

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 69

September 6, 1921

No. 36



THE PICTURESQUE HARBOR OF RIO DE JANEIRO

A Beautiful Model

ONE evening while visiting in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, a friend and the writer took a ride out to the beach. As we were strolling down the board walk along the shore, we noticed quite a crowd of people gathered at a certain place. Upon investigation we found that they were looking at a model of a beautiful woman asleep, with her head resting in the lap of Cupid. In using the word "beautiful," let it be understood that it is in no exaggerated sense. Her form was perfect, her every feature being as true to life as artist could paint, while on her face was a most delightfully peaceful, happy, and restful expression, indicative of a love dream. The whole was entitled, "In the Arms of Cupid."

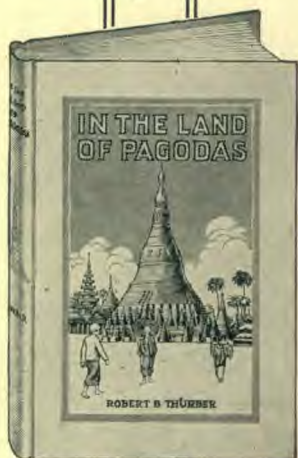
Thrown carelessly, as it were, across the larger part of her body, was represented a beautifully artistic Japanese robe. One arm was gracefully resting upon her head, the other by her side. Near by was what I first supposed to be a real cloth towel, upon which several pieces of money had been deposited by the spectators. The wrinkles in the cloth could be seen so plainly that it hardly seemed there could be any mistake; but later we discovered, somewhat to our chagrin, that it was made of the same material as the model itself.

[Concluded on page thirteen]

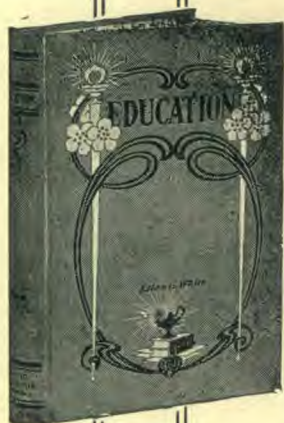


Books, Books, Books

Books! Books! Books!
 And we thank Thee, God,
 For the gift of them;
 For the glorious reach
 And the lift of them;
 For the gleam in them
 And the dream in them;
 For the things they teach
 And the souls they reach;
 For the maze of them
 And the blaze of them;
 For the ways they open to us
 And the rays that they shoot through us.

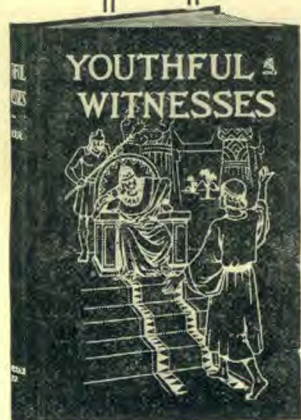


Books! Books! Books!
 And we thank Thee, God,
 For the light in them;
 For the might in them;
 For the urge in them
 And the surge in them;
 For the souls they wake
 And the paths they break;
 For the gong in them
 And the song in them;
 For the throngs of folks they bring to us
 And the songs of hope they sing to us.



Books! Books! Books!
 And we thank Thee, God,
 For the deep in them;
 For the rhythmic swing
 And sweep of them;
 For the croon in them
 And the boon in them;
 For the prayers they pray
 And the doubt they slay;
 For the *do* in them
 And the true in them;
 For the blue skies they bring to us
 And the new stars that they strew us.

— William L. Stidger, D. D.



The Youth's Instructor

VOL. 69

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 6, 1921

No. 36

A Bicycle Trip in West Africa---No. 1

M. N. CAMPBELL

THE writer of this sketch spent six weeks, from the middle of April to the end of May, in West Africa, visiting our missions in that interesting field. In company with the director of the field, L. F. Langford, and part of the time with Brother H. W. Lowe, a trip was taken into the interior of Sierra Leone where our work has been planted. The journey was taken partly on foot but chiefly on bicycles.

Arriving in Freetown, Sierra Leone, April 16, we went to Waterloo, about twenty miles along the coast where our mission headquarters are situated. Here, in addition to the mission home, are a school for boys, one for girls, a dispensary, and an industrial plant where woodwork of all kinds is carried on as well as some work in iron. After a few days spent here, we went by the little narrow-gauge railway (the rails are 2 feet 6 inches apart) about one hundred miles to the north, to the native village of Mabum, where we set up our beds for the night before striking out into the wilderness on our bicycles. The traveler in Africa must carry his bed with him. It is of the folding variety which can be put into small compass. We found an empty shed covered with a corrugated iron roof, and here we set up the beds over which was suspended on a jointed frame, a mosquito net, which completely inclosed the beds like a tent. Care must be taken to avoid being bitten by mosquitoes, as that is a common cause of malarial fever; so every one in West Africa, whether at home or traveling, sleeps under fine-mesh nets. This precaution, in addition to taking a five-grain tablet of quinine each day, and boiling all water used for drinking, keeps one reasonably safe from fever.

In addition to his bed and bedding, the traveler must also carry along his box of food, called a "chop box," and his extra clothing. His supplies are put up in packages weighing about fifty pounds. These are transported from place to place on the heads of native carriers, who will carry such a load all day for twelve cents and feel well paid at that. They will trot along with their loads at the rate of four miles an

hour, from dawn till dark, with few periods of rest.

While supper was being prepared that night at Mabum, the writer was interested in watching a "devil dance" which was carried on in the village. A native, dressed from head to foot in a suit made of long hair like grass, and wearing a ferocious-looking

false face, was mounted on stilts fully ten feet high, and performed amazing feats on these wooden legs, dancing and whirling about, while the natives, worked up to a high pitch of excitement by the loud beating of drums and the shouting, danced about the "devil." This constitutes the people's chief amusement,



Street Scene in Freetown, Sierra Leone, West Africa

and sometimes the performance is continued throughout the night. These dances often assume a very lewd character.

After supper we "turned in" for our night's rest. The days in equatorial Africa are about the same length the year round. Sunrise is usually about six, and sunset about the same hour in the evening. Inside of half an hour after the sun goes down, it is dark, there being practically no twilight in the tropics.

Bright and early the next morning, we were on our way. Leaving our toylike railway, we plunged into the bush, or jungle, following a native path a little more than a foot wide. The jungle is pierced in many directions with these narrow paths, which have been used for generations as the only means of communication between native villages. Along these paths the barefooted native trots with his load, followed by his wives, who, with babies tied at their backs and a heavy load on their heads, keep up with their sovereign lord. The paths between the principal villages, are kept in very good condition, as the European officers have to travel over these, and they require the chiefs to keep them in order. Between the smaller villages the paths are rough, and the roots of trees and logs and stones make it anything but a desirable bicycle path, especially in a hilly section where the track is often precipitous. Traveling along such a path one day, the writer thought that a good preliminary training for it, was to practise riding up and

down a flight of stairs and over a corduroy road. We sent our native carriers on ahead that day with instructions to halt at a village about fourteen miles away where we had an outstation and where we arranged to camp that night. Along the way we passed little grass-covered shrines which natives had erected to a "devil." Everything in a native's life is controlled by a devil. If the fire does not burn, the fire devil is hindering it. All pains, illnesses, accidents,



The Waterloo Wagon Shop, Seventh-day Adventist School, Africa

and misfortune of every kind are the work of devils. Every native has a devil of his own to which he offers sacrifice and feeds rice. It is his aim to nourish and develop his devil in order that he may become strong and vigorous, so as to protect him against all enemy devils that would seek to molest him. This is all very real to him, and he passes his life in fear of devils and witch doctors. There is a species of cotton tree growing in West Africa which attains mammoth proportions. The lower part of its trunk and its roots assume very weird shapes, and to the native this tree is sacred as the abode of very powerful devils. They generally erect their shrines under these trees, and gather in groups to conduct their forms of worship there. Never will a native be found there alone, however.

The Intense Heat

By ten o'clock the sun was blazing hot, and we were perspiring at every pore. Our clothing was limited almost to the "irreducible minimum," consisting of a sun helmet, a very thin mesh shirt, a pair of khaki knee trousers, called "shorts," pigskin leggings and footwear. By noon we had exhausted the supply of sterilized water we had brought along, and were sorely in need of something with which to quench our thirst. While we crossed streams of water that looked clear as crystal, we dared not drink a drop from them without boiling, as it probably would have meant an attack of malarial fever. We disrobed and lay in these streams from time to time to cool our blood, and this gave great relief. Fortunately we found some pineapples growing wild by the wayside, which served the double purpose of a cooling drink and a delightful treat. This part of Africa abounds in delicious fruits. The orange, pineapple, lime, mango, and banana are plentiful; also cocoanuts, peanuts, breadfruit, papaws, avocado pears, guavas, and yams.

Mohammedanism Making Rapid Progress

About the middle of the afternoon we reached our destination and secured a newly built mud house. We set up our beds, boiled a supply of water, and ate our evening meal. That evening we held a meeting in the village. About one hundred twenty-five gathered in a mud house with grass roof. It was a motley crowd.

