

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 70

October 24, 1922

No. 43

## Finding My Mission

*I was longing for a mission;  
Fancy made it something grand —  
Something that would win the praises  
Of the world on every hand;  
So I squandered time in waiting  
For the chance that never came,  
Quite forgot to think of others  
In my longings after fame.*

*But one day I had a vision  
Of the needy ones near by,  
Of the hearts that starve with hunger  
Till they faint and fall and die —  
Starve for little deeds of kindness,  
Or a word of hope and cheer,  
And the smiles that cost so little,  
But can make it heaven here.*

*Then it was I found my mission —  
Knew what work God meant for me,  
And I cried: "Forgive my blindness;  
Now, at last, thank God, I see!"  
And my heart that had been selfish  
In its longings to be great,  
Saw great fields of labor waiting  
For me just outside my gate.*

*So I seek to scatter sunshine  
In a dark and cheerless place.  
Loving words have given courage;  
Smiles have cheered the tearful face.  
In the joy of helping others,  
God's good time I waste no more  
Since my life has found its mission  
Waiting at the very door.*

— Eben E. Rexford.



# From Here and There

God gives us a backbone; it is for us to strengthen it.

The moment of annoyance is just the time to keep the soul serene.

Col. Robert E. Lee, grandson of Gen. Robert E. Lee, died in Roanoke, Virginia, on September 7.

W. H. Hudson, "the British John Burroughs," an English naturalist, and the writer of several books on natural history, died recently in London.

The Petrograd Geological Committee states that the diaries of two members of the Amundsen North Pole expedition, who were lost in 1919, have been found.

Lord Robert Cecil, chairman of the League of Nations Commission for the Reduction of Armaments, has proposed that an American woman be made a member of the commission.

"The Post-Card Ranch," reads a signboard near Corcoran, California. The ranch, however, produces grain, not postcards, and is owned by two rich capitalists, Mr. Post and Mr. Card.

Five women are alternate delegates to the third assembly of the League of Nations, now in session in Geneva. Denmark has also sent a woman as expert adviser, who sits on the floor of the parliament.

The German government printing office has been turning out 2,000,000,000 paper marks a day, as compared with 5,000,000,000 needed. The shortage of paper money, especially of small notes, is causing great inconvenience.

On September 6 Germany paid the first direct reparations check to one of the war sufferers in the devastated regions of France. The money was for building material to make good property destroyed by Germans.

A cigarette started a fire at Hercules, California, which burned a strip five miles wide, and threatened destruction to the great Hercules Powder Company's plant. Fear of such a disaster caused panic in near-by towns, until the flames were checked.

Brazil gained her freedom from Portuguese rule one hundred years ago. From September 7 till next March a centennial exposition will be held, commemorating the liberty gained under the leadership of one of Brazil's greatest men, Dom Pedro.

It is reported that twelve students of a college in England have bought a small uninhabited island from Ecuador off the coast of South America, where they expect to grow fruit and raise cattle. Most of the young men were officers in the World War. One editor, in commenting on their choice, asks: "If they do make a living, will they make a life? What will be their contribution to the pressing problems of the day?"

Mrs. Zahel is administrator of the island of Badu, in the Torres Strait just north of Australia, near New Guinea. Mrs. Zahel, a white woman, has lived quite alone on the island for many years. She is magistrate, governor, teacher, and religious leader for the natives. Under her leadership "the natives have been raised from a slough of immorality to a plane of high ideals, and are models of usefulness, cleanliness, and intelligence."

Observing the nicety with which a cow licked the cotton out of a boll, an inventor got the idea of what promises to be a really successful cotton picker. His electrical cow has a rough tongue of revolving brushes, the suction of a high-powered vacuum cleaner, and a group of long, flexible necks. The machine, operated from a tractor, enables four pickers to cover eight rows at once, and to pick clean about five times as fast as by hand.

When Kosciuszko, one of Poland's great heroes and one of America's generous friends, made his will, he appointed Thomas Jefferson, then President of the United States, his executor. His will expressed a desire that his property in America be used for liberating slaves and for giving them a practical education, in order to make them good citizens, "good neighbors, good fathers or mothers," and teaching them to defend the liberties of their country.

A Tennessee reader of a Southern paper writes to its editor: "There are numbers of children within easy walking distance of our commodious school building who have never shadowed a schoolroom. They have no ambition. In some cases their parents say: 'I hain't got no education, and my children don't need none.'" This condition does not prevail in just one spot in Tennessee, but throughout the great tobacco belt of the South. The States that head the list in tobacco acreage are at the foot of the list in educational matters. Tennessee, for instance, is fourth in tobacco acreage and fortieth in education. Of the 1,763,000 acres devoted to tobacco this year, in the United States, nearly one third of this vast area is in Kentucky, which stands first of all the States in tobacco acreage, with 558,000 acres surrendered to the weed that poisons and destroys, and forty-fourth in education.

The Bible is one of the oldest books in the world. The book of Job had been written about three thousand years when Chaucer opened the springs of "English undefiled." The book of Ruth was twenty-five hundred years old when America was discovered. Yet there are hundreds of millions of people who read their Bibles daily, and find them fresh as the break of day. This is because the Bible was adjusted, in the beginning, to all vicissitudes of time and to all the progress of coming ages. Its truths, its ethical precepts, its exceeding great and precious promises, are like Oriental spices, which the more they are rubbed give forth the more fragrant sweetness. The gospel is "good news." It is as fresh as when the evangel first came to Paradise. It is the latest news from the heaven of a loving God.

De-inking is a new process for removing the ink from newspapers, leaving the paper perfectly clean, so it can be used again. The method is said to be inexpensive, and may bring a reduction in the price of paper. What a pity that some papers and books are not de-inked before leaving the press.

## The Saddest Thing

Like bread without the spreadin',  
Like bread pudding without sauce,  
Like a mattress without stuffin',  
Like a cart without a hoss,  
Like a door without a latchstring,  
Like a fence without a stile,  
Like a dry and barren creek bed,  
Is a face without a smile.

Like a house without a dooryard,  
Like a yard without a flower,  
Like a clock without a mainspring  
That will never tell the hour;  
A thing that always makes you feel  
A hunger, all the while;  
The saddest sight that ever was  
Is a face without a smile.

— Selected.

# The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday  
Printed and published by the

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.  
AT TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., U. S. A.

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VOL. 70 OCTOBER 24, 1922 No. 43

## Subscription Rates

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

## Club Rates

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

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

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



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TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 24, 1922

No. 43

## Thy Will, Not Mine

W. A. GYES

Low at Thy feet, my weary soul, O Father,  
Shall find a safe retreat.  
The burden of the day has been so heavy;  
But rest with Thee, how sweet.

I do not understand the way Thou'st led me,  
Nor is the future clear;  
But with my hand in Thine, O loving Saviour,  
Its shadows I'll not fear.

Shouldst Thou send grief to me, with burning teardrops,  
Or should death's cruel power  
Be what Thou seest is best my life to temper,  
O Father, in that hour

Help me to only ask that Thou'lt clasp closer  
My trembling hand in Thine.  
Help me, whate'er my lot, in true submission  
To say, "Thy will, not mine;"

To only pray that Thou wilt not forsake me,  
But by Thy wondrous grace  
Wilt bear me up until across the river  
I shall behold Thy face.

O blissful thought! O wondrous truth eternal!  
For grief will soon be o'er.  
No pain, no parting, and no disappointments —  
Our Lord is at the door.

## Why I Am Ashamed of the Movies

I AM a producer of motion pictures. For the past six years I have been on the inside of the great, crude new industry that has been ridiculed as an art, excoriated as a business, scorned as an entertainment, and envied as a means of making money. As scenario editor, production manager, buyer, seller, and finally maker of pictures, I have learned both the tremendous possibilities and the tremendous dangers of the cinema.

