made larger.

The birds will thank you for helping them to an acceptable house.

A Word to Boys

LAST year the editor promised the boys some lessons in carpentry, but was unable to keep that promise, as the one who was to write the articles failed to provide them, owing to pressure of other work.

Brother William B. Miller, of Holton, Kansas, recently volunteered to come to our aid. Mr. Miller is at present teaching woodwork to more than half a hundred boys in the Junior High School of Holton. He offers his services to INSTRUCTOR boys without charge, just because he likes boys and wants to help them learn to make useful things. He will not only tell you how to make certain articles, but will write to you personally, explaining any point not thoroughly understood, if you write him concerning that point. There is one condition, however, upon which this favor depends, and that is that every boy who writes to Mr. Miller shall inclose a two-cent stamp for reply; for this is one of the fundamental business conventions of good form.

Mr. Miller desires all boys who intend to join his class in woodwork to send him the information called for in what follows:

(Concluded on page sixteen)



Fig. 2

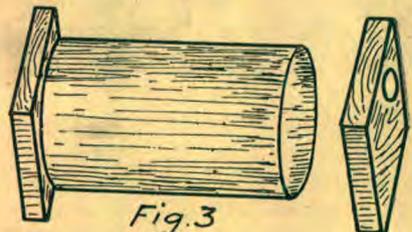


Fig. 3

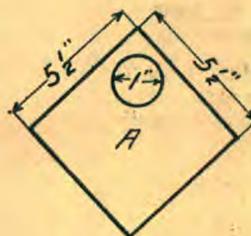


Fig. 4

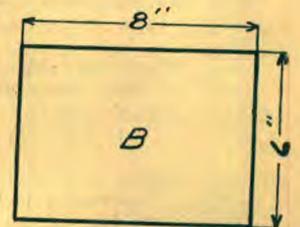


Fig. 5



“ Is There a God? ”

THERE is a God! On every flower
Is stamped the Maker's face;
But doubters are not given power
His image there to trace.

Faith can, alone, gaze 'neath the veil
That covers sea and land;
Doubt dare not, lest the Truth assail
With an o'erpowering hand.

There is a God! all nature cries,
Beseeching us to look
Into her golden, sunny eyes,
And read the open book.

Upon the sea, within the air,
His adumbrations are;
Look where you will, His face is there
Reflected like a star.

There is a God! Pause in thy doubt
And study man and plants;
Behold the proofs that lie about, —
Do these things come by chance?

Creation's voice, — the foaming sea,
The gentle winds that blow,
The birds that sing from every tree, —
Sounds forth an endless, “ No! ”

— T. Shelley Sutton.



Just for the Juniors



The Snowdrop's Call

"COME, wake up," said the Snowdrop
To a Crocus sleeping nigh,
"The sun is brightly shining,
And there's blue up in the sky.

"The snow has left the hilltops,
And the frost is going, too;
So it's time that you were waking,
For to show your face of blue.

"Come, Daffodil, I'm calling;
You are sleeping much too long;
For the bluebirds are returning,
And I've heard the robin's song.

"The south wind is gently blowing,
For I heard it 'mongst the trees,
And the Hyacinth is waking
To perfume the gentle breeze.

"Come, Jonquil, do not linger!
For the morn is passing fast;
If you soon are not awaking,
You will surely be the last."

The Crocus woke up quickly
When she heard the Snowdrop's call,
And put forth her face of blue,
When the snow began to fall.

She shivered in the snowflakes
That fell about her feet;
Then was sorry she was wakened
From her winter's quiet sleep.

"You have called us all too early,"
Said the sleepy Daffodil,
"For the north wind still is blowing,
And the nights are cold and chill."

Then they all dropped back to slumber
Till the days some warmer grew;
Then their winter nap was ended,
And they woke, and blossomed too.

—Alice Lewis Richards.

Polly's Easter Service

IT began in the fall, when Miss Eames brought a bundle to Sunday school — a queer, knobby bundle that the scholars eyed with open curiosity. Was it something to eat? They hoped so.

Miss Eames was a district worker, and her Sunday school met on Front Street, where the city stopped and the big blue bay began. Only very poor people lived there, and the uptown churches never had seemed to find them. But Miss Eames knew them well and spent much time among them, trying to help bodies as well as souls to be clean.

