

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 69

May 31, 1921

No. 22



The Ferguson Memorial Fountain, Chicago.

THE SPIRIT OF THE LAKES

This beautiful group of statuary, designed by the eminent sculptor, Lorado Taft, stands in Grant Park, Chicago, by the shore of Lake Michigan. It represents the Great Lakes with five lovely female figures joined in composition by a sparkling line of water. High standing Superior starts the descending stream; Michigan, Huron, and Erie give sisterly aid; and crouching Ontario, with outstretched arm, directs the flood on toward the sea, with a look of wonder in her eyes. (See article on page six.)

From Here and There

Two hundred ninety-five million of India's 315,000,000 inhabitants are totally illiterate.

To feed the 7,000,000 residents of New York City for only one week requires 266 trainloads of provisions.

Before the war the Russian ruble was worth a little more than fifty cents. Now it takes 5,000 rubles to buy a pound of salt pork.

A huge ferry is to be run daily between Sweden and England. It will be capable of carrying a train of forty-eight cars, besides many passengers.

In the record mail flight from San Francisco to Long Island, which was covered in 33 hours and 53 minutes, the plane reached its destination in the time it would have taken a mail train leaving San Francisco at the same time as the plane, to reach Green River, Wyoming.

A new calendar is being seriously advocated by some of the leading nations, and bills to effect the proposed reform are now pending before the various legislatures. This change requires the dropping out of every New Year's Day, and also the extra day of leap year. The proposal is said to have the indorsement of the British government, and of the Episcopalian and Catholic churches. Such a change would make the Sabbath fall each year on a new day of the week.

While a hippopotamus loves the water, ordinarily he does not remain submerged for any great length of time; but a specimen in the London Zoological Gardens, recently remained under water for twenty-nine minutes, and seemed none the worse for his experience. The hippopotamus, "Guy Fawkes," which died in 1905, is also credited with a long submersion. But "Guy" was impelled to this unusual performance by an unusual incident. The day previous to his long submersion a dog had strayed into his inclosure, and the intruder was unceremoniously snapped up by the hippopotamus and devoured. A sense of shame or fear seemed to take possession of the huge beast, for when some one approached his inclosure, he submerged and remained under water for a half hour. The keeper considered the animal dead, so began to draw off the water from the tank, preparing to remove the dead body. But the culprit suddenly arose to the surface, and seemed in his usual health.

Science and Invention

Helium Gas Going to Waste

THE chief chemist of the United States Bureau of Mines, Dr. R. B. Moore, says that there is a large daily waste of the costly helium gas, because of lack of funds for conserving it. During the war a large helium extraction plant was built. This furnished gas for dirigible balloons, or airships, being much safer than hydrogen, which had been used hitherto. Dr. Moore says that helium is found in the air in the proportion of one part to 185,000 by volume, and also in the gases which come from springs, and especially in certain natural gases in the United States. The fact that helium exists in these American gases in reasonably large quantities makes the whole question of its use in aeronautics not only a commercial possibility but a practical undertaking. The United States is, indeed, the only country in the world in which the natural gas contains appreciable quantities of helium. Dr. Moore expressed the opinion that a special effort should be made to conserve and use to the best advantage an element which is not only a unique weapon in warfare, but an aid to commerce.

Why It Rains

One cubic mile of air, saturated with moisture at 95° F., would give up 140,000 tons of water, 35,000,000 gallons, if cooled to 32°, or the freezing point. No wonder it rains!

The X-Ray Is Light

The reason for the X in X-ray has been removed by the discovery that X-rays are invisible light rays of wave length only about 1-5,000 that of visible light.

A New Million-Dollar Building

A million-dollar building is to be erected at Washington, D. C., near the present site of the Lincoln Memorial, for the housing of the two closely related scientific organizations, the American National Research Council and the National Academy of Sciences.

Law of Falling Bodies

Some of the ancient philosophers, Aristotle, for instance, believed and taught that a ten-pound weight would fall ten times faster than a one-pound weight, and for centuries people believed him. It has been demonstrated that the mass of a body does not affect its velocity; and Galileo was one of the first to question Aristotle's statement. In a scientific manner he tested the statement and proved it false. He went to the top of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, Italy, and dropped two balls, a leaden one and a wooden one. The ten-pound lead one reached the ground at the same instant apparently that the wooden one-pound one did. Many people witnessed the experiment, but they so firmly believed Aristotle that they were slow to credit their own eyes. Any slight difference in the time that might occur would be due to the fact that the lighter one does not overcome the "resistance of the air quite so easily as the heavier one. A feather and a coin will fall in the same time if there is no air to obstruct the passage.

A GREAT deal of energy is being constantly dissipated in putting more force than is necessary into the doing of certain things. A noted physician says that most people expend ten times the energy really necessary in almost everything they do. Many grasp a pen as if it were a crowbar, keep the muscles of the arm tense when they write, and pour out as much vital force in signing their names as an athlete would in throwing a heavy weight a great distance. Not one person in a hundred, he says, knows how to make proper use of his muscles or to relax perfectly when at rest.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the
REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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VOL. 69 - - - - - MAY 31, 1921 - - - - - No. 22

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, 1908, 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.

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Glimpses of the Shanghai Missionary College

R. J. BRINES

RECENTLY a missionary and his wife who were passing through Shanghai on their way to the Philippines, remarked to me while being shown around the school, "I had no idea we had such a school out here in China; we don't hear much about it in the States." These words made me think that doubtless others know very little about the Shanghai Missionary College and the work that it is doing.

We often hear it said that new people in the field should be sure to write home their first impression, for one soon becomes accustomed to the different surround-

ings and forgets that they are new to friends at home. From this you will see the importance of China's having one national language. The minute a student begins to speak, the experienced person can tell from what part of China he came.

All students are required to arise at five o'clock. Morning vespers are held at five-thirty, at which time the study of the Morning Watch is taken up, and at evening the Sabbath school lesson is studied. I can hear some of the easy-going students in America say, "My, but how early!" Yes, it is early, but the stu-



Students and Faculty in the Assembly-Room, Shanghai Missionary College

ings, and forgets that they are new to friends at home. For these reasons I am going to tell you something of our actual work here.

At the present writing our enrolment is two hundred thirty-five. These students come from nearly all of the various provinces of China. Twenty of them are from the country of Korea. What would you think if in any of our colleges in America you could not understand at all the talk of the students coming from the Southern States, and before students could do much in school they must first learn their national language? Just such a condition we have to meet here. Students coming from the south must first learn the Mandarin language before they can do much else. The written character is very nearly the same, but the spoken word is much different. An interesting part of a recent Sabbath school exercise was the reading of a chapter in the Bible in nine different dialects. The audience

are here for business, and we hear little complaining. The first recitation period begins at six o'clock, and runs forty-five minutes. If you were to visit the school during this early morning period, you would find Professor Frost teaching trigonometry; Elder Harlow teaching a class in general history, the text being a translation of Myers' "General History;" also classes in Bible, physiology, arithmetic, and English. All this teaching work is being done in the Mandarin language. During the second period of forty-five minutes you might visit a botany class, one in Old Testament history, and several others. Our work is conducted along the same general lines, and the same requirements are made, as in our schools in the States.

I have had a number of persons say to me, "You must have a very hard time to learn the scientific names in the Chinese language which you use in your teaching work." Let me say that they are much easier



Instructors of the Shanghai Missionary College

than the many hazy, jaw-breaking Latin or Greek words used in English, for the Chinese have no Latin or Greek to fall back upon to enrich their language, so they are forced to use simple, expressive terms which are a great aid in teaching.

At seven-thirty the breakfast bell rings. Up to this point there is little difference between the American schools and this one, but go with me to the dining-hall and you will immediately realize a great difference. Chinese custom would never allow boys and girls to eat together. No white tablecloths can be used in this dining-room; the Chinese method of eating would not permit their use. Chopsticks are moving deftly, and with rice bowls held close to their mouths, rice and *tsai* (vegetables) are moving rapidly to make up a good breakfast. Not much talking is done while the eating is going on; just eat and talk afterward seems to be a safe policy if you don't want to go away hungry, or let the other fellow eat all the good food. No hash or wonderfully compounded

roasts are served in a Chinese school, as Chinese insist on having their food cooked fresh for each meal. No need of washing before eating if you use chopsticks, but every one washes after eating, as the need is quite marked. Newcomers never tire of seeing the Chinese eat. There is something amusing about it, and if you want to draw a hearty laugh from a Chinese crowd, just let a man imitate a person eating long strings of noodles. None of the foreigners eat in the school dining-room. They take their meals at their homes.

After breakfast we have the chapel service, and he who can give a good live talk to students in America, will find a ready response in these young people; but he who can't keep students awake in the States, won't do any better out here. Students are students the world around. You hold their attention only when you give them real mental food.