Before I went into motion-picture work, I was in close contact with scholastic and educational circles, my father, my uncle, and my brother all being college professors. Through writing, I also came in contact with a good many literary folk. This background, from which I have never become entirely separated, has kept me always something of an observer, a reporter, a metic, in motion pictures. I have played always more or less of a lone hand. For while I have been attracted on the one side by the fascination of varied and influential creative work, as well as by big salaries and high financial returns, I have been repelled on the other by the unpleasant personalities, the discourtesy, inefficiency, stupidity, and downright dishonesty with which any one engaged in motion-picture work must come in contact.

On the whole, the movies have treated me very well. I have no complaint to make against the industry itself as far as my own relations to it go. But I believe that the time has come for some one, with full knowledge of the facts as well as a realization of how much they mean to this country, to expose them.

For I am also a parent. I have four children. Each week my youngsters come to me and clamor for permission to "see the picture tonight." They're clean, intelligent youngsters, capable of enjoying worth-while stories; I'm not much afraid of any slight harm that might come to them from seeing any ordinary intelligently produced film, whose only drawback is that it is "too old" for them. But since I am in the business myself, I am usually acquainted with the particular leading film that is to be shown, and about three times out of four *I won't give my children permission to go* — nor do I care to go myself. And yet where we live, in a residential suburb, the

pictures are shown, one evening a week, at the parish house of the leading church. The member of the congregation who selects the films is a motion-picture exhibitor of wealth and influence. He is able to comb the entire motion-picture market for the best films. When they are shown, almost the entire community turns out to watch them. Looking only for one good film a week, we can't find it.

Recently there has been a sharp falling off in movie attendance all over the United States. It has reached to nearly 35 per cent of the estimated total for the country. Part of that, to be sure, is accounted for by hard times in the industry; but hundreds of thousands, at least, of the three million and more people per day who are just now keeping away from the movie theaters are repelled by the hopeless mediocrity of the films.

But wait a moment. At a banquet recently given in honor of a newly returned college president, I had the opportunity of asking the guest of honor what he thought of the work of D. W. Griffith.

"Griffith?" he asked. "Who is he?"

"He's a motion-picture producer," I explained, wondering how it was possible that a man as prominent as the head of a big State institution, could have avoided hearing of him.

"Oh, motion pictures!" And the president of a university that reached, with its extensive courses and all, some fifteen thousand people a year, gave a gently condescending laugh. "*You can't expect me to know anything about motion pictures! I have enough real work to take up my time without bothering about the movies.*"

Yet that very day, where possibly ten thousand people of his State were being reached by the university, not less than three hundred thousand were watching those same despised movies. For every student that his great institution was influencing and developing, thirty were attending the School of the Screen, breathing in the intellectually unwholesome atmosphere of the despised films that he was proud to know nothing about. His job was harder than that of Hercules in the Augean stables: for every shovelful of trouble that he threw out of the door, thirty were coming in through the window. . . .



Every morning a boy on a bicycle slings a tightly twisted paper onto your porch—the news of the day. Through this wide country, the influence of the great presses that whirl through the night to spread information and mold opinion, is almost unthinkable. *The power of the press!*

Around the corner stands the big, square-cornered schoolhouse, where shouting children with schoolbooks slung from straps, are gathering to receive their daily portion of the advice and knowledge and guidance and development that are determining right now what America will be when those children grow up. *The power of the school!*

Three blocks down the street is the brownstone church, with its slim spire, that draws its quota of faithful attendants every week, when the bells ring over a hushed city—still a tremendous influence in the lives of its members. *The power of the church!*

In Washington our Senators and Representatives are determining whether or not we shall have a high tariff or a low one, whether or not profiteering shall be adequately curbed, whether or not selfishness and greed shall be allowed to dominate the business world. *The power of the government!*

And there, a dozen years ago, we might have stopped.

But today, if you walk to the edge of the business section of the city, you see the flaming lobby displays of "The Price She Paid," or "The Woman in His Room," at the Lyric Motion Picture Theater.

Already the afternoon crowd is beginning to drift in, by twos and threes, women and children; now, several young fellows out of work; next, a group of servant girls, on their "afternoon off." The box office is busy. Tonight, if the picture is a "big winner," there'll be a black line-up at nine o'clock, waiting to get in for the "second show."

There are 22,353 newspapers published in the United States and Canada. The aggregate circulation of all the newspapers, morning and evening, is 31,000,000. The Sunday circulation is 15,000,000.

But in 1921 there were 17,824 theaters in the United States alone devoted exclusively to the showing of motion pictures. Ten million people a day pay and push to get in to watch Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin and the news reels and Bruce Scenics and all the rest. We spend as many hours each day at the movies as are spent over the daily papers.

The average daily attendance at all the public schools in this country is a little more than 15,000,000. For every three children attending public school, two persons are watching motion pictures. That's during the school term. But the schools stop in summer—while the movies go on.

For every hour spent in church, more than three hours are spent at the movies.

And this tremendous new factor of our civilization, acting daily on millions and millions of minds,—the majority of them young and impressionable: potentially powerful for

either good or evil,—is given over almost entirely to "entertainment" that is only a short step at best from being an absolute affront to a mature intelligence!

We are what our impressions make us. Take even a child of the finest instincts and inheritance, bring him up in the slums, surround him with an environment that impresses upon his developing mind only evil, and you soon have only a first-class crook.

Let a child grow up in a community marked by a spirit of fair play and good sportsmanship, and he will himself instinctively play square when the time comes for him to take his own place in the game.

Let young people—and the average age of our motion-picture patrons is under twenty—or old ones either, go time after time to motion-picture entertainments that show distorted ideas and ideals, that misrepresent life, where the taste and moral code and conduct of the individuals portrayed are cheap and stupid, and you lower, by just so much, the ideas and ideals and taste and character and conduct of the young or old who watch unflinchingly while reel follows reel. And more, *we receive impressions most readily, most indelibly, through the eye.* . . .

You and I can keep away from the dime palaces that bore us, but that won't change their effect on the nightly millions who sit open-mouthed, absorbing this impression and that, developing while they watch! Do you doubt that the effect of thousands on thousands of crude motion pictures upon the United States citizenry is already a definite thing? Do you doubt that we are already beginning to pay the price in *lowered standards and a lowered democracy?* And what will our children have to pay?

"Thus in all these ways," read the final sentence of the oath of the Athenian youth, "we will transmit this city, not only not less, but greater, better, and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us." They couldn't have kept that oath very well if they'd flooded their city with prints of "Her Double Life" or "Ten Nights in a Barroom."

We think of the printing press as marking the beginning of modern civilization. With printing came the ready dissemination of information. But where the infancy of the printing press lay in the hands of an intelligent element of the population—the thinking, reading, scholarly class—the early years of this big new baby brother—the movies—have been neglected by the intelligent people who should have been watching over it.

The development of motion pictures has been left to what we can fairly say is one of the very worst elements of our population today—the element that represents short-sighted commercialism, the ugly word for which is Greed. Recently I saw a foreign picture produced under the name of "The Mystery of the Hotel Grand." It had been renamed by its American owner, "Was She to Blame?" I asked him why.

"Why? I've got to have a good box-office title, haven't I? I've got to sell the picture! 'Was She to



A Giant Cactus Growing in Arizona

(Continued on page thirteen)



## Another Anniversary

E. E. ANDROSS

WE have just passed October 22, another anniversary of the beginning of the work of judgment in the heavenly courts. And this reminds us again of the fact that soon the work of our great High Priest will be finished. He will exchange His priestly robe for His royal apparel. Soon He will lay down the scepter of peace and take the rod of iron.

As surely as night follows day; as certainly as death follows birth, so surely will the work of Jesus, our Saviour, as priest and advocate before the Father's throne, end with the conclusion of the work of the investigative judgment in which He has been engaged since Oct. 22, 1844. Then will go forth the decree which marks the close of probation for all men, and which fixes the destiny of every soul. Then the wounded hands that for nineteen centuries have been lifted before the mercy-seat in behalf of the erring and the sinful will be lowered; the voice that has been raised in tender appeal in their behalf — oftentimes in vain — will be heard in supplication no more forever.