The queer, knobby bundle held an experiment — Miss Eames' own brother had shrieked with laughter at the idea of giving flower bulbs to mission scholars. "They would appreciate onions much more," declared Tom. But the sister had thought the matter over carefully, so she only smiled pleasantly and said: "I'm trying to help them, Tom. I'm praying to help them. I think I'll succeed, and it's worth the effort."

"You're a good little sis — take your onions and go. I won't laugh another giggle," and Tom bestowed a spirited hug.

She gave an earnest little talk before she distributed the bulbs, describing the flowers that would reward patient care. "They ought to be in bloom at Easter, children, and you can bring them all back to decorate our room and make things lovely," she finished.

Some of the scholars wriggled, some pouted because the bulbs were not biscuit, and some hummed under their breath the songs they were impatient to hear. But there was one pair of elfish black eyes that never left Miss Eames' face as she talked, two thin brown hands that clasped each other tightly and did not keep in motion as all the other hands were doing.

Eyes and hands were strangers to the teacher. How Polly Potter ever got into Front Street Mission would have been a mystery to King George's Row, where she lived. They were miles apart — her home and this school — but Polly had a way of turn-

ing up in unexpected places, and the dwellers in King George's Row didn't trouble themselves to keep track of her. Her Aunt Millie, who in a lazy, haphazard sort of way attempted the guardianship of the motherless little girl, much preferred reading novels to work of any sort, and if Polly didn't interrupt that, she might do pretty much as she pleased. This particular Sunday, she had pleased to walk to the bay side, and had turned into the mission, attracted by the singing. She did not tarry after school to be investigated. There was too much to think about on the way home. So she clasped her bulb tight and sped away before Miss Eames got to her.

"I don't believe a word of it," she told herself as she walked briskly along. "Of course it's a make-believe, but I'm going to try it, just the same. And, Polly Potter, if a real, live white flower comes popping out of this brown — er — potato, then I'm going to get the flower started out of my heart, as she said." She stopped to consider, then began again: "If the one comes true, then the other might, though of course it's a make-believe. I'll do the brown potato just like she said, but not a soul's got to know it, only dad. Catch me letting those kids laugh when it don't come true! Dad'll get me a flower pot tomorrow — he won't tell. I can keep it up in my room. Nobody ever goes there but me."

King George's Row wasn't much to look at. Its name was the only imposing part of it. It was only one square long and as wide as the narrow street. Tucked at the foot of a steep hill, it was pretty well hidden from everybody but the people who lived there, and many people in the city had never even heard of it.

A newsboys' boarding house was across from Polly's door; Tony, the street piano man, was just above; Hans, who sold sausage sandwiches out of a cart, was just below; and next door lived Pat, the hodecarrier. Polly's father was a laborer and worked steadily. He was kind to his only child, but a little

afraid of her black eyes and sharp tongue. So the child lived rather a lonely life, in spite of the swarms about her. "Think I'd 'sociate with them?" she demanded of herself, eying her neighbors with scorn. "Not so you could notice it." These same neighbors resented her attitude, and if she had not been able to take her own part, she would have been put to rout in daily scoldings. As it was, an understood enmity existed between herself and the rest—especially "those newsies," as she contemptuously called the boarders across the street.

Monday, daddy selected the flower pot with much care—a red one with gilt adornings; and to his relief, it met with Polly's approval.

"Now, don't you tell on me, dad," she reminded him. "If it happens, it's a surprise, and if it don't, you and I are all that'll know."

"Trust that to me, Polly girl," he answered, pleased at thought of this secret bond between them.

Up in the little bare room it stood, given what sunshine the tiny window could command and the careful measure of water the teacher had advised. Every morning Polly looked for signs of life, and when the first green blade appeared, she clapped her hands over her mouth to hold back the yell of joy that clamored for utterance. She reported to Miss Eames the next Sunday.

"I didn't believe it," she owned, "but if it comes true, I'm going to do it to my heart—as you said."

"Why, Polly, dear child, that makes me very happy." Miss Eames' arm was close about the erect little figure. "I must come to see you about it."

"No'm, it's too far for you. I'll be here every Sunday till I see if it comes true," and Polly slipped into a seat.

"Tom, help me pray for Polly Potter's bulb," Miss Eames asked that night. "It has begun its mission already."

True to her word, Polly came regularly to Sunday school. Every word spoken was tucked away in memory's safe-keeping to be brought out later if the flower "came true." Slowly, but surely, under the gentle instruction, the black eyes softened, the sharp tongue grew more moderate, and Polly waited with increasing patience for the wonder to happen.