Our school session closes at twelve-thirty; dinner comes next, and from one-thirty to two-thirty the student body gets out for one hour of solid work cleaning the buildings. Every pane of glass in the school

building is cleaned every day. Some of our students say that Professor Rebok, who has charge of this manual work, has eyes like a microscope when it comes to seeing a bit of dirt. I have felt like telling them that they couldn't see dirt with eyes like a telescope, for it is no small job to teach these boys how to clean, especially as before coming to this school they considered the student above common work. To teach the educated people of China that work is honorable is a task which is yet to be accomplished.

From two-thirty onward there are the usual activities of student life, such as studying, laboratory work, and exercise in the open. The Chinese are poor sportsmen. Defeat breaks them all up; or even when they see that defeat is sure to come, they want to break and run. The introduction of foreign school sports into school life is doing much to teach the young people to feel good even if the other fellow is winning over him; it is also teaching them the lesson that Chinese so much need, that is, the matter of getting together and sinking self into a common cause for the benefit of all.

There has been great need of a strong industry in the college to help needy students work their way through school. This year a Tientsin rug industry has been started. It is impossible to supply the foreign demand for these good rugs. Prospects are bright for a good future before this department. This work will provide employment for many students, as the work is all slow handwork. The machines in which these rugs are made do not cost much. At the present rate of exchange the rugs will bring a good profit from being sold in America. If you do not know

what a Tientsin rug is, ask your dealer about them; no doubt the price is all that you will ever care to know about them, for they are costly.

The discipline in a Chinese school is not so difficult in some respects as in the homeland, as the custom of the country makes it absolutely improper for a young man and a young woman to talk together, or walk together, or have any relations with each other until after marriage. Courtship is unknown in China except in some of the very large cities where Western ideas are being taken up. Nevertheless human nature is the same in China as elsewhere; many a happy



Corner of Chemistry-Room



A Group of Students in the Girls' Dormitory

marriage has grown out of happy school days, right here in China.

China's hope lies in her youth rightly trained. Only the power of God through the youth properly educated will ever proclaim this last gospel message to this nation. The general educational work in China is in a chaotic condition, changing as it is from the old memory method of stale classics to the refreshing teachings of the gospel, and the enlightening methods of modern science. But great strides are being made



Students from South China

in the right way. The government is operating some very good advanced schools, and it is also rapidly introducing the national phonetic script throughout the country. This will eventually bring all kinds of reading matter to the poorer and uneducated classes, as this script is very easily learned.

A few days ago I went into the lower primary room to speak with the critic teacher. At the blackboard I saw a tall young man whom I took to be the practice teacher teaching a class in arithmetic. Later I found that this was a student who was studying second-grade arithmetic along with little tots who could hardly reach the blackboard. In his other studies this man is in the eighth grade. He was a student from the old memory school, who couldn't yet multiply. The curriculum of our schools corresponds very closely to that laid out by the Education Department of the General Conference, and the students that come up through our school have a good preparation for life when they are ready to graduate.

Remember this college, dear friends. We are just beginning to do advanced work. Our needs are many, and our problems are great. The calls for trained workers to teach this benighted people are more than human brains and means can possibly prepare, but we trust in God who can do all things.

That Dear Little Mite of a River

THERE'S a scene I remember, an oft-chosen byway,
Where the grass in midsummer was wavy and long,
And where, in its joy, was a bright little river
That rippled and babbled and murmured its song —
A clear little, bright little mite of a river
That sparkled and chattered and murmured along.

And there on the high grassy bank was the beechwood,
The far-reaching elm cast its shadow around;
'Twas there, too, the silver-leaf maple was growing,
And the bright, fiery tassels of sumac were found;
While on, through the patches of shade and of sunshine,
In ripple and eddy still dancing away,
That dear little, clear little mite of a river,
Kept murmur'ing and singing the whole summer day.

And there, too, the red-breasted robin was singing;
The bluebird once swayed in the branches on high,
As if undecided which charms to be seeking,
The green of the earth or the blue of the sky;
While still from the depth of the shadiest places,
With ripple and song, never ceasing to run,
That dear little, bright little mite of a river,
Whirled merrily into the light of the sun.

E'en now the gay butterfly flits o'er the water,
The wild bee returns to the sweet-scented flowers,
The summer-born locust flings out of the tree tops
His shrill-whistled praise of the bright, sunny hours;
Even now I imagine the maple invites me
To come back and lounge in the depth of the glen,
That the dear little, clear little mite of a river
Is calling me back to the meadow again.

No more by the bend where the water is deepest
I pile the few garments a boy needs must wear;
No more may I plunge in the pure gurgling water
To sport with its ripples, their coolness to share:
For I'm far, far away from that green, grassy meadow,
While time into years passes slowly along;
But still in the distance that mite of a river
Is calling me back with the voice of its song.

— Floyd D. Raze.

Venezuela on the Missionary Volunteer Map

EVERY great work must have its beginning. I am glad to announce that the Venezuelan young people's work has passed that stage with us. In its beginning there was but one person who could be counted as belonging to that class. After much prayer and diligent work on our part, the Lord sent us three more, and as soon as possible after this we gathered them into our home each morning and began studying with them to the end that they might be able to pass the examination for the Standard of Attainment. For more than six months this program of study was carried on, at the close of which it is needless to say they all passed satisfactory examinations in both Bible doctrines and denominational history. It was indeed a great privilege to place in the hands of these faithful young people the certificates of Attainment. At times it seemed as if we were spending a great deal of time on these young people, but it was soon noticed that new life was coming into the church services, and that a decided increase was seen in the number of those congregating at our church gatherings.

Sometimes as many as eleven were attending the school, but only four completed the course. One of these four is a boy of fourteen, who, in the afternoons, canvassed in the city for the small book "Epidemics" (Spanish), and since the close of the school, has for three months been quite faithful in the sale of the



Venezuelan Missionary Volunteers Who Have Received Standard of Attainment Certificates

same book. The young women occupied themselves afternoons in visiting friends and giving the studies they had had in the school.

Although these youth were convinced of the truths we hold and were converted to them before they began to attend our private school, yet it was thought best to delay their baptism until they were thoroughly instructed and tried out. Now all four are baptized mem-

bers of the church, the boy still engaged in the canvassing work and the young women in the Bible work. This opens a new chapter in our work in Venezuela, with our first native, home-trained workers in the field. With this I am glad to be able to submit a picture of the four who completed satisfactorily the study of the Standard of Attainment.

D. D. FITCH.

Tomas Blanco

THOUGH perhaps Tomas Nera y Blanco is not extensively known in the wide world, nevertheless he is doing a great work for humanity. He was born in Balaoan, La Union, Philippine Islands, Dec. 29, 1888, of pure Filipino stock. With the more favored boys of the place, he was permitted to attend the village school until he had completed the intermediate course. His time outside of school was not idled away, however, as young Tomas' father was not like many Filipino fathers, who believe that as soon as a boy begins attending school he must not engage in any manual work. It was his duty to go to the rice paddies, or by the side of the paths, or wherever he could obtain it, and cut grass for his father's carabao. One of the tasks very disagreeable to him was carrying water for family use in jars on his head.

As today, many of the schools of the Philippines provided their students with only an intermediate course, hence the senior Blanco began casting about for some means of occupation for his son. Just at this time a vacancy occurred in the village school, and the position was secured for Tomas, at a salary of \$7.50 a month. He continued teaching in the schools of Bangar, San Fernando, San Juan, and San Pablo for a period of four years. During this period he read and reread the biographies of Washington, Lincoln, Franklin, and other great men, thus storing his mind with knowledge to the degree that his second position was as clerk and interpreter with Lieutenant Governor Hale, and in 1908 he transferred with him to what is now the subprovince of Kalinga.

In 1918, upon the retirement of Ex-Governor Hale, Mr. Blanco was made deputy governor of the subprovince, in which position he is of service to humanity.

The non-Christian tribes of northern Luzon have been organized into what is known as the Mountain Province, with Bontoc as its capital. The Mountain Province is again divided into seven subprovinces. Over each of these subprovinces, a deputy governor has been appointed, with his office in the subprovince capital. The work of the deputy governor is more like that of a father to growing sons, or of a guardian, than that of a governor. He is supposed to spend ten days of each month in his office and twenty days among the people.

INSTRUCTOR readers will remember that before the days of American occupation, the Kalingas were inveterate and fearless head-hunters. They were among the last tribes to yield to the sovereignty of the United States. Dwelling, as these people do, among the fastnesses of their mountain home, it is no small task to disabuse their minds of their old habits and customs. It is to this task that Governor Blanco is devoting his life. He is doing a great work in teaching them better methods of farming and stock raising, and in teaching them the fallacy of celebrating their old *cañaos*, in which old hatreds were kept alive for years, many pigs and carabaos slain for the feasts, and much *basi* (native wine) drunk.

The many friends of Dr. Selmon, of Shanghai, China, will be interested to know that Governor Blanco carries one of Dr. Selmon's medical books with him on his itineraries and reads from it to the people as he teaches them sanitation. This book has been translated into the Ilocano.

Formerly, the Kalingas kept their dead from three to thirty days, according to how many carabaos, *bacas*, and pigs were left by the deceased to be appropriated at the *cañao*. The law now requires the body to be buried in thirty-six hours. Sometimes, after interment, and the officials have departed, the body is exhumed or is kept in effigy.