The Judge of all the earth in irrevocable justice then pronounces these words which fix the sinner's doom: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And, behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be." Rev. 22:11, 12.

In the typical service of the earthly sanctuary the work of the day of atonement was finished in one day; in the antitypical service of the heavenly sanctuary the work of the great day of atonement, or the investigative judgment, is to be finished in one generation. Seventy-eight years of that generation have now passed, and the end is rapidly approaching. The sun of the day of salvation is sinking in the west; "the day goeth away, for the shadows of the evening are stretched out." Jer. 6:4.

There is much in the world today to attract the young person who, with the eye of faith, has not seen the better land. Its pleasures are fascinating; its offers of wealth and power are alluring in the extreme. But think of the multiplied millions who have offered their souls on the altar of worldly pleasure or of

wealth and power, who, without hope, have gone to their graves, and are awaiting the judgment of the great day. How quickly life passes away. Truly "all flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field: the grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand forever." Isa. 40:6, 8.

How important now that this truth be deeply impressed on our hearts, that instead of wasting these last golden moments of probation we employ them in the sweetest, the most enduring of all possible joys — communion with our precious Saviour and dearest Friend — and in helping others to prepare to welcome His return with joy.

### Advent

THE church has waited long  
Her absent Lord to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits,  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still in weeds of widowhood  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died;  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side;  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to ripen there,  
Till the last glorious morn.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The serpent's brood increase,  
The powers of hell grow bold,  
The conflict thickens, faith is low,  
And love is waxing cold.  
How long, O Lord our God,  
Holy and true and good,  
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering church,  
Her sighs and tears and blood?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

We long to hear Thy voice,  
To see Thee face to face,  
To share Thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share Thy grace.  
Should not the loving bride  
The absent bridegroom mourn?  
Should she not wear the weeds of grief  
Until her Lord return?  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that voice,  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.  
Come, Lord, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain,  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come, then, Lord Jesus, come!

— Horatius Bonar.

### An M. V. Society of India

A LITTLE over a year ago a Missionary Volunteer Society was organized in Lucknow, India, the headquarters of the Northwest India Union Mission. It was a company of fifteen or twenty young Indians. These young people are naturally diffident about taking part in public meetings, yet the leader, Mrs. I. F. Blue, says:

"They have responded well, and have never refused to take the part assigned them on the programs. If you could see the improvement they have made, I am sure you would be pleased. We have a few Junior members in the society, too, and they are always happy when they can memorize a poem or take some part in the meeting."

This little society in far-off India is active, too. The Missionary Volunteer Society at Mountain View, California, has been sending a club of sixty-five *Signs*, weekly, and they mail them out to individuals.

The following incident shows the spirit of these Indian Missionary Volunteers:

"Our society is not so large at present, as three members died last winter, and others have been transferred to different places. We took a vote as to whether those who remained wished to continue the meetings during the hot weather, as there were so few left. They voted to go on."

These Missionary Volunteers in Lucknow are interested in good reading, too. Several have read some of our Reading Course books, and two Juniors have finished a course, and are to receive the first Reading Course certificates to be granted in India. They are building up a society library, and now have fifty volumes.

M. E. KERN.



## Providences in the Growth of Religious Liberty

### How England Broke with Rome

JOHN ORR CORLISS

WITHOUT doubt, the political campaign which won for Charles V the imperial crown of Germany, had much to do with the part England acted later in weakening papal control of human thought. Henry VIII, king of England, had a young sister Mary, whom he felt obliged to give in marriage to the old French king Louis XII, in settlement of a quarrel between the two monarchs. When she went to France for the nuptial ceremony in 1509, she was accompanied by a sprightly little waiting maid of seven years, named Anne Boleyn.

Eleven years later a great gathering took place, calculated to strengthen a federal compact between the kings of France and England. The desire for this was created by the rivalry between Francis I, then the French king, and Charles V over the struggle for the imperial crown, which Charles had won in 1519. His coronation was to take place the following year. In the meantime Francis arranged this kingly tournament, of sham horseback duels, at a place known in history as the Field of the Cloth of Gold. At its opening on June 11, 1520, the nobility of both France and England were present to vie with each other in the display of rich garments, some of which, it is said, were actually covered with jewels.

But the chief center of attraction there was a young woman, eighteen years of age, one of the train of court ladies accompanying the French queen. This was none other than the waiting maid of eleven years before, who had gone to France with the English king's sister, when on her way to marry the French king. Now she was regarded as the fairest and wittiest woman in all that vast throng. King Henry of England, fascinated by her looks, was seized with a strange desire to secure her as a member of his own household.

Owing to Henry's assumed friendship for the French monarch, the transfer of the beautiful girl was accomplished, and she soon became a popular lady of the English court, being specially favored by the king. Henry's regard for Anne Boleyn soon ripened into more than courteous respect. When he had passed his thirty-seventh birthday, he permitted the charms of this attractive woman to alienate his affections from Catharine of Aragon, his lawful queen of many years. Indeed his chief pleasure seemed to be in the society of his maiden love. What could such things mean, when done in the face of a whole nation? What effect were they to have on future religious issues? Was it possible for a fair face and cheerful smile so to affect the passion of a cruel despot, as to lead the human race through a series of rights and liberties, long lost in the maze of imperious tyrannies? We shall see.

The king's passions toward Anne grew stronger, until her consent was gained to marry him. But it was well understood that the first step in the program would be to get rid, in some way, of Catharine. This matter was placed in the hands of Cardinal Wolsey, the king's chief of state, who sent an embassy to Rome. The Pope, desiring to keep on the best of terms with Henry, intimated that he would see the desired divorce secured. But subsequent events proved that the Pope's amiability was but a turn of political diplomacy, which was common then as well as now.

Catharine was aunt to Emperor Charles, who, upon hearing what was going on, sent a protest to Rome. It would not do to offend so powerful a monarch as Charles, and it was policy also to keep in the good graces of Henry. A perilous road was thus opened before the Pope, so he decided to send his legate, Cardinal Campeggio, to England, where he might confer with Wolsey as to the safest course to pursue under the circumstances. Campeggio carried with him a papal bull setting aside the marriage, which he was instructed to show to Henry, but not to deliver to him until everything could be made right with Charles.

This condition was the hitch in the divorce proceedings that forbade the Pope to fulfil his tentative promise to the English king. Delay was therefore the order suggested. But Henry was in no mood for deferment. "I stand ready," said he, "to abide by the decision of the Pope's legate." A cardinals' court was therefore held at Blackfriars Palace, and Henry and Catharine appeared before them. The queen's only plea was summed up in the words: "I am your truly wedded wife," and she fell at Henry's feet. Then rising to her full height, she left the room, without deigning to notice the cardinals.

So nothing was accomplished at that meeting. Cardinal Campeggio returned to Rome, and after many months of waiting, the king resolved to take the matter into his own hands.

The way was soon opened to him. A certain priest of Cambridge named Thomas Cranmer, suggested that the king lay before the wise men of Europe, his reasons for believing his marriage to Catharine to be illegal and opposed to Bible ethics, and let their united testimony settle the controversy. The result of this experiment was a decided disagreement, so the king sent three men to Rome to state his case before the Pope, who listened, but said nothing. Henry became exasperated, and would wait no longer. So he quickly, but privately, married Anne Boleyn. Catharine at once wrote to her nephew Charles, telling of her grief at the turn of events, and he stirred the Pope to summon Henry before him in Rome, to account for his course.

This word from Rome brought the break between the Pope and the English king. Henry replied to the papal summons after this fashion: "Tell the Pope that I am a sovereign prince, and that he has no authority in England." The boldness of this response awoke all England to an appreciation of their national and individual rights to be free from papal domination. In harmony with the expressed sentiment of the king, the Parliament decreed that no cause affecting the interests of that nation should be judged outside of its realm.