The bulb in the red pot developed as if in the most up-to-date hothouse. Polly watched every shining leaf, and when at last a sheaf of buds appeared, her heart almost burst with joy. "It's coming true, I do believe it is! It'll be up to me to do what I said," she reminded herself one day, as she watched the swelling buds, which were turning from pale green to cream. "I've got to think it out so I'll be ready."

Aunt Milly looked up from her book two hours later as Polly came down the creaking stairs. "You been up there all this time?" she asked curiously. "Whatever—"

"I've been busy." That was all Polly answered, and her aunt shook her head. "That's a queer child," she took time to say, then forgot all about it.

The next Sunday Polly said abruptly to Miss Eames, "I'm not going to bring my flower here Easter."

"Why, dear, isn't it doing well?" The teacher's voice was anxious, but her pupil's black eyes sparkled. "It's the prettiest in the world, but I want it at home."

"Very well. I suppose it is too far for you to carry it," began Miss Eames.

Polly shook her head. "It's not that. Dad would bring it. But it's mine, ain't it?"

"Yes, dear, your very own."

"Then I'll keep it. I need it to—to help make the other come true."

"Can you tell me about it?" The teacher's heart was very tender toward this determined little creature.

"Well, I said I'd do it, too, if the flower did, so it's up to me to begin on Easter. King George's Row don't know much about the things you teach us, and I'm going to tell 'em Easter morning, and I need my flower to help."

"Bless your dear heart, you shall have it," promised Miss Eames, huskily. That week Polly was quiet and thoughtful. Many times her aunt looked at her curiously, and at last daddy asked, "Ain't sick, are you, Polly girl?"

Polly lifted her head. "I'm busy thinking, daddy, about my Easter—my Easter meeting."

"Your what?" Aunt Milly let her book fall in her surprise.

"My meeting. I want to ask the newsies and all the rest to come Sunday morning."

"Polly girl, they couldn't get inside," daddy reminded her gently, while Aunt Milly moaned, "Such a notion! That's what comes of missions and such things."

Polly answered daddy, "They don't have to come in. They can stand outside anywhere just so they can see what I've got to show."

Daddy lifted his eyebrows inquiringly and nodded toward the stair door. Polly answered with a violent nod and a smile so brilliant it set the man athrill. When had his girl ever looked so happy before? But she laid her finger on her lips. Aunt Milly mustn't know yet. She couldn't run the risk of having King George's Row's surprise spoiled.

That afternoon she gave her invitations to the newsies and Tony, to Hans and his family, Pat and his household—to all the dwellers in the teeming row. "You can't all get in at once to see the surprise," she told them. "But you must every one come. Tony, bring your piano, and play something pretty for us."

The newsies were inclined to make fun, but the determination in the snapping eyes kept them quiet. After all, why not? Any diversion would be a change.

"We'll be on hand, but if you're kidding us, Poll, you'd better not." George Grigg looked threatening, but Polly paid no attention—a most remarkable fact.

"Tom, do you happen to know where King George's Row is?" asked Miss Eames at the breakfast table Easter morning.

"I have that happiness. Are you contemplating a call in that aristocratic neighborhood in the near future?"

"Yes, I am—this morning, if you'll go with me."

"Today? Leave our own church after all the extra preparations?" Tom looked his surprise, but his sister only smiled and nodded.

"Yes, just that. I want to follow up the history of one of my bulbs—the one we prayed about, Tom. I think we may not regret missing church for once."

"Very well. I'm ready for anything, so long as you're the instigator," and the young man leaned over to pat a glowing cheek.

Half an hour later they set out on their journey. "It's a glorious morning—almost like early summer. Let's walk," said Tom. "The street cars don't go very near our destination anyway, and I know a

short cut down the hill. It'll usher us into backdoordom, but I don't suppose anybody'll care for that."

Nobody did. King George's Row was too much engrossed with what was going on in the street itself. "Third house from end," Miss Eames remembered. "This must be the one, but I suppose we should go to the corner so as to arrive at the front in approved fashion."

Then the back door flew open and smiling daddy stood therein, basin in hand on his way to the hydrant. It didn't take more than a minute for introductions, then daddy said: "She's got a roomful of company in there, and a lot on the front stoop, but I couldn't get dressed in time to help her. The crowd got ahead of me." Then daddy ushered his visitors noiselessly through the kitchen and into the little front room.