Rinderpest makes awful ravages among the carabaos and cattle of these countries. So laws have now been passed requiring that the infected animals be quarantined, and buried as soon as dead. But to these people it looks like wilful waste, and so after the authorities have gone, the animal is disinterred and eaten. The custom of celebrating funerals, weddings, and other occasions by the *cañao*, or feast, has a very strong hold upon the people. They will go to any length to obtain animals for slaughter at these times. Hence, laws have been passed forbidding the killing of young or partly grown animals.

It is in the righting of these and many other customs that Governor Blanco exhibits his prowess. He is a great friend of education, and because of this, is held in high esteem by parents and young people of Kalinga.

In a later article we will write of the work being done among these people in gospel lines.

S. E. JACKSON.

Manila, Philippine Islands.

The Spirit of the Great Lakes

(See cover page)

LAKES have their natures as distinctly marked as the human children who tread their shores. One child is imaginative and the brother next in age has a practical mind; one sister is beautiful and another without a charm; the children of the same parents grow up as dissimilar as though born in the four different quarters of the earth, and yet the influences surrounding them are the same. In like manner, the sister lakes have their distinct characteristics; each in turn comes to the front with her one superlative adjective whose fitness cannot be questioned, but whose rank in the scale varies according to the temperament of the traveler. Thus, Superior is the most mysterious of the lakes, its northern shores but half explored, strange tales of its gold and silver, amethysts and rubies, tin and copper, being brought down by the fur traders and hunters to old Fort William and the Sault.

Michigan is the most beautiful of the lakes, with its islands, its shifting silver fogs, its long Green Bay, and unsurpassed Straits of Mackinac. Blue Huron is the most romantic of the chain. An atmosphere of romance rests over Lake Huron; its depth, its color, and its wild solitude bring to the surface all the latent poetry in one's heart; and the same man who sleeps through Ontario, talks "iron" on Superior, "grain" on Michigan, "oil" on Erie, will surprise you with sentiment on Saginaw's expanse, and with verses off the blue headland of Thunder Bay. Ontario is crushed by Niagara Falls; if the lake is seen first, its placid memory is effaced by the great cataract, and if seen afterward, eyes, wearied with admiration, gently sleep over its gray waters and only waken for the Thousand Islands. Yet Ontario has its adjective and is not

without its partisans, for it is unquestionably the safest of the chain.

And brown Erie has now its turn. It possesses the most historical interest. It has relics, antiquities, the memories of many battles on land, and one important naval engagement on its waters. Its waves hide the sunken chambers of British vessels; its banks hold in store the rusty swords and muskets of the days before the Revolution; its sand beaches cover cannon; and its rocks preserve the inscriptions of the lost tribe of Eries, driven in a day from the face of the earth by the fierce Iroquois.

The lake has its heroes, also, and its sayings famous all over the land. Pontiac's spirit haunts the mouth of the lovely Detroit River; Tecumseh flits through the woods and shore; the name of Perry is associated with the western islands; and the memory of mad Anthony Wayne hangs over Presque Isle. Compared with the other lakes, Erie is shallow; and the difference has been described as follows: "The surplus waters pour from the vast *basins* of Superior, Michigan, and Huron, flowing across the *plate* of Erie into the deep *bowl* of Ontario." Lake Erie is the only member of the chain which is reputed to have any current. The current, if there is one, is probably owing to its shallow bed and the great force of its outlet, the Niagara River. But it has another reputation which is founded on certainty. It is the most dangerous of the fresh-water seas. Its waves are short and chopping, its harbors insecure, especially along the northern shore, and it has little sea room. Mirage is seen on Erie at times, but fogs rarely, unless it be that soft haze of the twilight through which the vessels steal by each other like so many phantom ships. In the winter come the ice fields, hummocks, plains, and moving floes; while above gather the spears of the Aurora Borealis stretching from end to end of the northern sky.—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

Selling the Anti-Tobacco Annual in Cape Town, Africa

JUST about the time the 1921 Anti-Tobacco number came from the press, my mind was deeply agitated on the subject of tobacco using, and while I labored with many devotees of the weed, I wondered what I could do to impress them with the evils of it. Just then my wife told me that she had ordered through our tract society five hundred copies of the Annual. My faith staggered, but I set to work to help her sell the papers on the streets of Cape Town and in fact anywhere I could. Before many weeks we had disposed of all the papers, and had ordered another five hundred. Never did we sell anything so easily. It seemed as if the Spirit of God impressed the people to buy. When we wanted more, and the tract society office had none, they sent us some back numbers of years ago, and these we are selling now with good results. My many ministerial duties limit my time for selling much literature, but I use my Saturday evenings, which are generally looked upon as "off" nights. My wife, little daughter, and myself dispose of many dozens of papers in an evening.

Already we have seen definite results from our labor. Space will not allow recording the different testimonies of men who have quit the evil habit of tobacco using as a result of reading these papers. And there are evidences of the Lord's going out before to prepare hearts to take the paper. One man

told me that just a few minutes before I offered him the paper he felt so disgusted with himself for smoking that he threw his cigarette out of the railway train. He eagerly took the paper. Many women of Cape Town have taken up the cigarette habit. Some use it in public.

Let us labor on; the judgment will reveal the results. Let us do what we can with this God-devised instrument, to warn men and women before it is too late.

D. C. THEUNISSEN.

A Call to Service

A FIERCE battle is raging. Two opposing forces are arrayed against each other, each armed for conflict. One is a mighty, numberless host; the other, a little band of weary, travel-worn, faithful soldiers. Back and forth sway the lines; first one, then the other, seems victorious. But see! new recruits are joining that little company: they are Volunteers — Missionary Volunteers! A shout goes up; it is a shout of triumph; it comes from the little band under the blood-stained banner of Prince Emmanuel. For the battle is the great conflict between right and wrong — the battle for souls. The mighty host belongs to the enemy of souls, the tiny band is the army of King Jesus, and He leads it on to victory.

To the youth in the ranks of the advent message today, comes a call to a place in this army of our King; a call to enlist as soldiers of the cross. The crisis has been reached; the battle is almost over, and every recruit is needed to finish it triumphantly. Hear this urgent call from the spirit of prophecy: "If there was ever a crisis, it is now. All are now deciding their eternal destiny. . . . Human souls are hanging in the balance. . . . Who will now fully consecrate themselves to be laborers together with God?"—*"Testimonies," Vol. VI, pp. 16-21.*

To you and to me this message comes today, as the call came many years ago to the humble fishermen on the shores of Galilee: "Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men." The Master is longing to make "fishers of men" of His followers. Will you answer His call, today? He does not bid you spend long years in preparation and go to a far-distant field before you can begin to labor for Him. He wants to use you *now, just where you are.* The disciples began to work at once for those nearest them. Andrew found his brother, Simon, and "brought him to Jesus;" Philip brought Nathanael; you, too, can work in a quiet, simple way for those about you. After all, souls are saved "one by one." Jesus, when here on earth, was just as willing to minister to the lone seeker for truth as to the mighty multitude. He "would have passed through the agony of Calvary, that *one* might be saved in His kingdom."

Look over the circle of your young friends and acquaintances: how many of them are Christians? For how many of them have you made a special, personal effort? Are the members of your family Christians? Your own home is the first place in which you are called to witness. Has your roommate, your fellow student, accepted the Saviour? Are your fellow workers in the shop or office followers of the Master? Does your next-door neighbor know Jesus? Then there are those young boys and girls whom you see in Sabbath school and church, week after week — are they learning to love and serve the Master, or are they drifting? Can you lend a hand to help them? They are all precious souls "hanging in the balance." *You* may be

the very one best fitted to bring some of them to the Saviour; without *your* help they may be forever lost.

Do you ask, How shall I work? *Begin in prayer.* Prayer is the essential of the soul-winner's life. Christ spent long nights in prayer; if He, the Creator of the universe, found it necessary thus to seek strength from heaven for His work, how much more should we! Pray, first, that Christ may dwell in you, giving you constant victory over sin. Only thus will you be able to lead others to Him. Pray that the Lord will give you a vision of the value of *one* soul, that He will roll upon you a burden for the lost ones about you, and that His Spirit will teach you how to work for them.

No one can measure the power in prayer for others. Through earnest, prevailing prayer, you may have access to all the strength and power of heaven. J. Hudson Taylor, a lad of fifteen, was converted through the prayers of his mother, eighty miles away. His life and work in China bear witness to the mighty power of prayer. The wonderful work of George Mueller was accomplished through answered prayer. Whitefield, Livingstone, and Bacchus died upon their knees, praying for the salvation of a lost world. All the mighty men of God of all ages have been men who knew how to wrestle and prevail with God in prayer. Remember, "*prayer changes things.*"

Linked with prayer, must be earnest, tireless, *personal effort.* It is the personal touch that counts for most with the one for whom you are working. Lose no opportunity to show your interest in him, by kind and helpful words and deeds, by talking and praying with and for him, by being a *friend* to him.

