

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 70

April 18, 1922

No. 16



River Cañete at Alis, showing "living stone" formation in water (lower right-hand corner) and the cliff at the left, of the same material. (See article on page five)



View of "Chacras" at Miraflores. (See article on page five)

From Here and There

Eggs sell in China for two cents a dozen, and in Japan for three cents.

A one-cent postage stamp of the issue of August, 1861, was sold on March 3 in Philadelphia for \$540.

Honey bees are now made to register automatically by electrical device when they leave the hive. Can they be made to punch a time clock when they go in?

Through the service of the Young Women's Christian Association of the District of Columbia, 4,824 girls were placed in safe and comfortable rooms during the last year.

Ulysses S. Grant was born on April 27, 1822. To mark the centenary, Congress will authorize the mint to coin 10,000 gold dollars and 250,000 silver half dollars.

One hundred fifty-seven German newspapers and periodicals have suspended publication during the last two months, due to the increased cost of print paper, it was officially announced.

A reward of \$20,000 offered by the National Education Association for the best plan for teaching a code of morals to children, has been given to a group of nine Iowa educators headed by Dr. Edwin D. Starbuck, of Iowa State University.

Six million dollars worth of churches in the United States were burned in the two years of 1919 and 1920. The chief fire hazard, so far as these churches are concerned, seemed to be defective heating plants. Lighting came second, and electricity third.

No longer will America be unrepresented in conclaves, for Pope Pius XI has proclaimed a change in the papal constitution, making the conclave date come fifteen days after the Pope's death, instead of ten. This is the first official act of the Pope, and is effective immediately, as the decree needed only his signature to become church law.

Federal Judge George A. Carpenter recently assessed fines totaling \$25,000 against the Hotel Sherman, of one of our large cities, after a conviction on twenty-six counts of violating the prohibition laws. The fine was reduced by Judge Carpenter from \$25,000 to \$14,000, on pleas of attorneys for the Hotel Sherman that it was the first offense.

On the site of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, Broadway and 104th Street, New York City, is to be erected a seventeen-story church-hotel building. There will be a Sunday school room in the basement, three stories will be given to the church, a missionary school will be situated on the roof, and the rest of the building will be a hotel. The building will cost about \$1,500,000.

Associate Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the Supreme Court, recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday by actively participating throughout the day in the sessions of the court. He took his seat upon the bench of the highest court Dec. 8, 1902, and in the history of the court only three members have reached a more advanced age—Chief Justice Taney and Associate Justices Duvall and Field.

The House of Representatives passed the Dyer bill, which makes lynching a crime punishable by Federal law and by Federal courts. The vote was 230 to 119: seventeen Republicans voted against the bill, and eight Democrats voted for it; otherwise the division was on party lines. The opponents of the measure rely on the argument that it is unconstitutional because it invades the police powers reserved to the States.

Officers and men of the destroyer "Childs," on duty in Turkish waters, have taken upon themselves the task of providing for the maintenance and care of forty Russian refugee children. Funds having been provided by the officers and members of the crew of the "Childs," a building was selected ashore for the housing of the refugees, and, with the aid of the American and Russian women devoting themselves to aiding refugees, a school and messing facilities were established.

A Secret for You

THE New Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books are most excellent. Could you read one page of "The Moffats" and the first chapter of "In Starland," I'm sure you would decide to make a desperate effort to finish both of these books. How you'll enjoy tramping over "The Hills o' Ca'liny," meeting the old mountaineers and having a visit with "Christie." And you cannot afford to miss "Patriarchs and Prophets." Its pages are full of instruction that every Missionary Volunteer should read and heed. The more one reads this book the more interesting and fascinating it becomes. All of these splendid books, in the Senior Reading Course, No. 16, are waiting to supply you with good, profitable reading.

In the Junior Course are "Afoot and Afloat in Burma," "Pioneer Stories in the Advent Movement," and "Lobo, Rag, and Vixen!" What a fine addition these will make to any personal library. Just to start these books will create a desire to finish them. They bear acquaintance, and merit both our time and our money.

And what about the Primary Course? I think we can safely say of it, "The best one yet." The little folks will greatly enjoy both "On Our Block" and "Mañana Land."

But now as to the other half of the secret. It is this: There is a way to obtain these books. Get busy now raising a Reading Course fund. Every ambitious young person can either find or make an honorable way to earn money. Surely no one need come to camp-meeting saying, "I haven't any money for buying the Reading Course books." And as for you, you cannot afford to say that, for the new Reading Course books will help you on toward the high goal of attainment you seek.

Then determine to have a Reading Course fund to draw on when you go to camp-meeting this year!

MATILDA E. ANDROSS.

No Trespassers

A LITTLE girl of seven, who hated being called in the morning, tried to think up some way to avoid it. The next morning her mother found this notice pinned on her coverlet, "Trespassers on my dreams will be prosecuted."

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TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 18, 1922

No. 16

All Hail!

B. F. M. SOURS

ALL hail, O Victor King!
The years of suffering
Are over, and the grave
Is riven; and in heaven
Do holy angels sing Thy power to save.

O glory be to Christ!
For man He sacrificed
Life, but from death He rose.
The story — O the glory!
He lives to plead for those who were His foes.

Thy triumph is complete:
Before Thy holy feet
As suppliants we bow;
And still repeat the joy
"The Lord is risen indeed, death's Victor now!"

How Mrs. Inca Keeps House

LILLIAN SHAFER-FORD

AT break of day Mrs. Inca is up and about her work. There's breakfast to get and the children to wash and dress. Did I hear you speak of washing? No, she doesn't wash her little ones — they would have catarrh sure. And how about dressing them? Well, Manuel, the oldest son, scrambles out from among the sheepskins already dressed for the day, even to the stocking cap on his head; so he needs no care.

Next, Bonafacia, the oldest girl, scrambles out from the same pile of sheepskins. Her morning toilet is about as complicated as her brother's. She pulls on an extra skirt, throws a shawl over her head, and her toilet is complete. She doesn't comb her hair, for the month is not yet up since it was combed last, and there is not time to comb a girl's hair more than once a month. Anyway her hair does not get very tangled when it is braided all over the head into thirty-five or forty braids.

Perhaps Bonafacia will begin the day by running to the spring for water, which she brings in a large earthen pitcher. Manuel busies himself picking up chips from the sheep corral that joins onto the house. When he has gathered his poncho full, he takes them to the kitchen and piles them in a heap in the corner; Mrs. Inca uses them for the fire.

There's no hurry about Mr. Inca's getting up, for the potatoes are not peeled or the *chuñas* washed for the soup. Sometimes he does bestir himself with the rest of the family, slips on his poncho, and basks in the fresh morning air till breakfast is ready. He seats himself upon the big flat stone (the family mill) to meditate on his future prospects of being a gentleman, when he can wear shoes and a coat, and walk with a cane. Often his reverie is disturbed by his son Sufirino, whose early morning joy is to grind the *agi* (this is a very strong native pepper which is used in all the food of the Indians, and is supposed to help keep the body warm) on the stone for the soup.

In the kitchen Mrs. Inca is on her knees, fanning the chips into a bright blaze in her little stove that

is made by placing three stones corner to corner. When the fire refuses to burn, she blows it with a cow's horn to give it draft. The soup soon boils, and the preparations for the morning meal are complete.

The younger children must now be dragged out of bed to partake of the fiery soup with the family. Mother hands out to each one his *olla* of soup, which is soon consumed by the mere act of drinking the liquid part and fishing out the potatoes and *chuñas* with the fingers. Baby Sabastiano now and then gets a drink from his mother's *olla*, or is given a *chuña* to suck.

When breakfast is over, each member of the family has to wash his own dish. A little cold water is poured over the earthen plate, and then it is dried on the girl's skirt or the boy's poncho, whichever the case may be. That job is out of the way in a hurry. There are no floors to sweep, and the beds can be made when the busy season is over. Every one is anxious to get at the day's work.

Mr. Inca goes to the spare room, and with the help of Manuel gets the plow down from where it is suspended from the roof. There is no oiling or fastening of bolts to be looked after on this plow; it seldom gets out of order, being only a crooked pole. All that is lacking now to make it work is to fasten the oxen to it; but this cannot be done until it is in the field that is to be plowed. So off they go,

Mr. Inca carrying the plow across his shoulders while his son drives the oxen toward that little patch of ground that lies at the very top of a high mountain.

In the meantime Mrs. Inca has filled her bag with toasted barley and boiled potatoes, which is to be the midday meal, then tying the baby to her back, she, too, is off to the mountain for the day. At the field she lays the baby down on the frosty ground at one side of the field while he sleeps. Mr. Inca guides the oxen and the plow, while Manuel runs by the side and throws clods at the oxen to hurry them along (if it is possible for them to hurry). Mrs. Inca, following along behind the plow, serves as a harrow or



Mrs. Inca

roller for the freshly plowed ground. With a stick that has a stone tied to one end, she breaks the clods and smooths the ground. She makes the dust fly as the heavy stone falls with force against the cloddy earth. If the baby awakes, he is tied to her back while she goes on harrowing with seemingly no inconvenience.

