

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 69

April 19, 1921

No. 16



© International Film Service, Inc., N. Y.

Mastrienni, Sculptor

THE TRANSFIGURATION



# From Here and There

The United States annually consumes 50,000,000 barrels of salt.

Walter Williams Husband, of St. Johnsbury, Vermont, has been appointed commissioner of immigration. Mr. Husband plans to direct immigration toward agricultural districts.

Three parts of salicylic methyl ester and one part of benzyl benzoate will form a mixture, it is claimed, that when the hand or arm is immersed in it, the flesh becomes transparent.

Every nineteenth American lives in New York City, and one tenth of all manufactured products is made there. There are twice as many theaters in New York, and three times as many hotels as are in London.

Two amateur radio inventors have completed an apparatus, on which they have been experimenting for several years, which can be attached to their automobile and operated while traveling. Tests of these telephone and telegraph instruments which they have attached to their automobile have proved successful, and they now plan to place their invention on the market.

The metal tip comes off a shoe lace invariably when one is in a hurry. Why not get rid of the metal tip entirely? That is done in a new invention brought out by Dr. Bibard of Paris. His lace is made entirely of silk, the end twisted so tightly that no metal tip is required. To accomplish this, a special machine had to be constructed. The machine winds the silk thread tightly around the end of the lace, making a tip that is as serviceable as one of metal. It will not come off.

Cerium resembles iron in luster and color, but is soft, tough, and malleable. The gas-mantle industry founded by Auer von Welsbach, produces cerium in its waste products, and from the cerium, alloyed with iron, a new kind of match has been invented. It is literally an iron match. It strikes sparks; it is familiar in pocket lighters. By turning the little wheel of the lighter, a spark ignites an alcohol wick. The iron match, which takes the place of a whole box of matches, is safe and economical. These pyrophoric matches were used in the trenches during the war. They promise to become a popular substitute for wooden matches.

W. M. Aikman is president of the Central Stamping Company of New York City, and has been connected with this company since he was nineteen years of age. During these seventy-three years of service the weather has kept him from his office only twice. He does not smoke, having given up the habit years ago because he thought it was injuring him. He is athletic and enjoys walking. He says: "It is a great thing to be athletic, to get plenty of fresh air and exercise, and to be regular with meals. The young men of today do not give themselves a chance. They don't take half enough exercise. Mrs. Aikman and I have been married sixty-five years, and we've been taking walks together longer than that. It has kept us young."

Wyoming has forbidden the use of natural gas for producing carbon black, on the ground that the process imperils the supply of gas for other purposes. Should a similar law go into effect in all gas-producing States, newspapers and magazines would have to be printed in colored ink, for there is no substitute for carbon black. Lampblack, the only other black pigment that could be considered for that use, makes a dull, brownish, "short" ink that will not give the clear impressions to be had from carbon black and costs several times as much. Carbon black is also used in making carbon paper, typewriter ribbons, phonograph records, shoe polish, cameras, certain electrical supplies, black leather, automobile tires, and paints.

Instead of boring out teeth in the usual painful way, the dentist hereafter will use a "tooth solvent." This is an acid of organic derivation that will dissolve the decayed portions of a cavity. Simply by dipping a tiny swab in the liquid and applying it to the surfaces to be removed, both dentine and enamel can be painlessly taken out. It has been estimated that this advance will reduce the cost of dentistry something like 15 per cent. Who can estimate the number of persons who will now cheerfully submit to dental work?

Several silk warehouses, containing more than half of the amount of silk available for export in Shanghai, China, were burned recently, the loss being estimated at several million dollars. The destruction of silk cocoons stored in the warehouses will enforce the closing of most of the spinning establishments until the new crop in May. Cancellation of many contracts for silk is considered inevitable.

The Chinese students in the University of Chicago, in an effort to determine the religious sentiment of Americans, have put the following questions to one thousand leading Americans: What is your idea of God? Do you believe in God? Why? These students claim that they want to learn the ideas these men hold of Christianity, in order that "we may form our own opinions."

Two French scientists who have given much time to the study of the venom of snakes, pronounce all serpents to be poisonous, whether they possess poison fangs or not. They find both the blood and saliva of all serpents to be more or less poisonous.

## Sentence Prodders

THE youth who will rule tomorrow is the youth who today is storing up resources of knowledge and wisdom, of self-reliance and courage.—Hills.

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end.—Abraham Lincoln.

If it is not right, do not do it; if it is not true, do not say it.—Aurelius.

TIME is short.  
If thou wouldst work for God, it must be now;  
If thou wouldst win the garland for thy brow,  
Redeem the time.

—Bonar.

If you fear, cast all your care on God;  
That anchor holds.

—Tennyson.

## The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE D. CHASE	EDITOR
LORA E. CLEMENT	ASSOCIATE EDITORS
MATILDA E. ANDROSS	
M. E. KERN	SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS
C. A. RUSSELL	

VOL. 69

APRIL 19, 1921

No. 16

### Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription	\$1.75
Six months	1.00

### Club Rates

In clubs of five or more copies, one year	Each \$1.50
Six months	.80

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Sec. 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized on June 22, 1918.



# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. 69

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 19, 1921

No. 16

## Welcome to Spring

MRS. J. L. VAUGHAN

COME, lovely trees, 'tis time to wake  
And from your boughs cold winter shake.  
Put on a handsome dress of green,  
And look again a fairy queen.  
Now clap your leaves, and sway, and sing  
A welcome to the lovely spring.

Old earth, put on a carpet green  
And pretty flowers that grow between.  
O violet, come, the dull sod grace;  
Lift up once more thy winsome face,  
To nod and shake your head and sing  
A welcome to the lovely spring.

O welcome little busy bee,  
Come buzz around so gay and free;  
And, pretty birds, so long away,  
You're here again to make a stay.  
It gives us joy to hear you sing  
A welcome to the lovely spring.

Wake, insects, from your winter sleep,  
Once more a nightly vigil keep.  
Come, raise that tiny little voice  
To help all nature to rejoice,  
And make the meadows clearly ring  
A welcome to the lovely spring.

Let every creature on the earth  
Be glad and gay at nature's birth;  
And while we all its beauties share,  
Drive out all sorrow and all care,  
Rejoice with nature, laugh, and sing  
A welcome to the lovely spring.

## Two Interesting Chilean Incidents

C. P. CRAGER

AS the eyes of our young people in the homeland are being turned in a special way this year to the land of opportunity, an incident or two showing how the Lord is working by His Spirit in the Shoe-string Republic, will be of interest to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. For centuries these people have been under the bondage of the Roman Church; and its principles have been inculcated in the people from their birth. To separate from the mother church or even to listen to any teaching contrary to her doctrines, means persecution, ridicule, and suffering.

At a church officers' meeting recently held in Pua, there was in attendance a young woman of about thirty years of age who for a number of years had been a government school teacher. The story of her acceptance of the truth follows:

Something like two years ago she had a great desire to read the Bible. Having occasion to go to the home of the priest in the village where she lives, she saw in his library several volumes marked "Santa Biblia," being no doubt one of the editions put out by the Catholic Church, in several volumes with extended notes. She mentioned to the priest her desire to read the Bible, and asked him to lend her one of the volumes. He promised her if she would return the following week he would comply with her request. She went, but instead of receiving the Bible, was told by the priest that he did not think best to lend it to her as it would not be well for her to read it. The young woman left his home indignant because of his attitude, and determined to have a copy of the word of God for herself. She remembered one of our sisters now living in Santiago, Chile, who had many years ago lived in the same village with this young woman. Our sister's brother still lives in that village. The young woman went to the brother and received from him the address of the sister in Santiago, and wrote immediately, asking her to send her a Bible. The young woman, having an idea that it would cost her at least one hundred pesos, or about fifty dollars, sold

a calf which she had, in order to pay for her Bible when it arrived.

On receipt of her desired treasure she began a diligent study of it, and through correspondence with the sister in Santiago, accepted the gospel message for this time without ever having seen a Seventh-day Adventist worker. When she heard of our proposed meeting in Pua, she determined to attend. Her old mother, a strong Catholic, objected, and only by strategy was the young woman able to get away. In every meeting of that ten-day session she was in her place in one of the front seats, with her notebook and pencil. She eagerly drank in the truth, and on the last Sabbath our old pioneer worker, Pastor F. H. Westphal, baptized her.

I visited her in her home a few weeks after the meeting, and found her rejoicing in the truth and busy working with friends and neighbors, giving the message which has brought joy to her heart. Already she has interested several persons, and one of them is now making plans to leave her position with the government that she may keep the Sabbath.

Another case which came to my notice but recently is of interest. On passing through the city of Chillan, having heard, through her son, of an isolated sister in that city, I went out to call upon her. Her son had written her that I hoped to pass that way during the week, and when I met her she told me that there were three believers coming from the country with the hope of meeting a Seventh-day Adventist worker, and were desirous of being baptized. I hardly thought it possible that these were ready for baptism, and as this was Friday, and I had planned to spend the Sabbath with one of our churches, I told the sister that it was my plan to get away before night; but if I did not, I would call on her the next morning, and if her visitors came, I should be glad to meet them.

It so happened that I was compelled to stay in Chillan for the Sabbath, and so according to my promise, went to visit the sister. On arriving, I heard singing,



and upon entering, found her teaching a hymn to two young women of about thirty years of age. The day before they for the first time had met a Seventh-day Adventist, having come with their brother, in an oxcart, a distance of more than forty miles. The young man was obliged to return immediately, but they had remained to meet the worker that was to pass that way.