That was a pronounced forward step in freedom's path for that time, considering the denseness of mental inclination prevailing. But there were yet deeper lessons of liberty to be learned, and exalted summits to reach on behalf of freedom, which the world was not then prepared to receive. But in the order of God's economy, all these were to come, each in its proper place. It was a long and toilsome road that the cause of liberty must take, but it led to the final separation of church and state.



## A Foundation Builder in West China

**E**VEN as a small boy Virgil C. Hart was pure grit right through. He had only entered his teens when he made up his mind he would be a missionary. His father was strongly opposed, but Virgil had heard the call of God and was determined that a missionary he would be.

By picking and selling beechnuts for ten cents a quart, he earned enough money to buy his first Greek grammar; by chopping 180 cords of wood for a neighbor farmer, he secured sufficient funds to begin a four years' course in Gouverneur Wesleyan Seminary; and, later, by renting an acre of land in Evanston, Illinois, and selling the vegetables that he grew upon it, he was able to pay his way through college, from which he was graduated in 1865.

By this time several prominent persons had their eyes on the young preacher. A committee from his Alma Mater waited upon him and offered him a splendid position on the college staff, as teacher of Greek and Hebrew. It was a tempting offer, and most men would have jumped at the chance. Not so Virgil Hart. He did not hesitate for an instant. He thanked the college authorities for their flattering invitation, but told them that his mind was made up once for all. He had answered God's call to go to China, and never for a moment did he doubt the wisdom of that choice.

On the morning of Dec. 20, 1865, Mr. Hart and his bride, together with several other missionaries, set sail for the Far East. It was a long journey. Not until the following May did Mr. Hart reach Foochow, a Chinese city with a population of nearly a million, which was to be his first field of labor.

One of the hardest tasks awaiting the missionary on his arrival in China is that of learning what is perhaps the most difficult language in the world to acquire. A man needs not only brains, but a large amount of stick-to-it-iveness, or he will soon give up in despair. A very slight change in tone will give an altogether different meaning to a word.

A missionary one day came into his courtyard and called to his "boy" (Chinese servant) at the upstairs window, "Throw down my flag." The boy made some answer but did not move. Again came the command, "Throw down my flag, do you hear me?" The boy turned in despair to the missionary's wife who was near, and said, "He wants me to throw you down into the courtyard." By a very slight mistake in pronunciation, the missionary was using the word "wife" instead of "flag." Virgil Hart, however, proved himself an apt student of the language, for in less than one year from the time of his arrival, he was able to preach to the natives in their own language, and very rarely did he make a mistake.

Like other missionaries he had to face much bitter prejudice in Foochow, and undergo a great deal of persecution. When he opened a school for children, all kinds of rumors were set afloat. It was reported that the children were severely flogged, that their eyes were pulled out, and many other foolish stories were circulated, all calculated to stir up trouble. Frequently, when passing along the street, men would shout insulting things after him, roughs would jostle him or his coolies, and in many such ways try to start a quarrel. Sometimes when he was preaching in the open air, or distributing tracts, some one would start the cry, "Whip the foreigner," or, "Kill the foreign devil." This cry would act upon the people like tinder upon matchwood, and soon the whole crowd would be changed from attentive listeners into a wild, shrieking, gesticulating and dangerous mob. Sticks and stones

would begin to fly, and Mr. Hart and his helpers would consider themselves fortunate if they got away with only a few bruises and hard knocks.

But our missionary was no coward. He was of the stuff of which heroes are made, and very soon the Chinese began to realize this. He never ran away. Of-

ten he would face the threatening mob and reason with them until he was able to turn the laugh upon the ringleaders. More than once he kept a whole crowd at bay with his cane, while he backed into a place of safety. He was accustomed, after having been molested by a crowd, to return to the very spot where the trouble had occurred, and thus show the Chinese that he was not a coward. Courage is everywhere admired, and this splendid fearlessness did much in enabling him to win the respect, and even the admiration, of those who were seeking to persecute him.

The many journeys that it was necessary for Mr. Hart to make were by no means holiday jaunts. Sometimes he traveled by Sedan chair. This, to a man as active as he was, became extremely monotonous. At other times he rode in a wheelbarrow. Frequently, however, he chose walking to either of these modes of travel. When night came, he had to seek shelter in a Chinese inn, where, on account of the filth and vermin inside and the street noises and incessant chatter of the people outside, he used to pray that his sleep would be sound. Often the people in the inn would be much excited at having a "foreigner" there, and would inquisitively peek through the cracks in the door or partition to catch a glimpse of the "foreign devil."

One of the many evils with which the missionary had to contend was the terrible use of opium by the Chinese. This is how he described its effect upon the people: "The sallow complexion of the people, their emaciated forms and languid movements, attract our



Chungking Boys' School, in Western China



attention everywhere along the river. I do not see a beautiful face or figure, nor a rosy cheek; a dead, leaden color is in all faces, old and young, male and female. Upon the mountain sides are hundreds of laborers; approach these men and you will see the deathlike pallor upon their faces. There is plenty of food and of excellent quality in China. . . . Yet there is a want of energy and life among the people." This wretched condition was due to the opium habit, to which millions of Chinese are slaves.

Virgil Hart's furloughs to the homeland were by no means resting periods. He was too active and his enthusiasm too great to permit him to take even the rest which he really required. His return from furlough in 1882 was marked by a most interesting welcome.

When, in 1891, the Methodist Church of Canada decided to open up work in China, Dr. Hart, who was then home on furlough, and who, up to that time, had been under the Methodist Episcopal Board of the United States, was asked for his advice as to the best location. He strongly recommended Szechwan, a large province in western China. The missionary board accepted his counsel and invited him to assume the leadership of the work in China. He accepted, and with the same boundless enthusiasm and tireless energy that had ever marked him, began the important work of laying the foundations of the Canadian Methodist Mission in west China.

Then came the famous riots of 1895. For some time there had been a growing spirit of hostility to the foreigners, but the missionaries had not realized the extent to which fanaticism in China would go, and so when news was brought to Dr. Hart that every mission house in Chengtu had been destroyed and that the missionaries were in extreme danger, it came as a bolt from the blue.

True, Dr. Hart and others had noticed the hostile spirit displayed by many toward foreigners. Scurrilous remarks were uttered as they passed along the streets. So frequent and pronounced were these manifestations of ill will that the ladies were afraid to walk upon the streets alone, and when obliged to leave their compounds, always went in closed chairs.

The officials were appealed to, but they ignored whatever requests the missionaries made. On the second day of the riots in Chengtu, an official actually issued the following statement:

"At the present time we have ample evidence that foreigners deceive and kidnap small children. You soldiers and people must not be disturbed and flurried. When the cases are brought before us, we certainly will not be lenient with them."

Was it any wonder when officials took this attitude that the mob became unmanageable, and that much bloodshed and loss of valuable mission property resulted?

Those were trying days for the missionaries, and testing times for the Christian church in west China. The magnificent loyalty to Christ of the native Chris-

tians was one of the amazing things of these months of bitter persecution. Since that time there has never been a question as to the sincerity and fidelity of the native church. Nor was the heroism of the missionaries less manifest. Think of the heroism expressed in the simple words written by Dr. Hart, just after the fearful riots were over: "I feel thankful to live to see this day, and somehow feel that we have done our best year's work in 1895."

The closing years of the nineteenth century were years of great activity for this foundation builder. He was enabled to realize his long-cherished ambition of establishing a printing press—the first in west China—a department of missionary work which he regarded as one of the very greatest agencies for making known the gospel.

In 1900, Dr. Hart was ordered home by his physician. He had given himself with such untiring zeal and restless energy to the work that he was literally "worn out." Frail and weak though he was during those closing four years of his life spent at Burlington, Ontario, his presence carried always an irresistible influence for his loved China.

On Feb. 24, 1904, the last call came, and our hero of west China met it with the same glad response with which he had met all previous calls.