A large proportion of the congregation was all but naked, clad only in loin cloth. The Mohammedans, of whom there were a number present, were clad in long white nightgowns. The children wore nothing. The writer spoke on the coming of Jesus and the home He is preparing for those who love and serve Him. Close attention was paid to what was said. This village is called Matakoka, and we have a native teacher here who conducts a school for such of the village children as he can gather in. The chief is a Moslem, and is erecting a mosque in which to carry on worship. Mohammedanism is making rapid progress in this section of Africa. It requires no change of heart, leaves the native undisturbed in his polygamous practices, and yet professes to reveal the true God. The native sees in the Mohammedan faith an easier way to heaven than the Christian missionary offers, and he is inclined to travel the more pleasing road. Nevertheless the Holy Spirit is at work on human hearts here as elsewhere, and many a poor heathen is parting with his idols and every other wrong practice, and turning to serve the true and living God. The Christian missionary has much to cheer him in his labors, for faithful and patient work produces a harvest of souls in the Dark Continent as well as in any other field.

The following morning we mounted our bicycles and were off again. That being Friday, we were anxious to reach our head station at Matump, where Brother and Sister Lowe, two of our English missionaries, are working. We passed over atrocious tracks this day, having to carry our bicycles considerable of the way as the path was too rough to ride. We waded streams with the bicycles on our backs, climbed over fallen trees, and crossed deep rivers in native boats made of hollowed logs. In passing through small villages where bicycles were novelties, the children ran screeching for shelter. Young men and women would run after us for miles to see all they could of the strange machines on which we were mounted.

We reached Matump in good season to get ready for the Sabbath. Two days spent at that hospitable mission home enabled us to rest up from what was to the writer an exceedingly strenuous trip. That evening a talk given to the natives on the subject of "Spirits, Good and Bad," was listened to with deep interest. It was shown that Christ had prevailed over all the devils in existence, and that those who put

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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

VOL. 69

SEPTEMBER 6, 1921

No. 36

Subscription Rates

Yearly subscription	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	\$1.75
Six months	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	1.00

Club Rates

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

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

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

their trust in Him need fear no harm from a devil. This was a vital subject to this poor people, and it is to be hoped that seed was sown in their hearts that night which will bear fruit in the kingdom. Our native teachers did the interpreting, as the natives did not understand English. The next day was the Sabbath. The picture roll is used in all our West African mission stations in teaching the people. Those beautiful pictures appeal strongly to their minds, and they are anxious for the teachers to tell them "what the pictures say." Four of the children had been taught to sing, "I washed my hands this morning, O very clean and white," and they did very well, seeing they understood practically nothing of the meaning of the words they sang.

September

SEPTEMBER, there's a shimmer to thy sun,
That makes us know the summer days are done.
The harvesters have stowed away their store,
And stubbled field and meadows now are bare
That recently a crop of plenty bore,
And startled cottontails dart here and there.

We hear the caw of blackbirds as they fly
In south-bound groups against the evening sky;
There is a sense of calmness over all,
As though our mother earth were taking rest,
After the great outpouring of her strength
In all this bounteous harvest manifest.

— Florence Levick Sullivan.

The Skeptical Shoemaker

I HAVE read," said the shoemaker, "a good deal about the heathen gods, and I believe the account of Christ is taken from some of the heathen writings."

"Will you abide by your own decision on two questions that I will put to you?" asked the Bible reader. "If so, I will freely do the same. I will abide by your own answers; by doing so we shall save much time, and arrive quicker at the truth."

"Well," he said, "out with it, and let us see if I can answer; there are but few things but what I can say something about."

"Well, my friend," replied the reader, "my first question is: Suppose all men were Christians, according to the account given us in the Gospels concerning Christ, what would be the state of society?"

The shoemaker remained silent for some time in deep thought, and then was constrained to say: "Well, if all men were really Christians, in practice as well as in theory, of course we should be a happy brotherhood indeed."

"I promised you," said the reader, "that I would abide by your answer; will you do the same?"

"Oh, yes," he readily replied; "no man can deny the goodness of the system in practice; but now for the other question; perhaps I shall get on better with that."

"Well, my next question is this: Suppose all men were infidels, what then would be the state of London and of the world?" The man seemed still more perplexed, and remained a long time silent. At length he said:

"You certainly have convinced me, for I never before saw the two effects upon society; *I now see that where the Christian builds up, the infidel is pulling down.* I thank you; I shall think of what has passed this afternoon."

The sequel was that he was fully persuaded in his own mind to give up all his infidel companions and follow the Lord Jesus Christ. But the change did not

stop there. When first the reader called, he had to sit on an old, dirty chair, with a number of half-starved children sitting in their rags on the floor around him, neglected and uncared for. Now they have moved to a better home in a cleaner street. Within, all is cheerful and happy. The father, no longer faithless, delights in the company of his wife and children, all of whom are neatly dressed; and his chief happiness is to read and to speak to them of the things which belong to their everlasting peace.

"Where the Christian builds, the infidel pulls down." Why is this? The fact cannot be denied. Infidel France wrote, "Death is an eternal sleep," above her cemeteries, and then tore down civilization, and quenched the light of humanity in seas of blood. French Communists, during the Revolution, while arresting ecclesiastics, describing them as "servants of a person called God," dug down the foundations of law, order, peace, and truth, and with fire and sword destroyed their fellow men by thousands and made the streets of Paris red with blood.

The fruits of Christianity are as precious as those of infidelity are vile. Where the precepts of Christ have sway, war is unknown; robbery, dishonesty, intemperance, violence, and lust are forbidden; and under their benign influence, property is secure, life is sacred, poverty is provided for, sickness is pitied, infancy is nurtured, old age is revered, womanhood is cherished, and manhood is ennobled. Such are the fruits of true Christianity — and infidel virtues mostly spring from Christian roots. Skepticism cannot blot out a father's godly counsels or a mother's fervent prayers. As a result there are often traces of Christian principle where there is no Christian profession, as there are plenty of people who practise infidelity while they profess Christianity. Do not be deceived by names or professions. Set genuine infidelity beside genuine Christianity; watch their fruits, then choose between the two. — H. L. Hastings.

Student Witnesses

HOW was your interest first aroused in the belief of Seventh-day Adventists?" questioned one of our workers in conversation with a gentleman who accepted the last gospel message in San Francisco. To this he replied that a few years ago in Watford, Herts, England, near our school, he had a little candy and ice cream store. Occasionally students from the school would come in. One night one young man lingered, and something was said about his belief in religious things. The young man took a Bible from his pocket and gave the storekeeper a little study. "What that young man told me, I always remembered," said the new brother in recalling the incident. "When we moved here and heard of these Seventh-day Adventist meetings, I said to the family, 'Let us go and hear what they have to say.'" They are now Seventh-day Adventists. The young student in England will probably never know of the results of the seed sown in his little Bible study that night in the candy store.

One of our busy young medical students finds time, or makes time, for personal evangelistic endeavor, and recently, when writing to a friend, told the following interesting experience: "Some weeks ago I visited a sick lady living about four miles in the country. We had a good Bible study, going over certain phases of the message not entirely clear to her mind, and which she desired to know thoroughly. The Lord blessed us in the study and made things very clear. This

lady's physician had told her there was little hope for her recovery. But she believed the Lord would heal her. The Lord heard our prayer for this woman, and has raised her up. She is now about her work. Last week she sent in tithe money, and a request for baptism. That shows the truth is reaching the right spot."

It may be in the sick-room, at the luncheon table, in the store, or on the train, that our opportunity will come to speak the helpful word. How fine a thing it is to be ready—"instant in season"—to speak the right message, to speak it earnestly, in love and without fear! Openings for service are beckoning to us from many doors. May none of us share in the guilt of those who "passed by on the other side." Remember today, "If the opportunity for *great* deeds should never come, the opportunity for *good* deeds is renewed for us day by day. The thing for us to long for is the goodness and not the glory."

ERNEST LLOYD.

Big Moments in the Life of a Business Girl

[The following article was written by Mrs. Pearl Hamilton in the *Western Home Monthly*, a Canadian Journal.]

TO me a business girl means any girl engaged in the business of life. She may work for a salary or wages, she may be a schoolgirl or one working in her own home.

Big moments that come into the life of a girl or woman who works for her living may come into the life of any girl. Women and girls complain that they do not get enough for their needs.

What are our needs?

What are our wants?

Do we confuse the two?

We need wholesome food at regular hours, not cream puffs, afternoon cakes, boxes of rich chocolates, and lunches late at night.

We need neat, comfortable clothing—not indecent thin garments that invite sickness and dare the morals of men. We need clean shelter, fresh air, and exercise.

We need recreation—not dissipation. We need spiritual guidance, intellectual knowledge, and good health.

Plants and animals grow from internal and external nourishment. Too much sun blights the life of a plant. Too much pleasure blights the life of a girl. She needs work, exercise, and difficulties.

There is a magnificent house on the Fort Garry Drive, Winnipeg. It is not a home, for it has been empty ever since it was built—seven or eight years ago. All the efforts have been spent on the outside of the structure. It was built for a home, but it is of no use to the community as a home.

On the same drive is a neat little cottage. Flowers at the windows and children playing about indicate a home gilded with love. This little home is a blessing to the community.

How many girls spend more time and effort on external decoration than interior beauty?

How often do I see a girl whose face is decorated with artificial dyes who would pretend to the public that she means to be a girl. But she is not a real girl. All her efforts are spent on exterior decoration. Her inner self is empty.