Some three years ago their father had bought each of them a copy of one of the Gospels as a present. These two young women, with their brother, were convinced from the reading of these Gospels that they should observe the Sabbath, and began doing so, continuing for about a year. Desirous of having the entire Bible, one of them went to Chillan to buy one. She went to a Presbyterian worker in the city and bought a Bible, and asked him some questions about the Sabbath. He assured her that while it was formerly kept, now all Christendom was keeping Sunday, the day on which our Lord was raised from the dead. Not having had more than the Gospels to study, and confiding in this new spiritual adviser, she with her brother and sister concluded that they must be mistaken, and so went to observing Sunday. They continued this until about a year ago, when a neighbor met the husband of our sister in Chillan, who told him about the Sabbath, and he in turn told these believers in the country, and they came to know that there were others who observed the Sabbath. Their further study of the entire Bible convinced them that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and they returned to the observance of it.

The sisters in Chillan since then had sent them several tracts and one of our church papers. That was all they had had to guide them in their study, except the word itself and the counsel of the Presbyterian worker.

I spent two hours with them going over the different points of the message, asking them questions as to their views on this and that point; and frequently I found myself asking them who had instructed them on that point. In each case their simple answer was, "*La Biblia*." When I asked them about the unclean meats, they replied that they left off the eating of pork two years previously. I then asked them as to God's plan for supporting His work, and they answered that He instituted the tithing system, and then quoted Malachi 3:10. They then handed me some pesos, tithe of a little grain they had raised the past season, which they said they had laid aside for the Lord but did not know to whom to give it. They are living with their father, and so have scarcely any income, but of the little they had they had been faithful in putting aside the Lord's part. They then wanted to know about offerings, as the Lord, in Malachi, speaks also of offerings.

It was indeed refreshing to talk with these dear ones whom the Lord had so unmistakably called by His Spirit. They asked that I go or send some one to their village, as they felt sure there are other honest hearts there. I promised to do my best either to go or to send some one in the next few months, that they may give public testimony of their faith by being baptized in their own town, and that the word of God may be preached there. The problem now is how to fulfil the promise I have made. It must be done, but the workers are few and the calls many.

In all this republic we have but three ordained ministers. Does not this fact appeal to the hearts of our young men and women in the north, to give their

lives to this neglected continent and to prepare to come and join us in giving the saving message of truth to other souls as hungry as are these I have mentioned?

May the Lord roll the burden on the hearts of many of you to do this; and while you are getting your preparation, may you do your best in raising the large goal before you in 1921 to help carry the work in these fields.

#### The Joy of Service and Service of Joy

THERE'S joy 'mid the angels of heaven  
When sinners return to their Lord;  
And rich is the chorus that's given  
When Christians lay hold of His word.  
The harps ring aloud, and more sweetly,  
And anthems more joyfully rise,  
When souls born anew find completely  
The peace of a full sacrifice.

And O, how the universe quickens  
When all of the ransomed unite  
To help in a world that is sickened  
And broken by sin's awful blight.  
The armies of heaven are leading  
The host in the heat of the fray,  
And happy the souls that are heeding  
The call of that service today.

There's joy in the hearts of the saved ones,  
Who come from the shadows of sin;  
There's strength in the hands of the brave ones,  
Who labor the wand'ers to win;  
There's calm 'mid chaotic commotion,  
With those who are struggling to save  
The dying ones lost on life's ocean,  
Who sink to a Saviourless grave.

Then come in life's morn full of gladness,  
With strength and the ardor of youth,  
Help banish the burden of sadness  
With gleams of the glory of truth;  
Tell all of the Christ King once riven,  
Who pleads 'fore the Highest above,  
Who comes, as His promise was given,  
To gather the gain of His love.

ALBERT CAREY.

#### Her Heart's Desire

**M**OST of us hark back to childhood days to company with thrills. It is so with me. I entered this world at a most unfriendly time, being the year of the surrender of the Southern forces in the war of the sixties. My father was killed and most of our property swept away.

I never saw my mother smile in the years that followed. We moved to a small town, where we were sent to school. We had to practise the strictest economy.

There was only one church in the town, a great, unceiled frame building in which Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians united for services on Sunday mornings. At Christmas there was always a big community tree, hung with a present for each child. Some children received a great many presents; but I was fairly content with the book or handkerchief or small, candy-filled stocking that my Sunday school teacher always put on the tree for me.

On the topmost bough of this tall tree, there was a big, beautiful doll every year. I had two dolls, a rag one, the work of my mother's busy fingers, and a tiny, two-inch, handed-down doll, with a hole in her china forehead; but these did not satisfy my earnest desire for this splendid creature that looked down at me from the candle-lighted top of the Christmas tree. My secret expectation was that sometime she would be given to me, and not once did my hopes flag, in spite of successive disappointments.



It was Christmas Eve of 1875. I was ten years old now. All day long I had been keyed to high tension, and could scarcely wait for seven o'clock, the hour set for the Christmas tree. The church had been decorated with ropes of cedar and holly from which red berries peeped, and high up in a corner glowed the Star in the East. And there hung the doll, more radiant than ever. I glued my eyes to this dazzling vision, and whispered, "I am going to make believe you are mine, all mine, until you are given to some one else."

The carols had been sung, the minister had offered a prayer, and now came Santa Claus, with his pages, to distribute the presents. "Margaret Jones," "Eleanor Brown," "John White," he called at the top of his voice, and so on, until the big doll was handed him. My heart seemed to stop beating. "Mamie," he shouted, "Mamie Louise—" I never knew what happened next. They told me that I shrieked wildly, as I rushed down the aisle with outstretched arms, snatched the doll, and covered her with kisses. I remember vaguely that all the people around me were wiping their eyes, and I wondered if they, too, were expecting the doll.

Years afterward, when the incident had become a happy memory, I found out quite by accident that the doll had not been destined for me; but the donor, attracted by my intense gaze and evident longing, slipped behind the tree, removed the tag bearing his small daughter's name, and relabeled it for me.—*Selected.*

#### The Dear Old Home

My childhood home! Oft in my dreams  
I sit again by the flowing stream,  
Or along its banks I idly stroll  
With my broad sun hat and fishing pole,  
From early morn till the sun is high,  
With the friends I loved in the days gone by.  
I dream of the paths where we used to rove,  
Of the spreading trees and the lily cove,  
And the happy hours when we used to row  
On the good old river long ago,  
Up through its cool and shady nooks,  
Around its many turns and crooks,  
As our little boat would sweetly glide  
Past the dear old home by the riverside.

My thoughts go back to those days of yore,  
When the roses blossomed round my door;  
To my girlhood home where I used to play  
All through the sunny summer day;  
To the hammock where I used to swing,  
While the robins did around me sing;  
To the garden spot, and the swinging gate,  
Where for daddy dear I used to wait.  
Yes, I often think of that cozy thatch,  
Of the hills and the huckleberry patch;  
And the meadows green where daisies grew,  
Gay buttercups and violets blue;  
And the songs we sang at eventide,  
In the dear old home by the riverside.

But times have changed; the house is sold —  
The home we loved in days of old;  
A stranger's face is at the door,  
And other footsteps tread the floor;  
Strange children for their daddy wait,  
And swing upon the garden gate.  
We have but memories of the past —  
Frail earthly joys which could not last;  
For soon the parting time drew nigh,  
When one must bid the home good-by;  
One whom we loved was called to go;  
His cheeks grew pale, his steps more slow,  
Until at last poor daddy died  
In the dear old home by the riverside.

A change came o'er our pathway then;  
His face, we ne'er could see again,  
Nor hear his step at set of sun,  
When the busy toil of day was done.

We missed his tender love and care;  
We missed him, missed him everywhere,  
Till duties called me far away,  
Where I must with some others stay.  
The wintry winds did sadly moan;  
And mother left to weep alone  
Through summer's heat and winter's chill;  
No one the vacant place to fill,  
Till she could there no more abide  
In the dear old home by the riverside.

And so while musing here today,  
Our thoughts do often speed away,  
To the seasons spent in the little home,  
And the meadows where we used to roam.  
But all uncertain here we find,  
We'll leave these earthly scenes behind,  
And view a better home than this,  
Where, clothed with heavenly righteousness,  
The saints will dwell with angels there,  
And wander through the gardens rare,  
And pluck those never-fading flowers.  
Oh, may this happy home be ours,  
When the pearly portals open wide  
To our Eden home by the riverside!

MRS. HARRY P. SHEPARD.

#### The Man Whose Heart Betrayed Him

THE Lord has a purpose in the life of each one, but the extent to which this purpose is fulfilled depends upon the individual choice. In the case of Samson, the angel appeared twice to his mother and told her that the child should begin to save Israel out of the hand of the Philistines. Both father and mother were desirous of having their child come up to God's standard. Therefore they sought God's guidance in the way they should train him, and were careful to carry out the instructions given them by the angel, so that the development of the child would not in any way be hindered. Accordingly we read that the child grew and Jehovah blessed him.

When Samson was a young man, he did not follow divine instruction so faithfully as his parents had done in his behalf. He enjoyed the company of idolaters and did not refrain from associating with them. He fell in love with one of the Philistine young women and determined to marry her. Her beauty had won his admiration. She was emotional, and felt flattered at the admiration of a young man whose strength and wit had made him popular. They thought they loved each other. "She pleaseth me well," he said to his parents when they objected to the marriage.

What a sadness this must have brought to his parents when they realized that the future of their son would be entirely different from the one for which they had hoped and prayed!

This love could not be of long duration. Samson loved God, while his wife was a believer in Dagon. He would rejoice in victories for his people through Jehovah, while this would bring grief to her. Their interest and manner of life were different, and there was nothing to bind them together. But they were blind and could see no faults in each other, and failed to consider what marriage actually involved.