In St. Paul's Cathedral, in London, England, is a well-known tablet, placed there in memory of the architect, Sir Christopher Wren, which bears this inscription, in Latin: "If you wish to see his monument, look around." The monument to Virgil Hart is to be found in the West China Methodist Mission with its splendid equipment, its present staff of nearly two hundred missionaries, and its Christian constituency which now numbers upwards of ten thousand, of which mission he was the foundation builder.—*By Archer Wallace, for the Missionary Education Council of Canada.*

### God

God is my guide,  
I cannot stray;  
He walks with me  
And shows the way.

God is my strength,  
He keeps me well;  
His love for me  
I daily tell.

God is my light,  
Through Him I see;  
In every hour  
He leadeth me.

God is my shield,  
My strong defense  
'Gainst human pride  
And sinful sense.

God is my life,  
Supreme, divine;  
His love and truth  
Forever mine.

God is my all,  
In Him I trust;  
I know naught else,  
Serve Him I must.

GRENVILLE KLEISER.

### Seed Thoughts

NEVER feel satisfied with your present condition, —intellectually, morally, spiritually, or physically,—as though there were no need of further improvement or advancement!

The wonderful results to which one can attain in any pursuit of mental or physical activity, by patient and persevering effort, are simply marvelous.

Our brains and bodies were not given us for no purpose, to be allowed to lie dormant, and the individual to sink into carnal ease and seclusion.

Our brains and bodies were given us to be used and strengthened, and to be trained into channels of usefulness for the mutual good of ourselves and others.

We are under obligation to God, ourselves, and our fellow beings, to develop our powers to their highest capacity and capability, and to use them for the uplift of humanity in general.

J. W. LOWE.



## India Day in Blue Creek Church

IT was India Investment Day in the little Blue Creek church. This church was located thirty miles from the railroad and fifty miles from a city. The ministers seldom visited there, and the members of that church had not heard a sermon since the Week of Prayer. They recognized that the ministers were busy working in new fields, so they did not complain, but did what they could to keep in touch with the world field and to have a part in the great work.

Brother Jackson had served as the church elder for seven years. Although his gray hair and furrowed brow were signs of old age, his ambition and enthusiasm showed that he was young in spirit. By the help of the *Church Officers' Gazette*, the *Review and Herald*, and other church papers, he was able every Sabbath to present to his flock something fresh and inspiring from God's word. The Blue Creek church had a live missionary society, and once every month a rousing missionary program was given.

On this particular Investment Day, the program published was being carried out. The parts had been carefully prepared. Sister Dasher, the Sabbath school superintendent, enjoyed working with the children, and she had drilled them in speaking and singing, so their part of the service was an inspiration to all. The part of the program which had been sent them was finished. A little girl had recited a missionary poem in a very impressive way. When she had taken her seat, Brother Jackson rose and began to speak, saying:

"Our program was short, we have been together less than an hour. I believe we can very profitably spend a few minutes in telling what we have done the past year with the Investment plan, and what we expect to do this year.

"I think perhaps most of you have heard my experience: I put in twenty acres of wheat last year, and I pledged two acres of that as my part of the Investment Fund. I had a fair crop, and was able to turn over a nice little sum in payment of my Investment pledge.

"Now I know there are others who have had encouraging and successful experiences in this India Investment work, and if each one will tell his story briefly, we shall be interested in hearing what you have done in the past, and what investment you intend to make this year."

As Brother Jackson finished speaking, enthusiasm shone in the faces of those present, and several of the little congregation were ready to respond immediately. Brother Platt got the floor first. He told his experience in these words:

"Our place is small, and for several years we have barely made a living; but last year we decided to give the proceeds of two rows of potatoes. I believe the Lord blessed in the raising of those potatoes. We gave what we received for them, and had a great plenty left for our own living. This year we shall dedicate four rows of potatoes to this Investment Fund."

Sister Ferris was the next to speak. Since the death of her husband, she and her boys had been trying to operate affairs on their

little ranch. It had been a hard struggle. She said:

"Two years ago we pledged the proceeds from one of our apple trees. We received \$15 to turn over to the mission fund. Last year we set apart two trees for the Lord, and had almost \$35 to give to His work. This year we plan to give what we receive for the fruit on all the apple trees. I am thankful for this Investment plan. It seems that the Lord blesses the investment we make, as well as the rest of the crop, and we do not miss what we invest in this way."

Miss Jennings, who made her living by dressmaking in the city whenever her health would permit, spent more than half of her time in the Blue Creek Valley with relatives there. A pleasant expression played over her features as she told that one year before she had pledged the amount she would earn by sewing during the last week of May. During that week she had felt stronger than usual, and had been very busy. She said she was very happy to have \$25 to give to the Investment Fund as a result of that week's earnings, and planned to make the same investment again.

One brother said that on his ranch was a small patch of waste ground across the creek, which in other years had been allowed to grow up to weeds. The year before he had turned this plot of ground over to the children, who planted some seed, raised a respectable little garden, and earned some money for

missions; besides, this implanted in them an interest in missions, which he hoped would grow stronger as they grew older. He said the children were already planning their missionary garden for the present year, and he knew they would do better than they did the year before.

Brother Jackson and the others were enjoying this part of the program, and time was passing faster than any of them realized.

The elder said: "We should like to hear from the children. I know some of the children in our church had some good Investment experiences last year. Ethel, will you tell yours?"

Ethel looked questioningly at her mother, whose assenting nod gave her courage. She rose timidly and told her story simply, as follows:

"Last spring mother gave me a missionary hen. I set her on fifteen eggs. Thirteen hatched. The day before Thanksgiving I sold the roosters (there were seven roosters), and gave the money to missions. I still have the other chickens. They will all be missionary hens this year, and I hope I'll have lots of chickens to sell next fall."

"Good," said Brother Jackson. "George, will you tell us how you earned your Investment money last year?"

George stood and told his story, which follows:

"It is my job to gather the eggs at our place. Mother told me last spring that I could have all the eggs that were laid on the Sabbath. Most of the time I found more eggs on Sabbath than on



Evangelist V. J. Benjamin, Our First Telugu Minister in India



any other day. Mother thought I left some of the eggs in the nests on Friday, but I didn't. Last December I had received \$10 by selling those Sabbath eggs, and gave the money to missions."

Brother Jackson glanced at his watch, and announced that the meeting would have to close in a few minutes. However, he did not wish to debar any one from reporting, so he asked, "Are there others who have experiences to tell?"

Harry Jamison arose and related his experience of the previous summer. A sheepman living near Harry's home had given him two lambs. Harry had a hard time raising them; but he felt well repaid for his work when he was able to hand the church treasurer \$20, the price he had received for his sheep.

"I know there are several children who did well with their missionary gardens last year, and I wish we had time to hear the reports of all of them," said

the elder. When he asked, "How many of the boys and girls here are going to have some part in the Investment Fund this year?" all the children raised their hands.

"That is good!" he said, smiling. "Remember, boys and girls, that you are doing the Lord's work when you are earning missionary money in this way. The great God is not too busy to help you in your plans and in your work. He is more pleased than you are to have you bring a liberal offering, and give it to Him with cheerful hearts. Let us stand and sing, 'Praise God.'"

Thus closed the India Investment Day service in the Blue Creek church; but the interest and enthusiasm of that day continued throughout the summer, and the Lord blessed and multiplied the investments that were made on that day.

## All Saints' Day

OLIVER FISK SEVRENS

ALL SAINTS' DAY, November 1, in the Philippines, is what Memorial Day is to America. The observance of the day, however, differs quite radically.

For several days before All Saints' Day the living are busily engaged in clearing neglected graves of refuse and tall grasses. New crosses are erected in place of the old wooden ones, for the poorest dead must be honored at least once a year by surviving loved ones. The flower markets have increased in number, and huge wreaths of roses, purple *violetas*, yellow marigolds, and delicate pink and white *cadena de amor* are on sale.

Early in the morning thousands go to the cemeteries carrying flowers, candles, draperies, chairs, portraits of the dead, potted plants, and other necessities for the occasion.