It sat in the window, which was open wide, a magnificent, stately Easter lily with a circling crown of waxen blooms. At the window stood Polly looking out on a crowd of neighbors. The child was talking of her flower. "It's the truth," she declared. "I didn't believe it myself when I brought home the brown, potato-looking thing. But there it is — water and sunshine brought it out, just like my teacher said it would." She paused, but the crowd was still, held by the commanding little figure and the steady eyes. "We're every one of us like the brown thing — every single one," Polly began again; "and long as we stay that way we'll be ugly and horrid. But God can make us different — like he made my flower. You needn't laugh, George Grigg. It's true — my teacher said so and she knows. And I — I'm going to." The brave voice shook a little, then went on. "I've been ugly and hateful all my life and you can't deny it, but I'm tired of it. I'm tired of all of us. Let's get busy and be — be different. I'm going to begin by not being so mean to everybody. I'm going to try to treat you all better, and maybe in my school I'll learn more —" The voice caught and tangled itself in a sob.

Then a kind arm slipped about the little figure in the window and a sweet face appeared over Polly's shoulder. "My friends," said a new voice, "I want to tell you a story." Then simply Miss Eames told of the crucified and risen Saviour and all He might mean — all He wanted to do for the people in King George's Row. Her lovely, glowing face held the attention of every one. Through it all, Polly stood, her face radiant with joy, and when Miss Eames paused, she cried eagerly, "Play, Tony." It was just an Italian melody that Tony played on his street piano, jangly and somewhat off the key, but somehow it went straight to the hearts of Polly's ill-assorted guests.

When it was finished, Polly said, a little shyly: "You can every one come in and look at my flower. It's going to sit right in that window, long as it lasts, so every time you go past you can see it. And long as it lasts it's going to keep on saying, 'Let's be different.'"

Miss Eames and Tom stayed till the crowd had filed in and out — stayed to drop a word of good cheer here and advice there. Then they stood in the front door and sang together a glad Easter carol for the people outside.

"But it was your service, Polly dear," the teacher said as she bade the family good-by a little later. "You are the one to help your hope come true. And, Polly, never forget that a life that grows and de-

velops out of the ugly brown bulb of selfishness and unkindness is more beautiful than any lily that ever bloomed."

Polly stood straight and lifted her head with its determined toss. "We've begun, and we're not going to stop till everybody in King George's Row is different, Aunt Milly and dad and I aren't, Miss Eames. I'm going to ask Jesus to help me not to be cross and sulky and scoldy any more — O, and just lots and lots of other things."

"You can't fail, Polly," said Miss Eames, softly, "if you trust Him."

The teacher and her brother climbed the steep hill behind the little houses in silence. Finally Tom cleared his throat a bit uncertainly.

"I wonder," he muttered.

The little teacher threw back her head in a determined little way that curiously resembled Polly.

"I know, brother mine.—*Elizabeth Price.*"

Procrastination Is the Thief of Time

MAX FULTON was a young man full of hopes and high ambition for the future. He lived on a farm near a quiet village with his parents, who kept before him the high ideals which most of his acquaintances did not have.

Max was just leaving his high school years behind and had his goal set for a college course; but his parents were people of very moderate circumstances, and obtaining a college education meant the expenditure of no small sum.

However, they desired very much that their son should begin his course the following year, and Max, too, was full of enthusiasm over the matter.

Finally, after much planning and replanning, it was decided that in order to save the expense of hiring a carpenter, sometime during the summer Max should do some repair work on the house which needed to be done before fall, and thus the month of September would find him on his way to a Christian college many miles from his home.

"Max," said Mr. Fulton a few days after the decision, "it is not yet quite two months until school time, and it will take you a month to repair the house. I believe you ought to begin it soon. Procrastination, you know, is the thief of time."

"Well, I suppose I ought to, father. I've been thinking about it; but I guess there's plenty of time. I'll get it started by and by, though," said Max, full of good intentions.

Several weeks passed by. Max seemed to enjoy every minute of them. The old home had greater attractions for him than ever before, for he knew that he had not many more days to spend there. He appreciated father and mother more. Everything about the place seemed more homelike. He gave more sugar to the colt, more pats to the horses and cows, and more treats to old "Shep."

In spite of the half-sad feelings, he looked forward to the near future with more than happy anticipation, for was he not soon to begin his college days? And four years would soon fly by, when he would launch out upon a new career.

One evening toward the last of August, a rap was heard at the door of the Fulton home. Oren Wilton had called to have a visit with Max. "You'll find Max in his room," said Mr. Fulton. "Just go in. He will be glad to see you."