It is not surprising that the Lord objected to the intermarriage of His followers with neighboring tribes and nations. Samson's marriage meant connection with the idolatrous life of the Philistines. Moral principles could not be held at so high a standard. Moreover, Samson was to deliver Israel from the Philistines, but how could he lift his hand against those with whom he was so closely related?

The Lord says that righteousness can have no fellowship with unrighteousness. Yet how frequently we see our young people attempting this very thing! What are the results? — Unhappy homes filled with



disorder and discord. They cannot have the sweet companionship which is found in homes where both husband and wife are affiliated with Christ. The Christian's hope is the greatest thing in his life. His heart is overflowing with praise to God, and "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." This must now be checked. The nonbeliever is not interested in it, furthermore it is irksome to him. He discourages any progress along this line, and hinders rather than stimulates it. If he finds that he is not successful, he often becomes angry. Neither is able to share the joys and sorrows of the other, for what brings joy to one brings sorrow to the other. The hearts gradually close up; each is, as it were, alone in the world, without the restraint and guidance of a clear-sighted companion. How unwise it is to base the affections upon beauty and vanity, upon wealth and position!

In Samson's case, the wedding feast was not yet over before his wife proved false to him. He therefore left her, slaughtered and plundered the Philistines of Ashkelon, and went back to his home in Zorah. Later he returned, only to find her married to another. To avenge this wrong he wasted the whole country with fire. The Philistines then murdered her, lest Samson should do them greater harm. To avenge her death, he slaughtered a great many of her countrymen.

When the day came that Samson might have freed Israel from the Philistines, he won but a partial victory over them because of the cowardice of his people. He was nevertheless rewarded for this act by being made judge. He ruled twenty years. After one wrong step, however, it is easy to take the second. Samson again associated with the Philistines. This time he became acquainted with Delilah. The Philistines at once determined to accomplish his ruin through her. She succeeded in winning his confidence, only to betray him and give him to his enemies to be mocked and blinded. Finally, he and his enemies perished together under the ruins of the temple Dagon, the result of walking in forbidden paths.

ETHEL GRIESE.

### Why I Do Not Read Novels

OUR experiences are to a great degree determined by the character of the books we read in our leisure moments." Was it the hoarded depiction of some like sufferer, derived from a yellow-backed novel, that led Joseph of old to be true in the home, in the dungeon? Was it through the reading of a novel that earth's meekest man was prompted to lay aside the glittering crown of earth's most powerful monarchy to lead to the Land of Promise a stiff-necked and rebellious Israel through humanly insurmountable difficulties? Was it a novel that stirred the heart of Alexander the Great, and led him on and on to victory until mastery of the then known world was his? Was it the aspirations and their materialization derived from close application to fiction that made the Father of his Country "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"? No! I am constrained to believe that it was good books, "the lifeblood of a Master spirit," that gave men of all ages aspirations to the extent that they imparted inspiration.

"It is better to exert one's life in the venture of some noble deed of love or service, than to sit at home with slippers on feet constantly on the hearth."

This world has yet to produce a novel-intoxicated individual whose life will be exerted in noble deeds of love and service. Should they endeavor without recantation, their love (novel production) would reduce world civilization to the depths of irretrievable ruin, their service (actuated by novel heroism) would never "rescue the perishing."

What we need in this day and age of unparalleled perniciousness is books,—books that will give us aspirations,—aspirations that will culminate in the realization of our fondest hopes, thereby imparting inspiration that will, as in the case of one of earth's noblest daughters, Frances Willard, reach to earth's remotest bounds.

"We admire an individual who is loving in heart." Does a novel reader fill the requirements of this broad statement? "We admire one who has a strong intellect." Does a novel fiend receive the homage of profound admiration for attainable and attained intellect? "We admire one for his strong good sense." Has a fiction reader sense upon which the needful in troublous times may rely? "But most of all we admire an individual for his unyielding conscientiousness." Could it be said of a fiction fiend that in times when decisions that mean character instead of reputation, are at stake, he can be admired for his "unyielding conscientiousness"? Again, we admire one most of all for his untiring devotion to truth and righteousness. Truly we would never feel disposed when in life's sunset, to call a friend from his novel to offer one last supplication in our behalf to Him who "shapes our ends."

We must read to obtain ideas and ideals which will serve as a bulwark on life's stormy sea,—ideas and ideals which will make us impregnable as Gibraltar in times of bitterest opposition, although standing alone. How can we obtain these unless we read good books, "the lifeblood of a Master spirit"?

If we could have inscribed upon the portals of our hearts, Let novels alone! if we could have the thunders echo and re-echo through our heart's changeable channels, Let novels alone! and if we could with the lightning proclaim broadcast, Let novels alone! we could then, and not until then, truthfully say, We have exerted our lives in the venture of some noble deed of love or service, and many would be led to the feet of Him who lived to bless others.

RACHEL CHRISTMAN.

### Beyond the Cloud and Storm

WHEN life seems dark and o'er your sky  
Dark clouds arise, your hopes defy;  
As parting friends add poignant grief  
And nothing seems to give relief;  
It brings sweet comfort when we look  
To One who never us forsook.

Then lift thine eyes and look above,  
For all around the Sun of love  
Is dawning forth with radiant light,  
The clouds to break, your heart make bright.  
All nature seems to smile and say,  
Behold a new and brighter day!

Then, as we look with hearts of cheer  
Upon life's sea, without one fear,  
E'en though its storms upon us beat,  
Its boisterous waves seem sure defeat,  
With courage strong, and vision clear,  
We're sure to win if He is near.

W. T. BOWEN.

"Who keeps bad company for gain or fun  
Increases that bad company by one."



## Early Colonial Customs

J. O. CORLISS

**J**UST before the Revolutionary War, that is in 1776, Benjamin Franklin estimated the entire white population of the American colonies, between the ages of sixteen and sixty years, to be three hundred thousand. But even with this small rating in numbers, those people had at one time, during the French and Indian War, which raged between 1756 and 1762, twenty-five thousand militia and volunteers under arms, which was one twelfth of the entire population, or about one third of the available breadwinners.

In that common cause the whole country was united as one man in the protection of their wilderness homes. But such intense love of liberty did not mean that no differences of opinion existed in relation to individual beliefs. For instance, the people of Virginia, while being generously hospitable, and refined in manners, were fond of sports and amusements, the indulgence of which would not be tolerated in Puritan New England. But this disparity was not the result of the religious indifference on the part of the Virginians; for they were deeply religious after the manner of the Church of England training.

Local disciplinary forms was the foundation of these variations. While the Church of England usages permitted social diversions, the Puritan decrees forbade even the celebration of the church festivals of Easter and Christmas. No funeral badges were permitted. It is true that about a year after the landing of the Pilgrims, the records show that they held a harvest festival lasting a week. But this was not by church order or direction, since no religious service is mentioned in connection with it.

One rule, however, of the Puritan Commonwealth was commendable, which was that all persons under twenty years of age were forbidden to use tobacco without the certificate of a physician. Those who did use the weed were permitted to do so but once a day, and then not within ten miles of any dwelling. It must have been discouraging to the useless habit, to be obliged to go beyond the bounds of habitation to indulge the craving for tobacco.

Another rigid Puritan requirement would have been ill adapted to the present sluggish habits of some pampered youths. Since riches have increased so largely, and in many cases children are permitted to lead indolent lives, they waste vitality in night revelry, and then lie abed long into the day, expecting, when arising, to be waited upon by a weary but over-indulgent mother. Had this class of youths lived in Hartford, Connecticut, in the good old colonial days, they would have been subjected to the rule requiring that every well person should retire at nine, and arise in the morning at the ringing of the watchman's bell.

Benjamin Franklin, it is alleged, though occupying the stage of action many years later, in one of his jocular outbursts claimed to have originated the early-rising habit. He informed his friends of having made a most wonderful discovery, which upon revelation would prove a public benefaction. He then related how the maid one night forgot to close the shutters to his room, and shortly after retiring as usual in the small hours of the morning, he was awakened from sound sleep by a very bright light shining into the room. He soon discovered, however, that it was but six o'clock, and he sprang from bed in great alarm, thinking that some great fire was raging near by. He

then begged his friends to imagine his surprise on finding that the sun was shining full into his room.

As the full significance of this fact dawned upon him, he thought of the joy now to be his in being able to solve some of his friends' problems for them. To those who complained of the cost of candles, he suggested that they blow out the light and retire at ten instead of at two, and arise at six instead of at ten. His statement that the sun is risen at six, he thought, would be quite a surprise to many, and perhaps some would be tempted to doubt his word. To all these he urged trial of the question for themselves, and so find out where the truth lies.

While such rules of life seem strange to some modern latitudes of thought, yet who will say that it was not these rigid laws of training which developed in the early New England people their hardy constitutions, and laid the foundation for great achievements in peace and war? It was this very line of training which gave strong pioneer ability in the establishment of stable customs for the settlement of the great Western country.

Colonial records contain interesting instances of pioneer business aptitude in women. Some of these have been cited in Alice Morse Earle's "Colonial Dames and Good Wives." Thus Margaret Brent became executrix for Gov. Leonard Calvert, and quelled an insurrection of his mutinous soldiers. Elizabeth Haddon founded Haddonfield, New Jersey. The founder of Taunton, Massachusetts, was Elizabeth Poole. Mrs. Sarah Goddard entered the printing business, and published the *Providence Gazette and Country Journal*, the only newspaper issued in Providence prior to 1775. Other cases might be cited to reveal the luster of mothers and daughters in colonial Israel, but they are unnecessary here.

