

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ALONG THE SHORES OF AVALANCHE LAKE, GLACIER NATIONAL PARK, MONTANA

From Here and There

Napoleon died on the fifth of May, 1821, one hundred years ago.

A bill to prohibit publication of foreign language newspapers or magazines, without publication of an English translation of every article in parallel columns, has been introduced into the national Congress by Representative Upshaw, of Georgia.

In 1919 we sold \$92,761,000 worth of goods to Germany, and in 1920, \$311,437,000 worth. In 1919 our purchases from Germany amounted to \$10,608,000 and in 1920, \$88,863,000. The total trade between the two countries last year was four times as great as that of the year before.

There are thirty-nine characters in China's new phonetic alphabet, which will unlock the doors of learning in the future for hundreds of millions of people. In the past, with a written language of 40,000 characters, only about one person in twenty learned to read and write. The new language is so simple that an ignorant peasant can master it in four or five weeks.

The author of the new theory of "relativity" concerning time and space, Herr Einstein, has said that "there are not more than twelve living men who could understand it." If this is true, there must be something wrong with the theory or with its author, for while the Author of nature is omniscient and omnipotent, a wonderful simplicity characterizes His works, so that the wayfaring man may read and understand them.

There can be no loitering in the employees' cafeteria of the Westinghouse Company of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. This is thought to be the largest cafeteria in the world, for it can serve nearly 9,000 persons in an hour, 3,000 persons being able to enter the building, eat their lunches, and pass out in twenty-two minutes. The food passes before the customer on moving belts, and the soiled dishes are sent to the washing machines on similar belts. These machines can each wash 14,000 dishes an hour.

The Ameer, or Ruler of Afghanistan

NO other monarch anywhere wields today more undisputed authority or is in closer touch with the everyday life of his subjects than the ameer. He personally runs his country's religion, its foreign affairs, and even supervises much of its commerce. He also owns and censors the only newspaper printed in all Afghanistan. Incidentally, he keeps fifty-eight automobiles, and he *never* walks. Even from one palace to another, he goes by motor over short pieces of road built especially for his pleasure.

Bulgarian Children at Work

IN Bulgaria, school children of both sexes from eight years up are now compelled to work for the public benefit for ten days. They started in on this duty Monday. The children greeted the new law enthusiastically, and, under the supervision of their teachers, began planting flowers and trees, digging gardens, and doing all kinds of work suitable for their age.

The streets of Sofia are filled in the daytime by squads of pupils, headed by teachers, going to or returning from work. The grown-up students carry the shovels and other implements on their shoulders, the girls carrying brooms, and singing: "We are merry *troudavaks* [service people], and we gladly help the country with hoe, shovel, broom, and pruning knife."

President Harding's Cabinet

TEN men form the President's Cabinet, or corps of councilors. These are:

Secretary of State: Charles E. Hughes.
Secretary of the Treasury: Andrew W. Mellon.
Secretary of War: John W. Weeks.
Attorney-General: Harry M. Daugherty.
Postmaster-General: Will H. Hays.
Secretary of the Navy: Edwin Denby.
Secretary of the Interior: Albert B. Fall.
Secretary of Agriculture: Henry C. Wallace.
Secretary of Commerce: Herbert C. Hoover.
Secretary of Labor: James J. Davis.

The Artist and His Picture

A YOUNG artist desired to copy a beautiful picture that hung in a palace in Rome. He was refused permission to copy it in the palace, so he set to work to reproduce it from memory. Hour after hour he would sit before the picture until it took possession of him, and then, hurrying home, he would begin to paint. Each day he spent some time gazing on the original, and each day saw some new loveliness. As he looked, and toiled, his power grew. At last there stood in his studio such a wonderful copy that all who looked said, "We must see the original."

This should be the aim of every Christian young person—so to reproduce his Saviour that the world will say, "We must see Jesus."

GEORGE S. BELLEAU.

A Vocational Banquet

THE young people's department of a certain Sunday school recently gave a reception and banquet to those of their number who were being graduated from the high school. The theme of the program was, "The Essentials of a Successful Career." A number of the guests of honor told of the vocations they had chosen for their life-work, and their reasons for so doing. The meeting was most helpful. The thread of each talk was gathered up and woven into a beautiful closing talk on "The Life Worth While."—*Elizabeth Williams Sudlow.*

GOLD is good in its place; but living, brave, patriotic men are better than gold.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

The Youth's Instructor

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FANNIE D. CHASE - - - - - EDITOR
LORA E. CLEMENT - - - - - ASSISTANT EDITOR
L. FLORA PLUMMER
M. E. KERN - - - - - SPECIAL CONTRIBUTORS
W. E. HOWELL

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Shadow Land

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

SHADOW land, O shadow land!
Though the soul o'erwhelmed with woe,
Faints upon thy dreary sand
Where the trees drip tears below,
Hast thou not a rest unknown
In the land where sunshine smiles,
For the one who walks alone
Through thy gloomy forest aisles?

After fear has worked its will,
And the soul accepts its fate,
Then the voice so small and still,
Whispers, though it cometh late:
"Fear thou not, for I am here;
Child of Mine, be not afraid.
In the shadow I am near,
And thou needst not be dismayed."

Shadow land, O shadow land!
Is it not worth while to be
In thy borders, when God's hand
Through the darkness leadeth me?
Though we love the sun's warm touch,
Love the dazzle and the light,
If we live therein too much
We shall lose our strength and might.

I have knelt beneath the shade
Of those sighing cypress trees,
By an unseen presence stayed,
Till my soul has dwelt at ease;
And if ever I attain
To the stature that God meant,
I shall find the greatest gain,
In the shadows He has sent.

Choose Ye

AGNES L. CAVINESS

I WONDER if I can use a quotation that has been used many, many times, and yet have you think deeply of the meaning of each word. I am going to try:

"Higher than the highest human thought can reach is God's ideal for His children."

Ambitions, hopes, ideals—all these of a necessity accompany youth. Youth without them is a thing against nature—a monstrosity. But I never look over a company of men and women in one of our schools or churches without wishing every soul of the company might be electrified with the possibilities set forth in the sentence I have quoted.

We are told, "Ye shall stand before kings." Have you ever thought what a sorry sight some of us are going to make at such a moment unless we take on a new attitude toward life? Some of us—only a few—are slovenly, satisfied with being merely good; some of us are self-conscious and awkward and frivolous; and more are snobbish and suffering from a misconception of the relative importance. We all need polishing before we may fitly "stand before kings." Life will do much toward this; but the process may be hastened if we take the burden upon ourselves.

When I was in school, there was a worker from one of the conferences whose visits we all dreaded. What he said was good enough; but there was nothing about him or his message that left any permanent impression. When we came trooping into chapel, with a stolen side-long glance to see which of the "visiting brethren" sat on the platform with our faculty, and saw him beside our president, we groaned. And on those days we were likely to have extra good lessons for the recitation immediately following chapel.

But something happened to that worker. It was a long time before I learned what it was. His talks became shorter, and somehow took on vitality. His articles began to appear frequently in various papers, always short, spirited, and clever. And not many years had passed until his name on the bulletin board filled the chapel, and for that short half hour the next lesson was unthought of. The man had caught a vis-

ion; acquired an ambition; had put himself under efficient instruction, and had achieved.

It can be done. The avenues of learning and of culture are many and varied enough to accommodate any one who cares to enter. The difficulty is that the most fortunate are also most likely to be careless of their attainments.

The mother of a charming daughter observed lately, "I wonder when my daughter is going to meet the fine, manly fellows such as her father was when we were in school."

"Of course," some of you are saying, "the old folks always talk about the good old days, and bemoan everything modern."

But that mother isn't old; she is an attractive, progressive woman of affairs. She simply sees that as a class we young people of today need something—my mother used to call it "starch!" One father I knew used to admonish his sons to "have some gumption!" I think he meant the same thing.

You are living in a critical moment of the world's history. You have no time to be aught but your *best self*. Your life comes into the world a burst of music. You may make of it what you will, a dance, a dirge, or a grand life-march. The choice is yours. Choose ye.

My Conversion

FOR almost three years I have been a reader of the INSTRUCTOR, and I appreciate the help that it has been to me. Some time ago a request came for accounts of conversions or experiences, and I am writing with the hope that my experience may help some one.

When I was fifteen years old, a friend began to send me the INSTRUCTOR. At first I read only little sketches here and there, not because I was interested, but because I had promised to read the paper. My brother had been a Seventh-day Adventist for some time, and although I knew some points of the faith, they had not deeply impressed me.

After reading a few copies of the paper, I began to think seriously: "What really is the use of using so

much slang?" It didn't sound clever any more, and after some consideration I decided to break away entirely from its use.

About this time I became acquainted with an Adventist girl about my own age at the high school that we both attended. We soon became firm friends. One day I mentioned the INSTRUCTOR, and when she found that I was reading it, she began to have quiet little visits with me. At one time we were discussing moving pictures. I, of course, could see no harm in them, and put forth my best efforts to convince her that they were instructive. She admitted that in some instances they were, but said that as a whole they did more harm than good. To conclude our discussion she said, "Well, anyway, they take your mind off from God, and that's where it ought to be." I was convinced—I knew that what she said was true.

Soon I began to ask questions, and she never failed to find the answer I wanted, and bring it to me the next day. She brought me "The Seer of Patmos," and, oh, how I studied it! As I was staying with an aunt through the week, and she objected to Adventist literature, I could study only when unobserved. The INSTRUCTOR was a faithful companion, and I read its pages with much interest.