"O, packing his trunk?"

"Yes, I think he is," said Mr. Fulton, gravely.

"Hello, Max. I'm ahead of you on this deal. My trunk is all packed. There will be so many things to do in the last two or three days without that."

"I suppose I should have done it before, but I just kept putting it off. O well, I'll get it done, anyway," said Max, carelessly. "Do you know what studies you will take, Oren?"

"Yes, I have that all figured out. What are yours to be?"

"I haven't yet set myself to find out."

And so the conversation continued during the evening. Oren left the house that night rejoicing. "I'll see you at the station a week from today," he said.

Two or three evenings later, when supper was over, Max came into the sitting-room where his father and mother were, with the college catalogue in his hand. He had come to talk with them about his course of study for the following year.

"Max," said Mr. Fulton, with sympathy and sternness in his voice, but with a look of disappointment on his face, "you have not finished the task that was given you to complete before leaving for school. It will now be necessary for you to wait until after Christmas and begin with the last semester."

"That will make me lose a year of time on my course, father."

"Yes, my son, procrastination is the thief of time."

Max learned his lesson. It was a matter of keenest disappointment to him, but he bore it bravely. The next day he took his bicycle and rode over to Oren's home and told him of the valuable lesson he had learned and how he had learned it. He was glad he was not permitted to begin his studies with such an indolent habit in his life. He learned his lesson, but the price was great.

IVY GARBER.

Do It to a Finish

NO, no, princess," called the governess. "You must finish the haycock. A princess must always finish what she begins."

Princess Victoria went back to the pile with her little rake, and piled the straw into a neat haycock.

Years later when the little princess had become Queen Victoria, she remembered the lesson her governess had taught her. Day after day she was presented with a great many dry state papers to sign. Never once did she throw them aside. She read every single one, and had it carefully explained even though it was hard to understand. Perhaps some of the statesmen thought the young girl would get tired and give it up, but they didn't know Victoria if they thought that. She had become queen of a great country, and she purposed to finish the work given her.

Away back in a certain dark corner of an attic, there was a pasteboard box all tucked away out of sight. Mary wanted to forget all about that box, and so she had left it there until its cover was thick with dust. But at last there was a big moving day, and mother found the box and blew the dust from it. When she opened it, what do you suppose she saw! Right on top was a pretty doily with only one flower worked. Underneath that was a cushion cover. That was nearly done except for the outlining. Mary always did hate to make the outline stitch. There were a lot of things only half finished,—a handkerchief and a collar,—all folded away in that pasteboard box. "Poor Mary," thought mother, "how she does hate to finish what she begins, especially if it takes a long time!"

I wonder if the Juniors are like Mary, or like the little Princess Victoria. Do they finish what they begin? Let's see! It is very nearly time to start a new Reading Course. There will be some very interesting stories, and every boy and girl will want to start right out on the new one as soon as it is announced. But is the one you began last year all finished? Perhaps you read "My Dogs of the Northland" and most of "A'Chu." Perhaps you have even picked out a few of the most interesting chapters in "Knowing Insects Through Stories." Why not finish up to the very last word, and get a certificate?

Harry is a healthy, wide-awake boy of thirteen. He had this year's course entirely finished by Christmas time. But he didn't stop reading. He got a list of all the back Reading Courses, and found that he had read parts of several. And so he went into the finishing-up business. No matter how long or hard the book, if it belonged to a partly finished course, he read it. Today there are five Reading Course certificates due him, and he says he has had a real good time earning them.

Now then, Juniors, here is a chance for you to show what you are made of. If it is the stuff that really wins, you will finish up your 1920-21 course with a flourish. There is still plenty of time if you make up your mind to do it. Just straighten that backbone of yours and go to it.

Do it to a finish.

HARRIET HOLT.

Our Counsel Corner

Just what does it mean to believe in Jesus?

G. A. Y.

It is not clear to me just what the question means. However, let us view the question from various angles. As to results it means everything to believe in Jesus. It means a transformed character in this life, and eternal life when we reach the end of our earthly sojourn. It means joy, comfort, and the "peace that passeth understanding" even amid persecution. But from our viewpoint, what does it mean, or how can we believe in Jesus? I am sure the questioner means believing unto salvation; not the kind of belief the devils exercise, who "believe and tremble." First of all, to believe in Jesus to take Him at His word; and to do that calls for implicit obedience. Faith in Jesus cannot thrive without obedience to Jesus. Faith must have obedience for its companion. Test this truth, and I am sure you will soon find the best answer that can be given to your question.