Agriculture was the main pursuit of the colonists in pre-Revolutionary days, and little, either in food or clothing, was seen in the average household which was not the product of the soil. The good housewife, with her daughters, understood well the mysteries of the spinning wheel, which held an honored place in every home. These housewives were also adepts in the use of knitting needles, which they industriously plied by the fireside during long winter evenings. Furniture, too, was of the simplest character. Stoves were an unknown quantity. Tallow candles, aside from the open roaring fire, were sufficient for lighting purposes. Modern conveniences, like sewing machines, fuel gas, and electric appliances, had not even been dreamed of.

Yet education of the young was never neglected. Common schools flourished throughout New England from its earliest settlement. Their equipment, however, could not be favorably compared with modern educational facilities. School benches of that time were but rude structures, with no comfort attachments. But teachers' duties covered a much wider range than now. Besides giving instruction to pupils, in some places the teacher was expected to ring the bell for worship on Sundays, lead the church choir, serve legal summonses, dig graves, be town crier for sales, besides performing other duties that circumstances seemed to require.

But with these primitive conditions, the colonies prospered and grew apace, until the mother country began to be jealous, and passed laws by which to



hamper progress toward foreseen independence of her lusty child across the great waters. The Navigation Act, which forbade the colonists to receive maintenance imports in any but English vessels, was a serious blow to prosperity, and so caused much dissatisfaction. Then followed the Importation Act, which laid unbearable duties on sugar and other articles brought into the provinces. This became so onerous as to be entirely disregarded. Later the English Parliament forbade the manufacture of steel in the colonies, or of cutting pine trees outside of fenced inclosures.

All these things tended to anger the colonists, especially since in the matter of the Importation Act the English ministry empowered petty constables to search any house or place at will, and to confiscate any goods they might decide to have been received without duty having been paid on them. Resistance to such actions became pronounced and open. James Otis, Jr., at that time advocate general, resigned his office rather than appear in the courts to sustain the law. This was in 1763, and really marked the birth of American independence.

In 1765 the last straw was added that brought the load laid on the colonies to the breaking point—the hated Stamp Act, the provisions of which required that every bond, mortgage, note, deed, license, or legal document of whatever kind used in the colonies, should be executed solely on paper bearing an English stamp, to be furnished by the English government. Every newspaper, pamphlet, or almanac was also required to be printed on English stamped paper, costing from halfpenny (one cent) to fourpence (eight cents). A tax of two shillings (forty-eight cents) was also imposed on every advertisement. No document was legal which was not written on paper bearing the imported English stamp.

A colonial "Stamp Act Congress" of twenty-seven delegates then assembled, which sat for fourteen days discussing the hated imposition. The result was that John Cruger, of New York, wrote a "Declaration of Rights;" Robert R. Livingston, of the same colony, prepared a "Petition to the King;" and James Otis, of Massachusetts, formulated a "Memorial to both houses of Parliament." This caused a repeal of the Stamp Act, through the benign influence of William Pitt. Great jubilation took place in New York when the news of this was received, and the Sons of Liberty raised a tall pole in Warren Street, on which was borne the inscription: "His Most Gracious Majesty, George the Third, Mr. Pitt, and Liberty." A statue of Pitt, made of marble, and one of the king, made of lead, were set up in commemoration of the pleasing event; but six years later the leaden statue was melted into bullets, with which to fight the British invading soldiers.

### Missionary Volunteer Work in Germany

THERE are 22,000 Adventist believers in Germany, and probably 15,000 children and young people. The Missionary Volunteer work has recently been reorganized there, with Missionary Volunteer secretaries in charge of the three unions. The special attention given to the young people's work at the general meetings in Germany last summer, and the touch with workers from other fields, after five years of isolation, brought great courage to our German young people and to the workers.

The Missionary Volunteer secretary of the East German Union writes of special young people's meet-

ings in East Prussia, in each of which 200 young people took part. There were councils of leaders. Special instruction was given to all the young people on missionary activities, and some time was spent in field work. Of the work in the West German Union, the secretary writes:

"Our youth are happy and busy at work. On October 31, instead of celebrating the Reformation Day, we had a Young People's Missionary Day, in which our 1,400 members in the West German Union were invited to take part, to do a spe-



Missionary Volunteer Society of Gladbach, Germany

cial work for the Lord by putting in as much time as possible in missionary work. In the forenoon the Missionary Volunteers assembled in the church to have a little Bible study and prayer for the blessing of God before they went from house to house to scatter the printed pages. In the evening they came to the church to exchange experiences of the day, and to praise God for the privilege of service, and also to ask God to bless the seed that was sown. There were distributed 28,491 papers; and for foreign missions 3,629.93 marks were received. The work of this one day was about the same as the report for the whole third quarter. Aside from that, 838 missionary visits were made and 540 Bible readings were held. The children were also busy on this day, and sold papers to the amount of 2,727.72 marks, and received 511.70 marks for foreign missions."

Such reports are indications of what the thousands of German young people can do when they have the organization, help, and facilities that the young people of America have.

M. E. KERN.

### Appreciation of the Morning Watch

WITH a sad and aching heart I gazed out over the snow-covered hills, and soliloquized. So this is the end of all my cherished dreams. After all my careful planning and hard work I am not going to be permitted to stay in school. The thought seems unbearable. I want a place in the Master's work. I can never have it if I stop school.

Such were my thoughts as I realized that my health would not permit me longer to attend school. At this juncture the Morning Watch proved a friend in need. The text for the day came to mind: "God is not a man, that He should lie: . . . hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?" My heartache vanished as I meditated upon these words. God will make all our mountains a way. Out of these most discouraging circumstances sometimes we receive the greatest blessings. The Morning Watch has been of great value to me. My heart goes out to God anew for His gracious promises. I pray that He will abundantly bless those who at His bidding compiled the Morning Watch.

MAE RICHARDS.



## Science and Invention

### Why Radium Cures

**R**ADIUM acts more quickly upon young growing cells than upon old cells. This is why it can be used in treating tumors and cancerous growths, for these abnormalities are of newer growth than the normal tissues, so the radium destroys these before acting upon normal tissues.

### Celebrate Advent of Potato

In 1621 the governor of the Bermudas sent to the governor of Virginia two large cedar chests in which were plants and fruits and vegetables, known to the coral islands, but not to the mainland. This event will be celebrated in December, 1921, three hundred years after it occurred, because the potato was one of the best contributions.

### Yellow Fat Rich in Vitamines

According to the *Scientific American Monthly*, butter and cream are extremely rich in vitamines, while ordinary fat is much less so, especially when it is white in color.

### X-Ray Finds Pearls

The oyster may now be searched for pearls without disturbing him or opening his shell. Just turn the X-ray upon him. If there's a pearl inside, it will be revealed. All those not showing pearls are returned to their ocean bed unharmed.

### A New Canal

A water route from the Mississippi River to New Orleans is being made possible by the construction of a canal connecting the Mississippi River with Lake Ponchartrain, just below the city. In view of this new route, the city's slogan is, "New Orleans — the Gateway to the Panama Canal."

### Opossums Size of Chipmunks

A species of opossum no larger than our chipmunks lives in South America. A specimen reached this country, riding in a large bunch of bananas.

### Hydra's New Comet

A new comet was discovered in Hydra on Dec. 13, 1920. It was visible only through large telescopes.

### A Hard Worker

The human heart, which is about the size of a man's fist, does a prodigious amount of work in a lifetime. Were we able to collect, in a cubical reservoir, all the blood pumped by one heart engine in one year, that reservoir would be about 61 feet in each of its three dimensions. It would contain about 1,700,000 gallons. All the hearts of the world would fill a cubical vessel 72,840 feet in each of its dimensions in one year. Mt. Everest, the tallest mountain in the world, would be only a little more than one third as high as this vessel would be deep.

### Making the Tides Work

A tidal-power scheme of vast proportions is now being fostered by the Civil Engineering Department of British Ministry of Transport. It is proposed to throw a dam across the Severn River, about in line with the Severn Tunnel. Here the spring tides attain a height of thirty feet. By combining the power of the tidal flow with turbines, it is planned to generate a half million horsepower. At Niagara

Falls, 675,000 horsepower is now being developed and distributed among several plants. On the basis of four pounds of coal per horsepower, it requires more than seventeen tons of coal to produce one horsepower per year. Consequently the proposed plant, when complete, should effect an annual saving of 8,500,000 tons of coal. It is estimated that the construction of the Severn plant would give employment to 10,000 men for seven years.

### Home Manufacture of Electricity

A French scientist has connected a high-speed water turbine with the water system in his home. Every time any water spigot in the house is opened, this turbine wheel is turned by the flowing water. This wheel is connected with a small dynamo which generates electricity for the storage battery. By this means his home is well lighted, electrically, by utilizing energy that would otherwise be wasted. He thinks the plan entirely practicable wherever one uses city water or water under pressure.

### A "Cold Light" Wanted

Less than one per cent of the energy of the coal we burn to obtain electricity is utilized in the light we gain. For this reason scientists and inventors have been searching for a "cold light" that might be of commercial benefit. Calcium sulphide gives off light after it has been exposed to sunlight, and continues to do so for some time in the dark. Barium sulphide and strontium sulphide, when exposed to ultra-violet rays, or X-rays, will continue to emit a soft light for hours in the dark. But these sources of light would be as difficult to exploit economically as coal is today.