The moment a girl recognizes the need of inner beauty, the moment she recognizes the value of spiritual need, is the first real big moment in her life, for in that moment a vision opens to her the door of opportunity to life's big purposes.

This is another big moment in a girl's life—the time she decides on the kind of preparation for her work, the moment she decides what she will be.

A position is not of much value if it does not require years of preparation. We must enjoy the experience of accomplishment. If we do, our lives are filled with big moments.

After a girl recognizes her first big moment, others come in quick succession—gratitude for opportunity, thoughtfulness of preparation, and sacrifice.

The girl who sees big moments is convinced of the necessity of a clean mind and a strong body.

How does our recreation affect us? Does it invigorate us or fatigue us? Our choice of the type of recreation is a big moment in our life.

Temptations will come—we must develop strength of character to be able to detect and resist them. Then we shall come out of the temptations stronger.

A man loses his respect for a girl the moment she yields to any temptation that will weaken her character.

That is one of the biggest temptations in a girl's life. It is a big moment when a girl will not yield. How many girls spend a lifetime of regret because they failed to see the importance of a decision of one big moment!

The time a girl spends to develop strength and purity of character will enable her to handle the big moments of life when they come.

Physical, intellectual, religious, and social development create a personality such as no artificial exterior decoration can ever hope to attain.

Spiritual vision opens before a girl a great future of opportunity. Big moments are times when we must answer, "I will," or "I will not."

Our choice of reading matter is a big moment. Intellectual training that comes from helpful reading creates clean vision. Cloudy vision dims our sight and makes us too blind to see the big moments. If our mind is dirty, we can never hope for clear visions.

My little girl lost her ball. It was only three feet away, but she was crying so hard she could not see it. That is the reason some of us cannot see our opportunities.

Those are big moments when we make our choice of friends.

Lonely moments are big moments. They may lead to temptations or splendid visions of opportunities.

Crowds do not see visions.

When we see our opportunity, let us measure its success according to its value to the community. The full pay envelope with an opportunity to spend all for satisfaction of self, is not a vision that will be of much use. I fear the pay envelope too frequently blinds our vision to the real opportunity before us. There are big moments in the life of every girl.

"To every girl there openeth
The high way and the low.
And the high soul climbs the high way,
And the low soul gropes the low;
And in between on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
To every girl there openeth
The high way and the low,
And every one decideth
The way that she will go."

A SOLDIER at Walter Reed Hospital, Takoma Park, D. C., one day found a penny in his pudding. A young girl who observed it, said quickly, "Did you ask for change in diet?"

How the Call Came

WELL, Gussie, what shall it be, shall we go this evening or have a cozy evening at home with our studies?"

"I do not know," said Gussie. "Inclination says, Stay at home. The examinations will soon be on and I need every minute. Still it seems a shame not to go. I don't expect the church will be packed for a missionary meeting. 'China' is an interesting subject. Perhaps we had better go. What do you say?"

"I do not know," said Lois. "I will go if you will. The roads will be dark and muddy and it will mean getting up very early in the morning to be ready for our classes."

"Never mind," said Gussie. "We will go. You know the singing is poor, and we were especially asked to be there to help with the singing."

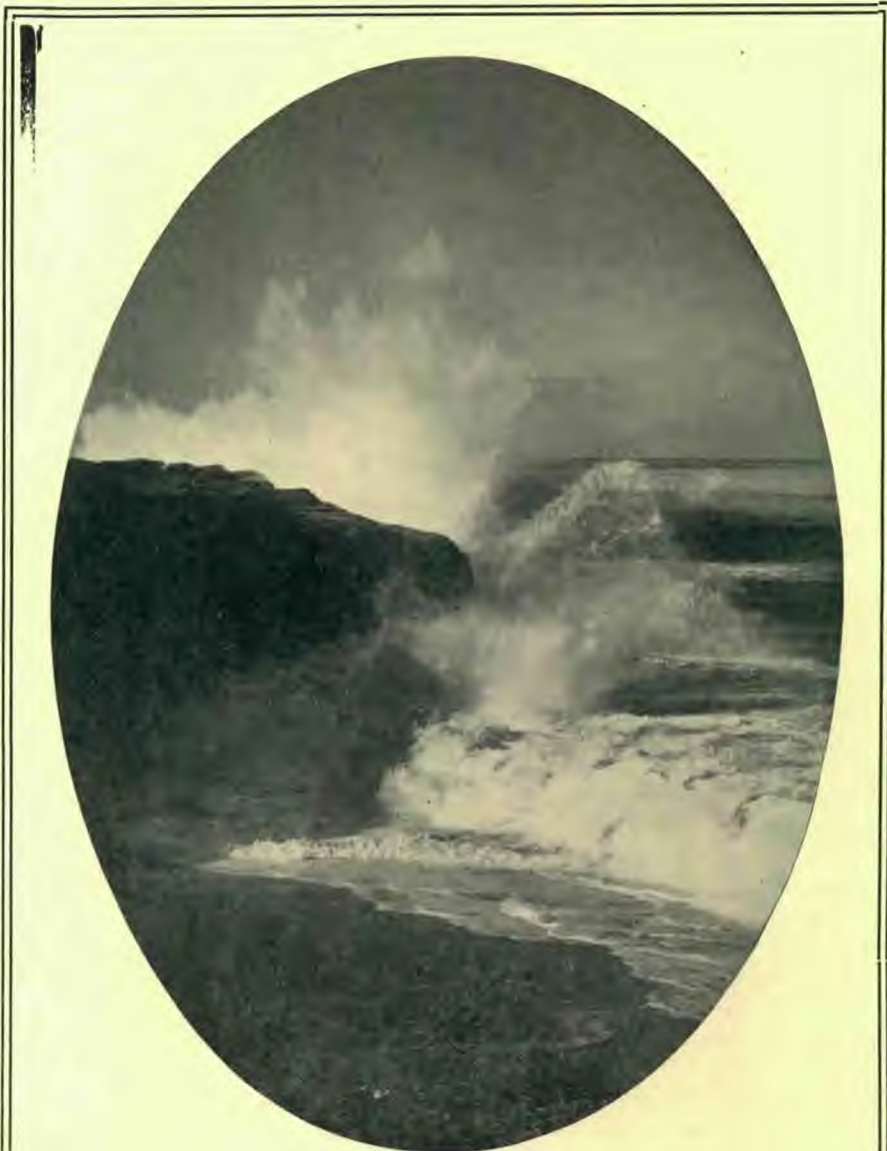
These two friends were teachers in a well-known school in the south of England, and were both working and preparing for an examination which would enable them to procure promotion in their profession. Three miles out in the country stood a little church where the two girls often went to help in the Sunday school or on special occasions with the music. On this particular night a request had come

that they would be present at a missionary meeting and help with the singing. After their decision they very soon donned their outdoor garments, and were trudging strudily along the muddy road.

The church was a small, square building, lighted with oil lamps. A deacon was on the lookout for them and expressed his pleasure that they were there. "You must come up to the front," he said, "one of you may have to play the harmonium if the organist does not come, and anyway you will better help the singing there." "I am glad I'm not a musician," said Lois. "That piece of work will be yours, my dear," she said, giving her friend a nudge. But the organist arrived, and so did the speaker. The people turned out fairly well, and though perhaps it was not an intellectual or fashionable audience, it was an interested one.

The speaker told a wonderful story of China and its needs, and it seemed to the two girls as if his eyes were fixed on them. They listened, fascinated with the story

of that great land and her needs, of the "open doors," of the harvest waiting for the laborers, and when at the close of his address he made an appeal for young lives to dedicate themselves and go as laborers to this



Breakers of Ocean

MRS. J. F. MOSER

BREAKERS of ocean, one moment, I pray,
Stay ye, O stay ye, upon your mad way.
What is the message ye seek to make plain,
Over and over and over again?

"We glory, we glory, we glory in God,
The One who on turbulent Galilee trod,
Who thundered in majesty: 'Peace! Be ye still!'
'Thus far and no farther!' — We bow to His will."

Breakers, O breakers, why race ye so madly?
Where are ye going so gayly and gladly?
Just for a moment, O tarry, I pray;
What are your orders? Whither away?

"We carry the tidings to far distant lands,
Of Him who can measure the waves in His hands,
Who stretcheth the sky as a curtain above,
Whose almighty power is His almighty love!"

far-away field, his eyes appeared to be looking into their hearts.

"Gussie," whispered Lois, "I feel I must say I will go. What do you say, will you go?"

Something felt very full and bursting inside of Gussie at that moment, but she answered, "I cannot. I could not leave my home, my father, my sisters."

The meeting closed. The two girls were hurrying away when a hand was laid on Gussie's arm. She turned to see the speaker of the evening. "I should like to shake hands," said he. Gussie shook hands and introduced her friend. "And now," said he, again addressing Gussie, "what about your life for China?"

"Oh, please do not ask me," she said. "I could not leave my home and country. No, indeed I could not." A few more words and then he said, "I want you to promise one thing. Will you pray for China?"

"Yes, I will do that," she said.

"Good-by, the Lord bless you. I know you will be in China some day."

A few months passed, the examinations were over, and the girls parted. Lois went as an assistant teacher in a school in the north of England, and Gussie to become principal of a school within walking distance of her home. Lois developed a bad throat, and all thoughts of the foreign field had to be abandoned.