A little boy in England, having become a Christian, began to work for his friends and playmates. One by one he visited them, talked, read, and prayed with them, and before he died, still a child, forty were converted through his efforts. Moody was won to Christ through the efforts of his Sunday school teacher; Robert Stevens was won by the prayers and personal interest of an old man; it was a personal letter from a friend, pleading with him to come to Christ, that led to the conversion of Henry Clay Trumbull. Thousands have been won in the same way — by the quiet, personal, prayerful efforts of some earnest Christian.

It is work that pays—yes, pays richly—in golden sheaves for the Master's harvest, in peace and joy to the worker, in eternal happiness to the souls saved from ruin. *Personal work brings results.* "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand." Eccl. 11:6.

Who of our youth will answer the Master's call to this work now? Who will enlist in a campaign to "win one soul for Christ this year"? Think what it will mean if every Missionary Volunteer in our ranks will do at least this much in 1921! The doubling of our Missionary Volunteer forces, a forward movement in the finishing of God's work, joy in heaven over the souls redeemed, and untold blessing to the worker! Will *you* win one for Christ in 1921?

W-hile Jesus gently pleads:
"I gave My life, My all;
N-ot grudgingly, as giveth

O-ne for duty only;
N-ot selfishly, as would give one
E-ager for glory, or for praise of men;

F-or *love* I gave; I freely gave My life
O-n Calvary's cross, that you might live.
R-emember, 'twas for *you*; what doest thou for Me? "

C-an you, friend, turn away —
H-eed not that tender call?
R-each not your hand to help him who
I-n trials sore may fall without your aid?
S-tay not; in Christ's name go; for His sake save
T-hat lost one, wandering, helpless, by your side.

BESSIE MOUNT.

Over the Deep

LONE we journey through this world,
Perilous and far;
Lone the lights along the shore,
High and lone—the Star!

The waves relentless battle give,
Clamorous the sin.
We glance above — through seething shoals
Our barks the port must win.

We're not so far from home. O Star!
Steel our weak hearts to brave
The terrors of the maddened deep,
Or storms, or unmarked grave.

Somewhere there's a stretch of glittering shore,
Flooded with wondrous light,
And they wait and watch, so eager there —
O keep us through this night!

Soon, soon our vessel's willing keel
Will graze the golden bar,
And all we've lost, and all we've gained,
Will *live* in what we are.

And if—the toil and the peril o'er —
One is missed from the shining strand,
There'll be angels grieve, and teardrops start —
They care—in the Fatherland.

Then steady, lads, at the vessel's heart,
And steady at the helm;
God lends thee the power of His "outstretched arm,"
No fiend can overwhelm.

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.



Victoria Terminal Railway Station, Bombay, India



The Nobel Prizes for Twenty-four Years

ALFRED BERNARD NOBEL was born in Stockholm, Sweden, in 1833, and died at San Remo, Sweden, 1896. He invented smokeless powder, blasting gelatin, and dynamite, perfected the production of nitroglycerin, and was largely interested in oil. When a lad, he came to America to study mechanical engineering, but later returned to Sweden and became a scientist, capitalist, philanthropist, and humanitarian.

He bequeathed his entire fortune, estimated at \$9,000,000, to a fund from which five prizes were to be awarded yearly for the greatest achievements for humanity during the year immediately preceding, in the domains of physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and peace.

The value of each prize, subject to fluctuations in the interest rate, is \$40,000.

In accordance with the terms of Nobel's will and the rules and regulations laid down by the Nobel Foundation, the prizes are awarded every year as follows:

One to the person who in the domain of physics has made the most important discovery or invention.

One to the person who has made the most important chemical discovery or improvement.

One to the person who has made the most important discovery in the domain of medicine or physiology.

One who in literature has produced the most distinguished work of an idealistic tendency.

One to the person who has promoted most or best the fraternity of nations and the abolishment or diminution of standing armies, and the formation and increase of peace congresses.

The Nobel prizes "for the greatest benefits to mankind" have now been awarded annually since 1901. Including several of the 1920 prizes which have just been announced, eighty-five prizes have been awarded during the last nineteen years.

Presentation of the prizes is formally made every year on Nobel Day—December 10—at Stockholm, where the benefactor was born and lived for many years.

Of the eighty-five prizes awarded to date, Germany has won twenty-four and one half; France is next with eleven and one half; England third with nine; Sweden (the home of Nobel) fourth with five and one half; the United States next with five; Holland, Denmark, and Switzerland tied with four and one half. The remaining countries bring up the rear with three and one half to one apiece.

The Americans who won the Nobel prizes before 1920 are the late Theodore Roosevelt, who received the peace award in 1906, for his work in bringing about a settlement of the Russo-Japanese conflict; Elihu Root, who received the same prize six years later for his achievements in The Hague Tribunal and as Secretary of State; Dr. Alexis Carrel, who won the 1912 Nobel award for medicine, as a result of his epoch-making surgical contributions; and Prof. Theodore W. Richards, professor of chemistry at Harvard University, winner of the 1914 prize for chemistry, because of his far-reaching researches in determining atomic weights.

The winners of 1920 prizes are: for peace, Woodrow Wilson of the United States of America; for literature, Knute Hansun of Norway, who was once

a street car conductor in Chicago; for physics, Charles Edward Guillaume of France; for chemistry, Professor Aschan of the University of Helsingfors; for medicine, Prof. August Krough.

Three women have won the Nobel prize—one of them, Marie Curie, of radium fame, achieving it twice, first in 1903 for physics, and eight years later for chemistry. The first award she won jointly with her husband. Many persons will certainly find something mildly exciting, perhaps even gravely significant, in the fact that the only person to win two Nobel prizes is a woman.

The other two women to join the Nobel ranks are Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish writer (1919), and Baroness von Suttner of Austria, who received the peace prize in 1905.—*Charles Scanlon.*

Our New Congresswoman

UNDER the title, "Miss Alice of Muskogee," Tom P. Morgan, in the *Ladies' Home Journal* for March, 1921, gives an illuminating sketch of Miss Alice M. Robertson, "who fought and defeated, in a pitched battle in which no quarter was given or asked, one of Oklahoma's most astute and crafty politicians," and now sits in the assembly of the mighty at the national capital.

"Picture," says Mr. Morgan, "a silver-haired woman, very clear complexioned, bright eyed, and gentle voiced, of a figure taller than the average and somewhat stout, the shoulders sagging a trifle under the weight of her sixty-six years, indifferent to fashion's dictates, but comfortably and completely clad from throat to insteps, going about her duties with a tread suggestive of tired feet in old-fashioned prunella gaiters," and you have seen "Miss Alice," as every one in Muskogee calls her.

Our new Congresswoman was born at Tullahassee Mission, Wagoner County, Oklahoma, in 1854. Her father was a missionary to the Creek Indians, and her mother was the daughter of a missionary to the Cherokees. She graduated with an A. M. degree from Elmira College, New York, then returned to the Southwest, where she was the first and for a long time the only stenographer in Oklahoma. She was also the first domestic-science teacher in the State, and located, built, and furnished the Nuyaka Mission for the Cherokee Indians. Under Roosevelt's appointment she served as postmistress of Muskogee for eight years. She was vice-president of the National Educational Association, the largest educational body in the world.

Miss Robertson is a Daughter of the American Revolution, and entitled to wear a barred badge denoting five fighting ancestors. She is deeply religious, hers being the Presbyterian faith, and is uncompromisingly "dry." She owns and manages Sawokla Farm of fifty-four acres, and also a cafeteria by the same name in Muskogee. During the war more than five thousand service men were honored guests at her cafeteria, for no man in uniform was ever allowed to pay for his hospitality.

Although never a mother, Miss Robertson has befriended scores of young people who call her by that endearing name. She smilingly said to a reporter

not long ago that she has "a fad for collecting boys and girls." The latchstring to her farm home is always out, and all who come are made welcome. Shortly before election she took her first airplane ride, and while she was sailing aloft, some one hung across her porch a banner bearing the inscription: "Alice Robertson, regardless of party we greet you, the friend of all."

She regards her selection for Congressional service as a direct answer to prayer, and her creed is: "I am a Christian; I am an American; I am a Republican." Miss Robertson is one of the great women of today. We can well believe that in national circles she will truly represent her constituency, and measuring all things by the golden rule, determine what seems to be the will of God, and do it honestly, courageously, and with all her strength.

Miriam

WHEN Miriam was first brought to our notice, she was about thirteen years old. She was moving softly along the banks of the sacred Nile in ancient Egypt, with her heart if not her eyes fastened intently upon a queer-looking object floating with the current upon the water. It came closer and closer toward the bank, and finally rested in the reeds at a place near where certain ones came to perform their morning ablutions. All along the journey of this floating object the little maiden kept close watch; unknown to her, it contained the future hope of the deliverance of her people from their hated Egyptian bondage.