Then my new friend invited me to church. As I live in the country, my brother, in whom she had confided, took me to some Sunday evening meetings. There I became better acquainted with the truth.

Finally, I felt that something must be done. I must obey the Lord and keep His commandments. It seemed sometimes as if Satan said, "Wait, wait, you are too young to decide such an important question." But then I could hear Jesus say: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"Give of your best to the Master,
Give of the strength of your youth."

And I decided to obey. But oh, how I dreaded to tell any one! I knew that my aunt would be angry, but mother, dear mother, would be broken hearted—yes, but she would be kind. And she was. I shall never forget the love and forbearance my mother, sister, and brother who was then at home, had for me during those first hard months.

When I went back to my aunt's that Sunday evening, I expected a storm, and it came; but I was comforted by the sweet words I had heard in church,

"Trust and obey, for there's no other way
To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey."

Less than six months had passed since I began to read the INSTRUCTOR. Since that time God has blessed and been with me always. It is my earnest desire to be of use to Him in winning souls, and thus help carry "the gospel to all the world in this generation."

Missionary Volunteers, may you each be as faithful and patient in "winning the one next to you," as were the friends who won me. A READER.

How Chinese Young People Appreciate Young People's Meetings

IN a letter from Brother R. M. Milne, departmental secretary of the South China Union Mission, he speaks of the Missionary Volunteer Society of Canton, where our school for South China is located. He says:

"I think that the society at Canton has done excellent work. Two or three of the boys canvass regularly in the city, while on Sabbath many go to the small towns and villages near by and pass out literature and often hold meetings with the interested ones."

The report shows that of the ninety-five members in the Canton Society, ninety are observing the Morning Watch and ninety-five are taking the Bible Year.

We have all given something to foreign missions, and some of our young people in America have given specifically to this school in South China. It ought to be a source of encouragement to us all to learn of the faithfulness of those who have been redeemed from heathenism. It may be that some of these boys and girls are more faithful than those who have had greater opportunities.

Of still greater interest is what Brother Milne says about the girls attending the special young people's meetings held at Canton:

"There are forty-seven girls in the society, and as most of them have to earn their rice day by day by crocheting and needle work, they do not have much time to waste, or money to give and spend. While the union meeting was held there during December, there were, of course, many meetings for the Chinese young people. These were held mostly by Elder Meade MacGuire and Brother C. C. Crisler. These girls were so eager to attend that many of them did not get their crocheting done. That meant no supper. This means much to them as they have but two meals a day. Next day they had still not caught up to their amount of work and again they had but one meal. Needless to say they missed it, as all girls would, and more than one shed a few tears. But they are an earnest, bright group of young people. They take hold of the work with enthusiasm, and we look forward to the time when they will be full-time workers in this cause."

As I read this, I look forward to the young people's meetings to be held at the camp-meetings this summer. I am sure there are those who would rather go with one meal a day than to miss these meetings. There are others not so anxious. Let us remember the words of the Lord recorded by Jeremiah: "Ye shall seek Me, and find Me, when ye search for Me with all your heart."

M. E. KERN.

Making the Choice

MANY years ago, when I was standing where perhaps you are today, at the parting of the ways, but not knowing which way to take, the voice of God came to me through the voice of a friend. It was necessary for me at that time that I learn quickly what my life-work was to be; yet it seemed impossible to get the clue that I needed and to be assured that I was making the right choice. When I was younger my thought had turned from one thing to another with a rapidity that was almost startling. In fact, I had desired to be nearly everything from the driver of a circus wagon to a merchant prince.

A short time before the period of which I write I had become a Christian, and with the coming of the new life there had come new desires. I wanted to be of some use in the world; I wanted to live in such a way that I should leave the world better than I found it.

A great number of voices called to me, each claiming me for some task or profession, and promising opportunities both for serving others and helping myself. I wanted to do the will of God, but found it difficult to determine where the voice of God might be leading. I shall never forget a friend who came to me in that hour. We happened to be driving together, and in the course of a casual talk he suggested that God might want me for *the ministry of Jesus Christ*.

It was the word that I needed. He did not tell me what I should do. He made no effort to influence my decision, yet his word came to me as the word of God, and through it I came to know what God wanted me to do. Since then I have tried to help others as my friend helped me.—*Selected*.

The Loveliness of Christ

M. E. KERN

[Reprinted by request of some who were greatly helped by the reading of the article on its first appearance.]

I LONG for the loveliness of Christ. How can it be obtained?" writes a young person who knows from experience the bitter struggle against the power of sin.

In the sin darkness of this world Jesus shines forth as the Light of life. He is the one "altogether lovely," and when we really see Him, it is difficult ever again to be satisfied with our sinful selves. We are attracted by His loveliness.

And how can that loveliness of character be obtained? Not by striving to make ourselves lovely, but by admitting Him into our lives. Jesus does not offer merely to help us in a fight for character; He has promised to live in us and to work in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. "I in them, and Thou in me," is the threefold union Jesus prayed for on the night of His betrayal. And through the beloved disciple on Patmos He sent to us this message: "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Rev. 3:20.

To open the heart's door for His entrance means the surrender of your life to Him, that He may mold your character, determine your life's purposes, and guide you in your life's work. "Surrender all your plans to Him, to be carried out or given up as His providence shall indicate. Thus day by day you may be giving your life into the hands of God, and thus your life will be molded more and more after the life of Christ."

Some one has said that a Christian is like an iron in the fire: the fire soon gets into the iron; and the coldness, hardness, and blackness of the iron is displaced by the heat, softness, and glowing luster of the fire. If Christ is in us and we are in Him, the loveliness of His character will more and more appear in our lives.

As we commune with Christ in Bible study and prayer, as we contemplate His loveliness with the heart open to the sweet influences of His presence, as we behold Him, we "are changed into the same image from glory to glory even as by the Spirit of the Lord." 2 Cor. 3:18.

On the other hand, "When the mind dwells upon self, it is turned away from Christ, the source of strength and life. Hence it is Satan's constant effort to keep the attention diverted from the Saviour, and thus prevent the union and communion of the soul with Christ. The pleasures of the world, life's cares and perplexities and sorrows, the faults of others, or your own faults and imperfections—to any or all of these he will seek to divert the mind. Do not be mis-

led by his devices. Many who are really conscientious, and who desire to live for God, he too often leads to dwell upon their own faults and weaknesses, and thus by separating them from Christ, he hopes to gain the victory. We should not make self the center, and indulge anxiety and fear as to whether we shall be saved. All this turns the soul away from the Source of our

strength. Commit the keeping of your soul to God, and trust in Him. Talk and think of Jesus. Let self be lost in Him. Put away all doubt; dismiss your fears. Say with the apostle Paul: 'I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.' Rest in God. He is able to keep that which you have committed to Him. If you will leave yourselves in His hands, He will bring you off more than conqueror through Him that has loved you."—"Steps to Christ," pp. 76, 77.

The blessed thing about this wonderful truth of a changed life is that any one and every one may have it. It is not for a favored few who are "just naturally good," for "Christ has given His spirit as a divine power to overcome all hereditary and cultivated tendencies to evil, and to impress His own character upon His church."—"The Desire of Ages," p. 671.

"Even John, the beloved disciple, the one who most fully reflected the likeness of the Saviour, did not naturally possess that loveliness of character. He was not only self-assertive and ambitious for honor, but impetuous, and resentful under injuries. But as the character of the Divine One was manifested to him, he saw his own deficiency, and was humbled by the knowledge. The strength and patience, the power and tenderness, the majesty and meekness, that he beheld in the daily life of the Son of God, filled his soul with admiration and love. Day by day his heart was drawn out toward Christ, until he lost sight of self in love for his Master. His resentful, ambitious temper was yielded to the molding power of Christ. The regenerating influence of the Holy Spirit renewed his heart. The power of the love of Christ wrought a transformation of character. This is the sure result of union with Jesus. When Christ abides in the heart, the whole nature is transformed."—"Steps to Christ," p. 78.

The boast of Caesar was, "*Veni, vidi, vici*,"—I came, I saw, I conquered. The Christian—not putting his trust in the arm of flesh—can say, "I came, I saw, I was conquered, and now Christ liveth in me, my Sanctifier, my Guide, and my All."



The Baraca Bible Class Movement

A CROCKERY merchant of Syracuse, New York, had for a customer one day a Baptist minister, who before leaving the store, invited the merchant to his church. Mr. Hudson, though not a Christian, accepted the invitation, and was so warmly welcomed that he continued to attend, and finally gave himself to the Lord, and joined the church. He became an enthusiastic Christian worker.

His business prospered, until he owned three stores in the city. During these years of prosperity he conducted a Bible class for young men, which class had a membership of 350 two years after its organization.

The name of the class is Baraca, "blessing." The platform to which all members subscribe is: "Young men at work for young men, all standing by the Bible, the Bible school, and the church." The class motto is, "We Do Things."

A writer in the *Christian Endeavor World* gives the following description of the growth of the Baraca movement, which by solicitation was carried first to neighboring cities, then throughout the State, then to other States, finally becoming international:

"The growth of Baraca classes was steady, and absorbed so much of the founder's time that it became imperative to choose between the classes and part of his business. He closed one store. This gave him more time for his work for the kingdom, and this work grew with still greater vitality. He closed another store, and again the work took a spurt forward. By and by he was faced with the necessity of closing his last store. He had resolved not to take any salary from the movement he had inaugurated, and to close up his business entirely meant to cut off material supplies. But in simple faith in the Father's power to provide for his needs, he took this step also.