Two or three busy, seemingly happy years passed away for Gussie. She entered heartily into the activities of the church — Sunday school, choir, Christian Endeavor, district visiting. What more could she do? But was she quite happy? Ever and anon the voice would come, "You will be in China some day." Then those prayers for China — how they worried her! Often when praying for Sunday school scholars a voice seemed to be whispering, "You know what you ought to do. You have heard the call."

The climax came one Sunday evening. Gussie was in her accustomed place in the choir. The minister gave out the text, "I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." Gussie's heart gave a big jump. She could not say that. She well knew that she had been disobedient. She well knew that she had not been willing to answer the call, that she had tried to drown it in the work at home. Yes, that was the bare truth — disobedient to her Master — the Master she professed to follow.

After the service she hurried to the manse and sought the minister in his study. "Oh, Mr. Smith," she said. "I have been disobedient to the heavenly calling." The minister looked puzzled. This was one of his most promising helpers. "Is that so?" he said. "Would you like to tell me about it?" And so Gussie told him how she had been holding back, not willing to pay the price.

After hearing, he sighed and said, "I am glad for you, but I cannot help thinking of your father." Yes, and Gussie thought of that much-loved father, to whom she had been such a companion, and of her sisters also. But she dare not be disobedient any longer, and so she sought her father and, trembling, told him of her struggle and of her desire. The father's lips quivered, "My child, do not ask it of me. I am not ready to say yes. You are working for Christ at home. Will not that suffice?" A little more talk, and Gussie promised her father she would not go without his consent. Her father's life had always been her inspiration, and Gussie made up her mind that she would not worry or talk to him about it, knowing that God in His time would have His way with him. She had responded to the call, and the waiting time did not matter.

Another year of really happy and fruitful work passed away. Gussie could pray now, without the burden she carried before, and she had the joy of seeing some of her Sunday school scholars come forward and declare themselves on the Lord's side.

Her father said nothing more, but Gussie felt sure he was not happy. This fact was specially evident on missionary Sundays, when as superintendent of the Sunday school he seemed embarrassed and ill at ease. But God's time came. Evangelistic services were being held, and Gussie and her father were both helping.

The closing night arrived, and the evangelist spoke on the subject, "The Alabaster Box."

Was there anybody in the audience who had an alabaster box and who was not willing to break it, to give it to the Master?

A pause, and Gussie, who was on the platform acting as pianist, saw a stir in the audience and — yes, it was her father on his feet. "I wish," he said, with tears in his eyes and voice, "to tell you that for more than a year I have had an alabaster box and have refused to break it, refused to give it to my Master. Tonight I lay it at His feet to use as He will." All eyes were turned on him. What could he mean? He was one of the best men in the town. The silence was tense as he sat down. The evangelist did not speak, but stood waiting. The minister tried, and broke down. Several were moved to tears. Gussie felt for the moment she wanted to run down, hug her father and say, "No, no, I will stay with you. I will never go away."

But the silence had to be broken, and a new power came to Gussie, and she rose and said:

"I'll go if you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea;
I'll stay if you want me to stay, dear Lord,
Just wherever you want me to be."

The audience seemed to understand, and heads were bowed. The evangelist pronounced the benediction.

Gussie offered herself for the mission field and was accepted and sent to China. Never will she forget the last wave of her father's hat at Southampton, never forget his "God bless you, my daughter," neither will she forget his letters so full of quiet joy that she was doing the "Master's work" in that far-off land. Gussie is still working in China, and ever thanks God for the memory of a father who knew both how to "sacrifice" and to "serve."

This little story is very sacred to the one who wrote it. It is sent out with the hope and prayer that it may help some one who perhaps has also been "disobedient to the heavenly vision." Perhaps it may also help some father or some mother to give their "alabaster box." — *Life and Light*.

Our Words

O MAN, as you live your careless life,
The thoughts that you think concealed,
Do you know that an angel standeth by
And will some day those thoughts reveal?

The scoffing words you spoke today,
As the Christian worker passed,
Do you know you will meet those words again,
Like an echo from the past?

The sins of man to judgment go,
Some before, some follow after.
A faithful record in heaven is kept
Of our sighs and tears and laughter.

How many words should we leave unsaid
That cause our brother sorrow!
O man, how should we live today
To meet our God tomorrow?

GRACE E. LATONA.

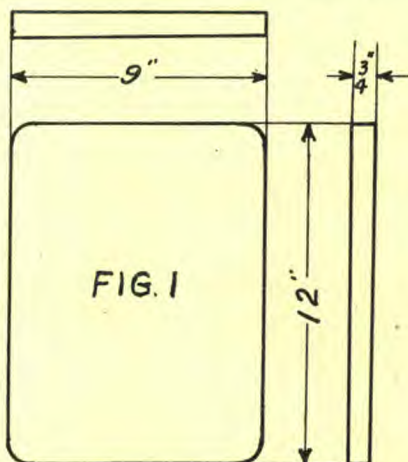


A Cutting Board

WILLIAM B. MILLER

THIS article tells how to make a cutting board, and also gives some instruction in mechanical drawing. The article should be read all through before starting to work.

The project this time is intended especially for boys from eight to eleven years old who have written to me. I should like to have the names of others who make this. Don't be afraid to write to me in your own handwriting, even if it is poor. I am used to poor writing. The main thing is to *write*. I know, too, that there are a number of older boys who haven't had proper fundamental instruction,—those who have "just made things by themselves,"—who will do well to "listen in" on this and maybe learn a little. I want all in the class to read about the mechanical drawing; for I shall refer to the explanations given in this paper again and again as we go on in this work.



A cutting board is a very useful article to have about the house. It is good to use when slicing bread, to avoid cutting the tablecloth with a sharp knife. It is also good to use to turn out a cake upon. That sounds better to most boys than slicing bread.

Then, too, it can be used for a crock cover, although a square board 12 x 12 inches would be better.

Get a piece of lumber, white pine or basswood or some other soft wood, if you haven't had some experience with a plane. Get maple, beech, birch, or oak if you are older, and have had experience. If you have had experience and have clamps, you might try making this project with a strip of light-colored wood glued to a dark-colored one, and so on.

Your board should be $12\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and from a "10-inch board." (You will find that "10-inch boards" measure only about $9\frac{1}{2}$ or $9\frac{5}{8}$ inches.) Plane one flat side perfectly smooth, taking off just as little wood as necessary. Then plane one edge smooth and at right angles (square) with this first flat side. Lay the square at one end and square a pencil line across the first side. Measure from this line 12 inches and draw a line across the other end. Now plane these two ends down to the line. Be careful not to break off the corners. Plane from one edge to the center for a few strokes, then from the other edge to the center. In this project it wouldn't hurt much if a corner did break down, because we are going to round off the corners anyway; but it is a good chance to get a little practice in *not* breaking them. After you have planed to the lines, measure across the flat side 9 inches at both

ends, and draw a line through both points. Now plane the last edge. After this, you can smooth the second broad side. You should learn the difference between "side," "edge," and "end." A side is always the flat surface of a board as ordinarily cut from the log, the edge is the narrow surface running with the grain, while the end is across the grain. Thus a board can be wider than it is long, e. g., the narrow piece cut off the end of a wide board in trimming.

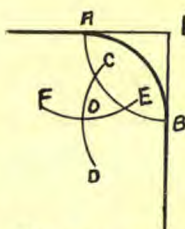
Don't sandpaper. You are now ready to lay out the curves at each corner and to cut them. Never sand until you are sure you are through cutting. Why? Because the small particles of sand on the paper break off and lodge in the wood. (You *can't* see them unless you look very sharp, and then when you start to cut again, the sand particles will "nick" the edge of the tool and it won't cut. You *can* see the "nick.")

In Fig. 2 the point marked I is the sharp corner. Set your pencil compass at this point, open $\frac{3}{4}$ inch or 1 inch, and make the curve or arc marked with the light line A-B. At point A place the point of the compass, opened same as before, and make arc F-E; then from point B make arc C-D. Now from point where these two arcs C-D and E-F cross each other, place the compass and make arc A-B, heavy line. Do this at all four corners. *Use care.*

Now cut the corners off the line. (You may put the line on both sides of the board.) Use chisel, and spokeshave if you have one; if not, use a plane. Each corner should be one-fourth part of a circle and should join on to the side and end without a "bump." If you have a cabinet file, you can file the corner round and smooth. Begin on the "edge" and the stroke on the "end" grain. Don't try to file on the back stroke, as the file "cuts" *only* when pushed forward. It may tear a little on return stroke, but does not "cut." A file is in reality a number of small chisels, and must "cut."

After all corners are well finished, get a piece of No.

FIG. 2



DETAIL OF CORNERS

1 sandpaper, tear it once each way, making four pieces. Fold a piece over a block and go over the project, remembering to push the sandpaper "with" the grain. Never rub across grain, as you make scratches in your piece that are exceedingly difficult to get out. This makes your board rough instead of smooth. When you have gone all over the board with No. 1 paper, use a piece of No. 0. This is a finer sand and will make a finer finish. Sandpaper *with the grain*.

A light coat of linseed oil may or may not be applied. Some people object, saying it makes bread and cake taste like oil.

Linseed oil, however, is a pure vegetable oil, and will not hurt any one. Some other oil may be used. Oil takes away the "powdery look," and adds very much to the appearance, even as some of the girls think that powder adds to the appearance of their faces.