M. E. A.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

III — The Death of Christ

(April 16)

Daily-Study Outline

1. SYNOPSIS: paragraph 1, looking up texts.
2. Synopsis, paragraphs 2, 3, looking up texts.
3. Synopsis, paragraph 4, looking up texts.
4. Questions 1-5.
5. Questions 6-9.
6. Questions 10-12.
7. Review the Synopsis.

Synopsis

SEED THOUGHT: "As we behold the Lamb of God upon the cross of Calvary, the mystery of redemption begins to unfold to our minds."—*Steps to Christ*, p. 30.

1. John the Baptist called Christ the Lamb of God. John 1: 29. Every sacrifice offered in the typical service was a prophecy of Christ, our Sacrifice. Eph. 5: 2. Isaiah said our sins were to be laid on Him. Isa. 53: 6, 7. While the people to whom Christ came "killed the Prince of life" (Acts 3: 15), yet He voluntarily laid down His life for our salvation (John 10: 17, 18).

2. By His death, Christ conquered Satan and delivered us from the bondage of sin. Heb. 2:14, 15. By His death we are reconciled to God (Rom. 5:10), and without the shedding of His blood there could be no remission of sin (Heb. 9:22).

3. Again and again the Scriptures refer to the fact that Christ died in the place of the sinner. Rom. 14:15; 1 Cor. 8:11; 2 Cor. 5:15.

4. As the Good Shepherd, He taught that He was to give His life for the sheep (John 10:11), and spoke of giving up His life as the greatest proof of love (John 15:13). It is thus evident that from the beginning of His ministry (John 2:19), during His ministry (Matt. 16:21), and at the close of it (Matt. 20:17, 18), Jesus looked forward to the cross as the climax of His work in behalf of man.

Questions

1. How did John the Baptist designate Christ? John 1:29.
2. To what did the sacrifices of the typical service point? Eph. 5:2.
3. What prophecy of Isaiah was thus fulfilled in Christ? Isa. 53:6, 7.
4. How was Christ treated by His own people? Acts 3:15.
5. How did Christ relate Himself to the sacrifice of His life? John 10:17, 18.
6. Whom did Christ conquer by His death? Heb. 2:14, 15.
7. What did His death accomplish for us? Rom. 5:10.
8. What could not be done without the shedding of blood? Heb. 9:22.
9. Give texts that refer to the death of Christ for sinners. See synopsis, paragraph 3.
10. How did Christ refer to His death in speaking of the Good Shepherd? John 10:11.
11. What did Christ declare to be the greatest proof of love? John 15:13.
12. To what did Christ look forward at the beginning of, during, and at the close of His ministry? See synopsis, paragraph 4, last part.

Intermediate Lesson

III — The Great Commandment; the Widow's Mites

(April 16)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 12:28-44.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 22:35-46; Luke 21:1-4.

MEMORY VERSE: "God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9:7.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 606-616.

PERSONS: Jesus and the scribe; the disciples; the poor widow.

PLACE: In the temple.

Setting of the Lesson

The Pharisees had asked Jesus many questions, hoping to lead Him into saying something that would cause the people to lose confidence in Him, or could be made to appear as a statement of disloyalty to the government, so that the Romans would arrest Him. All these questions He had answered so wisely that the Pharisees had been embarrassed as they recognized the truth He was teaching and its meaning to them. In this lesson a seemingly honest scribe asks a question concerning the law of God.

"To obey is better than sacrifice,
The Lord hath said;
To hearken when He commandeth
Than an offering made."

Questions

1. How much had the enemies of Jesus gained by trying to entangle Him with hard questions? Note 1.
2. Who stood by and heard Jesus and the Pharisees talking? What did the scribe notice about the answers Jesus had given? Mark 12:28, first part. Note 2.
3. What question did the scribe ask? Verse 28, last part. Note 3.
4. What did Jesus say was the first commandment? Verses 29, 30.
5. What did He say of the second commandment? Verse 31.
6. What did Jesus mean by speaking as if there were but two commandments to be obeyed in love? Note 4.
7. What did the scribe then confess before all the priests and rulers? What did he say was better than burnt offerings and sacrifices? Verses 32, 33.
8. When Jesus saw how wisely the scribe had spoken, what did He say to him? Verse 34.