As she waited there that early morning for whatever might happen to the object lying quietly in the placid water of the famous river, other minds were centered also upon that same object. Jochebed, the little maid's mother, was at home praying for the watchcare of her God over that same precious thing floating on the river. And I think of Amram, her father, somewhere at his work under the taskmasters, with his fond heart raised to God for the protection of the little object at the water's side in the reeds. It was a time of intense concern for Miriam's family as she waited for the providence of God to dispose of her baby brother lying so quietly there in the ark on the water. In fact, the greatest event of that family was in her hands that day. She might fail. She was young, and she might be unwise, or overanxious, and reveal to the authorities who had done this unlawful thing.

The command of the king had made it unlawful to keep any baby boy born to the Hebrews, and here was a babe who had been concealed three months. "They were not afraid of the king's commandment," and kept him as long as it was possible to do so without detection, and then committed the child to the Nile in an ark of bulrushes, following it with prayers while Miriam watched from a distance.

It so happened that the floating ark drifted in to

the shore at the place where Thermuthis, the daughter of the king, came to bathe in the holy river. She saw the ark, and had a servant woman go in and get it. When it was opened, it is said that the babe wept and raised its little arms to its rescuer, who at once fell in love with it and decided to adopt it for her own. Then she carried it to the king, and he too, according to Josephus, loved the little waif. Josephus claims that an Egyptian woman was sought to act as nurse for the baby, but that he refused to accept the proffered aid. Then he says that Miriam, who had been hovering about that little party, came along and suggested that maybe the child would nurse a Hebrew mother, and that she knew of one she could get if they so desired. She went for her mother, whom the babe accepted eagerly. So the daughter of the king asked Jochebed to take the child and raise him for her and for Egypt.

Eighty long years pass before we again hear of Miriam, then she appears as woman assistant to her brother who had been sent by God to deliver Israel from the bondage of Egypt. At the trying time at the Red Sea she appears leading the women singers of Israel as they responded to the song of the men led by



Miriam Leading the Daughters of Israel in Song

Moses, the servant of God, for their deliverance from the Egyptians. "The Spirit of God rested upon Moses, and he led the people in a triumphant anthem of thanksgiving, the earliest and one of the most sublime that are known to man." "Richly endowed with the gifts of poetry and music, Miriam had led the women of Israel in song and dance on

the shore of the Red Sea." "I will sing unto Jehovah, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea," chanted the men. "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," responded Miriam and the women as they danced that day on the shores of the Red Sea.

Miriam was one of the leaders of the children of Israel in their journey from Egypt to the Promised Land: "I brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, and redeemed thee out of the house of bondage; and I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam." It is of "Miriam the prophetess" we write, the sister of that greatest of all leaders of men, Moses; the woman who became so jealous of the wife of Moses that she spread her disaffection to her other brother, Aaron, and together they came to the leader and made the charge: "Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses? hath He not spoken also by us?" This interview of Miriam and Aaron with their brother Moses brought another Presence, for the Mighty God appeared and revealed to them all who had the leadership of Israel. After the interview, behold! there stood the jealous sister leprous, white as snow. Miriam evidently repented of her rashness, for we hear no more of her until they came to Kadesh, where she died and was buried, being about one hundred thirty years old.

J. D. MONTGOMERY.

"THE Lord shall reign forever." Ex. 15:18.



A Letter to the Woodworkers

DEAR FELLOWS: This is a letter to all boys who read the articles in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR on woodwork. We want many more boys to get their tools sharpened and try their hands at the work, and then we know that they will read more. We intend to keep something going in the INSTRUCTOR that will keep your hands busy all the spare time you have. We have in mind a number of things that are both useful and easy to make.

Up to the present there have been sixteen boys to write in and answer the questions on page sixteen of the INSTRUCTOR of April 5. We had hoped that many more would read that article on page nine and make the wren house, and then write answers to the questions and send them in. We have letters from boys in the extreme eastern part of the United States — Vermont and New York — and in the extreme western part — California. One boy writes from Lacombe, Alberta, Canada, and two from Alabama. As I write this I wonder if there are not some letters on steamships coming across the sea to me.

We are also wondering if there are not a number of boys who made that wren house and who plan to make the other things, as they come along, who have not written me. If so, won't you send me the information indicated on the last page of the INSTRUCTOR of April 5? We should like to have at least a postcard from each boy who made the wren house and is making the card holder. We don't like to continue these articles unless a number of boys are doing the work, and we can't tell how many are making the pieces unless you write. Let us have this understanding, that when you start to make a piece that is described in the INSTRUCTOR, you will drop a card to William B. Miller, Box 346, Holton, Kansas, saying, "I have started to make" (whatever it is).

Some of you who have kodaks might take a picture of the pieces you make. We should like to have them and pictures of yourselves. We want to know each other better.

Most of the boys have a bench with a vise on it, and a good supply of tools and lumber. One boy's father seems to own a lumber yard. He said he "could get all the lumber" necessary. Another boy's father owns a store, so he says he can get "all the boxes" needed. Another's father is a carpenter, and he can use "all the tools." That is good. But there is still another boy who wants to make all these things described in the INSTRUCTOR, but he hasn't any bench or place to work, hasn't any tools or lumber, and "no nothin'." His parents are unable to give him money to buy tools. I wish there were some way in which we could even this all up, and there may be. I know that there are men who have tools, and others who have money that would buy tools and lumber, and these men would be glad to give to help some boys who want to do but can't because they do not have the tools. I am willing to act as a sort of "clearing house" to balance these things up. About all that is necessary is for those who will "give," to write to me telling me what they have to give, and those who "need," to write telling me what they need. Then I will get them together on the "long distance" postal line, and all will be well.

This is the Lord's work. Woodworkers will have a

place right along with preachers. Isaiah 65:21 says that we shall "build houses." Now is the time to learn how to build.

We should like to hear from many on this matter. Don't hold back. Don't delay. Answer at once. Come on. Write, right now.

Sincerely yours,

WILLIAM B. MILLER.

The Woodworkers

1. William B. Miller (Instructor),	Holton,	Kansas.
2. Melvin Ogden,	Caldwell,	Idaho.
3. Robert M. Campbell,	Indianapolis,	Indiana.
4. Oscar Staton,	Birmingham,	Alabama.
5. Albert Dando,	Battle Creek,	Michigan.
6. Paul Johnson,	Lacombe, Alb.,	Canada.
7. William J. Seoggin,	Denver,	Colorado.
8. Joe V. Travis,	Bessemer,	Alabama.
9. Leon Baker,	Ethel,	Missouri.
10. Paul Rhodes,	Oxford,	New York.
11. Linden Draper,	Mt. Gilead,	Ohio.
12. Clarence Grenburg,	Lignite,	North Dakota.
13. Jean Albertson,	Republic,	Kansas.
14. Harold Roscoe,	Essex Junction,	Vermont.
15. Lester Spatcher,	Fayette,	Iowa.
16. Clarence Shaffer,	Pikesville,	Maryland.
17. Arthur Snow,	Sacramento,	California.

The Secret of Achievement

WHAT was the secret of the achievements of Washington and Lincoln? You will find this secret in that picture of Lincoln, familiar to all, where he sprawls his ungainly length on the hard dirt floor of his humble log cabin, and, by the dim, flickering fireplace, scribbles away, doing sums on the back of an old wooden shovel, using a piece of charcoal from the fireplace instead of chalk, and scraping the figures from the shovel with his jackknife after each sum is finished. If you fail to catch the vision of the future great man in this picture, look at another similar one. See that homely backwoods lad trudging seven miles away to borrow a book, Weem's "Life of Washington." Then, when the rain beat through the chinks of his log-cabin home and injured his borrowed book, see him trudge back with it to the owner and agree to split rails three days in order to pay for the damage and thus possess the book himself.—*Selected.*

Work

- IF you are poor — work.
 - If you are rich — continue to work.
 - If you are burdened with seemingly unfair responsibilities — work.
 - If you are happy — keep right on working. Idleness gives room for doubts and fears.
 - If disappointments come — work.
 - If sorrow overwhelms you and loved ones seem not true — work.
 - If health is threatened — work.
 - When faith falters and reason fails — just work.
 - When dreams are shattered and hope seems dead — work. Work as if your life were in peril. It really is.
 - Whatever happens or matters — work.
 - Work faithfully — work with faith.
 - Work is the greatest material remedy available.
 - Work will cure both mental and physical afflictions.
- The Silent Partner.*



Just for the Juniors



A Father in a Thousand

ELIZABETH ANN TOLLMANN

FROM the depths of an easy-chair Ralph Arnold drawled a lazy "Come in" as a knock sounded upon his door. In answer to his summons the door was opened slightly and the voice of the call boy announced, "A gentleman to see you, sir."

At sound of the boy's voice, Arnold rose abruptly and turned toward the door. Pleasure, astonishment, and annoyance played across his face in rapid succession as he went forward to meet the old gentleman who was entering the room.

"How d'ye do, son," eagerly exclaimed the visitor. "I just thought I'd surprise you; wouldn't let the boy here—" he turned to indicate the object of his explanation, but the boy had closed the door and disappeared—"well, he's gone, but anyhow I told him I'd not bother you to come down; I was sure you'd want I should come right along to your room. Plan to spend two days with you. You didn't know your old dad could be so spry, did you?"