Mechanical Drawing

Now I want to tell you a little about mechanical drawing. This work is very essential to any mechanical line of work. You may not need to know how to make the drawings, but you must know how to read or understand what they mean, and the best way to learn that, is to learn how they are made and what the different parts mean. Mechanical drawing is a "language" used by mechanics everywhere, and it is practically the same in all foreign countries (excepting the printed words). A foreign mechanic can understand my drawings when he can't understand a word I say.

You will notice in Fig. 1, that there are three views of this board. The large view is called the front view or front elevation, the one above it is called "plain" or top view, the one at the right is the end view or side elevation.

You will notice that some of the lines are heavy while others are light. The heavy lines are the outline of the object. There is a lighter line connecting the outline in the front view with the outline in the top view. These are called projection lines. Sometimes they are made "dot and dash." Then there is another kind of light lines. They have "arrows" on the end and are called dimension lines. The arrow must be at the projection line. Notice that the dimension line between the front and the top view shows 9 inches. This applies to both views, and 12 inches dimension applies to the front and side views. This is because the length of the board is just the same whether you measure across the flat side or on the narrow edge, and the same is true of the width (measure on flat side or end).

Notice above the end view, $\frac{3}{4}$ inch. The space between the lines is not large enough to put the arrow heads there, so they are placed outside, and the arrows have little short tails. This dimension shows but once, because the board is the same thickness whether you look at the side or the end.

In a future issue I will tell you more about drawing.

In the Christian Pathway

"Ye Are My Witnesses"

THE Lord Jesus was the greatest witness this world has ever known. He was "the true and faithful witness." At all times and under all circumstances He told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This was His mission. Arraigned before the judgment seat of Pilate, He declared, "To this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I should bear witness unto the truth." And a power attended His testimony that caused men to marvel.

Each follower of the Saviour is called to do a similar work; upon each rests a like responsibility. "Ye are my witnesses," saith the Lord. Blessed is he who recognizes and accepts this responsibility. This work is as old as sin itself. The presence of sin and error constitutes in itself a call to witness for the truth. When in the past history of the church of God, special truths have been developed to meet the necessities of God's people at that time, men have arisen who fearlessly witnessed for these truths. And a like power attended their testimony.

In crises of the past, God has had need of men, young men — Missionary Volunteers, if you please. Joseph, reared and educated in his humble Canaan

home, sold into slavery, serving four years in prison for refusing to violate the law of his God, was finally elevated to the position of prime minister of Egypt, and became the "Hoover" of his day. In his high office he bore faithful witness to the existence, omnipotence, and beneficent character of the living God.

Standing before Nebuchadnezzar, the mighty ruler of the world's greatest empire, three Hebrew young men declared, regardless of consequences, "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." Confessing their belief in the power of the living God to deliver them, they bore witness to the truth of the second commandment of His divine law. The power which worked in their deliverance confirmed the word of their testimony.

Saul of Tarsus was a young man when he met with the experience which led to his conversion. From Saul, the "sought after," he became Paul, "the little." "Little" indeed in his own eyes, but great in the sight of the Lord; the apostle to the Gentiles — a mighty witness for Jesus of Nazareth. The church in his day was facing a crisis, and Paul was chosen to meet it.

But of all crises which the church of God has had to face, the one now confronting it will prove the greatest. The present day, so perilous, so fraught with uncertainty, calls for young men — men of sterling character. The church has been intrusted with truths no less vital than those for which God's people in times past have risked their lives. No less courage is needed now, no less fortitude, than was manifested by them. How important, then, that each develop that character which will enable him to measure up to the expectations of Him who says, "Ye are My witnesses."

Such a character does not come by chance, nor is it due to a special endowment of Providence. There is only one source — Jesus. We must live upon Him, upon His word, for it is spirit and life to our soul. As His principles of truth become inwrought in the soul and practised in the daily life, and the mind is placed under stern discipline, so will this character develop. Then indeed shall we become living witnesses, at home, in the shop, in the school — everywhere. Then when our Lord has need of Missionary Volunteers to stand before kings and tribunals and ecclesiastical councils to witness for the word of His testimony, He will find us ready, aye, willing, to lay down our lives, if necessary, for His truth.

CHARLES F. SCHILLING.

Belgium

WE have all heard much about Belgium in connection with the World War, but not very much in regard to our denominational work there. Our work in Belgium is small. There are only six churches, but they have five Missionary Volunteer Societies. That really means a Missionary Volunteer Society in every church, for the two Flemish churches in Brussels are united in their Missionary Volunteer work, the young people of the two churches forming one society.

Is there any conference in the United States or Canada that has a society in every church?

M. E. KERN.

"It is as easy to draw water with a sieve as it is to store up happiness in a selfish heart."



Peter Tumbledown

WITH a crick in his back that has made him slack
In his season's work all through,
Old Peter Tumbledown, the joke of the town,
Was planning his work to do;
For that old rheumatiz had knocked out his biz,
Till he couldn't make both ends meet;
And though willing to do, it was only too true
That his work he could never complete.

'Twas a sorry town, where his pace ran down,
Though Christian the folks would be,
For they never thought of what could be wrought
With a charity, helpful and free.
So they scoffed and warned and slandered and scorned
Old Peter Tumbledown, gray;
But never a one had the least thing done
To lift his hard burdens away.

He had borne all their sneers through many long years,
And he knew well enough what was wrong;
And the sweet, kind word he never had heard
Would have filled his old heart with a song;
And the helping hand, on the orchard or land,
That might have been Christian in fact,
Had passed his latch and his garden patch,
With never a will to act.

Oh, there's many a man who will do all he can
To keep the appearance of thrift;
And there's many a ban on an honest man
With burdens too heavy to lift!
And the Pete Tumbledown of the farm or the town,
More likely needs help than scorn;
And the cross that he bears — and the crown
that he wears —
Who knows if it's one of thorn?

— *Joseph Longking Townsend.*

Interesting Facts About Japan

THE islands of the Japanese archipelago "form the summit ridge of a stupendous mountain chain that rears itself from some of the profoundest ocean depths yet fathomed."

Japanese poets refer to this island group as "a garland of flowers or a girdle of jewels adorning the western margin of those far Eastern Seas."

Japan seems to have been indebted to China for her ancient religion and civilization. Their love of cleanliness they do not attribute to the Celestial Empire.

Almost every Japanese, whenever possible, has a hot bath at the end of his day's toil, whereas the Chinese have no fondness for the bath.

Japan has more area, a longer coast line, and a greater population, in her island group than has the British Isles.

Japan is a land of climatic contrasts, varying from subarctic to subtropical. "The cold, dry northwesterly winds of winter that sweep across from Siberia gather up the moisture over the Japan Sea and deposit it in a snowfall often heavy enough to bury whole villages. Intercommunication between house and house is then

maintained only by means of sheltered arcades, and buildings of importance need to be identified by signposts stuck in the snow to indicate 'The post office is below,' 'The police station will be found underneath this spot.' Nevertheless, in the same region the summer is almost tropical in character."

Japan is a land of earthquakes, averaging four a day. Shocks of a serious kind are said to occur only once in six or seven years. Sometimes the loss of life from a coastal earthquake and a resultant tidal wave has totaled 27,000. As many as 250,000 houses have been destroyed at one time.

There are more than 1,000 mineral springs in the mountain regions of Japan. Many of these are hot springs, and

they give great pleasure to the peasantry of this romantic country. Walter Weston, writer in the *National Geographic Magazine*, says: "Whatever else may be thought of the alleged fickleness of the Japanese character, it is certain that their love for hot water has never grown cold."

one half of the world's flora, as to varieties, is found. In the small area not larger than one of our States,



Fujiyama, the "Matchless Mountain"

"More than one fourth of the world's silk is produced in Japan. Of this a large percentage is sold as raw silk, and only about one sixth of the entire amount is manufactured in Japan."

"A flower, the gift of sun and soil, has sacred significance to the Japanese, who tell their calendar in blossoms. First in spring, as herald of the new year, comes the plum, loved of the nightingale; then the cherry blossom, bloom of royalty; followed by the purple plumes of the wistaria; the water-haunting iris; the peony, flower of prosperity; the lotus, suggestive of spirituality; and finally that autumn glory, the chrysanthemum, which native floriculturists have developed in 269 color varieties."

"On the declivity of the holy mountain of Nikko, under cover of a dense forest and in the midst of cascades whose roar among the shadows of the cedars never ceases, is a series of enchanting temples made of bronze and lacquer with roofs of gold." There is a Japanese proverb which says, "He who has not beheld Nikko, has no right to make use of the word 'splendor.'"

The jinrikisha, according to the *National Geographic Magazine*, was invented half a century ago by an American missionary for his invalid wife. Heretofore the palanquins had been used by wealthy Japanese.

Japan has 200 volcanoes, of which fifty or more are active.

"Of the beautiful cone-shaped peaks, the unique example is, of course, the famous Fuji-san (Fujiyama), the 'Matchless Mountain.' Its snow-clad form, rising in one majestic sweep from the Pacific shore to a height of 12,400 feet, is revered, admired, and loved by millions of toilers in busy cities and on widespread countrysides.