### Butterfly's Wing Photographs Itself

When a butterfly's wing is laid for a considerable length of time upon a photographic plate in a dark room, a clear image of the wing makes its appearance upon the plate when the latter is developed. The German scientist who made this discovery of the self-recording power inherent in the delicate wing of a butterfly, states that it is the scales which exert this photographic influence. The effect exerted by the scales is able to penetrate thin paper and leaves of gelatine, but is unable to pass through celluloid and glass — even the thinnest watch crystal.

### The Largest Yellow Jacket's Nest

What is considered the largest yellow jacket's nest in this country was found last summer in a swamp near Sanford, Florida. It is six and one-half feet high and the circumference is ten and one-half feet. It was built in a pine tree, and the owner says that more than one hundred queens were killed in the smoking-out process.

### Where Gas Lights Are Cheap

Medicine Hat is the name of a city in Western Canada, that is lighted and heated by natural gas, which is so abundant that the street lamps are left burning all day, rather than incur the expense of relighting them.

### A New Liquid Poison

The chemical warfare service has discovered a liquid poison so strong that three drops will kill any one whose skin it touches. Falling like rain from nozzles attached to airplanes, the liquid would, it is claimed, kill everything in the aircraft's path.



## Innocent Pleasures

EVA R. DAGGETT

I SHALL call at seven o'clock, Ensie. The sleighing is fine. I am going to drive the colt with the sleigh for the first time." Andrew spoke with a questioning tone for some reason, and Ensie hesitated. Several times she had accompanied her cousin to these "neighborhood gatherings," as they were called.

There were thirty or forty young people living near enough in the farming community so that they could meet for a social evening every week or two. It was before the days of the Missionary Volunteers, but at first the programs were similar to those of that society.

"Andrew, I must say that a sleigh ride on one of these moonlight evenings would be delightful, but —"

"Come, now, Ensie, you are not going to disappoint me, are you?"

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Andrew, but I too am disappointed in —"

"I can guess what you want to say. I know you are quite serious in your religious convictions, and so am I. But really, what is there in these social gatherings that is in the least objectionable? That recitation Amy gave last week was excellent I'm sure. Joe's reading was a little funny, but the moral was good, and I consider these meetings educational and helpful."

"I agree with you that in many ways our programs are excellent, uplifting, and helpful; but I understand that two weeks ago there was an altogether different program after about half the people left. Those who lingered seemed enthusiastic over it, and I am sure plans for a similar 'after-program' are arranged for tonight."

Ensie stepped closer to the garden wall, and Andrew looked perplexed as he stood stamping the snow with first one foot then the other.

"Then you'd rather not go tonight, I see," said Andrew, without looking up.

"Oh, I have a part on the program, the omission of which would make quite a break, and as I am interested in all the program, I am willing to go; but I want to come home as usual," replied Ensie.

"But I had planned to remain," said Andrew. "I see no more harm in the 'after-program,' as you call it, than in any part of it — innocent pleasure, that is all."

"I am much disappointed, and am sorry to disappoint you; but, Andrew, you should have told me. You should have known that I would not feel justified in going to a dance."

"Yes, I should have told you, but I am sure you will enjoy the evening as usual; and while we are dancing, you and Minerva Mooney can enjoy a good visit. Minerva doesn't approve of dancing, you know, and she will be glad for your company," said Andrew. "She is a very pious Methodist."

"Well, I'll stay tonight," reluctantly replied Ensie. "Maybe it will be all right, but I'd rather come home as usual."

"I will take two seats if Leonard and Annie would like to go with us," said Andrew. He had heard Leonard say he would go if he had to walk. He was to play the piano for the dancing; but Ensie knew nothing about that.

"Thank you, I'll ask him and send one of the twins over to tell you," replied Ensie.

Ensie watched to improve the first opportunity to speak to her brother. She had not long to wait, for her father and he soon drove into the yard from town.

"Dinner is ready, father," said Ensie. "I'll help put the horses in, and you go in and get warm. We'll be there in no time."

"Thank you, daughter," said Mr. Lang, and he enjoyed the few minutes by the open fireplace.

"Andrew is going to drive the colt tonight, Leonard, for the first time with a sleigh, and he says he would like to have you and Annie go with us, if you wish."

"That would be fine, but father says I may drive Ned, so I think I shall. I was pleased, when we were harnessing the horses this morning, to have him say, 'We will use the old horse this morning, for you will want to drive Ned tonight.'"

"How kind of father! We have one of the best of fathers, haven't we, Len?" Ensie remarked thoughtfully.

"Mother's best too," piped up little Hettie, who had been a silent listener, not only to their conversation, but to one in the house a few hours before. "Mother coaxed and coaxed; I heard her this morning. Father didn't see how he could manage, but mother said she hoped he could some way, for she said Leonard had worked hard and faithfully for a young boy. Father put his arm round her and said something I didn't hear; but 'twas mother's coaxing, 'cause she said, 'Im so glad!'"

Leonard and Ensie exchanged smiles as Leonard lifted little Hettie to his shoulder and started for the house. Howard jumped onto his sled and Ensie gave him a ride to the house.

Mother had dinner on the table, and it was a happy family that discussed the program for the evening. Mother gave some suggestions concerning the duet her son and daughter were to play. Father mentioned a book of reference to help Ensie in the paper she had prepared. This gave her some additional facts which she much appreciated.

The twins went over to Uncle Dan's as soon as dinner was over, to tell Andrew that Leonard was "going by himself, but thanked him for his offer."

The program was enjoyed by about fifty young persons, and nearly all remained for the "after-program."

Before Ensie was converted, her father, not then a professing Christian, had taught her to dance. In their younger years, both Mr. and Mrs. Lang were fond of dancing. Now they were earnest Christians, and had no desire for their children to learn that which they had renounced. Ensie felt sure she had something better to enjoy, and did not wish to lend her influence to encourage her associates in worldly pleasures.

As Minerva and Ensie sat watching the happy company, the latter remarked, "Minerva, what do you think of it?"

"I was thinking," replied Minerva, how pretty and easy it seems, and what harm can there be in it with such a company of young people as are gathered here?"



"I should really enjoy being on the floor instead of sitting here," said Ensie before she fairly realized what she was saying.

"Do you really see harm in it?" asked Minerva.

"Well," replied Ensie, "I can hardly imagine Jesus or John the Baptist, or any of the associates of William Miller, who were believers in the message of the advent of Jesus in 1844, participating in amusements of this kind. I can hardly think they would have been interested in dancing. I believe, Minerva, that Jesus did come in 1844 to a very important place in the heavenly ministry, and since that day, He has been doing a solemn work in heaven for His people."

"I am not familiar with that subject. I never heard of it before. I am interested, and should like to know on what scriptures such statements are based."

They became so interested that they were both relieved when the music ceased, and Minerva gladly accepted an invitation to visit Ensie, when they would study further.

Andrew and Ensie rode in silence for some time, the sleigh bells jingling in the frosty air.

"You enjoyed the evening, didn't you?" questioned Andrew. "You and Minerva seemed to be quite happy."

"I did enjoy the visit with Minerva, but please do not ask me to go again when you know there will be dancing. It is too much of a temptation. If I continue on the enemy's ground, I fear for the consequences. I dare not trust myself. It really seemed 'innocent pleasure' in a way, but after all, Andrew, isn't there a consciousness of wrong? The very fact that the dance has been the means of ruining the lives of many girls, is reason enough for my not patronizing it."

"I must say, Ensie, that there is an uneasiness I feel that I can't just explain; but really, with all those good people, it seems as if I cannot be so very bad." Thus Andrew tried to feel justified.

"I cannot go again. I do not feel right, and I must not lend my influence in that direction," declared Ensie. "You and I profess to believe that Jesus is soon coming. When we were baptized, we promised to give up the pleasures of this world and enter heartily into the service of God. Leonard seemed to be as serious as we were, only he did not go forward in baptism, and I see that he is all taken up with these entertainments. I wish you would quit right now and help Leonard to be firm and true, and I believe we might help some of those other dear young people to know the truth. Minerva is coming to make me a visit soon. She says she is really interested."

Andrew was quiet, while his cousin continued: "You know the Bible says, 'Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him.' This very morning I read, too, 'Be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God.' Then Colossians 3:1, 2, says: 'If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affection on things above, not on things on the earth.' This text especially has helped me to decide that I cannot indulge in these worldly amusements."

Andrew would make no promise, although he admitted that he had lost his hold on God for the time; but he said he meant to come back again.

The neighborhood gatherings continued, but the literary programs were neglected more and more and dancing occupied much of the time, until finally games and dancing occupied the entire program.

Leonard followed the example of his cousin. They lost interest in church and Sabbath school, became absorbed in business of the world, and drifted away from the truth. Leonard married a music teacher, a girl who cared only for the world.

Andrew went away to school and tried to be a Christian, but the love of the world proved too much, and he finally gave up. In later years he acknowledged to Ensie that he would gladly sacrifice all he had in this world if only he could be where he was that beautiful moonlight night when his heart was touched by her appeal; but he had resisted again and again until he feared there was no hope for him.

The twins through the loving solicitude and wholesome influence of Ensie, followed in the straight and narrow way. They are both occupying places of usefulness. Howard is principal of one of our large schools, and Hettie is an expert stenographer.

Minerva enjoyed that promised visit with Ensie, and her heart responded to the message of truth as they studied together. After surrendering herself to God, she immediately planned to attend school and prepare for definite work for the Master. She later accepted a call to foreign service.

Ensie was greatly needed in the farm home, so she cheerfully studied and prepared as best she could for any service to which she might later be called. After the death of her father the farm was sold, and mother and daughter moved to a suburb of a large city, where Ensie engaged successfully in Bible work. She has seen a number of persons accept the truth of the last gospel message as a result of her efforts, and has never regretted renouncing the pleasures of the world for the service of Jesus.