Evening is the best time to visit the cemetery. Then it resembles a great festival. The glow of thousands of electric lights and millions of candles lights up the sky as a great conflagration. The entrance to the cemetery is through a beautiful park. Several hours were occupied in seeing the interesting yet pathetic scene.

Scattered here and there were little substations which generated electricity for decorative usages. A few years ago candles were the only sources of illumination. Now only the very poorest cannot afford a few electric lights.

Some of the wealthy who had beautiful mausoleums had decorated the tombs with lights so as to look almost as bright as day. Other beautiful memorial marbles had huge canopies over them to reflect the lights. Incense burned before many tombs. Beautiful candles in great scones on walls or floor showed the interior decorations. The air was heavy with perfumes from the flowers. On one plot we counted twenty huge wreaths which practically covered the marbles. Artificial flowers of paper and cloth are used, but these are so realistic that only close examination reveals the fact.

A pathetic group of little children clad in black, led by a father, showed a mother was among the departed. Old mothers rocked to and fro in grief be-

fore some grave at whose head the flickering candle light revealed the portrait of some fair young daughter or brave son who had gone in the blush of youth to the land of silence. Low sobs occasionally reached the ear, but for the most part it was a silent throng which crowded around graves of friends and loved ones.

Some graves had lace draperies about them, as if the survivors would make a pleasanter bed for the unconscious object of their affection. The poorest grave had at least two candles, for it is thought the soul cannot rest if unhonored at this time.

The majority of the dead rest beneath the earth. There are sections of thick walls here and there in the cemetery which contain crypts or niches into which the bodies are placed and the entrance then sealed. The decorations here are very meager, only a wreath or two covering the inscription and a narrow shelf for the candles. Before American occupation these were rented from the church. If the rent was not paid, as it often was not when in the course of a few years the dead were forgotten, then the priests would open the crypt and throw the bones into a pit. These pits, or heaps of dry bones, could be seen in Manila until recently, when they were decently buried. I have seen such piles in small provincial cemeteries where modern administration has not penetrated.

In the center of the cemetery is a church. At the door sat vendors of candles. Within, all was as light as day. Worshipers came and went. Candles were placed near the altar, and on bended knees prayers were offered before the huge cross upon which the form of the bleeding Saviour hung — prayers for the repose of the souls of the dead.

It was an impressive and interesting sight. One longed to assure the mourners that such waste would not avail the dead. Yet we respected the desire to manifest love for those who are lost awhile. It neared midnight, and yet the throng seemed not to lessen perceptibly. Many were lying down to sleep beside the graves of loved ones. Few graves there were which did not have a watcher throughout the night. On the morrow decorations would be carried home, portraits rehung in the humble dwellings, and saving again begun for the next All Saints' Day.

Truth is so loyal to itself that it will not suffer distortion, even for the apparent purpose of doing God's service. It can no more be swerved than God can! — William Hawley Smith.





# Just for the Juniors



## When Jack Stuck

HARRIET HOLT

**T**HERE'S a treasure hid in that field, boys," Farmer Mack had rounded up the O. B. G.'s. Now, surrounded by the whole fourteen of them, he pointed to the long rows of corn that stretched away, yellow in the hot sun. "I'll make a proposition," he went on, eying the group keenly. "I'll pay each twenty cents for every row you hoe, but mind you, it must be done well. Then, whichever of you finds the treasure, it's his to do just what he pleases with."

The Orion Boys' Gang was ready. The magic words "buried treasure" were all they needed, for hadn't they dreamed of finding hidden gold in far-away isles?

They weren't bad boys, just so full of energy that they could scarcely finish one escapade before they were into another. "Pesky fellows," remarked an exasperated neighbor to Farmer Mack one day, to which the latter responded with a smile and the question, "Can't some of us manage to keep them busy?"

The next morning fourteen determined boys arrived at Farmer Mack's cornfield. Fourteen rows were eagerly sought, and fourteen hoes chopped away at the weeds so presumptuous as to plant themselves in the way of the O. B. G.'s. Gradually the sun sent its rays straighter and straighter down on fourteen moist backs. By ten o'clock six of the boys had gathered under the oak tree at the side of the field.

"Ain't so much fun huntin' buried treasure as I thought," admitted Mickey.

"My back aches," said Sam, "but give me a chance at that water jug and I'm going back to the job."

"Well," said Mickey, "I'm going back too — after a rest."

Noon found the boys hot and dusty, glad for the chance to eat their lunches and drink the fresh cool water provided by Farmer Mack.

"Anybody seen anything of the treasure?" asked Tim. A silence proclaimed that no one had.

"Wonder how much it's worth?" said Jack between mouthfuls.

"Listen to Judas," retorted Mickey, and the gang joined in a laugh at the expense of their treasurer.

"Never mind, Mickey Abbott," and Jack straightened his shoulders. "I've got just as good a chance as you to find it."

"Time for work," called a genial voice. "Here's an extra treat before you go back." Farmer Mack held a large pitcher of iced lemonade. "You fellows

mustn't forget to send your hoes deep," he warned as he inspected the morning's work. "Like as not somebody'll scratch right over the top of that treasure if he isn't careful."

Once more the boys took up their hoes. In spite of some long sighs, the clip of steel on dry earth soon rang out an assurance that the O. B. G.'s were on the job.

The afternoon was about half gone when suddenly the air became vibrant with a chorus of yells. Out of the tall corn rushed some five boys, waving their arms wildly.

"Yellow jackets!!!" shouted Mickey. "Stuck my hoe almost into the hole before I saw it. I ain't agoin' in there again. Got one, two — five stings," he announced. "Guess I'll take another row," and with that he and his routed companions went off to the farther side of the field.

Six o'clock. It was a tired bunch of boys that came out of the half-hoed field that evening. Quietly they gathered around Farmer Mack for their day's pay. No one had anything to say about buried treasure, though it was the theme of thought in fourteen minds.

"Say, you got a yellow jackets' nest down in the center of your field," said Mickey to Farmer Mack,



"I'm Working Hard These Autumn Days"



as he rubbed his arms and legs reminiscently. "Pretty near put my hoe right into it. You don't expect us to hoe around there, do you?"

"Well," replied the farmer slowly. "Don't know's you can. Some folks smoke those fellows out, and then they can finish the job. Of course I'd like to have the whole field done right, but that's up to you boys. You aren't hired to smoke out yellow jackets."

"It feels kind of nice to hear the jingle in our pockets," said Jack as the coins clinked against each other while they walked home.

"Guess the only treasure we'll find is in them now," suggested Tim ruefully. "Don't know as I care so much about it anyway."

"You aren't going to be a quitter, are you?" asked Jack anxiously.

"Don't know," responded Tim doubtfully. "My folks promised me last week I could go to the lake tomorrow. Good night," he called back as he turned into the lane leading to his own home.

Whether it was the mention of the lake or sore muscles, none of the O. B. G.'s cared to explain, but the next morning found only nine of the gang ready for work.

The second day passed like the first; hard, hot work it was, but no buried treasure stopped their eager hoes. A disappointed group of boys trudged home.

"Believe Tim was right," remarked Mickey. "That old cornfield is over two thirds done and no sign of the treasure. Suppose Mr. Mack thinks our pay is treasure enough," he added discontentedly.

"Well, it's all we earn," said Jack. "Of course he promised us, and I think he's playing square," he added loyally.

"You can hunt, then," responded Mickey. "I can earn more in easier ways."

The next day six boys arrived at the cornfield. They worked hard all through the long day, but disappointment lurked at the end of the long rows, as it had on the preceding two.

"About through?" asked the genial owner at night as they gathered around him.

"Five more rows," responded Jack.

"And you haven't seen anything of the treasure?" he asked anxiously.

"Nope," responded Sam.

"Well, I'll name you fellows the 'Stickers' anyway, and I calculate your staying by is worth twenty-five cents a row tonight."

"Maybe that extra five cents is the treasure, after all," suggested Sam as the tired lads walked homeward.

"There's just one thing," and Jack's voice was determined. "I'm going to be absolutely sure there's nothing more there."