"Its influence on the imagination is expressed in the art and the religious aspirations of the nation in every conceivable form. Its summit is sought by thousands of white-robed pilgrims every summer, who, during the two months of the climbing season, toil to the topmost of its many sacred shrines for adoration and prayer.

"On one occasion I asked of the venerable leader of one of these bands of climbers the significance of the white garment. 'We wear them,' he said, 'in token of the purity of thought and action which we desire and without which the mountain divinity will not listen to our prayers.' Indeed, his reply was almost a quotation from familiar Hebrew poetry we know: 'Who shall ascend into the Hill of the Lord, and who shall rise up in His Holy Place? Even he that hath clean hands, and a pure heart.'"

Getting an Electric Spark from Paper

FEW people realize that it is possible to get brilliant sparks of considerable size from a piece of electrified paper. No elaborate apparatus of any kind is needed. As a first step, get a large sheet of stout drawing paper. The thicker this is, the better. Now hold it in front of the fire until it is perfectly dry. Then spread the sheet out on a dry wooden table and rub briskly with a piece of flannel or any woolen material. After doing this for a minute or so, put a large key, or a bunch of small ones, right in the center. Any other steel or iron object will do as well. Now pick up two of the corners of the paper and ask another person to put his finger, or, better still, his knuckles, toward the metal in the middle of the paper. At once there

flashes out an electric spark which may be an inch or more in length. No sensation is experienced by either individual, as the current is not sufficiently powerful to be felt, even though it gives out such a bright flash. If this experiment is to be really effective, all the objects used must be absolutely dry; and should the paper be actually warm, so much the better. Where there is any dampness about, the trick cannot be satisfactorily carried out. — *Selected.*

Anti-Tobacco Honor Roll

Martin Jack Sheperd	Ruth Whitfield
George E. Bradley	Della Morley
Raymond Waring	Harry E. Beddoe
Ruth Anderson	Clifford Bell
Warren P. Henderson, Jr.	Pearl Bell
Leroy Stuller	Ruth Bell
Bertha Hanger	Addie Bell Tucker
Ruth Smith	Annie May Tucker
Mr. J. H. Smith	Esther Ramsdell
Sadie Woods	Bertha Schwarz
C. E. Overstreet	Shelton Beardsley
Mrs. C. E. Overstreet	Roy Thweatt
Myrtle Neff	Sydney Null
Ethel Williams	Gladys Null
Ethel Fox	Jessie May Null
Reba Williams	Dickson Runyan
Elizabeth Dalton	Paul Runyan
Corrine Reightle	Mabel Branson
Bertha Williams	Nannie May Smith
Leona Hyland	Mrs. C. S. Howard
Miss M. Stuart	Raymond J. Stoner
Matilda Longfellow	Roland C. Stoner
Adeline Kemmerer	Eugene Smith
George Simkin	Charles Hughes
Ena Simkin	Warren O. Godsmark
Mamie Hubbard	William Keith
Lillie Stuart	Louis Keith
Mildred Kemmerer	Willard Schurine
Floyd Neff	R. D. Bullis
Clayton Forshee	Leonard Bullis
James Newhiser	Carroll MacPhearson
John Zimmerly	Afton M. Coon
Albert Tanner	Iris R. Lawrence
Leslie Ellwanger	Maud L. Banks
Jesse Tanner	Marguerite V. Schmidt
Mrs. Westbrook	Mildred Gibson
Paul Westbrook	Maybelle Hahn
Rhodee Wilkerson	Fred L. Cochran
Raymond Burns	Elmer King
Willie Graves	Drusella S. Noland
Arch Campbell	Orland Ogden
M. D. Day	Teressa Walin
Le Roy Carey	Cyrus Balser
Fred Zimmerly	Cecil Balser
Miss Cosby	Edward E. Young
Alfred Ellwanger	Virgil A. Burch
Clarine Stone	Gerald Shaw
John Helfrigh	Guy Wallander
Ella Taylor	Ione Kaven
Alonzo Tanner	Flossie Gish
Glenn F. Pickrell	Doris Tracy
A. I. Baker	Harold Ackerman
Martha Boyce	Fulton Esteb
Floren H. Carr	Dell Dennis
Inza L. Carr	Margie Heaton
Florence Chamberlain	Florence Golden
Paul Dean	Eldon J. Coon
Roy Ertle	Lester Page
Myrtle Evans	Gladys Hart
Gaylord Fisher	Chloe L. Adams
V. L. Fisher, M. D.	Anna Olive Conway
Janet Fox	Evalou B. Schram
Charles C. Griggs	Fay Geer
N. J. Griggs	Marjorie Pelmulder
Velma Griggs	Albert Graham
Della Jones	Cecilia Schlotthauer
Carrie Kennedy	Henrietta Watt
Agnes Latham	Velma Hash
Carrie E. Leach	Ray Saxby
John Logston	Lily Good
Ruth Loveridge	Hazel Rhynard
Mrs. Ella McLain	Phyllis Thompson
Marion E. Meyers	Virginia Butler
Celestia Midkiff	Paul Hendershot
Pansy Morris	Genevieve Walker
Lovell M. Newell	Arivina Butler
E. C. Penn	Mildred Poague
Frances J. Penn	Myrtle Osgood
L. C. Penn	Louise Kline

S. J. Penn
Truman Penn
Mrs. Charles Poland
Kenneth Poland
P. E. Reep
Ruth Reichenbaugh
Bessie Reynolds
Ruth Reynolds
Mrs. A. R. Schipper
Hazel Seeley
Mrs. George Sharp
Hazel Sharp
Beulah Shryock
J. S. Smith
Hazel B. Stone
Emma Tracy
Roy Tracy
Thelma Tracy
Waybren L. Tracy, Jr.
Edith Wagner
Mrs. M. A. Wagner
Lillian Whitfield
Merril Whitfield

Andron Luttrell
Ray Jacobs
Minalee Noble
Raleigh Bird
Elizabeth Combs
Pearl Coble
Lillian Luttrell
Mabel Caldwell
Willie Janes
Gladys Tatreau
Ulis Collins
Carl Jacobs
Viola McNett
Raymond Turner
Erl Dart
Ralph Farry
George Glen
Mrs. George Glen
John Harp
Orance Walker
James Glen
Alfred Hailey
Earl Bellamy

A Beautiful Model

(Concluded from page one)

And yet, all of this beautiful and impressive creation, for it could be called little less, was made of sand — plain ocean sand — which had been dampened by the last tide. We had seen sand formations before, but this one was so beautiful, the faces of both Cupid and the reclining dreamer so expressive, that it presented a scene which seemed almost of divine origin. We felt an inclination to remove our hats, while there was an atmosphere of reverence that pervaded all present. And yet, it was nothing but common sand. We should like to have taken a picture of it, but it was night, the only light being two candles set upon two oil cans which have become so indispensable throughout South America.

As we stood before the scene in solemn awe, we thought, What a pity that such a beautiful production should be washed away by the next incoming tide! The man who formed it appeared to be an Italian, and did it with the aid of a helper in about three hours. While he may perhaps make a living in this way, we could not help feeling sad that one with such talent should be wasting it in producing figures and scenes that must be obliterated as soon as the tide comes rolling in. We thought of how much good he might accomplish if he were to devote his exceptional ability to depicting the love of Jesus, on something more enduring than the ocean's beach.

And yet, dear reader, this is only illustrative of our own lives. To every one the Lord has given special ability and certain talents, but are we improving them? Are we using them to glorify God and help to advance the cause of truth? Surely in this scene that has been so imperfectly described there is much food for thought, especially for our young people. While young, are you developing and perfecting your special talents in order that they may be of use in the service of God? May each ponder well the question herein set forth, that both our talents and our lives may be built upon something more enduring than sand.

R. L. PIERCE.

Poor Richard's Sayings

You can bear your own faults, and why not a fault in your wife?

Youth is pert and positive, age modest and doubting; so ears of corn when young and light, stand bolt upright, but hang their heads when weighty, full, and ripe.

Deny self for self's sake.

Circular Walls, Icons, a Wolf's Passport, and Other Things

A VERY interesting book," and he tossed it into the lap of his sister.

"Well, it must be, if *you* say that, but why disturb me? You threw me out on this stitch!"

"Do you more good to read a book like that, than counting the stitches and watching the pattern."

"That will do from you, Bob! Since when did you take to moralizing on the value of reading, when glancing at the covers and the pictures seems to have been your greatest book knowledge for the past few years?"

"Well, *that* was a splendid book, and I'm going to read more of them if the others are as worth while. I tell you it *was* interesting."

"What's it about? You might tell me. Perhaps I'll read it too." His sister picked up the volume, glanced at the blue-green cloth cover with the wolf and snow design, and laid it on the veranda table.

"O, I can only give you the barest idea of it. You'll have to read it yourself to enjoy it. It would take too long to tell you the whole story. There are so many thrilling incidents—"

"Well, for instance?" teased his sister as she settled a sofa pillow to her back and moved her rocker to a slightly more comfortable position.

"Why, there is the old man who stuttered so badly that the judge couldn't banish him. And the —" His sister burst out laughing.

"It did sound funny in the story, but the author's experiences were far from funny; they were impressive, dangerous. He was thrown into jail along with some Baptists; put in a strange circular prison room that had a curved ceiling, so cleverly devised that the prisoners sitting there with nothing to do, had no way of resting their eyes. Their sight would follow the endless lines of the room and find no resting place — just travel round and round."