He has traveled all over the United States, and in Europe, Asia, and Africa. He became a millionaire in men. If the World War had not broken out, by this time he probably would have reached his second million. And in these sixteen years since he made this great surrender, God has never failed him. All his needs have been met.

I WAS WONDERING

About Baraca

BAR-
ACA.

MEANS HAPPY.

AND OVER IN
SYRACUSE, NEW
YORK, THERE'S A
MAN.

NAMED HUDSON.

HE'S HAPPY.

BECAUSE HE'S GOT
A MILLION.

YOU'D BE HAPPY
TOO IF YOU HAD
A MILLION, WOULDN'T
YOU?

BUT I DON'T
MEAN DOLLARS.

HE WANTED THAT
ONCE.

AND HE WAS ON
THE ROAD TO
GETTING IT SOME
DAY.

THEN HE DECIDED
HE'D RATHER HAVE
A MILLION MEN
IN BARACA CLASSES
THAN A MILLION
DOLLARS.

SO HE SOLD
HIS STORES AND
STARTED OUT TO
GET HIS MEN.

AND NOW HE'S
LIKE ALL THE
OTHER MILLIONAIRES.

HE WANTS
ANOTHER
MILLION.

AND I HOPE
HE GETS THEM.

I WAS WONDERING
IF IT ISN'T A
NICE THOUGHT FOR
HIM TO THINK
OF ALL THOSE MEN
IN BIBLE CLASSES.

SOMETIME OR
OTHER, AND THOUSANDS
OF THEM
CHRISTIANS.

BECAUSE HE WANTED
MEN MORE THAN
HE WANTED MONEY.

ANYWAY I'D LIKE
TO HAVE AS HAPPY
THINGS TO RE-
MEMBER WHEN
I GET TO
BE THREESCORE
AND SOME.

— McAlpine.

Health Hints

THE best thing about a window — raising it.
Fresh air in the lungs is better than money in the bank.

It is easier to ventilate a room than to dig a grave.
A fool and his health are soon parted — and seldom reunited.

Feed yourself plenty of oxygen.

Tuberculosis can be cured if discovered in time.

The undertaker comes seldom to the home of open windows.

Sleeping in the open air is the best life insurance.

It is better to sleep in a cold room than a cold grave.

Keep the windows open and the pill box shut.

Fresh air is cheaper than drugs and better than doctors.

The only cure for tuberculosis is fresh air, good food, and rest.

Patent medicines are not made to cure — they are made to sell.

Fake tuberculosis cures guarantee just one thing — death.

To give other people tuberculosis — spit on floors and sidewalks.

When you don't know what to eat, eat nothing.

Good health can be bought, but not in a bottle.

The best nerve restorer — keeping clean in mind and body. — *Health Bulletin*.

El Shaddai, or the God Who Is Almighty

EL SHADDAI assures us that we have a God that is equal to our salvation and the salvation of any sinner, however lost and however long resisting the grace and mercy of God.

It means that He is equal to the salvation of your boy, your friend, your soul, whoever you are, and whatever you may be.

It means that He is equal to your sanctification, and the sanctification of any temperament, no matter how impracticable; the counteracting of any habit, no matter how confirmed; the overcoming of any defect, infirmity, or sin, no matter how deeply rooted and aggravated; victory over any and every temptation that may come, and a life sanctified through and through and preserved blameless until the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. It means that He is able to keep you from stumbling and to preserve you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy. — *A. B. Simpson*.

A Smile

No, it cannot buy a dinner,
And it cannot clothe the poor,
And it cannot work in sickness
As an everlasting cure.

It can change a bitter feeling;
It can brighten up a day,
And it has a way of driving
Mr. Worryman away.

So try it on your features,
For it doesn't hurt a bit;
On any kind of people
It's guaranteed to fit.

— Nan Terrell Reed.

"No man has a right to leave the world as he found it. He must add something of worth to it."

THE diary of our preceding life is the jury which destines the road we shall travel. GUY BURGESS.

Science and Invention

A Great Traveler

THE champion migrant of the world is the arctic tern, which is a species of sea gull. This interesting bird spends its summers as far north as land may be found, where it constructs its nests and raises its young. This is said to be within seven and a half degrees of the north pole. It reaches its most northern home about the middle of June, and remains for fourteen weeks. During its sojourn in the northern region, the arctic tern never sees the sun set. When its time is spent, it starts on its long journey to the antarctic region, and reaches that cold region when the days are longest. Therefore this creature sees more daylight than any other living creature in the world. On its flight, it travels eleven thousand miles, and making the two trips in a single year, travels twenty-two thousand miles in its migration.

The Power that leads the birds in their lonely wanderings is the same unseen Power that guides the human family through life. If the birds in their migration rebelled against this Power, they would not reach their home. But with an unfaltering trust they yield to this Power, and are guided safely home. The same is true of the spirit of man. A rebellious spirit will prevent one from reaching his eternal home, but a trusting spirit lets this unseen Power guide him across the chasm from his place on earth to the home beyond.

— *Young People.*

A World Census of Animal Life

NOW and then as we have attention drawn to some phenomenon of nature, as a scourge of grasshoppers, the annual spring pest of Canadian soldiers covering our walls and filling the street lamps, or earthworms crawling on the sidewalks after a heavy rain, we have impressed upon us the prodigality of animate nature. But if we stop to calculate what there is of sentient existence by what we behold, the mind is overwhelmed by the mere figures; for instance, let us consider a census of animal life.

Take one section of land one mile square anywhere; this section should contain timber, pasture, swamp land, and cultivated fields, with a stream of water running through a valley. It will consist of four farms of 160 acres each, which will support perhaps twelve teams of horses, 180 head of cattle, 200 sheep, a dozen dogs and cats, 100 hogs, and 300 or more fowl. While there may be no panthers, bears, or other ferocious beasts, a possible fox or wolf with a family to support may lurk in the woods. Soaring in the air a buzzard, eagle, or hawk is seen in search of a meal. Blinking in some hollow tree, waiting for the dusk, are two cat-faced owls. A dozen crows (for this is the springtime of the year) busy themselves pulling sprouting corn. That rascally jay and half a dozen relatives are making the welkins ring; 40 blackbirds, 40 robins, 40 flickers, 20 woodpeckers, 20 thrushes, 80 English sparrows, 10 wrens, 10 song sparrows, 10 bluebirds, and 200 varied other birds, including swallows, night hawks, sapsuckers, phoebes, and pewees, inhabit this section of land. Thirty snakes of four varieties, 75 hop-toads and 150 frogs, 15,000 minnows and fishes, 4,000 house and field mice, 200 rats, 100 gophers, 100 moles, 200 ground and tree squirrels, numerous chipmunks, weasels, and minks, and a ground hog or two should be listed. Flitting

from flower to flower, heedless of the passing hours, a thousand butterflies by day and as many moths by night; numerous wasps, hornets, bumblebees and honeybees buzz through the air. Here and there a dragon fly teasing a chasing swallow by his reverse and side flying, gives variety to the scene. Forty thousand house and field flies, 50,000 grasshoppers, unnumbered mosquitoes, and insects — cicadas, aphides, potato bugs and beetles, rose chafers, billbugs, cherry scales, weevils, cutworms, soldier beetles, midges, leaf hoppers, sand fleas, ants, plant lice, millepedes, centipedes, chinch bugs, ladybugs, daddy longlegs, measuring worms, crickets, snails, mussels, crawfish, ticks, fleas, bedbugs, and millions of earthworms must also be enumerated; then were we to search for microscopical life, we should find millions in a single drop of water.

Now consider that there are about 600 sections in a county; then to obtain the census we should multiply the foregoing number of animate beings by 600 and thus obtain an approximate population of each county; allowing an average of 80 counties in a State, multiply these figures by 80, and you have the average census of life of an average State; multiply these figures by 50, and you have the average population of animal life of the entire United States; and thus by such a process of reasoning one may obtain an estimate of the animal population of the entire world.

Let us further view the prodigality of nature. Thus far there have been discovered 641 species of fish in Cuban waters alone. The mollusks number some 50,000 species, most of which live in the sea. The octopus, cuttlefish, and giant squid belong to this order, some of which weigh more than 1,000 pounds and measure 50 feet with arms extended. The most common land mollusk is the snail.

There are 1,700 distinct species of lizards, one of which can fly, called the flying dragon. In India and Malay, they parachute through the air like flying squirrels; when not flying, they fold their wing-like expansions after the manner of a fan, closely against their sides.

Of 150 species of frogs our American bullfrog is the most interesting. Its croakings are more correctly bellowings, that can be heard for a distance of several miles and are most pronounced during the spring season. The bullfrog, unlike other frogs, is not content alone with a diet of slugs, worms, beetles, and other insects, but aspires to larger quarry, and has a special fondness for young ducklings; but he in turn must pay by entering the frying pan.

Of mice, there are 330 species, from the long-eared jerboa to the house mouse, and of the latter there is a superabundance.

The bird census of the world is placed at 13,000 species, of which 750 are native to the United States. The bird population of this country is placed at 600,000,000, of which 10 per cent is the pesky English sparrow, an imported bird which has spread from New England to Alaska. There are 500 varieties of parrots and 500 of humming birds. There are about 1,500 numbered species of wasps in North America; 40 species of dragon flies; 100,000 species of beetles; 14 species of muskrat; 45 of pocket rats; 50 of pocket mice; 78 of pocket gophers; 68 of white footed mice; 23 of red-backed mice; 55 of harvest mice; 21 of jumping mice.