When it is noon by their great timepiece, the sun, the oxen are unhitched, and let go in search of food and water; the plow is dragged to the side of the field, and the family gather round the bag of food that mother has brought along. The lunch soon disappears, and all seem contented with what they have eaten. The oxen are then herded back to the *chaera* and hitched to the plow, and the work begins anew.

Perhaps you have been wondering where Sufirino and the other little ones are while the older ones are away from the house. They are by no means left out of the day's routine. When the rest of the family left for the field, Sufirino went to the sheep corral, pulled out a few stones from the wall, and the sheep came dancing out. Then he went to another corral, pulled out more stones, and out came a herd of llamas and alpacas. Next he untied the cows that were picketed by the side of the house; with these and his herd of sheep, llamas, and alpacas he went off to the hills to pasture his flocks. His little brother and sister went with him, and each carried around his neck a little woolen bag which contained the lunch and a liberal supply of rocks to be used in the sling shot in case the sheep should go astray or they should be attacked by wild dogs.

When the sun sinks low and makes long shadows stretch far over the pampas, the children round up their flocks and start for home. The day's work is never done until they see every animal safe in its corral and the stones piled up at the gate.

Sufirino and his brother and sister have few diversions in their young lives. Before Sufirino was old enough to put on trousers he took up his duties as shepherd, and this duty faces him every day until his little brother shall be old enough to receive the yoke of his responsibilities. Winter time, which brings so many joys to other boys and girls, brings nothing new to these little folks. They do not go to school, make snowmen, skate, or any of those delightful things. Their father never had the privilege of schooling, why should his children? There are feast days a plenty, but only the grown-ups and the babies go, for some one always has to take care of the flocks, and the little ones must do that.

When all the family are at last gathered in, Mrs. Inca begins the evening meal. I don't think she worries much about what to have for a change, for the Indian's menu has about as many diversions as Sufirino's life; so she decides to have soup again for supper. Every one squats around the floor of the smoky little kitchen while the soup cooks. There is seldom any light in the room except what comes from the burning chips, or if a better light is especially needed, a rag is placed in a dish of tallow, and thus the room is lighted.

Then when the meal is ended, they all hurry off to bed to dream of the wonderful land where folks sleep on soft beds, have carpets to walk on, and beautiful homes to live in. Thus ends the day.

This is the ordinary daily life of every Indian family. Of course they have their feast days, which are full of dancing, drinking, and dressing. The women get out their many beautiful-colored skirts,

and the men don their brightest-colored ponchos. A woman of wealthy family is known by the number of skirts she has to put on. From ten to fifteen woolen skirts is not counted too many for such an occasion. *Cajabamba, Ecuador.*

The Fortieth One

WHEN the Emperor Licinius was persecuting the Christians in Armenia, the Thundering Legion was stationed at Sebaste. Forty men in that Legion declared themselves Christians, and were sentenced to be exposed naked all night on a frozen pool, for it was winter and bitterly cold. In a house on the edge of the pool a large fire was kindled, and food and wine and warm bath were prepared under the direction of Sempronius, a centurion, and a guard of soldiers; and it was announced to the forty men, that, if any of them left the pool and entered the house, they would be considered to have denied Jesus Christ.

So night came on, and the cold, biting wind from Mt. Caucasus, made the inhabitants close their windows and doors tightly and pile up the fuel on their fires. On the frozen pool stood the forty warriors, naked, some standing lost in prayer, others walking to and fro, while still others were already sleeping that sleep which only ends in death. Over and over again as the hours went slowly by these brave men prayed, "O Lord, forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee; grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory."

As the hours grew longer, the night grew colder, and one of the forty could endure it no longer, and he left the pool, and came to the house where Sempronius and his men were keeping guard. But still the martyrs' prayer went up to heaven, "O Lord, forty wrestlers have come forth to fight for Thee; grant that forty wrestlers may receive the crown of victory."

The prayer was answered. Sempronius, the centurion, was touched by his comrades' bravery. He declared himself a Christian, and took his place upon the frozen pool. The cold did its work, and forty corpses lay upon the ice, forty glorious martyrs, with Sempronius among them, proved true to their God, and were candidates for the crown of victory. Let us imitate their bravery, and whatever happens, let us be true to Jesus Christ, who at His second coming, will give us a shining crown that fadeeth not away.—*Rev. Alfred Barratt.*

For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin.

—F. W. Faber.

Arrow Points

"Don't have so many secrets that you can't keep the whole flock of them in your own pasture."

"WHEN you kill time, remember it has no resurrection."

"You cannot hasten success by hurrying."

"Do you dare preach what you practise?"

"In the long run, every man has to depend on his own wind."

"WHILE praying to be delivered from a temptation, do not peep at it through your fingers."

"THE shirt probably does not enjoy the washboard, but it makes it clean."

"PATRIOTISM is more than saluting the flag."

Missionary Exploring in South America -- No. 13

A Visit to Alis, the Artists' Paradise

H. U. STEVENS

IT was a little past noon when we left Miraflores for a trip over the most dangerously rugged road we had yet passed. In many places we could look straight down from the path we were traveling, thousands of feet to the rocks below. To slip from the narrow road meant certain death for the horse and rider that were unfortunate enough to start rolling down the steep mountain side. A rather loose-jointed and staggering, stubborn pony does not increase one's sense of security under such circumstances. When one's life is at stake, even the best of animals does not give one complete confidence, so we preferred to walk over the most dangerous portions of the path, which, however, we traveled in safety, feasting our eyes on the ever-changing scenery of the mountains. Here we obtained some good views of the *chacras*, which are seen wherever there is land to cultivate. The lower picture on the cover page gives a good idea of their appearance in this section.

At length we came to the heights overlooking the main valley of the Cañete. Here we passed through a place called Huaquis, the "deserted village" of which I have already spoken as being the former home of the inhabitants of Miraflores. The town is built on a portion of land projecting out from the mountain side and overlooking the valley thousands of feet below. It is difficult of access, and could easily be defended from attacking enemies. Perhaps this is why the site was chosen. Now the houses are all abandoned, the roofs have disappeared, and the town is rapidly falling into decay. A lone dog raised his voice to greet us as we rode through the deserted streets of Huaquis.

From this point the road led us down the mountain path in a zigzag path across the waters of the river below. It was too steep to ride, so we led our animals most of the way. Crossing the raging torrent on a bridge, we started to climb to the very summit of the heights beyond.

The last stretch was over the solid rock that formed the mountain top. Here a rough zigzag path had been cut into irregular steps to aid in the precipitous climb. The path was so steep that we had to walk and clamber up the best we could, while the horses came jumping up after us. Having made the pass, we dropped down

quickly into the valley on the other side. Along the banks of the river we traveled between perpendicular cañon walls that rose sky high. The scenery was charming, and became more enchanting as we proceeded.

Occasionally small streams of water were seen trickling down from springs far up in the mountains. At one point could be discerned a path worn by water on the face of the cañon wall. It was perfectly dry, but in the rainy season the stream that flows here forms a roaring cataract as its raging torrent comes plunging headlong over the precipice hundreds of feet high.

The river had a charm of its own, as it came running and tumbling over a hundred falls and whirling into a thousand eddies.

A half hour's ride brought us to the town of Alis, situated at a point where the cañon stretches out into a narrow valley, and forms some fertile land where the native crops can be grown. Hemmed in on all sides by mountain walls, this village is set in majestic splendor.

It would form an artists' paradise with its wealth of scenes to charm the eye and inspire the heart. The mind never tires of contemplating the eternal hills, and following the irregular outlines they cast against the distant sky, or musing on the charming river as its frolicking waters go dancing down to the sea.

It was the national holiday, and Alis was celebrating the independence of Peru (July 28), which corresponds to the Fourth of July in the United States. The plaza was full of people as we passed through. We had some misgivings as

to what our reception would be on this feast day, knowing something of how little love the people have for Protestants, and how roughly the latter have been used in some of these isolated sections where the power of Rome is supreme. Our fears were not lessened by the sight of a funeral procession crossing the plaza in front of us. The worshipers carried lighted candles and walked behind a small box, which, we learned, contained a body they were taking to the burial. Fortunately the procession moved on quietly, and we were permitted to proceed on our course undisturbed.



On the Mountain Trail, from Miraflores to Alis

We rode up the only street in the town to a house belonging to Brother Brigido Barillas, a new believer, whose home we had passed on our way from Huancayo to Laraos, and who with several others was asking for baptism. We shall meet this man on another occasion. Here we had good quarters and good native food. We soon found ourselves at home among these earnest people, whose genial hospitality we thoroughly enjoyed. In the evening we spoke to the believers and a few friends who had gathered in the front room of the house. While drunkenness and revelry reigned without, peace and quietness reigned within, as we told them of the soon coming of Christ and exhorted them to prepare to meet Him. There was a good response, and another meeting was appointed for the following night.