"Why, who ever heard of such a thing!"

"Yes, that's just one of the least. He tells of prisoners who had been there before, writing messages on the walls, giving information of what to be ready for."

"That's just like the old inscriptions in the Tower of London," again interrupted his sister.

"Yes, and he tells of opening the door to let in the intensely cold air in order to drive the bedbugs to cover; the buying of milk in blocks, the blocks carried by a string or stick. Then there was the arresting of a Testament and the accusing icons."

"Arresting a Testament! What do you mean? No one can arrest a book," his sister queried with a questioning look and forgetting her crocheting.

"O, I knew you would be interested. Sure, they did just that, and a lot of other things. He tells of rivers flowing north, and the southern parts melting first, thus causing great ice jams and flooding the country; of the fish swimming around the fields and becoming so fat that the people catch them with their hands. This helps to bring the millions of mosquitoes that get into every one's eyes and ears and noses; and the gnats become so thick that they actually obscure the sun; and the forest fires burn without hindrance — a grand and appalling sight."

"Oo-oo-oo! is it all like that?"

"No, not exactly. He tells of his 6,000-mile trip through Siberia. Part of it in silent wastes so quiet

that a drop of falling water was audible. Then there are the golden rivers, the wonderful sunsets, the wild ducks, the making of *vareniki*, a wolf's passport, black angels, and the unconscious guardianship of two young ladies. He mentions Lake Baikal whose waters are a mile deep, and tells of a most exciting flight in the disguise of a wounded soldier's uniform."

"I should say that does sound adventurous!"

"It's all of that plus a knowledge of how our missionaries are able to endure mentally and physically. The book, too, is filled with good pictures. I think I counted more than seventy within the two hundred twenty-eight pages. I'm going to telephone over to Al, and tell him to be sure and get another one of the books for me tomorrow."

"Another one?"

"Yes, this is but one of the Senior Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books for this year. There are three others in the same course."

"O that's what you meant along at the first. I didn't quite understand you when you said that you were going to read more of them. I didn't realize before that the books *were* so interesting. You ought to be out canvassing for a scholarship, Bob, if you can make other people want books the way you've made me want to read this. Here, will you take in this crocheting that I've been working on when you go to telephone? And please switch on the porch lights. I think I'll begin reading this 'Escape from Siberian Exile' myself — and tonight."

And her brother called back as he went through the screen door, "You'll probably want to finish it tonight too!"

Our Counsel Corner

I wish you would tell me just how to study the Bible so that it will build me up and make me a strong Christian. I have asked many ministers, but none of them give any definite answer. They just say, "Study it." I read it, but don't find in it what I ought to.

M. V.

Our answer to such a big question must necessarily be too brief here to be entirely satisfactory, but these suggestions may help:

1. Study it as a personal message from God to you. Suppose you were the only person on earth, and God produced this book and gave it to you. We are told that "He knows each individual by name, and cares for each as if there were not another upon the earth for whom He gave His beloved Son." — *Gospel Workers*, p. 217. Since He cares for you the same as if you were the only one, would He not have written the Book just for you? Then it is *your* Book. Search each verse for the personal message of your Father to you.

2. Study it prayerfully. How often Christ spoke to the people entirely in parables. Those who are too indifferent to study and meditate and pray, will never know the deeper mysteries of the kingdom. One who will not pray, simply says by his course, "I do not need God. I can get along without Him." And one who does not take time to search the Scriptures with earnest prayer, is saying, "Other things are more important or desirable to me than God's word."

3. Have some system. There is no doubt that one gains much more from Bible study when pursuing some definite plan or system. A few simple books on the subject may help: "Bird's-Eye Bible Study" and "How to Master the English Bible," Moody Bible Institute, Chicago, Illinois. "Bible Study by Books," Fleming H. Revell Co., Chicago, Illinois.

4. It is especially helpful to make notes as you study. Get a tablet about eight by eleven inches and rule it in five columns, headed as follows: "Verse;" "Subject, Person, or Event;" "Lesson;" "Best Verse;" "Meditation." Then take one book, perhaps First John or Romans or one of the epistles to begin with, and study it verse by verse, taking time for quiet meditation and prayer for light and blessing. Get some one else to adopt the same plan, and occasionally compare notes.

5. Give it plenty of time. A man will dig and drill and blast a hole in the earth a thousand feet, searching for a vein of gold, but how impatient we are when it comes to diligent, persevering search for the treasures of God's wisdom and love! M. M.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XII — The Communion

(September 17)

SEED THOUGHT: "As faith contemplates our Lord's great sacrifice, the soul assimilates the spiritual life of Christ." — *"The Desire of Ages,"* page 661.

Synopsis

1. In the typical service of the earthly sanctuary the priest ate the sin offering in the holy place (Lev. 6: 24-26), thus foreshadowing an important truth. Jesus declared to the multitude that He was the bread of life. John 6: 48. "Our intimate fellowship with Christ is represented as eating His flesh and drinking His blood in order to have life. Verse 53.

2. Jesus spoke of those who would live by eating Himself (verse 57), and explained the difference between the manna in the wilderness and the true bread from heaven (verse 58). The bread from heaven is supplied for spiritual life by believing and receiving the words of life. Verses 58, 47, 48.

3. Jesus instituted the Lord's Supper (Matt. 26: 26), to place in permanent form the instruction which He had given concerning Himself as the bread of life. What bread is for our physical lives, that Christ is for our spiritual lives. Breaking and eating the bread of the Lord's Supper identifies the believer with Christ and the sacrifice which He made for sin, and makes the life of Christ the life of the believer. 1 Cor. 10: 16, last clause. Through the death of Christ His life becomes available for us, as is set forth in the Lord's supper. 1 Cor. 11: 26.

4. The purpose of the gospel is to secure fellowship with God through Christ (1 John 1: 3), and into this fellowship we have been called (1 Cor. 1: 9).

Questions

1. What did the priest do with the sin offering in the typical service? Lev. 6: 24-26.

2. What did Jesus declare Himself to be? John 6: 48.

3. What is necessary in order to have life? Verse 53.

4. How did Jesus say that the Christian would maintain life? Verse 57.

5. What notable difference is there between eating the manna and the true bread? Verse 58.

6. How is the bread from heaven appropriated for spiritual life? Verses 58, 47, 48.

7. In what statement did Jesus institute the Lord's Supper? Matt. 26: 26.

8. What does breaking and eating the bread of the Lord's Supper signify? 1 Cor. 10: 16, last clause.

9. What do we show forth in the supper? 1 Cor. 11: 26. Why?

10. What is the great purpose of the gospel? 1 John 1: 3.

11. Into what have we been called? 1 Cor. 1: 9.

Intermediate Lesson

XII — Jesus Appears Again to the Disciples

(September 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 21: 1-25; Matt. 28: 16-20; 1 Cor. 15: 3-7.

MEMORY VERSE: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 28: 20.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 809-828.

PERSONS: Jesus; seven disciples; the disciples and a number of believers.

PLACES: The Sea of Galilee; a mountain in Galilee, near the sea, thought by some to be the mount where the beatitudes were spoken.

Setting of the Lesson

On the day of his resurrection, Jesus had appeared to Mary (John 20: 11-17); to the other women (Matt. 28: 5-10); to two disciples going to Emmaus (Luke 24: 13-31); to the apostles, excepting Thomas (John 20: 19-21); to the apostles, Thomas being present (John 20: 24-29). The statement is made in Luke 24: 34 that He had also appeared to Simon Peter, but the occasion is not recorded.

"I say to all men, far and near,
That He is risen again;
That He is with us now and here,
And ever will remain.

"And what I say, let each this morn
Go tell it to his friend,
That soon in every place shall dawn
His kingdom without end."

Questions

1. Before His death, what appointment did Jesus make to meet with His disciples? Matt. 26: 32.
2. How were the disciples reminded of this appointment? Matt. 28: 5-7.
3. When did the disciples leave Jerusalem to meet Jesus in Galilee? Note 1.
4. Where did Jesus first meet them? Name the disciples who gathered by the sea, while apparently waiting for the time appointed. John 21: 1, 2. Note 2.
5. What did Peter propose to do? What did the others say? What success did they have? When the morning came, who stood on the shore? What did the disciples not know? Verses 3-5.
6. What did Jesus tell them to do? What was the result? What did one disciple then say to Peter? Who was that disciple? How did Peter show his haste to meet Jesus? Verses 6, 7. Note 3.
7. How did the other disciples reach the shore? As soon as they came to land, what did they see? What did Jesus say to them? Who quickly obeyed? What was strange about the catch of fish? Verses 8-11.
8. What invitation did Jesus give the disciples? What question did they not dare ask? What did Jesus do before eating? How many times had Jesus now met with His disciples since His resurrection? Verses 12-14.
9. When they had eaten, what question did Jesus ask Peter? What was Peter's reply? What did Jesus tell him to do? Verse 15.
10. What question did Jesus ask him the second time? the third? What was Peter's reply each time? Verses 16, 17.
11. Speaking alone to Peter, how did Jesus indicate what death he should die? Verses 18, 19. Note 4.
12. What question did Peter ask concerning John? What reply did Jesus make? Verses 20-22. Note 5.
13. What wrong understanding was obtained from Jesus' reply? Verse 23.
14. What is said of John's Gospel? What shows that the record is not complete? Verses 24, 25.
15. Where did the disciples at last meet as Jesus had appointed? Matt. 28: 16.
16. Who besides the apostles met with Him at this time? What did some do? After all the proof given of the resurrection of Jesus, how did others feel? 1 Cor. 15: 6; Matt. 28: 17. Note 6.
17. What did Jesus say had been given to Him? What work did He lay upon the disciples? How long would He be with His people? Verses 18-20.