A. W. HERR, M. D.

“INHUMANITY to brutes brutalizes humanity.”

The Story of Paper

G. C. HOSKIN

PAPER making is one of the specialties of Uncle Sam, this country producing an annual tonnage larger than that of any other country in the world, or of any other five countries combined.

There are nearly eight hundred paper mills in the United States; and so varied are the uses of paper that these mills are taxed to their utmost to meet the demands made upon them.

Various vegetable fibers are used in the manufac-



Chipping the Logs

ture of paper. Among these are the fibers of cotton, linen, hemp, jute, grass, and wood.

The vast Northwest, with its boundless forests, offers almost unlimited resources for the paper industry. The fibers of spruce, hemlock, poplar, and other trees are used; but two thirds of paper pulp is manufactured from spruce as it yields a high percentage of fibers and a small amount of rosin and sap, which must be removed by chemicals. Spruce fibers are highly resistant, have length and strength, and adhere easily to the felt on the paper-making machine. Spruce trees must be from twenty-five to forty years old before they attain sufficient size to warrant their being cut.

The fiber, or plant cell, is a hollow collapsible tube about one eighth of an inch long and smaller in circumference than a hair, and is absorptive to a marked degree. It swells with the water it absorbs, becomes limp and pliable, and thus is readily made to knit together in the manufacture of paper.

Trees are generally felled and handled as if to be used in lumber. In the modern camp the logs are moved about with ease by donkey engines, pulleys, and cables. Sometimes the logs are sawed, bucked, and split in the woods, though often they are floated down stream to the paper mill, where they are sawed into short lengths and split into required sizes.

The fibers of logs kept in water for a few months are more susceptible to the chemical treatment. So mill owners often store in mill ponds or in booms along the river, a year's supply ahead.

The logs are carefully sorted, imperfect ones being discarded. All bark must be removed, as it would spot the paper. Bark cannot be bleached, and the fibers are unsuited to paper making. In some mills the bark is shaved off with revolving disk knives, but the common method is to place the logs in a revolving drum, and allow them to tumble against one another until the bark is removed by the continuous rubbing together.

While the logs are in the drums, they are constantly sprayed with a high-pressure stream of water. Sometimes they are put in tanks of hot water. For all grades of paper the preparation of the wood is practically the same up to the point of conversion into pulp.

Spruce logs must be reduced to chips to permit of cooking, just as certain vegetables are chopped fine for this purpose. The logs are sent down an incline trough into the chippers. These are machines equipped with heavy, rapidly revolving steel disks, each set with three radical knives which, with a slicing motion, cut the logs into small pieces or chips, ranging from three fourths to seventh eighths of an inch long.

The logs are chipped diagonally to the grain, which exposes more ends of the growth and thus aids the chemicals in their action. But a few seconds are required to reduce a long log to chips, nearly two cords being chipped in fifteen minutes.

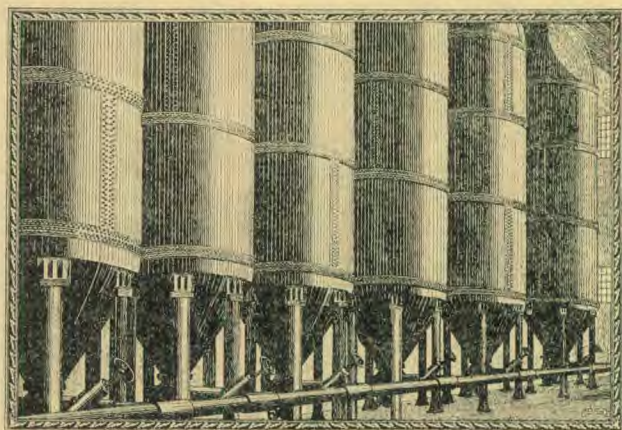
Many of the chips are in clusters. Some are too large. They pass over a moving wire screen, or gauze, where the meshes admit only chips of the right size. The larger ones and the clusters are sent to the crusher to be made smaller or to be broken up.

The sawdust goes to the boiler-room for fuel, as the fibers have been cut too fine, length of fiber being an essential in making papers that have strength and firmness.

Cooking the Wood

The chips next go into a bucket elevator and are raised to the chip bin at the top of the digester, where they are to be dropped into the spacious cooker.

The digester, or cooker, is an upright cylinder forty-two feet high and fifteen feet in diameter. The size varies in different mills. It is riveted into one piece and lined with acid-proof brick. A large digester will hold about sixteen cords of chipped wood. Bisulphite



Battery of Digesters

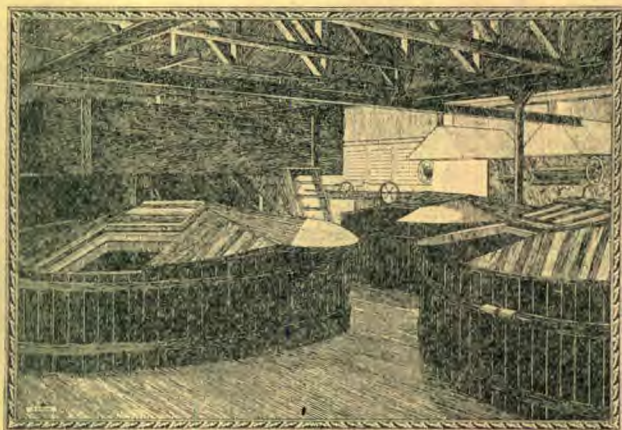
of lime (a sulphurous acid made from sulphur and lime) is the cooking liquor, and is generally pumped into the chip-filled digester from the bottom.

Live steam under high pressure is turned into the digester, and the cooking of the spruce chips begins. The process requires eight to sixteen hours, depending upon the character of pulp desired. The strength of the cooking liquor and the steam pressure are also factors. Extreme care is exercised and frequent tests made.

The cooking frees the fibers from rosin, sap, minerals, and other substances which are absorbed by the chemicals.

The contents of the digester are later blown into vats and thoroughly washed to remove chemicals and rosin. The pulp is then screened over a brass plate with tiny slits, a slight air suction drawing the fibers of suitable size through the slits. The coarse pieces and dirt remain. The pulp is then bleached in vats with chlorine.

The beater is an oblong tub rounded at the ends, with a partition in the center leaving a passageway at



The Stuff Chests

either end through which the pulp moves round and round.

The pulp passes under a revolving drum set with knives which strike against a bed plate. The fibers are caught between the knives and plate and are macerated into fine shreds.

On the opposite side of the partition is a cylinder covered with wire gauze which is dropped so the bottom is partially submerged in the pulp. As the cylinder revolves, suction draws the dirty water off through the mesh in the gauze. Fresh water is constantly running into the beater.

By this process the pulp is beaten and washed at the same time. Here the coloring is added, also the sizing, which is generally rosin, silicate of soda, or starch. The fibers being absorptive, sizing matter is needed to make writing paper impervious to ink and wrapping paper resistant to moisture.

There is an old saying, "Paper is really made in the beaters," just as in cooking, the quality of the dish depends largely on the housewife's mixing of the ingredients according to the recipe.

Paper Enters the Stuff Chests

Coming from the beaters, the pulp, or half stock, as it is called, is then emptied into stuff chests which are equipped with large paddles attached to a revolving shaft. The moving paddles agitate the stock and keep the fibers from settling to the bottom of the chest. The action also mixes the coloring and sizing matter.

From the stuff chests the stock is pumped to a Jordan engine, a conical-shaped steel cylinder lined inside with knives. A cone-shaped plug also shod with knives fits into this shell, and by the turn of a screw may be moved in or out, thus varying the space between the two sets of knives. By this adjustment of the knives is regulated the refining of pulp which goes through the engine.

The high speed of the knives cuts the fibers into the desired length. (To see the size of a fiber, tear a piece of paper unevenly, leaving a jagged edge. At the end of the tear you can see the tiny fibers.)

The stock, or pulp, is next pumped or run by gravity over the magnets which catch bits of iron or similar impurities. After sufficient water has been

added to give the stock the right consistency, it is ready for the paper-making machine. A large amount of water is added to the stock, the percentage being about 99 per cent of water to 1 per cent of fibers.

The stock, here called "stuff" by the paper maker, flows into a stuff box with an adjustable gate at the outlet to control the flow. Thence the stuff runs onto the "Fourdrinier," a continuous wire belt with 4,900 tiny holes to the square inch.

As the wire belt moves, the water drops through the holes, leaving a thin film of fibers. Here the paper is formed. The bed holding the wire belt is given a lateral shaking motion to "knit," or interlace, the fibers so that they will not all be parallel with the flow of the stuff down the slope of the wire. Suction boxes under the wire aid in removing the water.

Rubber deckle straps keep the wet pulp within bounds, but even then a few of the fibers get under the deckle strap and give an uneven edge to the paper. A dandy roll, on which is a design or lettering, presses the mark into the wet paper and produces the water mark.