The fourth morning, Sam and Jack went to work alone. By noon they were through. They met under the big oak with serious faces. Not a sign of the buried treasure had they discovered.

"There's just one spot more," said Jack. "That's the part of the field the yellow jackets drove us out of."

"Well, I'm through," said Sam. "No more wild-goose chase for me. Guess my treasure is in the six dollars and fifty cents I've earned."

"Sam, old boy, I'm going to smoke those wasps out and finish up the job."

"Aw, it's too hot," responded Sam in a disgruntled tone. "I'm off for my pay," he added as he started toward the farmhouse.

Jack finished his lunch alone. It wasn't much fun to stick around alone. Someway those sentiments of persistence didn't sound so good — not nearly so good as when he could say them to the admiring gang. "I'll show them, though," he muttered as he stretched out his lank boyish length toward the oak boughs above. "I'll give those yellow jackets a hot chase anyway."

"Alone?" The boy faced the farmer who had approached unseen.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"What're you going to do now?" asked Mr. Mack.

"There's just one spot left, sir," responded Jack. "And that's near the yellow jackets' nest. I'm going to smoke them out, and finish your field, Mr. Mack."

"Well now, I supposed I'd have to finish the job myself, but seeing you're that much of a 'sticker' I'll help you get rid of those fellows myself. I fixed up a special rig last night," he added shortly.

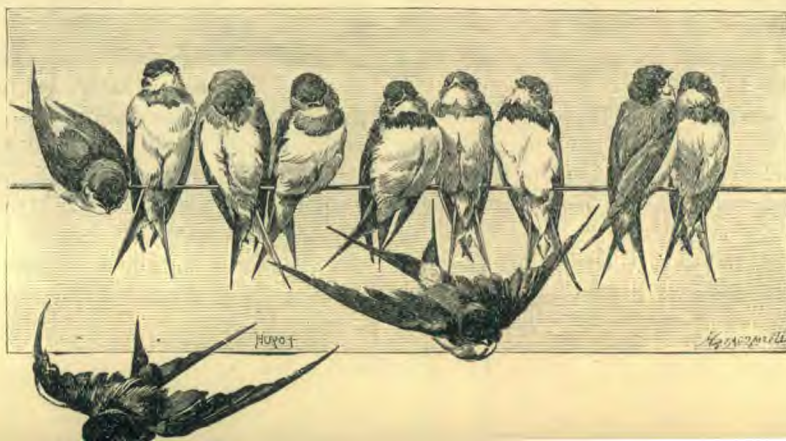
It wasn't so bad a job as Jack had thought, not with Mr. Mack helping, for the experienced farmer knew just how to go at it. Late in the afternoon Jack went back to the scene of the smoke-out. Carefully he circled around the part left unhoed by the O. B. G.'s. Then straight down the row he came to where a line of broken earth proclaimed Mickey's Waterloo. Suddenly his hoe stopped with a metallic clang. Jack's heart almost stopped with his hoe. Could it be!! Carefully he scraped aside the dirt. Yes — it was! A long tin box came into view. No one could have missed it if he had hoed past that formidable yellow jackets' nest. Jack shouted for pure joy.

"What's the matter, son?" said the good-natured farmer, who had hung around ostentatiously "just for company."

"I've got it, I've got it!" was all the excited boy could say.

Carefully he pried off the lid. Wrapping after wrapping he pulled aside. "It's a purse," he said more to himself than to his companion. "And fifty dollars!" he gasped. "Whew! I never had that much money in my life! Guess mother'll not have to take in washing to pay my tuition this year!"

Jack didn't know how he got home, but he found himself there. Mother listened with shining eyes to the apparently incoherent speech of a very excited boy. Perhaps, though, she was happiest, when her careful fingers found the card that Jack had overlooked. It read: "To the Boy who stuck."





## Ruth's Way and Isabel's

**R**UTH, has the postman come this morning?" asked Isabel of her sister, who was out in the yard among the flowers.

"Not yet, Isabel, but he's on the way. I caught a glimpse of his gray sleeve through the trees just now."

"Let's sit out here and wait for him."

Isabel was like her father, tall and handsome, with a brilliant complexion, black hair, and fine dark eyes, while little Ruth was like the gentle, blue-eyed mother, who in her quiet way kept the whole household running harmoniously.

"You couldn't have selected a better model, Ruth," said her father. "If you will only copy your mother's disposition as well as her looks, I will have the best little daughter in the world."

Isabel pouted a little at this, for she liked to think of herself as the center of her little circle, around which every one else revolved, and she always wanted her own way.

As the postman turned in at the gate, Ruth ran forward to meet him. "Don't do that," murmured Isabel, but the man beamed as he said, "Thank you, Miss Ruth. Every step counts when a man has as long a route as mine."

The elder sister held out her hand for the letters. "Three for father, one for mother, a picture postal for you, Ruth; here's one for both of us, 'The Misses Wilson,'" and she tore it open.

"O Ruth, just listen! It's from Cousin Nannie: 'My dear girls, I am coming on Wednesday to pay you a flying visit. "Flying" is the word, for I am coming in our new car, which goes like the wind when our chauffeur condescends to let out its speed. It is a beauty, upholstered in soft gray, with electric lights and a clock and a magazine rack, a vase for flowers, and all the latest improvements. We will take you wherever you want to go in the afternoon, although as it is Ruth's birthday she ought to have first choice.'"

Isabel laid down the letter with a sigh of content. "I know what we'll do, Ruth, we'll get Cousin Nannie to take us out to Oakmont. I want to show off that car to Ethel and Cicely; they have been so much puffed up over that old second-hand affair they have just bought! We'll show them what a car really ought to look like."

"I was thinking," said Ruth slowly, "that it would be nice to ride out and see Mrs. Morton."

Mrs. Morton was a former neighbor, who owing to financial troubles, had been obliged to seek refuge in the beautiful Home that the church maintained for its needy and aged members.

Isabel gave a short laugh. "A visit to an Old Ladies' Home! Is that your idea of a celebration?"

"Why, I thought you liked Mrs. Morton," Ruth replied in a troubled voice; "and she was always so fond of you. We ought to go there oftener, but the walk from the station is so long."

"I do like Mrs. Morton," answered Isabel, a little ashamed. "But I don't like to waste this lovely ride on her; we can go there some other day. Anyhow, we'll see what Cousin Nannie says."

If Isabel expected support from her cousin, she was mistaken, for Nannie gave a hearty assent to Ruth's plan.

"I think it is a lovely idea," she said. "Cheer up, Isabel, I will come again soon, and we will visit your young friends next time, if you still desire."

Isabel tried to look injured, but in spite of herself her spirits rose as the car glided smoothly past beautiful homes with their spacious grounds, and soon drew up at the fine old mansion which had been transformed into a comfortable home for the sixty old ladies who found shelter there.

Mrs. Morton was pathetically glad to see them, and received the invitation to join the party with heartfelt pleasure. Running to her closet she drew forth with trembling fingers the best bonnet and wrap, for which she had had little use of late. At the foot of the stairs she presented the girls to the matron, and waved a happy good-by to her friends on the porch.

For two hours the car rolled through fine roads and shady lanes. At a little rustic inn they had lunch, and then reluctantly turned back to the Home. Mrs. Morton expressed her gratitude to all, but especially to her favorite, Isabel, and the girl's cheeks flushed at the thanks, which she was unable to disclaim for fear of hurting her old friend. Her ill humor had evaporated, and she was the merriest of the party.

The two girls escorted their friend back to her room, while Cousin Nannie chatted with the matron. They returned in time to hear the good lady say: "I am so glad you came, and especially that Mrs. Morton had the ride. She has had serious trouble with her heart lately, and perhaps she will not be able to be about much longer. Then, too, she has been a little lonely of late. It happens that all of her special friends have been taken out for drives, and I think she felt somewhat dejected. You know, in a quiet place like this, these little things mean a great deal. I am sure she will hold up her head again after this lovely ride."