The next day was spent in visiting places of interest in and near Alis. Our first excursion was to Ucheo, about three miles farther up the valley. The road follows the course of the river, winding in and out among the rocks, crossing and recrossing the foaming water. The trees and shrubs growing along the banks add beauty to the scene, which grew more enchanting as we proceeded. The walls became more precipitous and the valley narrower. In places the sides rose perpendicularly from the water's edge, leaving only a narrow strip of sky above. The river below and the mountains above made an ever-varying dream for the artist, and presented new wonders to the tourist's eye.

At length we arrived at Ucheo, which means in the Quechua language, "little hole." It is the narrowest place in the cañon, a Royal Gorge whose perpendicular walls have been carved out of the solid granite. In some distant age a huge rock had fallen down from the cañon wall and had almost choked the gorge, leaving a narrow channel not more than five feet wide through which the river pours. The road was built up the side of the rock in the form of a zigzag stairway. We left our horses at the base while we climbed up to the summit to view more advantageously the enchanting scene. The splendor of this wild and rugged cañon baffles description. One lingers long to contemplate the amazing grandeur, and the heart is subdued before this manifestation of the mighty power of Him who has "weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance."

After taking a few pictures, we hasten back to Alis for the meeting we had appointed with those who were asking for baptism. Two members of the church of Laraos live in this place, and seven new believers were found ready for baptism.

After dinner we went out to take some pictures of

the village. The people were all gathered in the central plaza to watch the bullfight, the favorite sport of Peru. From the mountain side we could see them plainly. One man, while off his guard, having turned his back on the bull, was caught on the horns of the infuriated beast and tossed high into the air, falling on his back on the ground. He jumped up quickly, apparently uninjured, while the people clapped and cheered at his misfortune. This barbarous sport has disappeared in most of the South American republics, but still persists in Peru, the home of the most ancient Spanish civilization on the continent.

From here we walked across the river to get a more general view of the town from the mountain on the opposite side. The picture taken at this point will give a good idea of the town and the valley. As we were returning along the banks of the river, our attention was directed to a peculiar moss formation in the stream. The men from the village who accompanied us said that it is a "living stone" that grows and fills the river. This must be cleaned out from time to time lest it choke the stream. They also said that the ground upon which the village was built is of this same material. A "living stone," a "growing stone"—that seemed incredible to some of us, and so we started to investigate the phenomenon.

The dried stone of the cliff had a vegetable structure. A piece of the "living stone" was secured and found to be a green, mossy plant with a hard calcareous

substance in its fiber, which could be felt by rubbing it between the fingers. The stone is apparently formed from the calcareous skeletons of these plants which are left behind as the plant continues to thrive on the surface of the "growing stone." We had studied about plants of this nature in a biology class in bygone college days, but this unexpected revelation of the phenomenon on such an elaborate scale was indeed interesting and instructive. We examined the cliff and found it composed of the same material, as are also many of the stones used in the village for building purposes. We took a picture of the river at this point, showing the "living stone" formation in the water and the cliff at the side. All along the course of the river the "growing stone" may be seen in weird formations. In many places it has filled the river bed, forming hundreds of cascades and islets that give to this river its fairy charm.

In the evening the room was full of interested friends and believers who had gathered to hear the preaching of the gospel. The most respectful attention was paid as we spoke of the power of Jesus to break vicious habits and transform the life of the be-



Ucheo, "Little Hole"

liever, until one young man who at one time had professed to believe the truth but recently had turned his back upon it, interrupted with some questions concerning science that were calculated to distract the attention of the hearers. He was not satisfied with one question, which was answered to the satisfaction of all, but broke in again, and finally, turning to the people, began to talk to them.

Reminded of the propriety of the occasion, he begged our pardon, and ended his remarks with the observation that religion is a good thing, but that there is nothing but good morals in it. The words of Paul to Timothy came forcibly to my mind: "Keep that which is committed to thy trust, avoiding profane and vain babblings, and opposition of science falsely so called: which some professing have erred concerning the faith."

The services continued without further disturbance, and closed with the good will of the people on the side of truth, although the young man tried to maintain his argument privately among a few.

Next time I will tell of the baptism at Tin Tin, and our last visit to Laraos.

A Queer People

THE Karens are the third most numerous people in Burma, the Burmese naturally being the preponderating race, and the Shans second. There are two classes among the Karens, the white and the red, the former being scrupulously clean, while the latter are obtrusively dirty, "so dirty," according to one writer, "that they cannot get any worse, because no more matter can find a place to settle."

"Chickens' bones are the Red Karen's dictionary and 'Where is it?' book. He consults them to know where he should build his village or his house; whether he should start on a journey, and, if so, what direction, on what day, and at what time; whether he should marry a certain girl, and, if the omens approve, on what day he should do it; where he should make his hill clearing, when he should prepare, sow, and reap it; in fact, he does nothing without authority from fowl's bones."

Sir George Scott, formerly British commissioner, and superintendent and political officer of the southern Shan States, gives, in the March *Geographical Magazine*, the following interesting description of the Karens and their homes:

"The fact that the houses are solid and last a long time is rather a disadvantage. One visit to a Karen house usually satisfies the most curious. He makes for his tent afterward and scratches himself spaciouly. If you travel in these hills, take a tent with you and pitch it outside the village. Burning is the only satisfactory way of spring-cleaning a Karen house."

"The people have feasts, which consist mainly in gorging on fowls and pigs, and much drinking of spirits. They have dances; the most energetic is a sort of die-away Maypole figure."

"The latter-day Red Karen is a very listless person. Those who are not, steal elephants and other people's property generally, and have to be suppressed."

"This apathy may be said to be born with them. When a Karen child is born, the mother takes the baby in her arms, as soon as she is able to walk down the sloping board with nicks in it which constitutes the staircase, and gets a mattock from under the house. With this she hoes up a little ground. This

is to impress upon the infant that it will have to work for its living." But the effort brings small returns.

"The children do not get a good start. They are fed with liquor from the earliest years. If a mother is too zealous at hoeing the fields to find time to suckle her infant, she takes a mouthful of liquor and feeds it from her own lips."

"The Karen women are remarkable because of the extraordinary collar worn by them. Even in Burmese days, Padaung women, or Kèkawngdu, as they call themselves, were taken down to Mandalay to be gazed at by the Great King of Righteousness and the dwellers in the palace. They have also been on show at all vice-regal and less notable durbars, and are quite as much accustomed to being snapshotted as actresses or political leaders."

"The women's neckband is of brass rod, as thick as the little finger, commencing with a wide base on the shoulder blades and reaching up to the chin. Little girls begin with them as early as possible, and five rings are as much as most of them can manage, but the neck is kept constantly on the stretch, until the ordinary limit of twenty-one coils is reached. Twenty-five seems to be the record."

Besides these neck rings, fifty or sixty pounds of brass rods or rings are on the arms and legs; the amount being limited by the space available for the ornamentation. These heavy brass collars around the neck cause the wearer's voice to sound as if the person were being choked.

The dress of the Karens, as Sir George Scott describes it, suggests that there is not such a vast difference between present-day styles in our own country and those of the Karens of Burma, for they wear "colored scarfs twisted into the hair, jumper coats which slip over the head, have fashionable V-shaped front and back, and very short sleeves, with occasionally a little embroidery."

"The skirts are really kilts, stopping above the knee and striped red and blue. The necklaces are of the usual kind, with cornelians and other stones, coins, and beads."

Among the Karens, "only cousins or only the inhabitants of certain groups of villages may intermarry, and contracts of the kind have been approved, and are usually arranged, by the elders of the village."

"This limitation of marriages to near relations results quite often in unions where husband and wife are of very unequal age, the husband fifteen, the wife seventy, or the other way about."

"Punishment for marriage out of the clan was formerly very severe. A large hole was dug in the ground and a log placed across it, to which two ropes were attached. The ends of these were noosed round the necks of the offending pair. They were then made to jump into the pit, and so hang themselves."

"This is no longer allowed, so they are excommunicated instead and never allowed to enter a Karen village again. The two villages of Kara in the Nan-kwo circle are said to be inhabited entirely by such eloping couples."

Some of our young people are inclined to chafe under the social restrictions placed upon them in our schools; but under the most rigid of these they may count themselves fortunate indeed; for with the Karens "as soon as a boy has reached the teen age he has to go to live with other unmarried youths in a barrack called the *Lubyo Haw*, the Bachelors' Hall, which may be outside the village, but is usually in one corner of it. There he stays until he is married, and must not

enter the house of his parents or talk to any of the young women of the village until that time.

"The limitations of possible alliances are so considerable that in some places there are many doddering bachelors in the Bachelors' Hall and plenty of aged spinsters without a home of their own."

Easter

FROM o'er the beauteous green-clad hills
A piteous moan of suffering fills
The earth with shadows of the night.
Alone, with thorn-encircled brow;
Alone, with broken heart, there bowed
Our Lord, the world's redeeming light.

The lilies drooped and withered lay,
The song birds fled in fear away,
And silence deep and solemn reigned;
Between the heaven and earth there hung
Upon the cross, God's only Son,
Dying there in cruel shame.