### Who Am I?

**I** AM the foundation of all business. I am the fount of all prosperity. I am the parent of genius. I am the salt that gives life its savor. I have laid the foundation of every fortune in America, from Rockefeller's down. I must be loved before I can bestow my greatest blessings and achieve my greatest ends. Loved, I make life sweet and purposeful and fruitful. I can do more to advance a youth than his own parents, be they ever so rich. Fools hate me; wise men love me. I am represented in every loaf of bread that comes from the oven, in every train that crosses the continent, in every newspaper that comes from the press. I am the mother of democracy. All progress springs from me. Who am I? What am I? I am work.—*Selected.*

THE Christian cannot, in an expected emergency, gather in a moment all needed spiritual power; not to be ready in advance for great duties or great deeds, is to fail.—*J. R. Miller.*

ACT so that your conduct may be a law for all men under similar conditions.—*Kant.*





## Pie and Patronage

THE piazza hammock sagged as Ross Hayward settled down into it. That last patronizing remark of Cousin Muriel's had wiped the merry boyish look from his face. "Why do you hesitate?" she had asked. "You know you are so dreadfully blunt and outspoken that you are likely to spoil everything. Why not ask some one that has tact and discretion to help you?"

Ross had come to Boxborough that morning bubbling over with good spirits and buoyant hopes. He had longed to visit Aunt Lucinda; he wanted to tell her the important news he had just heard—the news that there was an opening for a young chemist in the L. & S. laboratories at Middle River, and that Professor Blake had told him it was an opportunity in a thousand.

And now Muriel, the very superior youngest daughter of nice, everyday Aunt Lucinda, who happened to be there on an unexpected visit, had spoiled everything by trying to take matters into her own hands.

"How absurd you are," she declared, "to think of going to Middle River all by yourself with a handful of professors' letters as references when you know that Uncle Miles would go with you in a minute if you should ask him. Few men in this State have the influence Uncle Miles has. All he would have to do is to step into Mr. Lockwood's office, put him into a genial mood by a discreet word or two, and say, 'By the way, my nephew, Ross Hayward, is interested in that opening for a young chemist'—and the place is yours. That's the way politicians and real business men succeed. They don't rush into things in your direct, country-boy fashion; they oil the way with a little influence rightly applied."

Ross sighed, frowned, and thumped an offending cushion.

"Muriel thinks I'm crazy not to let her telephone to Uncle Miles this minute," he mused, "but I can't bear to have her do it. I want the place very much, but I don't want to be pulled into it. I wish I knew what Aunt Lucinda thinks; she didn't say a word one way or the other. If I am as awkward and blunt as Muriel says, it seems only fair that a man should have a chance to find it out before he hires me, and not be fooled into believing that I'm suave and experienced because my uncle happens to be a Senator. Muriel sounds so sensible that I can't pick flaws in her argument, but I can't feel that it's quite—quite square."

Now Muriel's carefully modulated voice was again in his ears. She was ushering a morning visitor into the big living-room.

"So dear of you to come over the moment I telephoned," she was saying; "and, O Emily, I want you to do me just a little bit of a favor. You remember my cousin Ross, that tall, shy boy who was at my wedding? We're going to try to get him a position in the L. & S. laboratories over at Middle River. You know what boys are; they don't understand how important it is to be in with the right set from the very first and not get mixed up with the wrong people. If

you would just ask Mrs. Maynard to make room for Ross in her house, we'd know he was splendidly taken care of. I know she would do it as a favor to you if she possibly could."

"That's a good idea. I'll call her on the long-distance telephone right now," returned Emily importantly, "so that if she has a room no one else can snap it up."

"Don't give his name yet," said Muriel; "just say he is a friend of yours, very well connected, and that he will bring a card from you."

Ross waited to hear no more. He leaped the piazza rail and wandered round to the back of the house.

Aunt Lucinda was making pies. Hirelings might wash and iron and scrub in a fairly satisfactory way, but no hand except her own was wise enough to handle biscuits and dumplings or light enough to roll pastry. Ross watched her with the same delighted absorption that he had shown when he was a little boy. He liked the whole process—the dotting of the paste with crumbs of ice-cold butter, the rolling with light strokes, all in the same direction. He admired the shaving of pie crust that came from the edge of the plate as her knife encircled it, the wedges of apple that fitted so neatly together, the sifted sugar, the dash of nutmeg, the sprinkling of cinnamon.

He watched intently until the last fork print had been laid along the edge and the last hole pricked in the top.

"It's an awfully interesting process, Aunt Lucinda," he assured her; "I believe watching you cook made me want to be a chemist."

Aunt Lucinda smiled; she was not much of a talker. She went on rolling pie crust with swift, light strokes.

"Look here," said Ross after a moment, "I caught you that time, Aunt Lucinda; you forgot something; you didn't grease the plate before you put on that under crust."

Aunt Lucinda smiled at him again, but this time with slightly lifted eyebrows.

"Don't you put something on the plate to keep the pie from sticking?" he demanded. "Butter or something?"

Aunt Lucinda shook her head. "It's a poor pie that can't grease its own plate." She opened the oven door, took out a pan on which reposed some curls of pie crust, generously sprinkled with sugar and cinnamon, and slid them to the wire cooler near Ross.

"Um-m!" he cried appreciatively.

When the last crumb had vanished, Ross straightened his tall body.

"I know you say you hate to give advice, Aunt Lucinda; so I haven't asked for it; but, oddly enough, you've answered just the question I wanted to ask. It may be ungrateful of me to rush over to Middle River this morning before Muriel can set any more diplomacy in motion; but I want to do that very thing, and I am going to do it. Do you care?"

"Muriel means well," said Aunt Lucinda placidly. "Better put some cookies in your pocket. You can eat them as you cut cross-lots to the trolley. It may be late before you get your dinner."



The road cross-lots to the car line did not lead past the living-room windows; was Aunt Lucinda growing diplomatic?

Ross found the L. & S. laboratories without trouble, but had a long wait before he was ushered into Mr. Lockwood's presence. Mr. Lockwood was a stout, middle-aged man with beetling, grizzled brows.

"Well?" he said in a gruff tone of inquiry and fixed his gaze sharply on Ross. Nor did his gaze waver until Ross had told his tale, showed his letters, and answered a rapid fire of searching questions. Then the atmosphere changed.

"Yes, I'm willing to give you the chance and see what you can make of it," declared Mr. Lockwood, settling back in his chair. "Don't thank me, for if you don't suit I may turn you down cold after one month's try-out. I don't mind saying that there are some things in your favor—that you don't pretend to know everything, and yet you do stand on your own feet. I speak of this because a fellow came in here for a job this morning and brought his brother with him to do his talking. The brother was a smooth talker, but he couldn't convince me that the other fellow had sand enough to amount to much. Have you relatives in this part of the country?"

"Yes," said Ross, "but none in Middle River."

"Where do they live?" Mr. Lockwood inquired frankly.

"I have an aunt in Boxborough, Mrs. Lucinda Draper," replied Ross, smiling at the thought of Aunt Lucinda.

"I know who she is—and that makes Senator Miles Hayward your uncle, doesn't it? Why didn't you bring a reference from him?"

"He doesn't know anything about chemistry," declared Ross. "I shouldn't want you to hire me on his say-so, either," he said, answering an amused flash in the sharp gray eyes.

"Really now, why not?" Mr. Lockwood asked.

"Because," blurted out Ross, "if you hired me as a favor to him, you'd be going against your own judgment, and you would half expect me to be a failure; but if you hired me on your own decision, you wouldn't be so ready to admit that I wasn't competent, even if it were true, because it would be criticism of your own judgment."

Mr. Lockwood's answer to that was a whole-hearted roar of laughter.

"I suppose," stammered Ross, "that I ought not to have said that. I hope you will excuse me if I sounded rude."

"All right," smiled Mr. Lockwood. "How about a boarding place?"

"I should be glad to have you suggest one," said Ross.

"Try Mrs. Maynard on Ruthven Avenue. She may not have a room; she is a very popular boarding mistress; but she doesn't take everybody. Report for work tomorrow morning if you like."

"Thank you," said Ross; "I'm anxious to begin."

He stopped at a little restaurant for dinner, wrote two letters at the post office, and took a long walk of exploration before he approached Mrs. Maynard's house.

Mrs. Maynard was sewing on the piazza. She was a fair, plump, motherly little woman, and every motion she made showed her quickness and her decision.

"There's a room you may have if it suits you," she said pleasantly. "Where is your home, Mr. Hayward? Sit down and tell me about yourself."

Her smile was so friendly that Ross found himself talking to her as comfortably as if he had known her for years, but he was astonished to have her match his frankness with her own.

"I'm wickedly glad of your coming here today," she confessed. "This very morning a girl called me up to reserve a room for a friend of hers. I am so fond of the girl's mother that I hated to refuse her, but the girl is one of the overcritical, superior kind that I can't abide. I felt a great reluctance in taking a man into the house on her recommendation. You know a boarding house is a poor substitute for a home anyway, but it's truly awful if people aren't congenial. She wouldn't fit, and I imagine her friend wouldn't fit. Now I can tell her there isn't a chance of a room for a long time."