Drying the Pulp

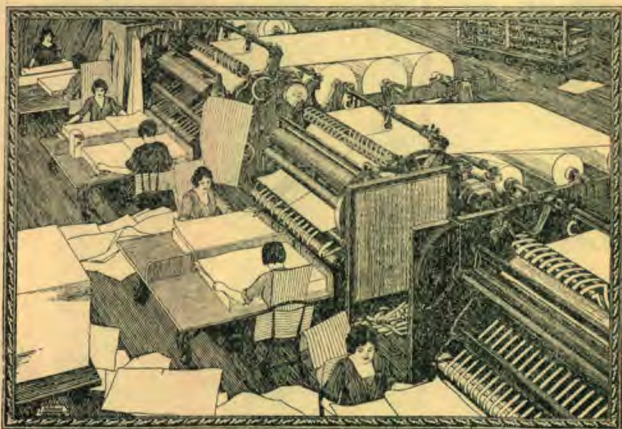
The paper next runs between several felt-covered rolls which wring out water and solidify the sheet. The paper passes onto an endless belt of woolen felt, as it is not strong enough to travel alone.

After the paper is sufficiently dry and strong enough to sustain its own weight, it leaves the woolen felt and runs onto the dryers, large, hollow, steam-heated cylinders, which keep the paper moving and evaporate the moisture.

The cylinders are in sets of three, and the length of the entire battery of them extends from 125 to 350 feet. The speed varies from 120 feet a minute for writing papers up to 450 feet for wrapping papers, and 1,000 feet a minute for newsprint.

The extreme width of paper-making machine ranges from 104 inches for writing papers up to 144 inches for book papers and 204 inches or more for newsprint.

The thickness of paper is largely determined by the



Cutting Paper into Sheets

amount of stuff (water with fibers in suspension) that flows onto the Fourdrinier wire.

The adjustment and control of machinery is so well regulated that the paper maker can produce paper of definite thickness and weight so that five hundred sheets cut to a certain size will weigh, in almost every instance, a certain number of pounds. Paper making is a skillful industry that requires vast experience and the utmost care.

When the paper comes from the dryers, the surface is more or less rough, depending upon the kind of paper being made.

Calendering Paper

To give to paper a smooth surface, or to polish it, the paper is run over a series of steel rollers, called calenders—in reality, being ironed by the calenders.

While the paper is being wound on reels, a rotary slitter (disk knife) trims the sides of the paper, which are often left uneven by the deckle straps. The jumbo rolls are rewound and cut by slitters, thus being made into smaller rolls for easy handling.

From here on, the process of finishing papers varies according to the character of paper desired. Coated book papers are made by running the paper from the roll through a machine where a liquid coating is brushed onto the surface. The paper is carried by machinery through a dryroom. Thence it goes to a calendering machine. Fine writing papers are submerged in a tub of sizing matter.

Several rolls of paper are placed in the cutting machine. As the paper is unwound from each roll, it feeds together across a plate where a revolving knife cuts four, five, or six sheets at once. The sheets are caught on a rack or stand, where girls square them up and remove any that are torn, wrinkled, or otherwise defective.

Paper is cut into many different dimensions to supply the market, but there are only a few sizes that are accepted as standard.

In writing papers, the basic size is 17 x 22 inches, the weights generally being from 10 to 36 pounds to the ream. In wrapping papers the basic size is 24 x 36 inches, the weights ranging from 30 to 100 pounds to the ream.

For the purpose of computing the weights of papers the industry has evolved what is termed substance numbers. The numbers are the weights in the basic sizes. No matter what size a paper may be, its substance number indicates its basic weight. For example, 25 x 38—50 pounds is the same weight, or thickness, of paper as 38 x 50—100 pounds. Fifty pounds is the substance number.

While tons of paper pass through a mill daily, it must be remembered that the ultimate use of paper is generally by the single sheet. Every sheet, therefore, in the better grades, is inspected to insure uniformity so far as is practical.

It is well-nigh impossible to reduce paper making to an exact science, hence reasonable variations must be expected. Each sheet of paper, however, is ex-

amined on both sides, and if for any reason the sheet is not perfectly formed, it is thrown out.

Rejected paper is not wasted, but is sent to the beaters to go into pulp again. It is the ambition of practically every paper mill to have uniformity in stock.

The making of paper is an intricate process. In the beater, in the refining engine, on the paper machine, in the calendering, or elsewhere there is opportunity for variations in texture, color, or general appearance. The remarkable uniformity therefore is a credit to the industry.

Paper is counted by hand. The girls "fan" out a number of sheets and count five or more at a time. Printing and writing papers contains 500 sheets to the ream. Wrapping paper has 480 to the ream. The sheets are trimmed and sent to the packing-room.

It has been said that there are 14,000 items in the paper business. It is the custom for mills to specialize on the manufacture of a few kinds of paper. Herein comes the wholesale paper merchant, who procures the stocks from hundreds of sources of supply, and keeps them in large quantities in his store and warehouse to serve his customers.

There is a constant movement of paper from the mill to the paper merchant. The shipping and packing room is a busy place. The merchandise is heavy, so it must be well packed for the long freight journey.

Writing papers are wrapped in one-half-ream or ream packages; printing papers are either packed in bundles with crates or in strong wooden cases; wrapping papers come in rolls and sheets packed in bundles or crates; newsprint is generally shipped in huge rolls, but is also cut into sheets and packed in bundles or crates.

Most papers today are sold under a brand name, that the printer or user may order by a definite name and know that he is getting it; and also that the manufacturer or paper merchant may give his paper a mark of identification to serve as a guaranty of quality.



Amid the Cooling Streams



Just for the Juniors



Not for School, but for Life, We Learn

LILLIAN S. CONNERLY

A MAID sat cramming her lesson down,
Her fair face marred by an angry frown.
She tossed her papers and tossed her book
As recital called, and with injured look
She "staggered" at answers to questions asked,
But these answers only her "bluff" unmasked.
The teacher was pained, and her face was grave,
As she stepped to her pupil's side, and laid
A gentle hand on the sunny head,
And in tones of regret and perplexity said:
"The lesson is finished, but you, my dear,
Have nothing gained by your presence here;
And much I regret it, for those in the class
From this lesson to others will quickly pass,
While you linger to finish this unknown one
And make faulty the next, and so on and on:
Until in the end when the school shall close,
All faulty lessons the tests disclose.

One lesson like this will do its small part
To take youthful joy from your youthful heart,
Until, discouraged, from school you'll turn;
But, 'Tis not for school, but for life, we learn.' "

A woman bowed at life's setting sun
To bewail life's tasks, all poorly done.
She recalled the words which her teacher said,
That 'twas not for school, but for life instead.
"Ah, the faulty lessons have followed me through
All the fleeting years, and today I view
The sunset near in my western sky,
While the tasks undone behind me lie.
O, what shall I do when the Master at last
Shall test my work with its faulty tasks?
Ah, woe was me when I heard unconcerned
That 'twas not for school, but for life, I learned! "

The Lonely Wilderness Grave

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS

THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR remember, no doubt, the stories of the Alaskan Indians that appeared in this paper a few months ago. Here is another story told by Missionary Watson that happened in that same Northern land, but it is about a white man this time, not an Indian. It shows God still sends His servants to teach the willing in heart even as, long ago, He sent Philip toward the south, to meet and teach the Ethiopian.

In the year 1906 Elder Watson was on a missionary tour along the coast of British Columbia. At Yamu he took a small steamer to the head of Bella Coola Inlet, where there was a little settlement of whites and Indians. While looking around for a place in which to hold meetings, he heard that several Adventists were living in another settlement thirty-two miles farther up the Bella Coola River.

Feeling that it would be pleasing to the Lord for him to visit and encourage these pioneering brethren, Elder Watson made the trip on foot, scattering literature among the trappers and hunters he met by the way. He reached the settlement early on the second day, and received a hearty welcome from these friends.

Arrangements were at once made for holding a series of meetings, and here the missionary preached to an interested company for a little more than one month. A number took their stand on the Lord's side, and they, with the brethren before mentioned, formed the nucleus of the first church of Seventh-day Adventists in that section of the Northwest. Many interesting things happened during that series of meetings, but I will relate only one.

The last service was held in the afternoon; just at its close a knock was heard at the door. It proved to be the mail carrier on his trip from the interior, with mail for the front. He informed them that an old trapper named Johnson, living twenty miles up the trail, was alone, in a dying condition, and needed help at once.

Elder Watson offered to go if some one else would volunteer as guide. Brother S. Dobbs, a mountaineer of long experience, at once offered himself, and the

start was made about six o'clock that same evening, with pack horse and supplies for the sufferer.

A storm of wind and rain was raging and the night was very dark. The road was only a trail, skirting steep, rocky mountain sides and crossing cañons and rushing streams, so their progress was slow, but they reached the Johnson cabin about four o'clock in the morning. Entering, they found, lying on a rough bed in the corner, an old man of eighty-five who had been without food or fire for eight days, on account of being unable to move. The look of thankfulness on the pain-drawn face of this patriarch of the mountains amply repaid our brethren for their hard journey.

They first built a fire and prepared some nourishment for the sick man, but he took only a little of it; his hours were evidently numbered. Then, feeling impressed to say something as to his spiritual needs, Elder Watson knelt beside him, took his hand, and asked if he wished him to pray for him.

With a look of sad earnestness the old man answered, "I have never been a Christian; isn't it too late for me to make a profession now?"

The missionary told him that Jesus came to save sinners, and that it is never too late. The sick man then consented to have prayer offered for him. After praying earnestly, Elder Watson asked permission to read to him from God's word, and it was given. The man listened attentively until the reading was finished, then expressed a wish to be moved to the valley, as he did not want to die in that lonely spot.