So delighted with his innocent plot was the old gentleman that he failed to note the conflicting expressions upon his son's face. He gave the boy a detailed account of how he had planned the trip, told how surprised he was to find him living "right 'longside the college, you might say," and hoped the boy wouldn't be too busy these two days to show him around a little.

Ralph Arnold was in a quandary. At the old farm home the stooped shoulders and the toil-worn hands seemed a part of the picture; here in the college setting, his father's angular figure in its ill-fitting suit appeared strangely out of place. Before his mental vision flashed the fathers of some of his associates who had called to visit their sons. Keen, successful business men they had been, shrewd politicians, and wide-awake professional men; all bearing the stamp of culture and refinement. Not one like his father had been there. The thought crept into his mind, could he present his father to boys having fathers of that type and say with genuine pride, "Boys, this is *my* father"? He knew he couldn't, and yet in his heart he felt not one of them could compare with the man sitting there with him.

His thoughts were brought sharply to a focus when he heard his father say, "And you know, Ralph, I think I'd like to visit some of your classes, and then when I was goin' over the catalogue before comin', the thought struck me just like that, that maybe I know the president. I never heard the name Nellis Devinney Moore but once before, and then it belonged to a little shaver I played with and went to the district school with. His and my father's farms joined back in Indiana. Stranger things have happened, and I'm goin' to call on your president jest to satisfy myself."

Then Ralph Arnold's face grew red as he answered, "But, father, it isn't customary, you know, to have visitors in the classes at these large colleges; they don't have time for anything like that."

"Oh, is that so?" asked his father in a disappointed tone. "Well, if I can't, I can't, but I'd counted lots

on seein' jest how they do things; but—" and his face brightened; "there's no rule against seein' the president, is there?"

Before Ralph, flashed a mental picture of Dr. Moore, the president of the college,—tall, with a military bearing; grave, dignified, with piercing black eyes that could strike awe into the heart, or that could flash with sympathy and kindness. Then the young man saw his father meeting the president, and the contrast was too vivid. There was nothing to his father's idea of a former acquaintance with Dr. Moore; it was preposterous. Dr. Moore's father had been a lawyer, not a farmer. Ralph hastily made the decision that his father should not meet Dr. Moore, but how was he to thwart the old man's determination? The thought that entered his mind almost took away his breath for a moment, then with a set face he answered his father, "But Dr. Moore is away from the school for a week; he left day before yesterday." Ralph turned his head that his father might not see the wave of crimson which spread over his face as he made this statement.

"Well, well," exclaimed Mr. Arnold, "luck's against me, I guess."

Just then the deep sound of a bell was heard and Ralph sprang to his feet. "Sorry, dad, but I've got an important class at this hour; can't possibly miss it. Wish I could. You won't mind making yourself at home, will you, for an hour, then I'll be back. Do whatever you want to."

Left to himself, Mr. Arnold rested for a short time, then decided to go over to the campus and look around. A gentleman who was walking briskly down one of the walks stopped for a moment by a beautiful fountain. As Mr. Arnold approached, the other man looked up with a courteous smile and said, "Good morning."

"Good mornin', sir," answered Mr. Arnold. "Rather a pretty place, here, don't you think?"

A genial smile played over the gentleman's face as he replied, "We think it is quite nice. Are you a stranger here?"

"Yes, jest got in this mornin'. Am visitin' my son who is goin' to college here; maybe you know him—Ralph Arnold."

Yes, the gentleman knew him.

"Moore is my name, Mr. Arnold," and the speaker offered his hand. "We are always glad to welcome visitors at our institution."

"Moore?" repeated Mr. Arnold. "Any relation to the president?"

"Well," Dr. Moore—for it was he—smilingly rejoined, "they call me the president here."

"Well, well, now, what do you know about that? I guess Ralph must have been mistaken. I wanted to see the president the worst way, and Ralph said you was out of town."

"When was this?" questioned Dr. Moore.

"Oh, jest this mornin' after I got in."

An inscrutable expression passed over Dr. Moore's face, followed by one of comprehension as a second thought seemed to enter his mind.

"Won't you sit down on this garden seat and rest awhile, Mr. Arnold?" The two men sat down on one of the seats near the fountain.

"Well, well, and so you are the president, and your name is Nellis Devinney Moore, isn't it?" asked Mr. Arnold. "I never heard the name but once before."

"Yes?" said Dr. Moore. "It is rather an odd name, I believe."

"Ever by any chance happen to live in Clayton, Indiana?" continued Mr. Arnold.

"To be sure," replied Dr. Moore. "That was my home until I was ten years old. Did you—" Dr. Moore stopped suddenly, bent a keen scrutinizing look upon the visitor, then seized his hand in a warm grasp as he ejaculated, "Dean Arnold! is it really you? Who would have dreamed of such a thing! Truth is surely stranger than fiction."

"I knew it, I felt it in my bones," eagerly answered Mr. Arnold, "that it was you. I told Ralph so this mornin', and I was that anxious to see you. Well, well, well!"

The two old friends brought together by such strange circumstances, began comparing their experiences since they had last been together.

"My parents died a few months after your folks left Indiana," explained Dr. Moore. "My uncle, who was a lawyer in Utah, sent for me, and I made my home with him after that."

"And I took up farmin'," his friend said. "Have made a pretty good success of it, too. Got more'n above what I need of this world's goods, but it'll come in handy for the boy. I can give him what I didn't get myself. Pretty fine boy, isn't he, Nellis?"

"He has made an enviable record for himself in athletics," the doctor replied. There was something in the circumstance of the morning which would have to be explained before Dr. Moore would commit himself as to the fineness of Ralph Arnold's character.

Just then, as he came from the college building, Ralph saw his father and Dr. Moore engaged in confidential conversation. What could it mean? His father hailed him when he caught sight of his son. The young man approached the two men with mingled feelings.

"It's jest as I told you, Ralph," eagerly explained the old man. "Your president here is the little shaver I used to play with."

Dr. Moore gave Ralph a keen, appraising glance, and read in his countenance the whole story, but his tone was kindly as he said, "If your father is anything as he was when a boy, you have a father in a thousand, Ralph. I want you to bring him over to dinner this evening."

Ralph Arnold bit his lip. He knew those piercing black eyes had read the story of his despicable action, but he controlled his voice as he answered, "Yes, indeed, Dr. Moore, I have a father in a thousand. I'll be glad to bring him over this evening."

An Old English Story About Linnets

THIS is a story repeated almost word for word as it was told English children overseas in the long ago. It seems there once was a linnet's nest in a quiet green lane, where only farmers passed, with now and then a woman or sometimes a girl in a red cloak, with a basket of butter or eggs.

The nest was built in a darkling bush of white-thorn, in the very thickest part of a hedge just over a brook where it ran rushing by between a couple of

great stones, all green with the moss of perhaps a hundred years.

The old birds that occupied this nest were a prudent couple who had brought up several broods. They had seen trouble and sorrow enough before they learned the safest place for their nest.

One of their children, though, thought he knew more than his father and mother. His name was Dick. He was the first to leave the nest and go out for himself. Then next spring he chose a pretty linnet for his mate. Her name was Dolly. Then he and Dolly went to call on his father and mother, whom they found busy re-fitting their nest.

Said Dick, "I cannot imagine why we linnets should shut ourselves in such dark holes as all of us do, while the hoarse crow and the hooting owl take possession of the lofty trees and look around far and wide upon the beauties of nature. I shall build in the top of yonder oak."

Answered the old father bird, "But it is no place for young linnets!"

However, Dick and Dolly straightway began building their nest in the tree top. They tried to make it a model for all linnets. They were ever so merry about it, and when the nest was finished, they teased Dick's father and mother about not having enough ambition to build high in the world.

The sun went down, and Dick and Dolly went up to roost in their lofty domicile. Dark night came on apace, and with the night a dismal storm of wind and rain and thunder. Up and down, this side and that, rocked the young couple in their nest. Flash came the lightning! Crash came the thunder! They spread their wings over the nest to protect it, but heavy bullets of rain beat through and wet their trembling toes. They were beginning to believe that Father Linnet was right, and that linnets should not build high, when crash! came the wind, and down came their nest to the ground. Dick and Dolly were not hurt, but they crept under a hedge for shelter because they were so wet and cold.

"Let us never build in a tree top again," said little shivering Dolly, the next morning.

"No, indeed," agreed little shivering Dick. "Henceforth, like the lark, I build upon the ground; the lark is a wise bird. Come, Dolly, you know we have no time to lose; we have the whole work to do over again, and the sooner we begin the better."

That same morning Dick called upon his father long enough to ask him why he didn't build his nest upon the ground like the lark.

"Because, my son," was the answer, "a darkling bush is the safest place for young linnets."

By this time Dick was really disgusted with his father's old-fashioned ideas, so, without another word, he and Dolly went to work and built themselves a fine new nest under the grass near the brink of the brook. After a few days of hard labor, another home was ready for a family of nestlings.