9. What question did Jesus then ask the Pharisees? What answer did they give? Matt. 22:41, 42. Note 5.

10. In reply to the statement that Jesus was the son of David, what puzzling question did He ask? Verses 43-45.

11. What were the Pharisees unable to do? Verse 46. Note 6.

12. Where did Jesus sit for a time when He was in the courts of the temple? What attracted His attention? What did the rich among the Jews do? Mark 12:41. Note 7.

13. Among others, who came with an offering? How much did she give? Verse 42. Note 8.

14. Whom did Jesus call to Him? What did He say concerning the poor widow? Verse 43.

Lessons to Be Remembered

One who knows what is truth need not be afraid of hard questions.

Love to God and love to man creates a desire in the heart to keep the law of God.

"Not the great things which every eye sees and every tongue praises does God account most precious. The little duties cheerfully done, the little gifts which make no show, and which to human eyes may appear worthless, often stand highest in His sight. A heart of faith and love is dearer to God than the most costly gift."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 615.

Notes

1. The adversaries of Jesus "had gained nothing but the contempt of the people."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 606.

2. The scribes were men of learning. They made copies of different portions of the Scriptures. "So great was their care in copying that they counted and compared all letters, to be sure that none were left out that belonged to the text, or none admitted improperly." At the time of Christ many of the people depended upon the scribes to interpret the Scriptures for them.

3. The Pharisees had taught that the first four commandments—those that point out our duty to God—were greater than the last six, which point out our duty to men. Many had grown very selfish in their treatment of one another. Jesus pointed out this sin so strongly that some accused Him of saying that the last six commandments were greater than the first four.

4. When we love God with *all* our heart, we do not want to have other gods; we do not bow down to images; we do not speak His name irreverently; we do not forget to keep His Sabbath day holy.

When we love our neighbor as ourself, we do not disobey our parents; we do not hate or kill our neighbor; we do not steal anything from him; we do not bear false witness against him; we do not covet anything that belongs to him.

We see, then, that love to God causes us to keep the first four commandments, and love to man causes us to keep the last six.

5. The answer of the Pharisees was true. Jesus was the son of David, for Mary, His mother, was of that family. The Jews would no doubt have accepted Him as the son of David and their king had He proposed to free them from the Roman government and make them an independent nation.

6. The Pharisees would not have been so puzzled had they only believed that Jesus, born in Bethlehem, was the Son of God as well as a descendent of the line of David. David would worship Jesus as the Son of God.

7. In one of the courts of the temple, treasure chests were placed in front of the columns which supported the galleries. It was the custom for the people to bring their money offerings to the temple and place them in these chests. This gave an opportunity for the rich to make a show of their gifts and to receive the honor of men for their liberality.

8. "The word translated 'mite' denotes a small coin made of brass—the smallest in use among the Jews. It was in value about three mills and a half, or one third of a cent."—*Barnes*.

"Jesus was in the court where were the treasure chests, and He watched those who came to deposit their gifts. Many of the rich brought large sums, which they presented with great ostentation. Jesus looked upon them sadly, but made no comment on their liberal offerings. Presently His countenance lighted as He saw a poor widow approach hesitatingly, as though fearful of being observed. As the rich and the haughty swept by, to deposit their offerings, she shrank back as if hardly daring to venture farther. And yet she longed to do something, little though it might be, for the cause she loved. She looked at the gift in her hand. It was very small in comparison with the gifts of those around her, yet it was her all. Watching her opportunity, she hurriedly threw in her two mites, and turned to hasten away. But in doing this she caught the eye of Jesus, which was fastened earnestly upon her. . . . Tears of joy filled her eyes as she felt that her act was understood and appreciated. . . . Her heart went with her gift; its value was estimated, not by the worth of the coin, but by the love to God and the interest in His work that had prompted the deed."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 614, 615.

Rule for Dress

"Wear nothing you have to excuse; wear nothing you have to explain."

Correct School Dress

THE following suggestions on proper attire for high school girls were adopted by the Council of Friendship Clubs of the District of Columbia, which has a membership of more than 450 high school girls:

"Rouge, lip sticks, eyebrow pencils, and beauty marks are banned, with only a moderate use of face powder.

"High and French heeled shoes shall not be worn during school hours.

"Lace, drop-stitch, and fancy silk stockings should not be worn at any time.

"Extreme hairdressing and fancy combs and pins are prohibited.