Again the pure white lilies bloom,
And songs of birds dispel the gloom;
For resurrection joy they sing.
O'er death the victory Christ has gained
And victor He shall e'er remain;
Eternal life to earth He brings.

MRS. E. W. COLBERT.

Nature and Science

Searching for the Leprosy Cure

IT seems that a real cure for leprosy has been found in the chaulmoogra oil taken from the seeds of the chaulmoogra tree. Hawaii has apparently treated successfully nearly two hundred persons, but it is compelled to limit its activities to its island population; so Uncle Sam concluded to send J. F. Rock on an exploring expedition to find the chaulmoogra tree, and bring home seeds from which to start plantations in Hawaii and the other tropical possessions.

It seems that Burma is the home of the desired tree; so after spending many months in exploring the wilds of Burma, following many leads only to be disappointed, but finally being successful, Mr. Rock returned home with a large number of the precious seed, for which he had braved almost countless dangers and suffered many hardships. Because of the persistency of the expedition under these obstacles Hawaii is today growing chaulmoogra plantations, which hold great promise for future service. But since the plant does not bear fruit until it is at least eight years old, the afflicted must wait and hope in patience.

The expedition also obtained several species of edible oaks and thousands of chestnut trees, which will undoubtedly prove hardy in Florida, and perhaps as far north as South Carolina.

Mr. Rock relates an incident which shows that the explorer has to learn to curb his restlessness and chafing under delay and ill management and patiently bide the native's time and method. Once he lost his patience on account of the delay caused by the constant grounding of their boat on sand banks. Being in negligee, he quietly jumped overboard and swam ahead of the boat, expecting it soon to follow. Anxious calls from the captain urged him to return, which he did, though it was a difficult matter against the

current. The waters, he learned, are infested with crocodiles.

The natives' sense of taste and smell, as well as their sense of sanitation, must be obtuse, as indicated by the following incident, which the explorer relates:

"After passing the whirlpools, we stopped, and I went back, followed by my crew, to a few natives who had been fishing along this rapid. Instead of buying fresh fish, my men bought the oldest and rottenest they could find. This made further residence on my boat next to impossible, and I energetically demanded the removal of the offensive fish. They were eaten posthaste."

The explorer finds much of interest concerning the wild life of the regions he traverses. Once Mr. Rock was kept awake by the "elephants' breaking bamboo for food, for the noise resembled machine-gun fire."

Interesting Items Concerning Australia

AUSTRALIA celebrated her 134th birthday on Jan. 26, 1922. This island continent is larger than the United States, and three fourths as large as all Europe; yet its population does not equal that of New York City.

Ninety-seven per cent of her 5,000,000 inhabitants are of British descent. The policy of the country is expressed in the slogan, "Australia for the white man."

The United States has only one Great Salt Lake. Australia has several, one of which is so deep the bottom has not yet been found.

Australia has six states instead of forty-eight.

It is said that seven out of every twenty-five adults in Australia own property. Tenement houses are said to be unknown, because even the poorest family has its separate home.

In 1918, according to the Year Book, Australia's average yield of Indian corn was 24.10 bushels per acre, which was higher than that of the United States. Cattle of all kinds at that time numbered 12,738,852, of which 1,902,036 were dairy cows. In 1918 Australia produced 66,171,428 pounds of bacon and ham; and 377,283,079 pounds of frozen mutton and lamb were exported from the country between 1914 and 1919. The principal kinds of fruit grown in the several states are apples, apricots, bananas, lemons, peaches, oranges, nectarines, pineapples, pears, and plums.

In 1918, Australia had 87,000,000 sheep, or 16 per cent of all the sheep in the world, or seventeen sheep for each person in the country. The value of the average annual wool export is \$145,000,000.

Illiteracy is almost unknown. In 1918 there were more than 9,000 schools, 25,000 teachers, and 779,687 pupils enrolled. In Victoria what are termed agricultural high schools have been established to form a link between the rural school and the agricultural college. These colleges and experimental farms have been established in most of the states with a view to promoting agriculture. In addition each state has its university.

In 1902, women were given the right to vote.

The senate consists of thirty-six senators, six from each state, chosen directly for a term of six years by the people of the state.

The number of representatives is about twice that of senators.

The government controls the postal, telegraph, and telephone services in Australia, the separate state departments having been amalgamated and taken over by the commonwealth in 1901. In 1918 the profits of the postal department were £237,421; telegraph, £28,116; telephone, £121,845.

Australia's two chief cities are: Sydney, with a population in 1918 of 828,700, and Melbourne, the capital of the commonwealth, with 743,000 population. Australia's third city is Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, with a population of 256,660.

Do You

DO you pronounce the following words correctly?
If not, why not?

Motor cycle	mō'tor sī'kl, not motor sik'le
Balopticon	bāl-op'ti-kon, not bel-op'ti-kon
Data	dā'ta, not dāt'a
Interesting	in'ter-est-ing, not in-ter-est'ing
Isolate	is'ō-late, or i'so-lāte
Cyclamen	sik'lā-men, not sī'klā-men
Deficit	dēf'i-cit, not de-fis'it
Presentation	prēz-ēn-tā'shun, not prē'zen-ta-shun
Garage	gā-rāzh', not gā-raj'
Success	sūk-sēs', not suk'ses
Sedative	sēd'a-tiv, not se-dā'tiv
Located	lō'kāt-ed, not lō-ka'ted
Dedicated	ded-i-kāt-ed, not ded-i-kā'ted
Cafeteria	kāf-ē-tē-rī-ā, not kaf-e-tā'ri-a
Produce(n)	prōd'ūs

The Town of Yawn

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn
On the banks of the river Slow?
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimeorother scents the air
And the soft Goeasys grow?
It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letherslide;

That tired feeling is native there —
It's the home of the listless I don't care,
Where the Putitoffs abide.
The Putitoffs never make up their minds,
Intending to do it tomorrow;
And so they delay from day to day,
Till business dwindles and profits decay.
And their days are full of sorrow.

— *Selected.*

The Old Folks at Home

(Reprinted by request)

ONE day I had occasion to eat dinner at a small country hotel. At the table with me were two old gentlemen. One of them spoke of the situation in Mexico.

"I don't know so much about that as I'd like to," said the other, raising his voice considerably, as his friend was deaf. "Doctor says I can't use my eyes, so I haven't seen a paper for more than a week. I hear it talked about, but it isn't the same as reading it for yourself."

"Lucky to be able to hear," replied the other. "I often wish I could hear what the rest are saying about it. Reading it, you get just *facts*, providing they are facts, but hearing it, you get different opinions."

"Aren't you staying with your daughter now?" Again the speaker raised his voice.

"No," the deaf one hesitated over the word, his voice of that monotonous level with which the deaf are wont to speak. "Not for the present. She's got a

houseful of company — young folks. Makes it too lonesome. Thought I'd come over to the hotel, where there are others. How is it you aren't over to Ed's?"

"Well," the raised voice also hesitated, "Ed's folks are out a good deal, and — and — when they're home there's generally something going on — bridge clubs or dinners or — something pretty nearly all the time. I have a lot of fun with Ed's children — but — it's just as you say — kind o' lonesome."

They nodded their old heads in mutual understanding, and then ate for a few minutes in silence, and furtively I watched them. They were both close upon seventy. Their faces were seamed with the care and burden of years, their hair white, their eyes heavy and sad. Their hands shook, and it was not impossible that a bit of soup should be spilled upon a clean tablecloth. Old age was a burden, and none there seemed to be to help them bear it. Their life companions had passed away. Their children were grown and married, had cares, anxieties, joys, and sorrows of their own.

"Not that Milly isn't good to me, understand, or her friends, either." The old man had evidently been questioning the loyalty of his own remarks. "It isn't that; but they never have *time*. They're always in a hurry to go here — go there. *They* never have time to sit down and read the papers to an old man — O, no! I wouldn't ask it. Sometimes I meet them on the stairs or in the hall, and it's always, 'Good morning, gran'pa, how're you today?' chipper as a sparrow; but I notice *they never have time to listen while I tell them*. I used to think they wanted to know, and I'd set out to tell them, but —" The other old man nodded his head. He understood.

"And so," the speaker rambled on between soup and meat, "I got pretty lonesome. I used to sit at the table with them. Milly wanted me to. She's a good girl. I used to enjoy their chatter. There's always some company around. Tom's sister stays there a good deal. I used to enjoy them. Sometimes they'd start talking about something I was real interested in, and I'd join. But seems as if I was too slow for them — behind the times — didn't see things the way they did — or something. I don't just seem to know what, unless it's because — I'm *old*. Anyway I stopped talking — and — seemed sort of — oh — I don't know — I just fell out of it."

The other old man kept nodding his head. It was an open book to him, an old story, his own story. He read his own name in as the other went along.

"So, finally, I told Milly I guessed I'd come over here and board. There's always some other old back number hanging around for a game of pinochle, or a chat. Back numbers can all talk about the same things, anyway."

Again the other old man nodded his head, and now he spoke.