No sooner, however, was this work finished, and Dick had got into it to look around and realize his comfortable position, than up tramped old Jubbin, Farmer Fallow's donkey, and nosing down to drink in the brook, clapped his forefoot plump upon the middle of the nest and crushed it to pulp in the mud at the bottom. Dick barely escaped with his life, but even so, the first thing he did was to scold Jubbin.

Patient old Jubbin was so surprised, that Dick soon stopped scolding; it did no good anyway. Besides, there was no time to be wasted, as he and Dolly would

be obliged to build a third nest quickly as possible as a summer lasts only so long.

After Dick and Dolly talked it over, they decided to consult the old couple, because it would never do to lose another nest. Father and Mother Linnet welcomed Dick and Dolly.

Said Father Linnet: "Make your nest in yonder clustering whitethorn, right opposite to ours, and I have no doubt you will find yourselves in the long run as comfortable and secure as it is the lot of linnets in general to be. A darkling bush is the best place to build a nest for young linnets."

So Dick and Dolly built their third nest in the darkling bush as father and mother advised. That is how it came about that they and their children lived happily ever after.—*Frances M. Fox.*

The Greatest Thing in the World

LOVE is not, as some suppose, the heart flutterings experienced when admiring physical beauty. One physically beautiful may prove to be unlovable and uncompanionable because of characteristic defects. A young man married a beautiful young girl. He thought he loved her and that she would make him a good wife, but he soon learned that she was selfish, peevish, and lazy. He could not even admire her beauty after he had become better acquainted with her. To his dismay he learned that he had mistaken fancy for love. Both their lives were tragic.

"Love," as has been said, "is the greatest thing in the world." It is a "palpitating, quivering, sensitive, living thing," that indefinable something that makes us patient, kind, generous, courteous, unselfish, and sincere in our conduct toward the one we love.

Of all human love the strongest, perhaps, is mother love, and the "love of men and women when they love their best." It is the latter which the Bible uses most frequently to illustrate the love of Christ for His people. He is the lover, the bridegroom, and the church is His bride. Yet this love, which is of heavenly origin, which God has exalted so highly, is so often dragged into the mire, and is frequently made the subject of the cheap jest.

"God is love." We love because He first loved us. He loves with an everlasting love. Human love is but a drop from the great ocean of divine love. Solomon says that love is strong as death, that waters cannot quench it, nor floods drown it. Because love is so great and so sacred a thing, Satan has counterfeited it. He has made many believe that lust is love, that fancy is love. Thus he has sown the world with woe. He has made men forget that it is only the pure in heart who really love. Let us beware of Satan's counterfeits.

MRS. MARY CUMMINS.

"FOUR things a man must learn to do.
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly,
To love his fellow men sincerely,
To act from honest motives purely,
To trust in God and heaven securely."

Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topics for June

- JUNE 4. Senior and Junior: "Speaking for Our Dumb Friends."
June 11. Senior: "In Remembrance of Me."
Junior: "Heaven's Bank."
June 18. Senior and Junior: "Like Leaves of Autumn."
June 25. Senior and Junior: "Signs of the End."

Our Counsel Corner

Should Seventh-day Adventist young people read love stories or other stories in worldly magazines and newspapers?

Aside from our companions there is nothing perhaps that influences us more than what we read. For as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he." Prov. 23: 7. And as a man reads, so he will think. One who habitually reads light, sentimental literature will be light and sentimental. Here is a very solemn warning on this question:

"One of the greatest reasons why you have so little disposition to draw nearer to God by prayer is, you have unfitted yourselves for this sacred work by reading fascinating stories, which have excited the imagination and aroused unholy passions."—*"Testimonies," Vol. I, p. 504.*

Those who are reading useless and harmful literature should take up our Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses with a determination to break the evil habit before it is too late.

"Say firmly, 'I will not spend precious moments in reading that which will be of no profit to me, and which only unfits me to be of service to others. I will devote my time and my thoughts to acquiring a fitness for God's service.'"—*Id., Vol. VII, p. 64.*

Those who are interested in this question should read Missionary Volunteer Leaflets No. 2, "From Which Fountain?" and No. 13, "Guiding Principles for the Young," and the Reading Course leaflet for 1921-22.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XI—The False Mediatorial System

(June 11)

Daily-Study Outline

1. SYNOPSIS, paragraphs 1, 2, looking up texts.
2. Synopsis, paragraphs 3, 4, looking up texts.
3. Synopsis, paragraph 5, looking up texts.
4. Synopsis, paragraph 6, looking up texts.
5. Questions 1-7.
6. Questions 8-18.
7. Review the Synopsis.

Synopsis

SEED THOUGHT: "While Romanism is based upon deception, it is not a coarse and clumsy imposture."—*"The Great Controversy," p. 566.*

1. The central feature of the gospel is the mediatorial work of Christ for sin, officiating as high priest at the right hand of God, a minister of the heavenly sanctuary. Heb. 8: 1, 2.

2. The mystery of godliness was made manifest in Christ, in whom divinity and humanity were united. 1 Tim. 3: 16. Before He ascended to heaven, He promised that His presence would continue with His disciples (Matt. 28: 20) in the presence of the Holy Spirit (John 14: 16-18), who is His representative.

3. Paganism flourished in the world from the time of Babylon to near the close of the fourth century after Christ. Then the mystery of iniquity, which was already working in the time of the apostle Paul (2 Thess. 2: 7), rapidly developed into the full papal system under the headship of the man of sin (verses 3, 4).

4. The Pope of Rome is declared to be the visible representative of Christ upon earth, thus usurping the place of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter.

5. In the Roman system of mediation, an earthly sanctuary is substituted for the heavenly; a visible priest for the invisible Priest in heaven (Heb. 8: 1, 2); a visible sacrament, claimed to be the real body and blood of Christ, made such by the miraculous power of the priest, in place of the sacrifice of Christ (Heb. 7: 27); the law of the church in place of the ten commandments in the ark of the most holy place of the heavenly sanctuary. This is a system of idolatry, paganism under the form of Christianity. The claim is made that the Roman Catholic Church alone supplies the means for fellowship with Christ, whereas it places a human barrier between Christ and the sinner. While professing to be a fulfillment of the ancient typical system of mediation, it is in reality a counterfeit of the true system of which Christ is the head.

6. The apostle Paul taught that this system of lawlessness, headed by the "man of sin," would set forth man in the place of God, the human in place of the divine. 2 Thess. 2: 4. Daniel said this system would cast the truth to the ground and prosper in its course of opposition to God. Dan. 8: 12. But at the end of the 2300 days, this Second Advent Movement arose which gives to Christ His rightful place as great high priest, thus exposing the counterfeit introduced by the Papacy, and restoring to the people the blessings bestowed through the mediation of Christ. Verses 13, 14.

Questions

1. What is the central feature of the gospel? See synopsis, paragraph 1.
2. What is the mystery of godliness? 1 Tim. 3: 16.
3. What promise did Christ make to His disciples just before He returned to heaven? Matt. 28: 20.
4. What provision did He make for the fulfilment of this promise? John 14: 16-18.
5. During what time did paganism flourish? See synopsis, paragraph 3, first part.
6. What mystery was working in the time of the apostle Paul? 2 Thess. 2: 7.
7. After the downfall of paganism, what was rapidly developed? Verses 3, 4.
8. What is the Pope of Rome declared to be? See synopsis, paragraph 4.
9. Whose place does he thus usurp?
10. In the Roman system of mediation, what substitutes are made for the heavenly sanctuary and the High Priest in heaven? Heb. 8: 1, 2.
11. What substitution is made for the true sacrifice? Heb. 7: 27.
12. What law is substituted for the law of God? See synopsis, paragraph 5.
13. What, therefore, is the Roman system of mediation? Answer.—Idolatry.
14. What claims are made for this system? See synopsis, paragraph 5.
15. What are the facts concerning it? See synopsis, paragraph 5.
16. What had prophecy declared? 2 Thess. 2: 4.
17. What does another prophecy say this power would do with the truth? Dan. 8: 12.
18. What arose at the end of the 2300 days? Dan. 8: 13, 14; Rev. 14: 6-12.

Intermediate Lesson

XI — Contention Among the Twelve; Jesus Washing the Disciples' Feet

(June 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 22: 24-30; John 13: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Matt. 23: 11.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 642-651.

PERSONS: Jesus, with the twelve.

PLACE: The upper room of a dwelling in Jerusalem.

Setting of the Lesson

Jesus and His disciples enter the upper chamber where Peter and John have made preparations for the holding of the Passover feast. Jesus knew that He was soon to be put to death, and on this last evening they were to be together He had much to say to them. But the disciples were cherishing a bitter spirit, and were striving among themselves, each desiring to be the greatest, and so were unprepared to hear and understand the words of Jesus.

"Lord, grant us grace to love thee so,
That, glad of heart and glad of face,
At last we may sit, high or low,
Each in his place."