"Flimsy Georgette blouses shall be replaced by serge dresses of proper length with long sleeves in winter, and gingham dresses during the spring and fall. Middies, shirt waists, and skirts of proper length shall be appropriate at all times."

While these rules apply only to members of the clubs, it is hoped that eventually the influence of this modest attire will be felt and acted upon by all school-girls in the national capital.

What is good for girls in this fair city, will no doubt be approved by many throughout the land. At least we shall hope this result will follow.

The Try-Square

ARE you not familiar with that very useful tool owned by every carpenter, the try-square? It is a ribbon-like piece of steel bent at right angles, which is of service in measuring and in making square corners. Dr. M. D. Babcock teaches an important spiritual lesson from this common tool. He says:

"Most religions are meant to be straight lines connecting two points—God and man. If man can be right with God, if he can please and pacify Him, all will be well. But Christianity has three points,—God and man and his brother,—with two lines that make a right angle. Each one of us is at the point of an angle, looking up to God and out to his brother. What God sends down the perpendicular line we must pass on along the horizontal. If one hand goes up to God, the other must go out to our brother. If I am tempted, I must look both ways, and consider my brother as well as my God."

Paul must have had the essential idea of this spiritual try-square in mind when he said: "If meat maketh my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." We may think that a certain course will produce no evil effect upon us; but we cannot consider ourselves alone. We must think whether there is a possibility that our example might cause another to take the same course, upon whom an evil effect would be produced. If so, we must refuse to yield. The Lord expects us thus to be our brother's keeper.

It was this high regard for the consciences of others that made possible the following incident, related by Miss Kate McBeth:

"The Nez Perces Indians have great reverence for the church. This was well impressed upon some of our presbyters at one of our Fourth of July camp-meetings near the church at Lapwai. We, with four white ministers and several friends, had taken our dinner, intending to eat under the trees near the church. We had spread it out on some boards on the ground, when a heavy rain began to fall. We were not long in deciding to go into the church. Two or three of the ministers picked up the board on which our feast was spread. This procession was headed by one of the ladies carrying the steaming coffee pot, followed by the remainder of the company laden with baskets, etc. They proceeded to carry the decision into effect. Two old Indian women sat under a tree near the door, and when I came up a few steps behind the others, one of them exclaimed, 'Miss Kate, why do you allow those whites to desecrate the house of God by going in there to eat?'

When I told the brethren how they felt, they meekly laid down the board, as if seeking protection from the rain only. It was a hungry party that stood there for an hour, waiting for the rain to cease, but not one mouthful did we dare touch, for there sat the old women, eying every move, nor did they leave until we and our provisions were well upon the outside."

This is Christian love and godly fear beautifully exemplified in those who walk humbly and carefully before God.

F. D. C.

A Notice

THE International Sunday School lessons for 1921 provide three studies on health. The dates and subjects of these lessons are as follows:

April 10, "Bible Teachings About Health."

September 18, "Abstinence for the Sake of Others."

October 30, World's Temperance Sunday.

These days offer excellent opportunities for the circulation of the ANTI-TOBACCO INSTRUCTOR among the Sunday schools. Will you not see that the teachers of all the schools in your vicinity are solicited for the Annual? Many will gladly purchase enough copies to supply each member with a copy, if some one will take the trouble to acquaint them with the paper.

May we all awake to the responsibility which the increase of the tobacco habit thrusts upon those who understand the harmfulness of the use of this narcotic; and may we do all we can to counteract the evil influence of tobacco propaganda and tobacco advertising.

A Word to Boys

(Concluded from page nine)

1. Give your name in full.
2. State your address, giving street number, post office box, or R. F. D., city, and State.
3. Give your age.
4. What is your father's occupation?
5. What do you intend to do when you grow up?
6. Have you ever had any manual-training work in your school life?
7. Do you have a workbench and vise?
8. What kinds of lumber can you secure to use in making projects?
9. Mention articles you may have made.
10. What tools in this list do you have or can borrow to use? Saws: rip, crosscut, back, coping. Planes: jack, smooth, block. Squares: framing, try. Cutting tools: drawknife, spokeshave; chisel, 1 inch, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch. Boring tools: bit stock or brace, gimlet bits, auger bits, rose or countersink. Miscellaneous: marking gauge, serew driver, hammer, nail set, compass.
11. Mention several things you would like to make.

"If you would distinguish yourself, learn to distinguish between quick action and hasty judgment."

"A FORGIVEN man is as much a witness to Christ's power as a healed man."

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