"You can *make* them be civil to you here," he said, "by paying them." His gentle old face grew hard, and one was surprised at the bitterness in his dull-toned voice. "They dare not tell you you'd better go to bed at seven o'clock when there's going to be company, and they dare not tell you not to come poking around the kitchen before breakfast in the morning. Not that they'd *let* you, but you don't have to be told. *Home*, you'd like to do as you've a mind to."

He jabbed a fork venomously into a bit of meat, and the other old man looked at him in mild astonishment.

"Ed's all right," the old man went on sharply.

"He's always civil enough—kind, too—and *he* knows nothing about *her* ways. I don't tell. I just get out."

Again they ate in silence.

"Too bad," said the first old man, "too bad that when one of us has to go, we can't both go. There isn't any place for the one that's left, seems, unless it's at the old folks' home. I've *thought* of that."

"So've I," responded the other, still vigorously. "I thought of everything. But its *my* home they're living in. I turned it over to them gladly. All Viny's things are there. I want to stay among them." The old man's chin quivered childishly. A maid came and took their order for dessert. They gave it with little thought.

"Tom's *good* enough to me," the old man raised his voice, "Milly's got a good husband. It isn't that they aren't *good*. They just haven't time to think about it."

They finished their dessert, and went off to play their game of pinochle and listen to hotel gossip. And I—I found my own dessert untasted. I was thinking, and I was seeing pictures.

Evidently these two old men had money enough of their own to pay their board where they chose and where they could *buy* comparatively congenial companionship. But what of all the old men and old women who *have* to live with their relatives because they can't afford to live anywhere else?

I got up slowly from the table, went slowly out of the hotel doors, and walked slowly up the street. And the thought that went with me—the thought that dragged at my feet and clutched at my throat and tore at my heart—was, How many old hearts are there all about us, hungering for a word, thirsting for love, aching with loneliness? Why do we hurry past them on the stair and in the hall with a brief and meaningless, "How are you?" without *caring* how they are, without waiting to hear how they are? How many old cheeks are wet with tears tonight because son or daughter is in *too great haste* for a little chat, a little dip into the past, a little entering into detail of family affairs or asking for the aged one's counsel and advice?

What are we hurrying *after* that we have no time to give to these who have given so much of their youth to us? What better gift can we ask than the pleased smile of an aged parent because of a little consideration and loving thought?

The pictures I saw were varied and not always happy. I saw an old lady sitting by herself in a comfortably padded rocker on the shady end of a pleasant piazza. I had seen her every afternoon for many weeks of a summer in a year gone by, and finally I had come to giving her daily greeting. I had "asked her how she was," and then stood by impatiently, I fear, while she told me at length. Often, too, I had seen her, myself unobserved, wiping a tear from her lonely, wrinkled old cheek.

Oh, these tears of the aged—weary, sorrowful, hopeless tears! The child cries, and his wants are supplied, or his hurt is soothed, and his tears are dried. The youth weeps, but hope is an abounding fountain in his heart, and his grief is soon assuaged. Even the eyes of the mature are not so long in drying, because of the manifold interests at every hand.

But the tears of the aged are of all, fullest of pathos. They fall because the age that has spent a lifetime in beating for others, is left to pulse away its weary hours alone; because the hands, once so full of loving service, so active in deed, so besought in companionable work,

must needs lie idle now while younger hands perform their deeds with greater expediency. They fall because those over whom they have watched in sickness and with whom they have rejoiced in health, are *too busy* to sit for a few hours each day in cheerful and cheering companionship.

I read the other day in some magazine of a unique club, the Borrowed Time Club. It was a club of old men, all over seventy, all living on "borrowed time," organized by a young man who had loved his own old father, and consequently had thought for all old men. He saw lonely old men sitting apart and cheerless on park benches, and the thought came to him that perhaps he could make life a little happier for them. So they organized a club, and he met with them and talked to them cheerfully. They have music and speakers and good times generally. It gives them—what no life is useful or happy without—*interest*, something to think of, to talk about, to *do*.

And others, hearing of that young man's good deed, have organized Borrowed Time Clubs elsewhere.

We may not all, though some of us may, organize clubs of pleasure for the aged within our ken, but there are few of us who have not some aged friend or relative or acquaintance whose last days we could brighten with small expense. A few hours of chatting, a little gift now and then, a letter, or even a picture postal card—these are small things surely, and yet they mean much to those whose days hang heavily and whose hearts are often sore from neglect and lovelessness.

Let us pause for a few moments each day in our mad haste for heaven knows what, and look about us for those who have run the race. Perhaps, after all, they may have something to give us out of their experience which may help us in our futile search for happiness and satisfaction. Perhaps words of wisdom worth more than the silver which we seek, may fall from their quivering lips.

They have run the race; they have almost reached the goal. Suppose we ask them what they saw along the way. Let us ask them what, out of all their lives, seems best to them at the end, and profit thereby.

And let us take them into our lives, become an active part in it, feel a share of the responsibilities.

"I'd so *love* to go into the kitchen once in a while," said an old lady to me once, "and make a batch of biseuits just as I used to. I *know* Tom'd like them. Molly thinks, just because I'm getting *old*, that I oughtn't to be allowed to do a turn. I wouldn't *be* so old if I had something to do."

Many an old man and old woman are growing older by the minute because their children, in all intended kindness, have taken their work out of their hands and left them nothing to do *but* grow old.

Keep them active, as active as they desire. Give them a part of the home to look after, and let them have interest in *all* of it. Don't dump the children on them to be taken care of every time you want to go out, and then shut up like a clam when they want to know where you've been and what you've done. Grandparents love the babies, but babies can become tiresome even to grandparents.

Invite *their* company once in a while. Give them birthday parties. Take them to drive. See that they meet your company. Read the paper to them and an occasional book. Play a game with them. Make little surprises for them.

To be sure, all this takes time. But what's time *for*? If you're not doing something with it that's

worth while, you're wasting it. And this is worth while, because you're helping to make some one happy who hasn't many chances.

Never mind the other side. They may be deaf or cranky or selfish or disagreeable or ill-tempered. To be sure, in the case of the latter they don't deserve so much, but nevertheless you can do your share. And God pity you if you let any of *your* loved ones pass on without having made every last day a happy one; for if you don't, you'll live in sorrow and regret to the day you die.—*Della Thompson, in American Motherhood.*

Hebrew Sayings

"If thou must deal, be sure to deal with an honest man."

"WHILE thy shoe is on thy foot, tread upon the thorns."

"ONE bird in the net is better than a hundred flying."

"WOE be to him whose advocate becomes his accuser."

"THAT city is in a bad case whose physician hath the gout."

"WHEN the ox falls, there are many that will help kill him."

"WITHHOLD not thine hand from showing mercy to the poor."

"HE that hath been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope."

"If I had not lifted up the stone, you had not found the jewel."



Marjory's Thirteenth Sabbath Offering

I'm only free years old, and yet I go to Sabbath school On ev'ry Sabbath, rain or shine—my mamma made the rule. My teacher's Mrs. Vorheis. Didn't you know that before? She gave us each an en'elope, and said what it was for.

The sirteenth Sabbath offering was coming, don't you see? An' Jesus wanted money just to tell across the sea His love to heathen children just the same as us is given, That they too may be ready, when He comes, to go to heaven.

When I went home I got up on a chair—away up high, And pinned my en'lope on the wall where folks when they went by

Would stop and give to Jesus dear, and then I thought I'd work—

I'd wipe my mamma's dishes, more to earn; we must not shirk.

I had outgrown my baby cart, an' so we sold that too, And put it in my en'lope—my, how that off'ing grew! It surely did; that en'lope got big and bigger still, Until it looked like it might burst, but didn't ever spill.

An' when the sirteenth Sabbath came—you ask how much it had?

O say, I know that Jesus an' my teacher bof were glad.

It had more than five dollars—all your selfishness it cures

To fill your sirteenth en'lope. Now tell how much had yours.

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

A Chinese Newsboy's Boat Visit

A SHORT time ago Elders O. B. Kuhn, A. Moun-tain, and the writer spent Sabbath with the church in Changdeh. We learned that a boat was leaving for Changsha at seven o'clock Sunday morning. The night after the Sabbath we sent a man to secure a room for us, and upon returning, he said that the boat would probably be crowded, and if we wanted to be sure of the room he had secured for us, we must go to the boat early the following morning.

The boats used for travel on the small inland rivers are a kind of small steam launch. It is probably fifty feet from prow to stern, and nine or ten feet across at the widest point, built on the order of large-lake or seagoing vessels. There is one main deck, and a little above the main deck each boat usually has what might be termed a half deck. The boat has two or three small rooms built into the hull, and it is the roofs of these rooms that constitute the little half deck. On this roof, or deck, most of the passengers ride. There is not room for them to stand, as there is a roof or canopy top just a few feet above. The main deck is very narrow, two passengers not being able to pass conveniently.