"It's funny," said Ross to himself while getting ready for supper in his new home, "but the philosophy Muriel got from business and politics isn't half so true as that which Aunt Lucinda got out of her pie crust."—*Edna A. Collamore.*

### Imaginary Prayer of a Dog

DEAR GOD, I do not know Thee, because I am only a dog, but my master prayed to Thee the night he died. Thou knowest the lives that other dogs have saved, and that gladly would I have done the same. Thou hast not forgotten how, during the cruel war, we so many times, in great peril, crept inch by inch, when suffering and wounded, to help men who would have kicked and cursed us had they not needed our aid. Scores of us died in saving man when his fellows could not go to him. Thou knowest many a dog has borne abuse and starvation rather than leave his master—perhaps lower than the dog himself. Have mercy, I pray Thee now, and let me die!

I remember, only a month ago, the night they brought my master home. When they carried him upstairs, I followed and jumped on the bed, just as I always did. They said I must be taken away; but my master's lips moved. I did not understand, but the doctor did. He told them to let me stay. My master put out his hand and said, "Poor little dog." I lay very close to him, never sleeping, and every time he moved, I lapped his hand and wondered what I should do if my master should die. All night I never left him; in the morning he put out his hand again, and said, "Poor little dog." I stayed with him all day; and at evening they carried my dead master into another room.

So I was given to a little boy. I missed my master, but they were kind enough and we got along very well, until one day the family moved. I was put into a big box, and at last I reached the big city, where they put me off. I never knew why, and I never saw my friends again. But I tried to find them, so I pushed and pushed against the slats until I got my head through; the rest was easy. It was dark now, and no one saw me. Of course, I could not realize how big a big city is! Day after day I wandered, sleeping under houses, or taking any safe refuge that I came across. Yet I was the same dog who only a month ago slept on a soft couch, safe at his master's side, or on a warm rug before the fire. How glad I used to be every night when he came home!

One day a man caught me and put me into his car, where there were three or four other dogs. I did not like him—I just knew he was a bad man. We



rode for a long way until we came to a big building where I was taken out and put into a room by myself. Every day they gave me a good meal, and allowed me to run in the small yard outside. I was not abused, but they seemed to be getting me ready for something I did not understand.

One day a man came into my room. I ran up to him and put my forepaws against his leg. When he stooped down to touch me, I put my nose against his cheek and tried to tell him, dog fashion, how loyal and true I would be if he would give me a home. But he called to some men, and they came and carried me into a room that smelled of something strange, and laid me on a table. I was never laid on a table before, and I didn't know what it meant. I began to be afraid. They strapped my head and shoulders down, and then my legs. I could not move.

Then the man came close, and I hoped he wouldn't allow them to hurt me. But, O! the man I wanted to love and trust, came with something sharp, and slashed and cut my quivering flesh. Over and over again he did things that caused me the keenest anguish—things men could never do unless insane. He talked about my nerves and heart, and how they acted under the awful torture. I wondered if it would never end and why I must suffer so. I tried to scream, but my vocal cords had been cut just to prevent that, and my mouth was tightly bound.

All I could do was to plead with the eyes that had watched so many times for my loving master. But he is gone and cannot love me nor save me. Nothing is left but to die. O God, let it be soon! Let this be the end! Let them come no more to torture me! And dear God in heaven, I beseech Thee to save those other dogs who are in danger of vivisection. Help some one to do something to prevent this awful suffering, and bless them in their efforts so to do. Your humble creature—a dog—prays this prayer. Amen.—*Miriam Paine, in The Open Door.*

### Water Traps for the Islands

**I**N the marvelous reservoirs of New York City there are estimated to be 170,000,000,000 gallons of water. In Hawaii and Bermuda, with water all about the islands, all drinking water has to be caught and stored against the days when there is no rain.

In Hawaii huge sheets of corrugated iron are laid down on the side of hills. These serve as water traps for catching the rain water, which is let from these into immense tanks.

In Bermuda their great white water traps are made of coral rock of which the island is composed. Sometimes they look like small mountains, with channels running down the slopes, carrying the water to places of storage.

### Is It You?

SOME one's selfish, some one's lazy;  
Is it you?  
Some one's sense of right is hazy;  
Is it you?

Some one lives a life of ease,  
Doing largely as he please—  
Drifting idly with the breeze;  
Is it you?

—*Baltimore American.*

"CONSCIENCE is a safe guide only when God is the Guide of the conscience."

### A Home Hint

WHEN washing cut glass, add a tablespoonful of turpentine to each half gallon of water. It will insure a brilliant polish.

## Our Counsel Corner

Who wrote the poem "Unforgotten"? Where can I obtain a copy of this poem?

"Unforgotten" was written by Marianne Farningham, and reads as follows:

"I cannot tell why there should come to me  
A thought of some one miles and years away,  
In swift insistence on the memory,  
Unless there be a need that I should pray.

"Old friends are far away; we seldom meet  
To talk of Jesus or changes day by day,  
Of pain, pleasure, triumph, or defeat,  
Or special reasons why 'tis time to pray.

"We are too busy even to spend thought  
For days together of some friends away;  
Perhaps God does it for us, and we ought  
To read His signal as a call to pray.

"Perhaps my friend just then has fiercer fight,  
A more appalling weakness or decay  
Of courage, darkness, some lost sense of right;  
And so in case you need my prayer, I pray.

"Friend, do the same for me. If I intrude  
Unasked upon you on some crowded day,  
Give me a moment's prayer as interlude.  
Be sure I need it; therefore, pray."

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### V—Christ Our Priest—the Union of the Divine and Human

(April 30)

#### Daily-Study Outline

1. SYNOPSIS, paragraphs 1, 2, looking up texts.
2. Synopsis, paragraph 3, looking up texts.
3. Synopsis, paragraph 4, looking up texts.
4. Questions 1-6.
5. Questions 7-10.
6. Questions 11-17.
7. Review the Synopsis.

#### Synopsis

SEED THOUGHT: "By His humanity, Christ touched humanity; by His divinity, He lays hold upon the throne of God."  
—"The Desire of Ages," p. 24.

1. In the epistle to the Hebrews there is presented to us the reality of all that was set forth in type and shadow in the ancient tabernacle service. The most important feature of this interpretation is the fact that "Jesus the Son of God" is now our high priest, the minister of the heavenly sanctuary. Heb. 4:14; 8:1, 2. Unlike any ordinary son, He is the Son of God, "heir of all things," and the agent in creation. Heb. 1:2. He is in Himself a revelation of the glory of God, and the express image of His person. Verse 3. By His word He sustains all things (verse 3); and since God is His Father, and He the Son of God, He bears "a more excellent name" than the angels (verse 4).

2. The angels of God are administrative agents (Heb. 1:7) who do homage to Him as God and King (verse 8). The things of creation may perish, but He is eternal. Verse 11.

3. Christ is introduced to us in the first chapter of Hebrews as Son, God, and Lord, whose deity and eternity are emphasized; in the second chapter as Son of man with all the limitations of our common humanity. He is known by His earthly, personal name, who can taste of death (Heb. 2:9), and can be made perfect through suffering (verse 10). He partook of the same flesh and blood which we have (verse 14), becoming just as truly man as He is truly God (verse 17). It was this unity of humanity with divinity which enabled Him to become "a merciful and faithful high priest." Verse 17. His experience of temptation as a man has prepared Him to minister sympathy and help to the tempted (verse 18).



4. Because our high priest is the eternal Son of God, He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Eph. 3:20. Because He is the Son of man, He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Heb. 4:15.

### Questions

1. What is presented to us in the epistle to the Hebrews? See synopsis, paragraph 1, first part.
2. What is the central feature of this interpretation? Heb. 4:14; 8:1, 2.
3. By what name is He designated who is afterward called priest? Heb. 1:2.
4. What two things show that He shares in the very being of God? Verse 3.
5. What relation does the Son sustain to all created things? Verse 3.
6. How does His name compare with the name of angels? Verse 4.
7. In what capacity do the angels act? Verse 7.
8. How do they regard the Son of God? Verse 8.
9. By what contrast is the eternity of the Son declared? Verse 11.
10. What names are applied to Christ in the first chapter of Hebrews? See synopsis, paragraph 3, first part.
11. What name is applied to Him in the second chapter of Hebrews? Heb. 2:9.
12. What further fact emphasizes His humanity? Verse 10.
13. What shows His complete identity with the human family? Verse 14.
14. Because of this unity of divinity with humanity, what could He become? Verse 17, last part.
15. What enabled Him to minister to the needs of the tempted? Verse 18.
16. How great things can our High Priest do for us? Eph. 3:20.
17. With what can He be touched? Heb. 4:15.

## Intermediate Lesson

### V — Destruction of Jerusalem; Signs of the Coming of Christ

(April 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 24:15-31.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 13:14-27; Luke 21:20-28.

MEMORY VERSE: "They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory." Matt. 24:30.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 630-632.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples.

PLACE: The Mount of Olives.

#### Setting of the Lesson

Jesus continues His talk to the disciples in answer to their question concerning the destruction of the temple and the end of the world.

"Jesus did not answer His disciples by taking up separately the destruction of Jerusalem and the great day of His coming. He mingled the description of these two events. Had He opened to His disciples future events as He beheld them, they would have been unable to endure the sight. In mercy to them He blended the description of the two great crises, leaving the disciples to study out the meaning for themselves. When He referred to the destruction of Jerusalem, His prophetic words reached beyond that event to the final conflagration in that day when the Lord shall rise out of His place to punish the world for their iniquity, when the earth shall disclose her blood, and shall no more cover her slain. This entire discourse was given, not for the disciples only, but for those who should live in the last scenes of this earth's history."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 628.

This lesson begins with a reference to the destruction of Jerusalem.

"Signs in the sun and the moon and the stars,  
Faithfully show that the great day is near;  
Nations distressed by the rumors of wars,  
And the hearts of wicked men are failing for fear.