After talking the matter over, our two brethren decided that if the man were moved at all it would be well to do it at once, and they began preparations. Going outside, Brother Dobbs cut two long, willowy saplings. One of the old man's possessions was a magnificent silvertip bearskin; this they nailed to the poles in such a way as to form a swinging bed. The heavy ends of the poles were then fastened securely to each side of the packsaddle worn by the horse, while the slender ends dragged on the ground behind. Gently lifting the dying man into this rude carrier, they started, about 4 P. M., on their return trip down the mountain.

Brother Dobbs led the horse and Elder Watson walked behind, ready to pick up and carry the ends of the poles over the rougher parts of the trail. The rain had ceased, and it was gratifying to see how comfortably their improvised bed held the sufferer. Before starting, he told them that if he wished them to stop, he would signify it by raising his hand. After traveling about a mile, he gave the signal, and Elder Watson hastened to his side, the better to hear the faint voice. He said, "I should like to have you pray for me again."

A fervent petition for pardon, peace, and strength was sent up to the throne of grace; the answer was not delayed, for the sick man seemed rested and refreshed, so that the journey could be resumed. Several times the feeble hand was raised, and always, when they stopped, came the request for prayer. When about twelve miles had been covered, the signal came again, and as the missionary bent over him the old man said, faintly, "I do not think I can live much longer, Mr. Watson; I should like to die hearing your voice in prayer."

It was a time to fill the soul with awe. Darkness shrouded the towering peaks about them, while the wilderness of trees and rocks closed them in. They were alone with God and death. Reverently the missionary knelt, took the hand of the dying man, and lifted his voice in earnest prayer. Whenever there came a pause, the old man would gently press the hand holding his, thus signifying his wish that the prayer continue. Gradually the pressure became weaker and weaker until at last it ceased altogether. Trapper Johnson had fallen asleep in Jesus.

While this last prayer was being offered, a hunter living on the trail a little way below, came up to where the party rested, and stood with bowed head, until the prayer—and the life were finished. Then the journey was resumed until the hunter's cabin was reached.

It was now long past midnight, and our two brethren were very weary. With slings the poles, still carrying their lifeless burden, were drawn up into the trees, above the reach of wild animals. There the body was left until the hunter and his partner should have time to dig a grave on the mountain side and bury it.

The missionary believes an angel is watching that far-away, lonely grave, and that on the resurrection morn Trapper Johnson will come forth to meet the Saviour whom he gave every evidence of accepting, the loving Saviour who knew his heart and sent him the message of salvation before it was too late.

To the missionary this experience is one of the bright spots in long years of labor that were oftentimes sad and disheartening. It is a wonderful privilege to know that we are being used of God, and sometimes to see the results with our mortal eyes.

Mattie's Joy Shop

WHO-O! O Mattie! Where are you?" the words drifted around the corners of a city house. Mattie straightened up. "There's Helen now, I do believe," she said. "I didn't think she'd come so early. I wonder if she won't wait just a few moments."

She was at the front of the house by this time, and sure enough there sat Helen with a broad-brimmed hat and a broader smile. Mrs. Newgard, Helen's mother, was beside her at the wheel of the machine, looking as picnicky and happy as Helen. And that is saying a good deal, for Helen seemed to radiate the very spirit of an outing, for wasn't this to be that long-promised day at the lake?

"I'm all ready," assured Mattie; "that is, my lunch is all packed and all I have to do is to get my hat. But I was just doing up some bundles of joy to take along, and they aren't quite ready."

"Bundles of joy!" echoed Mrs. Newgard. "What do you mean, child?"

"O Mrs. Newgard, can't you and Helen take time to visit my joy shop? It will take but a minute."

Mother and daughter followed the retreating figure along the narrow walk which led to the back of the house. At the end of the strip of cement was an arch which indeed held a promise of joy, for over it clambered the soft, delicate leaves and clusters of wistaria. But it hardly prepared them for what they saw beyond. The visitors thought they had suddenly dropped into fairyland. On either side of the narrow walk was a white border of fragrant alyssum. The shady, damp corners of the yard held thrifty ferns, while the fence itself was a mass of scarlet runner, Virginia creeper, and Boston ivy. Here on the cooler side of the yard the pansies lifted grave faces, and where the sun shone longest variegated nasturtiums splashed their color. Great crimson poppies occupied a proud place. Plots of petunias, asters, pinks, and even some carefully trained sweet peas occupied every foot of soil.

"Oh!" exclaimed Helen and Mrs. Newgard together.

"How I'd like to put my arms round all you pretty things!" Helen found her voice at last.

"How happy you must be, dear, to have such a joy shop in your back yard," said Mrs. Newgard as she walked down the narrow path, breathing deeply of the rich perfume.

"Oh, this is just the shop part!" laughed Mattie. "You see, one thing that makes my flowers so pretty is because I pick them every day. And that's where the joy comes in. There's Mrs. Brown, she likes sweet peas best because they give out such a dainty fragrance, and she's too sick to enjoy a stronger odor. Then there's the milkboy, who always takes a bouquet of nasturtiums to his mother, because, he says, she has to work in a dark room and she likes the color."

"But, dear," asked Helen's mother, "how did you think of doing all this?"

"You see," answered Mattie brightly, "when mother and I were planning for vacation, I began to think what fun I was going to have just doing nothing. Why, even our Missionary Volunteer Christian Help Band was going to have a vacation. It was mother's plan, and she helped me, because perhaps she remembered how lonesome I used to get last summer with nothing to do. Anyway we decided to try a summer garden, and I was to promise to pick and give away a bouquet every day.

"The queer thing about it is," continued Mattie, "it was so much fun for me that I named it my joy shop. I was just picking a few pansies when Helen called. I thought we might leave them at the Old Ladies' Home as we go by."

"Why, that's just the thing," exclaimed Helen. "Mamma, can't we help pick a few, too? I'd like to give away a bundle of joy myself."

Mattie and Helen had a glorious time, even though they didn't get to the lake quite so early as they might have. What difference did that make, though, when both agreed that the most fun was watching the dear old ladies' faces beam as they received the bright little bouquets from Mattie's shop of joy?

HARRIET HOLT.

The Little Lost Pup

HE was lost, not a shade of doubt of that;
For he never barked at a slinking cat,
But stood in the square where the wind blew raw,
With a drooping ear and a trembling paw,
And a mournful look in his pleading eye,
And a plaintive sniff at the passers-by,
That begged as plain as a tongue could sue,
"Oh, Mister, please may I follow you?"
A lorn, wee waif of tawny brown,
Adrift in the roar of a heedless town.
Oh! the saddest of sights in a world of sin
Is a little lost pup with his tail tucked in!

Well, he won my heart (for I set great store
On my own red Bute, who is here no more),
So I whistled clear, and he trotted up,
And who so glad as that small lost pup?
Now he shares my board and he owns my bed,
And he fairly shouts when he hears my tread.
Then if things go wrong, as they sometimes do,
And the world is cold and I'm feeling blue,
He asserts his right to assuage my woes
With a warm red tongue and a nice cold nose,
And a silky head on my arm or knee,
And a paw as soft as it can be.
When we rove the woods for a league about,
He's as full of pranks as a school let out;
For he romps and frisks like a three-months colt,
And he runs me down like a thunderbolt.
Oh! the blithest of sights in the world so fair
Is a gay little pup with his tail in the air!

—From "An Anthology of Dog Verse."

The Bluebirds

WE are almost there, my dear!" twittered Mr. Bluebird one glorious spring morning. They were winging their way back from the warm South-land, for spring had come.

"I'm so glad!" chattered his little wife. "And I do hope the sparrows haven't got into our house. Do you remember what a time we had getting them out last year?"

"I certainly do," answered Mr. Bluebird. "It took almost two days' fighting, and then the lady in the big house had to help drive them away. Saucy things!"

"I wonder if that awful boy still lives next door? How he used to frighten me!" Mrs. Bluebird twittered after a while.

Mr. Bluebird said nothing. The boy next door had frightened him, too, but he did not like to say so before his timid little wife.

The next morning they caught sight of the little town where they had lived before, and in a little while they had fluttered down into the yard of their home. But there a great disappointment awaited them.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Mrs. Bluebird. "I'm afraid we'll have to find a new nest, and I'm so tired!"

"I can't understand it," said Mr. Bluebird, as he hopped about the little bluebird house. The sparrows had not come to live in their house. Something worse had happened. Right in the doorway, and stuck very firmly, was a clothespin. They could not get into the house.

To make matters worse, a group of saucy sparrows hopped about and jeered and laughed at them.

"I wonder where the lady in the big house is?" said Mrs. Bluebird sadly. "She was always glad to see us. O dear, there's that awful boy! Let's go right away from here and get a nest somewhere else."

Just then the boy, who had been peeping over the fence, gave a loud whoop. Mr. Bluebird forgot even to appear brave, and together he and his little wife flew to a near-by tree. They saw the boy run into the house next door, but they could not understand what he said. I will tell you.

"Mother! Mother!" he called. "The bluebirds have come back to their house next door, and Mrs. Morris is away, and she left a large clothespin in the doorway to keep the sparrows out, and now the bluebirds can't get in. I'm afraid they will go somewhere else before she gets back."

The boy's mother came to the door and looked over at the bluebird house.

"I think Mrs. Morris would be glad if you would take the clothespin out, so her birds can get into their home," she said. "They are back earlier than she expected them, and Mrs. Morris will not be here for a week yet. Get the stepladder, Harry."