The Chinese crowd onto these boats and sit on the little half deck just as close as people can possibly sit, while others stand about on the main deck. The little rooms below are also filled far beyond capacity. The Chinese have a horror of a draft of air, so get into those little rooms, close everything up tight, and then men and women alike smoke cigarettes or pipes, and fill the room so full of smoke that one can scarcely see. Sometimes every place upon the decks is taken, and one is compelled to go into these rooms. I have been in these rooms, and would stand or sit near a small window, and have had almost to fight in order to keep that one little window partly open.

When there are several foreigners together, as in this case, it pays to purchase a room and hold it for themselves. But even then it is often difficult to hold it. At times it is so crowded above that some try in every way possible to get into our purchased room. Sometimes one has to contend with soldiers. The officers think it is a face-losing proposition to have to ride on deck, and invariably want to occupy the rooms below; when they do, they let no one else into the rooms, and of course pay nothing to ride or for possession of the rooms.

We arose at five o'clock Sunday morning, and arriving at the boat a little after six, took possession of our room. We ate a meager breakfast which we had prepared the night before. Seven o'clock passed, and

it was nearly eight. We became restless, wondering why the boat did not leave. We were anxious to return home, as we had been away for more than two weeks. Brother Mountain finally ventured to ask why the delay, but received no intelligent reply. Nine o'clock passed, and then it was rumored about that a small company of soldiers were to come aboard this boat, and owing to the fact that the soldiers had not received their money for the trip, they were holding up the boat. When there is any fighting to be done or any robbers to be driven out of a certain place, a certain officer is asked to do the work; but before he will move a man or turn a hand, he must have the money in hand for the job. So it was in this case. The officer had not received the money for doing the work his government had commissioned him to do, so he said he would hold up this boat until he received it. This man had been asked to go up country a short distance and rout some robbers.

This was the only boat we could get that day, so decided to wait awhile, hoping that the officer would soon receive the money and we could be on our way. We were feeling quite blue and disappointed, knowing that each hour of waiting would make us arrive home one hour later.

Presently the door opened and in stepped a newsboy, calling out, "*Mai Changdeh pao*," which means, Buy Changdeh paper. We each told him, "*Pu iao*," meaning, Don't want. I had some Chinese *Signs* magazines with me, and ventured to make him an offer, handing him one of my papers. "If you will buy one of my papers," I said in Chinese, "I will buy one of yours."

Smiling, he took the paper, looked it over, and said in fairly good English, "How much this paper?" We were surprised at his speaking in English, for newsboys in China never learn to use good Chinese, much less to speak English. "You speak English?" inquired Brother Mountain.

"No, no,—no vey good," he answered.

"O, that's very well," I complemented.

"You genl'men go Changsha?" he inquired.

"Yes, go Changsha," replied Brother Kuhn.

"Where did you learn English?" asked Brother Mountain.

"In mission school Szechuan," he replied, and tried to tell us what mission, but we could not understand him.

"How long have you studied English?" asked Brother Mountain.

"Five years," he replied.

"What did you do in Szechuan? Did you work for your mission?" inquired Brother Kuhn.

"Yes," he said, "I wo'ked mission."

"Then what are you doing here?" I asked. "One with your capabilities need not sell papers. How old are you?"

"Twenty-four," he replied.

"It does seem strange that he has come all the way down here to sell papers. There is something wrong in this case," remarked Brother Mountain.

"What your mission?" the newsboy asked us.

"Seventh-day Adventist," replied Brother Kuhn, and repeated it slowly, holding up seven fingers for seventh.

The newsboy did not seem to understand, and so Brother Kuhn told him the name in Chinese, and he still did not understand. "I neveh heard that name afore," he said.

Then Brother Kuhn proceeded to explain to him.

"Seventh-day, that means seventh day of the week, and Adventist has reference to the coming of the Lord, or His second advent. You see we worship on the seventh day of the week and not on Sunday, the first day, as most people do. We also believe that the Lord Jesus is soon coming, hence we are called Seventh-day Adventists."

"What day seventh day?" the newsboy asked.

"Why the day before Sunday, or what most people call Saturday," replied Brother Kuhn.

"Why you keep Saturday?" the boy questioned.

"Because God says we should keep that day."

"Bible no say keep Saturday. Bible say keep Sunday," quoted the boy.

"God in His Bible says keep the seventh day, which is Saturday," Brother Kuhn stated.

"No, no, Bible no say that," interrupted the boy.

"Well, we will read what God says about it. Here, Brother Mountain, give him your Bible. Now I will read and you read. First I will read from Genesis 2:2, 3. Now God says, After I made everything, the world and everything that is in the world, in six days, I rested on the seventh day and hallowed it. Now notice Exodus 20:8-11. This is where God commands us to rest on the seventh day, the same day on which He rested at creation time. Notice also Exodus 34:21. God says under all circumstances, this day—the seventh day—must be observed by all humanity. Now notice a text or two in the New Testament. In Matthew 12:1-13, Christ says He is Lord of the Sabbath day, and the Sabbath is the seventh day. Now in the last book of the Bible there is a message to the people of this world. In Revelation 14:6-12, the reference opens with a call to worship Him who made the heavens and the earth and all that in them is, and closes by saying, 'Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus.' The commandments of God are found in Exodus the twentieth chapter, just what we read at the beginning of our study." The newsboy looked up, and with a light in his face he exclaimed,

"O why the Sunday worshipers so obstinate?"

"That's just it," replied Brother Kuhn, "why are they?"

"Somebody must changed day," went on the boy.

"He did," said Brother Kuhn. "I'm glad you see the point. It was the Pope of Rome. He set himself up as God and said he was greater than God. He said he had power to change the day, and every one who worships on Sunday, worships the Pope and not God."

"That's vey easy und'stand. You make so plain to me. Now I know Sunday not Sabbath."

"If you know it, you must start right in keeping the true Sabbath," replied Brother Kuhn. "Now we will all unite in prayer;" and turning to us, he said, "Brethren, let us earnestly beseech God in behalf of this boy, that he may be able to keep the Sabbath and eventually unite with our people. He has a good-looking face, and I believe the Lord led him here. He is just an honest, truth-seeking boy. Brother Mountain, you lead us in prayer, and, boy, you will pray too, won't you? and let us all pray."

We prayed, thanking God that the truth had won its way into his heart, and pleaded with God to help the boy grow right into the truth and soon unite with our people.

The boy prayed, and I tell you, friends, that was one of the sweetest prayers I ever heard. He humbly confessed his sins, and asked God to forgive him for

keeping the wrong day, and asked the Lord to help him spend more time in the study of his Bible. He broke down and cried. I tell you God worked mightily for that boy. We felt His presence. He was precious near.

After the youth's prayer we asked a few more questions regarding his past life, and found that at one time he was a true and faithful worker in the other mission, but, becoming dissatisfied because they did not restrain their members in sin and crime, he left them, and came these several hundred miles to find a retreat where he could work for himself and be a Christian in his own way. He informed us that he reads his Bible three times a day; and, friends, I believe God sent that truth-loving youth to us to learn the real truth. I never knew of a person who was seeking unselfishly for truth, that God did not in some way, lead him to the truth. He never permits His hungering people to go unfed. We pointed the boy to our church in Changdeh and gave him a card of introduction to our pastor there. He said, "I want to learn much of this truth that you people so gladly tell me, and come so far to preach it to my brothers."

After good-bys were said and we began to think of other things, we looked at our watches and found it to be nearly one o'clock. We learned that the military officer had come aboard and the boat was nearly ready to leave Changdeh. It was a long wait, but, my friends, we were glad for that wait, for we knew that God, in His providence, had either caused the boat to be delayed or had taken advantage of the boat's delay, and sent that young man to us to get a knowledge of the truth.

O young people at home, do not think because you cannot be here and be actively engaged in work, that you have no part in it, for you have. Our God is a prayer-answering God, so you can pray for God to work mightily in behalf of just such young people as the newsboy in China.

J. P. BEACH.

"An Alphabet Party"

WHEN we received invitations to an "alphabet party" recently, our curiosity was at once aroused, and every one began to anticipate a jolly time. The invitations were as follows:

A ll will be welcome;
L eave troubles behind;
P ray don't be tardy, but
H asten and find
A welcome that's waiting
B oth friendly and hearty;
E very one come
T o the Alphabet Party.

As the young people assembled, each received a sheet of paper with a single letter of the alphabet printed in the corner, and was instructed to write a verse about some prominent local person or thing, after the manner of the nursery A B C books, making an illustration to fit it. These, when completed, were read aloud, and then bound into a booklet as a prize for the person making the best verse.

Papers were again distributed, and each guest was asked to compose words from the letters in the word "alphabet."

"Living alphabet" was the next game introduced, the company being divided into two groups of twenty-six persons each. For a larger crowd, three or four groups may be arranged. To every one in each group was given a large card on which was printed one letter of the alphabet. When the leader announced a word,

the persons holding the letters of which it was composed stepped forward and held up their letters to form the word. To the side which was first to spell the word correctly was given a score, and the side which had the most points at the end of the contest was the winner. Care must be taken to select words that will use all letters of the alphabet.

The same letters and plan may be used for a "biographical race." When the leader calls the questions, each captain tries to rush his men into position to spell the answer first. Such questions as the following may be used:

Who was President of the United States during the World War? Wilson.