Questions

1. In what spirit did the disciples assemble in the upper room to celebrate the Passover feast? Luke 22: 24. Note 1.
2. What other cause for dissension now arose? Note 2.
3. What did Jesus say to help the disciples overcome their ambition and pride? Who did He say was chief among them? Verses 25, 26.
4. What did He say of Himself? Verse 27.
5. In what had they been with Him? What did He appoint them? What was to be their place and service in His kingdom? Verses 28-30.
6. What did Jesus know concerning Himself? What is said concerning His love for His own? John 13: 1.
7. What had Satan already accomplished? Verse 2.
8. What did Jesus understand of the purpose of the Father? Verse 3.
9. As the disciples still made no move toward serving one another, what did the Son of God then do? Verses 4, 5. Note 3.
10. When Peter's turn came, what did he say to Jesus? How did Jesus reply? Verses 6, 7.
11. When Peter saw Jesus doing what he had refused to do, what feeling did he emphatically express? What answer was given? Verse 8. Note 4.
12. How did Peter then show his willingness to be served? Verse 9.
13. What did Jesus say in reply to this? Verse 10. Note 5.

14. Why did Jesus say, "Ye are not all clean"? Verse 11.
15. What did Jesus then do? What question did He ask? Verse 12.
16. What did the disciples rightfully call Him? What should they learn from His example? Verses 13-15. Note 6.
17. What principle of true service did He then lay down for all His followers? How may happiness be found? Verses 16, 17. Note 7.

Can You Tell

What is true humility?
How one may attain true greatness?
In what marked way the spirit of the world differs from the spirit of Christ?
How the spirit taught in this lesson can be revealed in the daily life?

Notes

1. "When the disciples entered the supper room, their hearts were full of resentful feelings. Judas pressed next to Christ on the left side; John was on the right. If there was a highest place Judas was determined to have it, and that place was thought to be next to Christ. And Judas was a traitor."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 644.
2. "Another cause of dissension had arisen. At a feast it was customary for a servant to wash the feet of the guests, and on this occasion preparation had been made for the service. The pitcher, the basin, and the towel were there, in readiness for the feet-washing; but no servant was present, and it was the disciples' part to perform it. But each of the disciples, yielding to wounded pride, determined not to act the part of a servant. All manifested a stoical unconcern, seeming unconscious that there was anything for them to do. By their silence they refused to humble themselves."—*Ibid.*
3. "The disciples made no move toward serving one another. Jesus waited for a time to see what they would do. Then He, the divine Teacher, rose from the table. Laying aside the outer garment that would have impeded His movements, He took a towel, and girded Himself. With surprised interest the disciples looked on, and in silence waited to see what was to follow. 'After that He poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded.' This action opened the eyes of the disciples. Bitter shame and humiliation filled their hearts. They understood the unspoken rebuke, and saw themselves in altogether a new light."—*Ibid.*
"Such girding was the common mark of a slave, by whom the service of foot-washing was ordinarily performed."—*Eder-sheim.*
4. "The service which Peter refused was the type of a higher cleansing. Christ had come to wash the heart from the stain of sin. In refusing to allow Christ to wash his feet, Peter was refusing the higher cleansing included in the lower. He was really rejecting his Lord. . . . At the words, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with Me,' Peter surrendered his pride and self-will. He could not endure the thought of separation from Christ; that would have been death to him."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 646.
5. "These words mean more than a bodily cleanliness. Christ is still speaking of the higher cleansing as illustrated by the lower. He who came from the bath was clean, but the sandaled feet soon became dusty, and again needed to be washed. So Peter and his brethren had been washed in the great fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. Christ acknowledged them as His. But temptation had led them into evil, and they still needed His cleansing grace. When Jesus girded Himself with a towel to wash the dust from their feet, He desired by that very act to wash the alienation, jealousy, and pride from their hearts. This was of far more consequence than the washing of their dusty feet. . . . Pride and self-seeking create dissension and hatred, but all this Jesus washed away in washing their feet. A change of feeling was brought about. Looking upon them, Jesus could say, 'Ye are clean.' Now there was union of heart, love for one another. They had become humble and teachable. Except Judas, each was ready to concede to another the highest place. Now with subdued and grateful hearts they could receive Christ's words."—*Ibid.*
6. "Christ would have His disciples understand that although He had washed their feet, this did not in the least detract from His dignity. . . . Being so infinitely superior, He imparted grace and significance to the service. No one was so exalted as Christ, and yet He stooped to the humblest duty."—*Id.*, p. 649.
7. "Now, having washed the disciples feet, He said, 'I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you.' In these words, Christ was not merely enjoining the practice of hospitality. More was meant than the washing of the feet of guests to remove the dust of travel. Christ was here instituting a religious service. By the act of our Lord this humiliating ceremony was made a consecrated ordinance. It was to be observed by the disciples, that they might ever keep in mind His lessons of humility and service."—*Id.*, p. 650.

LOATHING pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of, while their hands were still.
— Whittier.

How to Kill a Minister

TELL others that you don't like him, but never tell him why. If you told him why you didn't like him, he might show you wherein you were mistaken; then you would need to apologize to him for talking behind his back.

Criticize his sermons. Say, "He's too old-fashioned in his theology," or "He's too liberal;" "His sermons are too long;" "He is too closely confined to his notes;" "He's tiresome, stupid, and monotonous." Never tell him his sermon helped you; that might make him puffed up.

Complain because he doesn't call so often as you think he ought to. Forget that he has several hundred other people to call upon, that he must prepare two sermons each week, must marry the living and bury the dead, and be all things to all men on all occasions, that he may win some.

Criticize his family, especially his wife. Say, "She takes up too much of his time;" "She tries to run the church;" "She is not in sympathy with his work;" "She has too many hats;" "She dresses too well" or "not well enough."

Go to some other church because you don't like your own minister, and because the other minister is more sensational, more dramatic, more educated, more orthodox, more heterodox, more social, and more anything else that suits your fancy.

Always look for your minister's weakest points, never look for his strongest qualities. To look for his strong qualities might mean to be convinced that with all his failings he has consecrated himself to the high calling of God for your salvation, that he has sacrificed a larger income for a mere living wage, and that he has cast his life with the people of God to the end that men may come to a saving knowledge of the truth.

Nothing else is needed.—*The Congregationalist.*

The Love of God

SOMEHOW I like to think of the love of God as a light reaching out a warm hand in the darkness of this old world to guide wanderers home. It is not necessary for us to explain God's love. We need only to experience it to know its reality. Saul, fired by mistaken zeal, marching toward Damascus to eradicate that sect called Christians, was suddenly laid low by a veritable bolt from the blue. But as he sat blind, disconsolate, and crushed of spirit in the house of Judas, the love of God reached out and took him by the hand and led him into a great light. The chief of sinners found the Chief of Saviours, and became one of His most devoted disciples. All through a stormy life he clung to this guiding hand, allowing neither "height, nor depth, nor any other creature" to separate him from the love of God. And when his race was almost run, he wrote to Timothy from Rome, where chains held him in the very shadow of death: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." He had experienced the love of God in its fulness, that immortal, redeeming love, which still lights a sin-darkened world and points the way to heaven.

L. E. C.

Saved from the Falling Tree

THE following experience, related by Brother P. Neilson, of Sassafras Gully, Victoria, Australia, is just one more incident showing the wonderful care the Lord has for His trusting children:

"I was driving to the township one morning, and on coming to a new portion of road, where we had to go along a steep embankment about thirty feet high, I led the horse, as the animal was very fresh and frisky, having been idle for about a fortnight. As I was walking along in front of him, the horse stopped suddenly. No sooner had the horse stopped when down came a dry tree, hitting the rim of my hat and making a tiny mark on my finger the size of a pinhead, and drawing the blood, just to let me know how close I was to it. Had the horse taken one more step before stopping, we would have been under the tree, for it fell right across the road. In spite of the crash, the horse stood perfectly still. At any other time if I had merely thrown my handkerchief or a few leaves up in front of him, he would have reared up and backed. We were right on the edge of the embankment, and had the horse moved a foot or two to one side, the whole turnout would have fallen over and been dashed to pieces; but unseen hands kept the horse from stirring.

"This occurrence was witnessed by about twenty men who were engaged in making the road. They all came running up to congratulate me on my wonderful escape. There were about thirty men altogether employed on the road, and I had been talking to them about the truth. They had replied that they did not believe the Bible. Now when they told me I might thank my lucky stars, I reminded them it was the hand of God, and that this was merely a fulfilment of the Book they did not

believe in. I quoted the promise, 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them.' It would seem that the Lord gave me this experience to lead these men to trust His word."

Wasted Energy

NINETY-NINE per cent of the energy stored in a ton of coal is lost on its way to the electric bulb, so that we get

only a hundredth part of the possible light it contains. In other words, ninety-nine parts are dissipated in heat and used up in friction in the electric apparatus, and never become light. Just as great a waste of energy goes on in a man's use of his own powers. Instead of one hundred per cent of his energy appearing in results that are worth while, often a very small per cent of it gets into his real work, the rest being dissipated in foolish and harmful ways.—*Orison Swett Marden.*

Be strong to suffer, be strong to dare,
Be strong to speak, let your words ring true,
Be strong the burdens of life to bear,
Be strong to wait and be strong to do.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

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