Mr. and Mrs. Bluebird, watching anxiously from the near-by elm tree, saw the boy come out with a step-ladder, climb over the fence, and drag the ladder over after him. Then they saw him carry it over to the pole on which the bird house stood, climb the ladder and take out the clothespin. After that he went back to his own yard.

"I think if we hurry we can get there before the sparrows," twittered Mr. Bluebird sharply. "Hurry, my dear."

They fluttered over to their little house.

"How good it is to be back again!" chattered Mrs. Bluebird. "And what a kind boy! He can't be so bad, after all."

"No, you will not need be afraid of him any more," said Mr. Bluebird; and he was glad that he would not have to be afraid of him, either.—*Eleanor Fairchild Canfield.*

The Crippled African Boy

THIS picture is one of Matthew Tabeda, one of our faithful Swazi mission boys. The past three years, Matthew has been a student at our Zulu Mission. He had the misfortune, while still a babe, to contract a



disease which left him a cripple, so that he has had to walk on his hands and knees ever since. Because of this misfortune, his father became very angry and sent both Matthew and his mother away from home. Elder Armitage, while in Zululand, found the boy and had him taken

to the mission. After a time Matthew's hands became very tender, and blocks were made for him to walk with.

Today Matthew and his mother are faithful Sabbath keepers, and are looking for the soon coming of their Saviour.

Matthew, like most boys, likes people to know that he carries a watch.

H. G. PATCHETT.

Ladysmith, Natal.

College Student Who Trusted

A WRITER in *Young People*, a Baptist publication, tells the following incident:

"A young college student, who had become entangled in a web of trouble partly through his own carelessness and partly through the desire of others to throw suspicion upon him for their own misdeeds, was worried almost to the point of giving up his career when a fellow student said, 'Why don't you ask your father to help you, or are you afraid to tell him?' Then the student broke down and said he had no father or relative to help him, but must fight his battles alone.

" 'Tell you what,' said the would-be comforter after a moment's thought, 'our preacher back home says God can help a fellow out of trouble. I don't know anything about how it's done; it's years since I went to church or Sunday school, but I remember he was always talking about the necessity of appealing to God in time of trouble. Let's go over and tell that college pastor all about it, and see if he knows how to appeal to God.'

"Of course the sympathetic pastor knew how, and before the two young fellows left they had committed their ways unto the Lord. 'And now I'll see what can be done about this matter,' said the college pastor as soon as they rose from their knees. 'I am glad you came to me, and I think that it can be cleared up without difficulty. But remember, boys, after this your first impulse must be to obey God and call upon Him rather than to reserve that until all else has failed.' To the honor and credit of the two students be it said that the lesson of that day and the rejoicing over the relief that came to the one in trouble, made such a lasting impression on their lives that to this day they have the simple faith the college pastor tried to put into their hearts as he started them on the right path.

"All over the land there are multitudes of young men and women struggling with problems that might be solved easily and quickly if only they would leave the solution to the Father who deals so wisely and so tenderly with His children, even His disobedient ones, when they come confessing their faults and turning from them."

Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll

Donald F. Haynes	Paul Heady
Lawrence Chapman	Wilbur Herrin
Frank Parkhurst	Frederick Buschmann
Murland Sylvester	Edward Buschmann
Edmund Blaehm	Harold Buschmann
Jewel Brooks	Mabel Chastain
Ira Sims	J. R. Brannon
Archie Gibson	Neff Chastain
Hubert Smith	Thelma Ellis
Mike Reichert	Charles Cannada
Halmar J. Webb	George Brannon
Oscar Jones	Willie Elliott
Nelson W. Curtiss	May Verne Wright
Victor Rallsage	Herbert Graham
John R. Jones	Merrill Cannada
Walter Griffin	Earline Taylor
Robert Griffin	Clinton J. Parr
Bernard Kennedy	May Clair Smith
Edwin Griffin	Mrs. J. S. Smith
Westley Mitchel	Elmer Lund
Wilber Mitchel	Joe Travis
Robert Whittaker	Harold Randall
Vergil Gunther	Hazel Bartholomew
Vergil Harter	Verland Ernston
Paul Felker	Norman Cardey
Warren Felker	Hjalmar Lindroth
Byron Compton	Ezra McConnell
Leslie Jackson	Frances Daughenbaugh
Leonard Jackson	Grace McCall
Emerie Sanders	William McIntyre

George Sanders	Blanche Buttermore
Frederick Huguley	Lorna Barr
Ronald Loe	Mrs. Etta Plymire
Hubert Douglas Smith	Mrs. J. McIntyre
Merritt Leslie	Mrs. Pearl Manry
Clyde Sauder	Mrs. Naomi Beard
Alvin Luitjens	Helen Beard
Roy Higgins	Frances Lawton
Lester Moore	Harry Buttermore
Milton Mundall	Carl Manry
Donald Stump	Amelia Barr
G. W. Gollihue	Zynaida Barr
Robert Benton	Grace Buttermore
Clarence Martinsen	Edith Colwell
Fred Smith	Mrs. J. S. Barr
George Koeppen	Mrs. Zenia A. Barr
Maurice Cochran	Mrs. T. O. Saxton
George Freeze	Mrs. L. A. Saxton
Percy Cole	Jay Uncapher
Howard Allison	Richard Ryan
Milner Grant	Glenn McCall
William Kilp	John Barr
Albert Gaede	Curtis Barr
Alexander Porter	Royden Saxton
C. Russell Smith	Cleone Lewis
J. R. Brittain	Kenneth Lewis
Richard G. Ubbink	Charles Slate
Howard Allison	Harold Coursen
John Kertesz	Minnie Olson
Frank Kertesz	Flora Hall
William Dawson	Elizabeth Staughton
Charles Uittschiebe	Fred B. Mitchell
Arthur T. Hazelton	Milton Marmaduke
Otto Pace, Jr.	Ruby Richmond
Merrick S. Vincent	Ernest Parrish
Ralph Harrison	Eunice Graham
Jessie Bowman	Mrs. Ney Rice

Our Counsel Corner

What can be done in a large church where the work seems too large for the leader to do all that should be done? How can we reach the boys?

Of course, in such a society you need a strong leader,—not an eloquent speaker, but a hard worker,—one who sees what is needed, can lay plans, and set others to work. Such leaders should use assistants. Those assistants can be assigned definite lines of work, and all work together as one. One union Missionary Volunteer secretary writes concerning the work for boys: "For a long time now in our larger societies I have asked them to elect a good leader, the very best obtainable; and then two assistant leaders, one a young man and the other a young woman. It is then understood that the young man work among the boys. This plan has worked well, and in some instances a number of young men and boys have been drawn into the society who have hitherto held aloof."

We have frequent visits from ministers and various other workers. Shall we drop out our program, and give the time to the worker? or shall we conduct the program just the same as if he were not present?

In many places this is a perplexing problem. The visiting worker often has a message of courage which is greatly appreciated by the young people. Unfortunately it is usually the Missionary Volunteer program which it is expected will give way rather than any other meeting. But owing to the fact that this department is new, and its plans and programs only partially established, it is extremely important that as few breaks as possible occur. Again, one great purpose of this movement is the development of workers through the responsibilities of the society work. However interesting and good these frequent talks by passing workers, it is a question whether the members would not receive more benefit from proceeding with their program. Some workers realize this, and prefer to listen to the program and watch and encourage the development of the youth by suggestions rather than to take the time from them. It is difficult to maintain the interest in a series of connected lessons where there are frequent omissions. In many cases it may be most satisfactory to shorten the program by omitting the less important features and condensing the lessons, and share the time with the visitor.

M. M.

THOU must be true thyself
If thou the truth wouldst teach;
Thy soul must overflow
If thou another's soul wouldst reach;
It needs the overflow of heart
To give the lips full speech.

—Horatius Bonar.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

Intermediate Lesson

X — Christ Our Priest — the Cleansing of the Sanctuary

(June 4)

Daily-Study Outline

1. SYNOPSIS, paragraph 1, looking up texts.
2. Synopsis, paragraphs 2, 3, looking up texts.
3. Synopsis, paragraph 4, looking up texts.
4. Questions 1-7.
5. Questions 8-13.
6. Questions 14-17.
7. Review the Synopsis.

Synopsis

SEED THOUGHT: "Remission, or putting away of sin, is the work to be accomplished." — *The Great Controversy*, p. 418.

1. On the typical day of atonement, the people and the sanctuary were cleansed from sin (Lev. 16: 30, 33, 34) by sprinkling blood before the mercy-seat in the most holy place (verses 14-16). The shedding of blood was necessary for cleansing and remission (Heb. 9: 22), as it is the life of all flesh (Lev. 17: 14). But the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary requires better sacrifices (Heb. 9: 23), even the sacrifice of Christ (verses 25, 26), whose blood cleanses from sin (verse 14; 1 John 1: 7).

2. Daniel was instructed that at the end of the 2300 days, or years, the sanctuary would be cleansed. Dan. 8: 13, 14. Then would commence the antitypical day of atonement, when Christ our priest would enter upon His work in the second apartment of the heavenly sanctuary according to the type (Heb. 9: 7), making atonement by His own blood for those who had accepted Him as their Saviour. This is the closing phase of the ministry of Christ in behalf of sinners, and while it is being accomplished, a people are made ready by a message given in the spirit and power of Elias. Luke 1: 17.

3. The typical day of atonement was a time of great solemnity when the people were to afflict their souls. Lev. 23: 26-28. Those who did not so regard it were to be cut off. Verse 29. So the judgment-hour message marks the close of the 2300 days or years, and the commencement of the antitypical day of atonement. Rev. 14: 6, 7.