Who was general of the Allied Armies? Foch.

Who built the ark? Noah.

Who invented the steamboat? Fulton.

Who invented the cotton gin? Whitney.

Who invented the talking machine? Edison.

Who invented the telegraph? Morse.

Who discovered radium? Curie.

Who is called the Great Commoner? Bryan.

Who was the greatest reformer of the sixteenth century? Luther.

Who was the greatest missionary? Paul.

Who was the greatest general of the Civil War? Grant.

Who was the general of the United States Army in the World War? Pershing.

Who is the best home-run batter in baseball? Ruth.

Who wrote "Paradise Lost"? Milton.

Who wrote "The Iliad"? Homer.

Who organized the first Christian Endeavor Society? Francis Clark.

Another variation of this game is the "geographical race," the questions being answered by spelling names of places, as follows:

What is the largest city in America? New York.

Where is Harvard University? Cambridge.

What is the largest State? Texas.

Where is Palm Beach? Florida.

What are the most famous mountains in Europe? Alps.

Where does the Pope live? Rome.

What country is called the Emerald Isle? Ireland.

What is the capital of France? Paris.

From what country did Columbus sail? Spain.

What country is shaped like a boot? Italy.

Where is Copenhagen? Denmark.

What is the largest country in Asia? China.

After these exciting contests the guests will be ready for a more quiet game. Telegram blanks should be given to each one, with instruction to write a message, each word of which will begin with one letter of the word "alphabet."

"Alphabet shopping" is another quiet game. The leader says: "I went shopping this morning, and everything I bought began with C" (or any letter desired). "From the druggist I bought—" (points to some person, who must immediately respond with some article bought from a druggist, beginning with C, as cologne); "from the baker I bought—" ("cookies" or "cake" may be the answer). And so the list continues until some one fails to answer while ten is being counted, when he must take the place of the leader and continue the game.

For the next game, paper and pencils were again distributed, and each person was asked to make an alphabetical list of famous men and women.

The concluding contest was a race with A B C blocks, just like any other relay race, each side having five blocks and each runner carrying the blocks one at a time to the opposite side of the room, the next runner carrying them back, and so on.—Harry W. Githens.

"You need not dress by fashion's last decree;
But don't have pins where buttons ought to be."

Missionary Volunteers' Rally Song

(Sing to tune "Marching Through Georgia")

BRING the good old Bible, friends, we'll sing another song,
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we soon shall sing it with the mighty throng,
While we are working for Jesus.

CHORUS:

Arouse! arouse! and bring the jubilee;
Arouse! arouse! 'tis truth that makes us free;
Thus we'll sing the chorus over mountain, plain, and sea,
While we are working for Jesus.

Armageddon's marching on with silent, stealthy tread,
With disease and pestilence the land is overspread,
And a form of godliness serves in the Spirit's stead;
O! let us toil on for Jesus!

Open is the sealèd book; the prophet's voice is heard,
Tongue and pen and mighty press are heralding God's word,
And with prophecies fulfilled and Sinai's thunders stirred,
O! let us hasten for Jesus!

As Missionary Volunteers let us all be true,
Never halting, never shrinking, when there's work to do;
But with clear, undaunted faith, in God our strength renew,
And still keep working for Jesus.

MRS. IZA E. CLEMENT.

Results

ONE Personal Workers' Band in a society in this union conference won fourteen souls to Christ, during the past year," wrote a union conference Missionary Volunteer secretary. I looked again—"fourteen souls!" Could it mean four? No, it is "fourteen"—by one band of personal workers.

It does not take many words to tell it, but it took earnest praying and hard work to do it. This is just the work all our young people should be doing. And the secretary adds, "There is a general activity everywhere on the part of our young people in behalf of souls."

M. E. KERN.

Our Counsel Corner

How may I receive spiritual help while reading the long, detailed accounts of war, bloodshed, vice, and crime given in the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, and Kings? I am reading the Bible through for my morning devotional reading, and it is difficult for me to apply much that I read to my daily living.

A BIBLE YEAR READER.

When Ulfilas, away back in the fourth century, translated the Bible into the Gothic language ("the oldest written monument of the Teutonic languages"), he omitted the four books of Kings and Chronicles lest his people should have their warlike spirit stirred still more. While I have no feeling of disregard for any portion of the Bible, I have never felt like condemning this early missionary for the omission, for surely it was not the book of Kings which those savages needed just then.

I believe that "all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," but I would not say that every portion of the Bible is of equal value for devotional reading. We all revert to certain portions of Scripture again and again, and rarely refer to other portions. How often we turn to the shepherd psalm (the twenty-third), and how rarely do we read the first chapter of First Chronicles. Yet, even those long genealogical tables have their value, in showing the descent of Christ, the promised seed—the central figure of the plan of salvation.

But if "all Scripture . . . is profitable," should we not read it all? And will not our vision enlarge as we take in the whole sweep of sacred history? And will not we be instructed even in reading the record of the evil things that were done, if we are thereby impressed with the way in which God uses even

men who are not perfect, but takes into account that "this man was born there"? Psalm 87. Some of these Old Testament records will help us understand Jesus' words when He said it was because of the hardness of their hearts that some things were permitted.

Even when reading the Bible through by course and for devotional purposes, one will find great help in the reading of a few chapters from any part of the word, when he takes this broad view of it, and looks for spiritual *thought* rather than quotable words (although there are many quotable gems in these books).

I would recommend the Morning Watch texts for the devotional hour (if it can be but a short time), and the Bible Year for a broad understanding of the providences of God in the unfolding of the plan of salvation. Be assured of this, as Mrs. E. G. White has told us, if we sink the shaft deep into the mine of eternal truth, we shall obtain the celestial gold which will make us wise unto salvation.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

V — Israel a Severed Vine

(April 29)

LESSON HELP: "Prophets and Kings," pp. 15-22.

Questions

The Vine and the Branches

1. In what terms does Christ speak of His relationship to His followers? John 15: 5, first part.
2. What careful attention is given to the branches? Verses 1, 2.
3. What only can repay the Father for this attention? Verse 8.
4. How only can fruit be borne? Verse 5.
5. What must be done with the dead branches? Verse 6.

The Severed Vine

6. What parable tells of God's tender care for Israel? Isa. 5: 1-4, 7, first part.
7. What brought great disappointment to the husbandman? Verse 4, last part; Hosea 10: 1.
8. What was the cause of this condition? Hosea 8: 14, first clause.
9. What purging process became necessary? Isa. 5: 5, 6; Hosea 9: 17.
10. What was one means by which this purging was to be effected? Jer. 25: 8-11. How long were the people to be in a strange land? Verse 11.

The Lesson of the Captivity

11. What great lesson was Israel to learn in exile? Deut. 30: 2, 3, 8. Note 1.
12. How was their captivity to glorify God among the nations? Jer. 33: 9. Note 2.
13. What examples of faithful witnessing stand as monuments to the value of Christian training? Dan. 1: 3, 6.
14. What principle did Daniel and his companions carry out? Phil. 2: 12, 13. Note 3.

Notes

1. "Humbled in the sight of the nations, those who once had been recognized as favored of Heaven above all other peoples of the earth were to learn in exile the lesson of obedience so necessary for their future happiness. Until they had learned this lesson, God could not do for them all that He desired to do."—"Prophets and Kings," p. 475.

2. "Before all the nations of earth He would demonstrate His plan to bring victory out of apparent defeat, to save rather than to destroy." "In the land of their captivity these men were to carry out God's purpose by giving to heathen nations the blessings that come through a knowledge of Jehovah. They were to be His representatives."—*Id.*, pp. 475, 479.

3. "While God was working in Daniel and his companions 'to will and to do of His good pleasure,' they were working out their own salvation. Herein is revealed the outworking of the divine principle of co-operation, without which no true success can be attained. Human effort avails nothing without divine power; and without human endeavor, divine effort is with many

of no avail. To make God's grace our own, we must act our part. His grace is given to work in us to will and to do, but never as a substitute for our effort."—*Id.*, pp. 486, 487.

Intermediate Lesson

V — Paul Arrested in the Temple

(April 29)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 21:18-40.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5:10.

LESSON HELP: "The Acts of the Apostles," pp. 399-408.

PLACES: Jerusalem, in the temple, and on the stairs of the castle of Antonia.

PERSONS: Paul and his company; James and the elders; the Jews; four men having a vow; the chief captain and his soldiers.

Setting of the Lesson

The meeting of Paul, the Lord's chosen apostle to the Gentiles, with the Jewish believers in Jerusalem, was an occasion of more than ordinary interest. James, the brother of Jesus, was still the head of the church there. None of the twelve apostles are mentioned. They were probably widely scattered on various missions. Some of the leading brethren at Jerusalem still cherished prejudice against the methods of Paul and his associates. Paul felt that if he could remove this prejudice he would clear away a great hindrance to the success of the work of the gospel, but the counsel of the brethren to Paul was not in harmony with the will of God.