"Sound forth the tidings, long, loud, and clear;  
Jesus is coming, and soon will appear;  
Till hearts respond as we long for our home,  
'Quickly come, O blessed Jesus, come, Saviour, come.'"

### Questions

1. In what way did Jesus refer to the destruction of Jerusalem? Matt. 24:15.
2. How had the prophet Daniel foretold the destruction of the city? Dan. 9:27, last part. Note 1.

3. When this prophecy should come to pass, what were God's people to do? How urgent was the need of haste in escaping from the city? Matt. 24:16-18. Note 2.

4. For what did Jesus say the Jewish people should pray? Verses 19, 20. Note 3.

5. What still greater time of trouble did Jesus then foretell? Verse 21. Note 4.

6. For whose sake were those days of trouble shortened? Verse 22.

7. Against what does Jesus warn His followers? Verse 23.

8. What kind of deceivers will arise? What will they be able to do? How very deceiving will they be? Verse 24.

9. Why should we not be deceived? Verse 25.

10. What particular sayings are we not to believe? Verse 26.

11. How did Jesus describe His second coming to the earth? Verse 27. Note 5.

12. What signs of Christ's coming were to be seen in the heavens? When were they to begin to be seen? Verse 29. Note 6.

13. What sign will then appear? What effect will this have upon the people of the earth? Verse 30. Note 7.

14. How will the angels herald His coming? What work will be given them to do? Verse 31. Note 8.

### Other Signs of Christ's Coming

What signs will be seen among the people? Luke 21:25, 26. How is this fulfilled today?

### Notes

1. Jesus refers to the armies that should surround Jerusalem as the "abomination of desolation" standing "in the holy place." This "holy place" means a limited space around the city. Just as soon as the people of God should see the Roman army before the walls, they should flee to the mountains. To delay, or even to hesitate, would mean their death. History tells us that when the Roman general came to attack the city, he pitched his camp opposite the strong positions of the palace and the temple. Then suddenly "he suspended operations, renounced his advantages, and withdrew from the temple wall. It was an act so difficult to account for that naturally it was ascribed to a higher power than man." The people of God recognized the sign Jesus had given them, and left the city and not one perished. It was about two years before the Romans returned and renewed their siege under Titus. But during all that time the city was the prey of contending factions intensely jealous of each other, and at no time during that period could the Christians have safely left the doomed city.

2. The roofs of the houses in Eastern countries were flat. People often went up on them to pray or to rest.

3. In every trouble, and wherever they went, Jesus wished His followers to remember to keep holy the Sabbath day. He knew how the little children and the mothers would suffer if they were obliged to leave their homes in the cold of winter, so He told them to pray that their flight be not in the winter nor on the Sabbath.

4. From speaking of the destruction of Jerusalem, Jesus passed on to the events that should take place before His second coming. The "great tribulation" referred to is a period of 1260 years, known as the Dark Ages, when millions of the people of God were cruelly put to death.

5. The second coming of Jesus cannot be counterfeited. Jesus comes in person with the glory of His Father. He is accompanied by all the holy angels, who come in all their glory. It will be impossible for Satan to counterfeit the coming of Jesus as outlined in these words of Scripture. Thus none need be deceived by the false teaching concerning the coming of Christ. Jesus has forewarned His people, so that none need be in ignorance concerning this important event.

6. The period of 1260 years ended in 1798. A little before that date the persecution of the people of God ceased. On May 19, 1780, the sun was darkened, and the moon did not give light as usual. The event known as the falling of the stars took place on Nov. 13, 1833. So the first of the signs that Jesus gave of His coming took place long ago.

7. Describing the coming of Jesus, the servant of God says: "Soon appeared the great white cloud, upon which sat the Son of man. When it first appeared in the distance, this cloud looked very small. The angel said that it was the sign of the Son of man. As it drew nearer the earth, we could behold the excellent glory and majesty of Jesus as He rode forth to conquer. A retinue of holy angels, with bright, glittering crowns upon their heads, escorted Him on His way. No language can describe the glory of the scene."—*"Early Writings,"* p. 286.

8. The "elect" are those who have loved and obeyed the Lord, and they are then gathered from every part of the earth to be with Jesus evermore.

VISIONS are multiplied when souls are on their knees.—*Dr. Jowett.*



### A New Slogan

**BUY** a Book a Week" is fast becoming a popular slogan; but some one has suggested as a substitute for this, "Buy a Religious Book a Week." One who buys and reads one religious work a week, must at the end of the year have made a material addition to both his library and his character.

The week from March 13-20, was "Religious Book Week," a week in which the publishers of such books launched a special campaign to interest during that week as many people as possible in religious works.

Whether one buys a religious book each week or not, it is a helpful, a wise thing to read at least one strong religious work each week. Youth is the time to read religious books. Nothing will so strengthen the character foundation as such reading.

A young man remarked recently that when he was attending South Lancaster Academy, a teacher said to him at the table one day that if he wanted to get a thorough understanding of the principles underlying this last gospel message, he should read such books as "The Great Controversy Between Christ and Satan," "The Desire of Ages," and "Daniel and the Revelation." He acted upon the suggestion, and received inestimable good therefrom.

This testimony can be given by many others; but it is a testimony that cannot be given by those who waste their time reading novels. Books make the man, and greatly wise is the youth who early comprehends this fact, and chooses his books accordingly.

F. D. C.

### Couldn't Be "Bossed"

**Y**OUNG people, especially girls, often writhe under the restraint of home and duty. They can't bear to be "bossed;" they want to be "independent," so they leave home, and when away from those who love them and who have sought to protect them, fall into sin and reap the bitter reward of the transgressor.

Winifred Black, in one of the national dailies, tells what befell some of these would-be independent girls, and then offers some homely counsel that all girls who are inclined to chafe under home restrictions would do well to consider. She says:

The pretty, foolish little girl, who couldn't bear to be "bossed"—she's dead and buried.

At her funeral were strange, painted women, with hard eyes, and men with cruel, mocking smiles. And there were articles in the paper about the services—for somebody had murdered the foolish little girl, and so she had been the cause of a few hours' sensation.

The man who had been with her most of all, sent some flowers for her grave. That was two days ago. By this time he has doubtless filled her place in his life with some other little girl, who couldn't bear to be "bossed" at home, and who ran away to the great city to be "independent" and gay and lead her own life.

Poor things! What a strange, flickering light of folly they follow—those who will not listen to the counsel of the ones who really love them!

Independent! There's no bondslave in the world so whipped by necessity as these bondslaves of what they love to call "freedom."

You can see them all around you—anywhere you go. On the streets, mincing along with eager, roving eyes, looking for a way of escape—from what?

From home and duty and an ordered life. From self-respect and pride and honest work.

You can see them in the theater, dressed like little flaunting parakeets. In the restaurant, they are preening their cheap little feathers and chattering like a lot of magpies.

I saw one of these women in jail the other day. A little, childish thing she was, not yet eighteen. They had taken her morphine away from her and she was screaming in agony.

"Mamma!" she cried, "mamma, oh, come and help me!"

Oh, mamma, I'll be good now—I'll be good now! Please come and take me home."

But no one knew where her mother lived or what her mother's name was. Besides, there was a man, a sweetheart. He had taught the girl the drug habit. She could never stay away from him. Never! So all the rest of the poor victims say—and I suppose she couldn't.

### Rules and Regulations

She didn't want to be "bossed," either—the girl who screamed and cried for her mother in the jail the other day. What would she give to be back in the shelter of that home that was freedom itself, compared to the tyranny she suffers now?

Rules and regulations—pride and prejudice—eager youth and settled maturity, and the clash between them—these things are hard to bear, but oh, the anguish that sometimes waits for those who cannot or who will not bear them patiently!

### Sentence Prodders

THERE is nothing so kingly as kindness.—*Alice Cary.*

SHALL we make a new rule of life: always to be a little kinder than necessary?—*J. M. Barrie.*

IF you cannot do a kind deed, speak a kind word; if you cannot speak a kind word, think a kind thought.—*Channing.*

LIFE is a battle—fight it bravely; life is a course—run it eagerly; life is a faith-keeping—hold it firmly: but do not think to win the righteousness by your battle, by your race, or by your faith-keeping. God will give it to you; it is His free gift, if you simply love Him and wish to see Him.—*Dr. Lyman Abbott.*

BE calm in arguing; for fierceness makes Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

—*George Herbert.*

### Business Tact

**A** PROMINENT employer once observed that a new clerk was starting off by allowing things to accumulate on his desk. He thought the young man was perhaps influenced by an older employee who was accustomed to do the same thing. So the chief asked the older man to speak to the new man about leaving unfinished work on his desk, and asked him to do it as if on his own initiative, without mentioning him.

The next morning both desks were clear. The older man did not suspect that his chief was criticizing him, nor did the young man know that the chief had observed his failing. Yet both had received the suggestion that wrought reform.

### Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
Welcome to Spring (poetry) .....	3
Two Interesting Chilean Incidents .....	3
The Joy of Service and Service of Joy (poetry) .....	4
The Dear Old Home (poetry) .....	5
The Man Whose Heart Betrayed Him .....	5
Why I Do Not Read Novels .....	6
Beyond the Cloud and Storm (poetry) .....	6
Early Colonial Customs .....	7
Missionary Volunteer Work in Germany .....	8
Appreciation of the Morning Watch .....	8
Innocent Pleasures .....	10
A New Slogan .....	16
Couldn't Be "Bossed" .....	16
SELECTIONS	
Her Heart's Desire .....	4
Pie and Patronage .....	12
Imaginary Prayer of a Dog .....	13