4. In the typical service of atonement, the blood was sprinkled over the law of God, deposited in the ark in the most holy place, so in the antitypical day of atonement the attention of the people is directed to the law of God; and the people prepared to meet the Lord are those who keep His commandments. Rev. 14: 12. Two things must therefore be especially emphasized in the advent message; the cleansing of the sanctuary and of the people from sin, and a Christlike life which can meet all the requirements of the law of God. James 2: 8-12.

Questions

1. What work was done on the typical day of atonement? Lev. 16: 30, 33, 34.
2. By what means was this cleansing accomplished? Verses 14-16.
3. What is necessary for cleansing or remission? Heb. 9: 22.
4. What is the life of all flesh? Lev. 17: 14.
5. What kind of sacrifices are required to cleanse the heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 9: 23.
6. What meets this requirement? Verses 25, 26.
7. What does the blood of Christ do in fact? 1 John 1: 7.
8. What statement concerning the cleansing of the heavenly sanctuary was made in the hearing of the prophet Daniel? Dan. 8: 13, 14.
9. What phase of the typical service would then be fulfilled? Heb. 9: 7.
10. While the heavenly sanctuary is being cleansed, what is accomplished for the people? Luke 1: 17.
11. How was the typical day of atonement distinguished? Lev. 23: 26-28.
12. How were those treated who failed to recognize this? Verse 29.
13. What marks the commencement of the antitypical day of atonement? Rev. 14: 6, 7.
14. To what did the typical day of service of the sanctuary have special reference? See synopsis, paragraph 4.
15. To what should the attention of the people be directed in the antitypical day of atonement? Rev. 14: 12.
16. What phase of the work of Christ in the heavenly sanctuary should now be emphasized? See synopsis, paragraph 4, last part.
17. What personal experience should be ministered to the people? James 2: 8-12.

X — Enemies Plan Jesus' Death; Preparation for the Passover

(June 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26: 1-5, 14-19; Luke 22: 1-13.

RELATED SCRIPTURE: Mark 14: 10-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes." Matt. 20: 18.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 716, 717.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; chief priests, scribes, elders, and Caiaphas; the man who gave them the use of the upper room.

PLACE: Palace of the high priest; upper room where the last Passover supper was eaten.

Setting of the Lesson

The events of this lesson follow the long talk which Jesus had with His disciples on the Mount of Olives, and which is recorded in Matthew 24 and 25.

"Once to every man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth and falsehood,
For the good or evil side."

Questions

1. When Jesus had finished all the sayings of chapters 24 and 25, of what coming feast did He speak? What did He say of Himself? Matt. 26: 1, 2.
2. About this time, who gathered at the palace of the high priest? Who was the high priest? Verse 3. Note 1.
3. What three decisions were made at this council concerning Jesus? Verses 4, 5.
4. Who took control of Judas at this time? Among whom was Judas numbered? Luke 22: 3.
5. Having yielded himself to the enemy, where was he led? What was his object in visiting the chief priests? Verse 4. Note 2.
6. How did the chief priests receive Judas? What did they agree to do? What did Judas promise? Verses 5, 6.
7. How much money was Judas to receive for betraying Jesus? Matt. 26: 14-16. Note 3.
8. As the time of the Passover feast drew near, what question did the disciples ask Jesus? Verse 17. Note 4.
9. What two disciples were chosen to make the preparation? What did they ask Jesus? Luke 22: 8, 9.
10. Whom would they meet when they entered the city? What were they to do? Verse 10.
11. What were they to say to the man of the house? What would this man then do? Verses 11, 12.
12. How did Peter and John carry out this instruction? Verse 13. Note 5.

Side Lights

Read the account of the first Passover feast. Ex. 12: 3-14. To what event did the slaying of the Passover lamb point? Why need it not be observed after the death of Christ?

Notes

1. It will be observed that the Bible record lifts the veil and reveals the principal events taking place within two circles — that of Jesus and His little band, and that of Satan and those closely allied with him. First we are shown the one, and then the other.

2. "We look with horror upon the treachery of Judas; but his case represents a large class who file in under the banner of Christ, yet are really His worst enemies. They worship only self and money, and use the name of Christian as a cloak to hide their evil deeds. They sell their integrity for money, and their Saviour for a little worldly advantage." — *The Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, pp. 82, 83.

3. "For thirty pieces of silver — the price of a slave — he [Judas] sold the Lord of glory." — *The Desire of Ages*, p. 716.

4. The Passover feast was instituted when the children of Israel left Egypt. It was held once a year. A lamb was slain, and eaten with unleavened bread. The parents repeated to their children the story of how they were delivered from the cruel bondage they had suffered in Egypt. The Passover was not only to bring this to mind, but it pointed forward to the Saviour, the Lamb of God, who would come to save His people from their sins, by dying in their stead.

5. Carrying water was usually the woman's work in Palestine, hence the sign Jesus gave was an unusual one. Note that He does not give the man's name nor the location of the house. The preparations which Peter and John were to make no doubt involved the providing of the lamb, the bitter herbs, the unleavened bread, and wine for the Passover feast.

No Thanks — Think of It!

A YOUNG man sent a young woman a box of candy, and a dollar for Harvest Ingathering — but she sent not a word in acknowledgment of the gift, though there is no reason to think that she failed to do this other than from lack of knowledge of good form or from pure neglect.

The next year this young man gave the same young woman five dollars for Harvest Ingathering. This he gave to her *personally*, so it is to be supposed that she *thanked* him for it.

Another year she asked the young man for a Harvest Ingathering donation. He sent her a dollar, but she expressed not a word of recognition or gratitude, until he asked her weeks after if she had received it.

This young man had more grace than should be required of one. Think of giving even a second dollar, much less five dollars, to one who was not courteous enough to send an immediate acknowledgment of a former gift, with a sincere expression of thanks. Of course the Lord could make the dollar serve as nobly in the cause of missions as if its receipt had been acknowledged; but who knows but the single dollars might have been fives or tens if their predecessors had been more courteously received?

Small courtesies brighten and smooth the pathway of life for all concerned. Only a moment is required to write or to say "thank you" for favors received. One who has not accustomed oneself to do this habitually should at once set about requiring oneself to adhere to this convention of good form. However, it would seem that something is quite wanting in one's character who is not prompted intuitively to express appreciation for gifts and favors. Such a person has an added incentive for making special effort to cultivate this gracious courtesy.

F. D. C.

Not Lost, but Given

IT was a sizzling July day two years ago — the Fourth, to be exact — that we stood at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue near the Peace Monument, watching various military and civil organizations as they gathered for the usual parade at the national capital. An officer, mounted on a restless little black pony, drew rein near the curb. His right sleeve was empty, and a voluble old lady at the edge of the crowd remarked to her daughter in a very audible whisper: "Just look! That poor man has lost his arm!" The soldier heard, and with native gallantry touched his gold-banded cap in salute, as he bent low to make reply: "Not *lost*, please, Madame! I did not lose my arm; I *gave* it for my country — for France!" And a smile lighted his thin, lined face, as though the sacrifice had been a privilege rather than a cross.

As he moved on to take his place in the formation, a striking figure among his khaki-clad brother allies, the familiar words of John 3:16 flashed through my mind. There seemed to be a striking parallel. Of all the millions who took part in the Great War, it is safe to say that a comparative few were unwilling to face the risk of death, so great was their zeal in defense of a loved home and country. Somehow, loving and giving always go hand in hand, one as the complement of the other. What we give for love, in gold or in service — even to the sacrifice of life itself — is not loss. It is gain, a treasure placed in safe deposit where neither moth nor rust will corrupt it, nor thief break in and steal. God so loved the world that He gave His only Son for its redemption; and the Son so loved that He

willingly offered His life a ransom for sinners. Love, then, must be the key to heaven's storehouse of courage for service any time, anywhere, in the cause of a Master who said: "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

L. E. C.

Sentence Sermons

WOULD you follow Jesus? Look for His footsteps. You will "find His footprints beside the sick-bed, in the hovels of poverty, in the crowded alleys of the great cities, and in every place where there are human hearts in need of consolation."

THERE is a little word with four letters which means much. Some persons seek strenuously for what it stands for, but not seeking aright, fail to gain it; others do not seek for it, but nevertheless win it. However, whether sought or unsought, the recipient never despises it. The word in its four letters suggests the four qualities that bring it to one in its truest and lasting form. These are fidelity, ability, manliness, and energy, and the thing itself is F-A-M-E.

The Cascade

HERE is a cascade pouring down from a height, its waters flashing in the sun. Every one that sees it rejoices in its splendid power, its beauty, and its steady current. But here comes a strong wind and dashes the cascade into spray. There is no cascade for the time — only a mass of distracted foam whirled along by the wind. But the wind goes down and there is the cascade again, as beautiful, as strong, and as much admired as before. Thus it is with a fine character. It may be attacked by blasts of envy and ridicule and slander and hatred. It may seem for a time to be lost, to be blown quite away. But the storm dies down, and there is the fine character still flowing on as lovely, as strong and true, and as highly honored as before. Nothing can really harm a life that is lived with God.—*Selected.*

Notice

THE excellent article entitled, "The Dictionary Habit," that appeared in the INSTRUCTOR of March 22, was written by Mr. Charles D. Utt, of St. Helena, California. The paper embodied the points which Mr. Utt made in a short talk he gave to the college during "Good English Week." We are sorry credit could not have been given with the article.

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