"If you are tempted to reveal
A tale some one has told
About another, make it pass,
Before you speak, three gates of gold:

"These narrow gates: First, 'Is it true?'
This, 'Is it needful?' In your mind
Give truthful answer. And the next
Is last and narrowest, 'Is it kind?'

"And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be."

Questions

1. With whom did Paul and his associates meet the day after they arrived in Jerusalem? Acts 21:18.
2. What did Paul relate to the company? Verse 19. Note 1.
3. When they heard Paul's experience, what were they led to do? What did they say to Paul about the number of Jews who believed? For what were these Jews zealous? Verse 20.
4. What report did they say had been brought to Jerusalem about Paul? Who did the brethren say would wish to hear him? Verses 21, 22.
5. What was suggested that Paul should do to show his loyalty to the teachings of Moses? Verses 23-26. Note 2.
6. When the seven days required for the ceremony were almost ended, who saw Paul in the temple? What did they immediately do? What accusation did these men from Asia make against Paul? Verses 27, 28. Note 3.
7. What led them to suppose that Paul had brought Greeks into the temple? Verse 29. Note 4.
8. What effect did this outcry have upon the people of the city? What did they do with Paul? Verse 30.
9. What was their purpose concerning Paul? What tidings came to the chief captain? What prompt action did he take? What effect did the presence of the soldiers have upon the angry Jews? Verses 31, 32. Note 5.
10. What did the captain command to be done with Paul? What questions did he ask? Verse 33.
11. Why could the captain not understand the answer to his questions? Where did he command that Paul be taken? Verse 34. Note 6.
12. What was necessary in order to protect Paul from the anger of the people? What did the multitude cry out as they followed up the stairs? Verses 35, 36.

13. As Paul was about to be led into the castle, what question did he ask of the captain? What caused the captain to express surprise? What other man had he thought Paul to be? Verses 37, 38. Note 7.

14. What did Paul say of himself? What privilege did he ask? Verse 39.

15. How did the apostle silence the people? In what language did he speak? Verse 40.

Do You Remember

The prophecy of Agabus concerning Paul?

The decision of the council in the matter of what was to be required of the Gentile Christians?

Former troubles which Paul had with the Jews of Asia?

Accusations against Jesus which are somewhat like those made against Paul?

Notes

1. "On this occasion, Paul and his companions formally presented to the leaders of the work at Jerusalem the contributions forwarded by the Gentile churches for the support of the poor among their Jewish brethren. . . . These freewill offerings betokened the loyalty of the Gentile converts to the organized work of God throughout the world."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 399.

2. Several years had passed since the council in Jerusalem had decided that they could not ask the Gentiles to keep the laws and ceremonies of the Jews. But some of the Jews continually found fault with Paul and his plans of work for the Gentiles. Now they asked him to assist in a Jewish ceremony with four men who had made a vow that required them to shave their heads and make certain costly sacrifices. Paul was to purify himself in the temple with these four men, and as they were poor he was to pay the cost of their sacrifices, or as expressed in the American Revised Version, "Be at charges for them." The ceremonies took about one week of time. Paul agreed to this, not because it was necessary, but because of his great desire to be in harmony with the Jewish believers. But Paul was not required by the Lord to do as the Jews asked.

3. "Asia"—not the continent, but the small province of Asia, of which Ephesus was the chief city. The Ephesian Jews had been bitter enemies of the gospel, and they knew Paul by sight.

"Those who advised Paul to take this step had not fully considered the great peril to which he would thus be exposed. At this season, Jerusalem was filled with worshipers from many lands. As, in fulfillment of the commission given him by God, Paul had borne the gospel to the Gentiles, he had visited many of the world's largest cities, and he was well known to thousands who from foreign parts had come to Jerusalem to attend the feast. Among these were men whose hearts were filled with bitter hatred for Paul; and for him to enter the temple on a public occasion was to risk his life. For several days he passed in and out among the worshipers, apparently unnoticed; but before the close of the specified period, as he was talking with a priest concerning the sacrifices to be offered, he was recognized by some of the Jews from Asia. With the fury of demons they rushed upon him."—*Id.*, p. 406.

4. To bring Greeks into that part of the temple from which all Gentiles were excluded was a crime to be punished with death. Paul, being a Jew, had a right to be there, but it was supposed that he had brought Trophimus in, because he was seen walking in the city with this brother.

5. Claudius Lysias was the name of the Roman captain who rescued Paul.

6. This castle was the fortress of Antonia located at one corner of the temple. This fortress was connected with the temple grounds by two flights of steps.

7. The historian Josephus mentions the "Egyptian" whom Lysias thought Paul to be. This man had gathered a large number of discontented Jews on Mount Olivet. He claimed to be the Christ, and told them he could make the walls of Jerusalem fall if he but spoke the word. Felix, the governor, sent soldiers against this company, and they fled. It is said that there were four thousand assassins among them who carried daggers, and many thieves.

"LITTLE drops of water, little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean and the pleasant land.
So the little minutes, humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages of eternity."

President Harding's Autograph

A GIRL who attended an Easter egg-rolling on the White House grounds, "in the wild hope of a happy opportunity, slipped her birthday book into her pocket. . . . As they were leaving, the girl said, 'Mr. President, you have been so awfully good to us — will you write your name in my birthday book?'

"Yes, gladly," answered the President, reaching for the book. As he glanced down the page, his face suddenly sobered, and for an instant his eyes were fastened on the Bible verse at the top of the page. Then without a word he quickly wrote his name.

"As soon as the girls could they scanned the book eagerly to see what verse had so sobered their genial host. They were the words from the ninety-first psalm, 'I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.'"

Expressed Sympathy

DEATH came into a New England home recently and took away the mother, leaving two sons and a daughter to mourn their loss. The three were greatly endeared to the mother, and she to them. On account of their own ill health and the extra demands made upon them during her sickness, they were each almost broken physically when the mother passed away; so the ministry of friends and neighbors under these trying circumstances was touchingly beautiful. All expressed their sympathy in kindly spoken words, and many in homely deeds:

One gentleman whose wife was prevented by illness from performing a much-needed domestic service she had offered to perform, came himself and fulfilled her promise. Another, the manager of a large factory, lent his automobile for hours of running about on necessary errands. Several neighbors opened their homes for the entertainment of relatives and friends of the deceased.

Several supplied the table with gifts of food. The pastor and his wife called to render spiritual help and encouragement. Many beautiful floral pieces were sent in. Nothing, it seems, was left undone by the community of neighbors that could have been done to assuage the poignancy of the grief of the afflicted family. None of these neighbors were of the same religious belief as was the bereaved family; but their ministry was unstained with bigotry or religious prejudice. They were sympathetically kind, that was all.

So awful does death seem to us, and so bitter the grief of those who mourn, that we may hesitate to visit the house of mourning lest we intrude upon a grief that welcomes solitude alone. But real heartfelt sympathy expressed in service, makes a welcome for itself. Then do not be afraid to minister to those in sorrow. Search out the afflicted ones, and carry them flowers or food. Offer them any kindly service that may be needed, remembering that the humblest service may be the most needed and therefore the most appreciated.

What doth the Lord require of one but to deal justly, to be very kind, not only to the fatherless and widows in their affliction, but to all who mourn? Surely such will reap the blessings suggested by Prof. Henry Van Dyke:

"He that taketh up the burden of the fainting
Lighteneth his own load:
The Almighty will put His arms underneath him.
He shall lean upon the Lord.

"He that speaketh comfortable words to mourners,
Healeth his own hurt:
In the time of grief they will come to his remembrance,
God will use them for balm.

"He that careth for a wounded brother,
Watcheth not alone:
There are three in the darkness together,
And the third is the Lord.

"Blessed is the way of the helpers,
The companions of the Christ."

F. D. C.

Be Broad and Liberal

MR. RODEHEAVER, choir director for Mr. Sunday, in giving a talk to the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago, said, among many other good things,

"Everything you do ought to tend toward winning men for God.

"There are always some old women who will want to sing in your choir, and want to have the front seats, and you will feel like rejecting them. Don't do it. You will have a poorer choir with them in it, but don't discourage those who want to sing. Sometimes their prayers will do more than the praise of some of the others.

"At one place where we held meetings a boy sang in my choir who was not quite bright. He would never leave the tabernacle at night until he could shake my hand. It did not matter how many people were waiting to talk to me, nor how important the conference might be, he would come down and stand right next to me, and if I moved, he would too.

"About the next to the last night of the meetings a man came forward to speak to me at the close. I had seen him come down the night before with his wife and five children, and all take the evangelist's hand and then sit down in the front row.

"He came to me and said: 'I just want to thank you for being so kind to Joey. He isn't quite bright, and has never had anything he has enjoyed so much as coming here and singing in the choir. You have been so kind to him, and he has worked so hard during the day in order to be ready in time to come here at night. He has urged and coaxed us to come too, and it is through him that my wife and I and our five children have been led to the Lord.

"His grandmother, and grandfather, seventy-five years old and an infidel all his life, have come tonight, and now the whole family are converted.'"



"I've turned my back on every evil thing"