Can You Tell

What ceremonies of the Jews need no longer be observed since Jesus' death?

What other statement Peter made three times upon a former occasion?

Why it was necessary for Jesus to appear so many different times after His resurrection?

What difference the fact of His resurrection makes to us?

Notes

1. "Jesus had appointed to meet His disciples in Galilee; and soon after the Passover week was ended, they bent their steps thither. Their absence from Jerusalem during the feast, would have been interpreted as disaffection and heresy, therefore they remained till its close; but this over, they gladly turned homeward to meet the Saviour as He had directed. Seven of the disciples were in company. They were clad in the humble garb of fishermen; they were poor in worldly goods, but rich in the knowledge and practice of the truth, which in the sight of Heaven gave them the highest rank as teachers." — *"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 809.

2. The Sea of Galilee was also known as the Sea of Tiberias.

3. John, the youngest of the twelve, was the disciple meant by the expression, "that disciple whom Jesus loved."

"The Saviour loved them all, but John's was the most receptive spirit." — *Id.*, p. 292.

4. Peter in his old age "should stretch forth his hands in unwonted helplessness, perhaps to allow them to be fastened to the transverse beam of a cross; and the executioner should gird him, fastening him to the cross with cords; and he should be carried to death against his natural will, though glad thus to suffer for his Lord. It must have humbled him, showing him that he, the denier, was to die the same death as his Lord. According to Origen, Peter was crucified with his head downward, perhaps at Nero's order, to render the death more painful; but perhaps at his own request, because in his humility he would not occupy the exact position held by his Master." — *Peloubet*.

5. "How many today are like Peter! They are interested in the affairs of others, and anxious to know their duty, while they are in danger of neglecting their own. It is our work to look to Christ and follow Him." — *"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 816.

6. "At the time appointed, about five hundred believers were collected in little knots on the mountain side, eager to learn all that could be learned from those who had seen Christ since His resurrection. From group to group the disciples passed, telling all they had seen and heard of Jesus, and reasoning from the Scriptures as He had done with them. Thomas recounted the story of his unbelief, and told how his doubts had been swept away. Suddenly Jesus stood among them. No one could tell whence or how He came. Many who were present had never before seen Him; but in His hands and feet they beheld the marks of the crucifixion; His countenance was as the face of God, and when they saw Him, they worshiped Him. But some doubted. So it will always be." — *Id.*, p. 819.

Easier or Better

IT seems easier to hold the meetings than to have any active work done," writes a Missionary Volunteer secretary on the other side of the earth from America. That suggestion reminds me that people must be about the same the world around, for I know of societies on this side of the globe of which these words could be truthfully said.

Why is it that we will gather together and sing and pray and talk about missionary work, and yet not do anything?

The Lord's commission to us to organize was for work: "Young men and young women, cannot you form companies, and as soldiers of Christ enlist in the work, putting all your tact and skill and talent into the Master's service, that you may save souls from ruin?"

And again: "Will the young men and young women who really love Jesus organize themselves as workers, not only for those who profess to be Sabbath keepers, but for those who are not of our faith?"

Meetings for prayer, Bible study, and witnessing are necessary, but if our religious fervor is not increased by these exercises to such an extent as to lead us to do something definite for others, there must be something radically wrong. Profession alone will not suffice.

Jesus told a story of the time when He should come and sit on the throne of His glory. Before Him, He said, should be gathered all nations, and He would separate them as a shepherd separateth the sheep from the goats. To those on the right He would say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world: for I was ahungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me: I was sick, and ye visited me: I was in prison, and ye came unto me." Matt. 25: 34-36.

To those on the left He would pronounce these awful words: "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: for I was ahungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not." Matt. 25: 41-43.

Then the Lord does take into account what we do. We do not work our way to heaven. No! no! But when we have the love of God in our hearts, we want to do something for others. And the more we do the more we want to do, and can do. The Missionary Volunteer Society is a training school, where we study and pray and witness and learn to do by doing.

M. E. KERN.

Laborers Wanted

SOME men work on from early morn,
Some men start work at noon,
Some even come at the eleventh hour,—
All work, and yet there's room.

Pray ye, therefore, for the laborers;
The harvest on earth is great,
The workmen in the field are few,
The hour is growing late.

GRACE E. LATONA.

"Great," Isn't It?"

ONE who prepares copy for any of our leading periodicals has to make frequent substitutes in copy for certain overworked words, such as *great*, *fine*, and *splendid*. The following list of forty-six words are some of the substitutes that a proofreader recently made in *Review* copy for the one word "great:"

populous	supreme
much	sincere
wonderful	genuine
vast	irreparable
dire	grand
decided	deep
timely	liberal
intense	extensive
earnest	general
heavy	perplexing
marked	prominent
effectual	constant
closing	large
abnormal	vital
keen	imperative
stupendous	real
numerous	hard
high	urgent
noted	main
successful	acute
significant	gigantic
immense	exceptional
worth-while	strict

This list shows perhaps as effectively as anything could, the difference between the thoughtful and the careless writer. It is easier to use the word "great," because it comes to mind readily and can be used to cover such a variety of adjectives, than it is to give studious thought to the choice of exact words. It is easier to say "great" injury when "irreparable" injury more nearly expresses the thought; or "great" effort instead of "supreme" effort; or "great" excitement instead of "intense" excitement; "great" view instead of "wonderful" view. One does not need to differentiate precisely, to discriminate closely, in the use of words where *great*, *fine*, and *splendid* are made to take the place of almost any qualifying word.

Editors and proofreaders combine to save the reading public as much of this careless repetition as possible, but the task of these servants of yours is seriously increased by writers who have not learned to taboo a long list of overworked adjectives and adverbs. Precision is the slogan of acceptable writers.

F. D. C.

Are You Going to College?

ARE you going *this year*? Or do you feel that you have not time to spend three, or perhaps four, years in such intensive preparation for your life-work?

The world is on tiptoe with excitement. The five letters H—A—S—T—E, more aptly than any other combination, describe our day and generation. Every one is in a hurry. We look back in pity at the ox-train methods of our grandparents, and are impatient with the freight-train methods of our parents. We drive powerful motor cars and swift airships, ride on limited trains, and send our messages by wireless. We discountenance the elevators that stop at every floor, and demand "express" cars, which "shoot"

us up to "the fifteenth and higher." Our passion for haste has invaded every phase of existence, and we rush hither and yon in an effort to catch up with time.

There is nothing wrong with haste provided it does not encourage slackness. A short cut in obtaining an education, as well as anything else, is a fine thing if it lands you at the terminus in good condition; but often we gain time at the expense of efficiency. Only the most credulous believes that any one — no matter how keen a mentality he may possess — can "learn to read Latin at sight," or master "stenography in five lessons," or French and German in twelve, as assured by bombastic promoters, but their advertisements are characteristic of the spirit of the time.

Some years ago the Pennsylvania Railroad, yielding to an insistent demand, put on an eighteen-hour train between Chicago and New York City. But accidents were so numerous that soon only those who felt prepared to die ventured aboard, and in a short time the schedule was changed, impatient business men deciding that they would rather spend a little longer time on the way and be sure of reaching their destination intact. The sacrifice of efficiency for speed is just as unwise in education as in travel. Take time for preparation. True, the King's business requires haste, but the Master also expresses a decided preference for workmen of whom He need not be ashamed, and perfection always requires time.

Too many young people labor under the impression that the mere attainment of a sheepskin is the sum total of education. It is possible to hurry through a course of study, by going "cross lots," and come out graduated, but not educated. A student once asked the president of Oberlin College if he could not take a shorter course than the one outlined in the curriculum. "Most certainly," was the reply. "It depends entirely upon what you wish to make of yourself. When God makes an oak, He takes a hundred years; when He makes a squash, He takes six months."

The Government Bureau of Education says: "A college education multiplies the value of life nine and one-half times over the high school and one hundred twenty-five times over the grades. A person with a common school education has one chance in 9,000 of becoming eminent, while a college graduate has one chance in forty-two." Then why start out in the race under a handicap? Determine to go to college, and determine to go *this year*. There are a hundred ways to earn the wherewithal if you have health and pluck and stickability. "The college," says Woodrow Wilson, "holds the key of the future."

L. E. C.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
A Beautiful Model	1
A Bicycle Trip in West Africa — No. 1	3
Student Witnesses	5
Breakers of Ocean (poetry)	7
Our Words (poetry)	8
A Cutting Board	9
Ye Are My Witnesses	10
Belgium	10
Peter Tumbledown (poetry)	11
Easier or Better	15
Laborers Wanted (poetry)	16
'Great,' Isn't It?	16
Are You Going to College?	16
SELECTIONS	
Books, Books, Books (poetry)	2
The Skeptical Shoemaker	5
Big Moments in the Life of a Business Girl	6
How the Call Came	7
Interesting Facts About Japan	11