A month later Ruth and Isabel stood in the Home once more; this time they were looking down at the still, cold features of their old friend, as she lay in her last sleep. Isabel, in spite of her faults, was a warm-hearted girl; her tears flowed freely through the service, and it was in a very sober mood that she started with Ruth on their walk to the station.

"I shall always be glad," she said at last, "that Mrs. Morton had that ride, and she owed it all to you, Ruth. I was as mean and selfish about it as I could be."

"Don't say that, Isabel," said Ruth earnestly. "You were nice and pleasant all the afternoon, in spite of your disappointment. I think it was just sweet of you."

Isabel's color deepened as she answered energetically:

"There's just one thing about me that's sweet, and that's my little sister."

And turning, she gave Ruth a sudden hug that left the little girl breathless, but very happy.—*Mrs. George Donhower, in Kind Words.*

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### Why I Am Ashamed of the Movies

(Continued from page four)

Blame?' 'll get 'em in. They have to pay their money to get in, don't they? That's what I'm after."

Bad as most pictures are, there will still be millions on millions of people left to go to them; the fourteen-year-old intelligence will be satisfied to pay its way into a show planned by the fifteen-year-olds. The cheap sentimentalities, the vulgarities, the absurdities, will continue to go out to millions a day, making them



with each passing week more and more typical movie Americans. For, make no mistake, the movies have come to stay. But that presents to us a stupendous problem which will not solve itself.

Through their influence on the minds of millions, day after day, stupid motion pictures are affecting the character, little by little, of our entire citizenry. Literally, today, they are *undermining America*.

What are we going to do about it?—*By a Producer of Moving Pictures.*

## Our Counsel Corner

*If the Standard of Attainment is an educational feature of the Missionary Volunteer Society, how can it be used for the promotion of missionary purposes, such as interesting other young people in the truth?* B. B.

Because the Standard of Attainment is classified as educational is no reason why it cannot be made educational in the broadest possible sense,—that is, educating others in gospel truth. Societies should not have the restrictive vision of the Standard of Attainment, thinking that it means the studying of Bible truth and denominational history among themselves only. There are many instances where young people have made the Standard of Attainment classes small circles for the study of the Bible, helping not only themselves, but others who have been purposely invited in. Here is a part of a letter that illustrates the possibilities:

"The work was started with four or five girls who were deeply in earnest as they planned definite work for the Master. They began at once to try and interest other young people in their meetings. The Standard of Attainment studies were taken up, and a part of the program each week was devoted to studying some Bible doctrine. Their friends came the first time to please them, but were anxious to come again. As the Bible truths sank into their hearts, they too became earnest workers. Today there are about twenty-eight in that society, and they are still working for others in just that way."

Many other letters could be given, but this illustrates the better way of using the Standard of Attainment features—educational to you; saving to others, and to you. U. V. W.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### V — Jacob in Egypt

(November 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 46:1-7, 26-34; 47:1-12, 27-31; 50:7-26.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 232-240.

#### Questions

##### The Meeting of Jacob and Joseph

1. What assurance was given to Jacob concerning his removal to Egypt? What promise of deliverance from Egypt was given? Gen. 46:1-4.

2. Who went with Jacob into Egypt? Into what part of Egypt were the Israelites directed? Verses 5-7, 26-28.

3. Describe the meeting of Joseph with his father. Verses 29, 30.

4. What plans did Joseph make for the establishment of his people in the land of Goshen? Verses 31-34. Note 1.

##### Jacob Is Presented to Pharaoh

5. How did Pharaoh show his satisfaction with the arrangement? Gen. 47:1-6.

6. When Jacob was presented to Pharaoh, what did he do? Verses 7-10. Note 2.

7. What temporal prosperity attended the children of Israel in Egypt? Verses 11, 12, 27.

##### The Death of Jacob and Joseph

8. How long did Jacob live in Egypt? When he was about to die, what promise did he ask of Joseph? Verses 28-31.

9. How fully did Joseph keep his promise? Gen. 50:7-9, 12, 13.

10. After the death of Jacob, what fear did Joseph's brothers entertain? How did they seek to obtain his favor? What reply did Joseph make? Verses 14-20. Note 3.

11. How many years was Joseph in Egypt? Verse 22; Gen. 37:2. Note 4.

12. Of what promise did Joseph remind his brothers just before his death? Gen. 50:24.

13. What request showed his strong faith in the fulfilment of the promise? Verses 25, 26.

#### Notes

1. "The promise had been given to Abraham of a posterity numberless as the stars; but as yet the chosen people had increased but slowly. And the land of Canaan now offered no field for the development of such a nation as had been foretold. It was in the possession of powerful heathen tribes . . . Egypt, however, offered the conditions necessary to the fulfilment of the divine purpose. A section of country, well-watered and fertile, was open to them there, affording every advantage for their speedy increase."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 232.

2. Joseph showed still further his nobleness of character in the way he treated his father. He went out to meet him with a chariot and servants. He embraced him, and kissed him, and honored him. Then he introduced him to the king, not as one of whom he was ashamed and for whom he felt he must apologize, but as one in whom he took an honorable pride. And Jacob, we must remember, was not used to the ways of the court. "To the courtiers of Pharaoh's palace he would seem simple, rustic, rude, and half-civilized. He could not have presented himself in court attire. He certainly would not have been able to speak in court dialect, and would have been wholly unused to court etiquette.

"Quite likely it was expected that Jacob would prostrate himself before the king, as was the custom. But Jacob's life, close to the King of heaven, placed him above a heathen king, though the greatest monarch on earth, and 'in conscious superiority, he raised his hands and blessed Pharaoh.'

"There was great respect for old age in Egypt; and Pharaoh, who might have resented the assumption of superiority had it been made by a younger man, yielded gracefully to one so far advanced in years, and bent, it may be, to receive the benediction."—*Rawlinson.*

3. "The fear of Joseph's brethren illustrates the insecurity of a position which is conceded only at the bidding of the tender caprice of love, apart from satisfaction based on satisfied justice. As Joseph had pardoned, so he might retract his pardon. No satisfaction, beyond tears, had been rendered for that far-away sin. Might he not even now require it! So fears might legitimately arise in our own hearts, had not the divine forgiveness been based on the finished work of the Cross!"—*Meyer.*

4. Joseph had lived at home in Hebron seventeen years. For ten years he was a slave in Egypt, three years in an Egyptian prison, and eighty years ruler in Egypt.

It is interesting to note that God spared Jacob to live with Joseph in Egypt as long as Joseph had dwelt with his father in Canaan. Gen. 37:2; 47:28.

## Intermediate Lesson

#### V — The Fruits of the Spirit

(November 4)

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye shall know them by their fruits." Matt. 7:16.

LESSON HELP: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 67-69.

"Only a thought, but the work it wrought  
Could never by pen or tongue be taught;  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit a hundredfold."

#### Questions

1. What have we learned concerning the Holy Spirit? Note 1.

2. What is the Lord's desire for each of His children? Rom. 7:4, last part.

3. What are the fruits of the Spirit? Gal. 5:22, 23. Note 2.



4. If the Christian lives in the Spirit, how should he also walk? Verse 25.
5. What desires, which are commonly in the minds of many, will he not have? Verse 26.
6. What does the Lord call His people? Isa. 61: 3, last part.
7. With what will those whom He calls "trees of righteousness" be filled? Phil. 1: 11.
8. In what other way are Christians compared to a living tree? What will they not cease from doing? Jer. 17: 8.
9. By what is a tree known? Matt. 7: 17-20. Note 3.
10. How is this principle applied to our Christian life? Luke 6: 43-45. Note 4.
11. What suggestion of change is made with reference to an evil tree? What encouragement does this have for us? Matt. 12: 33. Note 5.
12. What is finally done with trees that do not bear good fruit? Matt. 3: 10. Note 6.
13. What must be the continual experience of every one who bears good fruit? John 15: 4, 5.
14. If we are not connected with the True Vine, what will be the result? Verse 6.
15. What is an appropriate prayer for all? Phil. 1: 9-11.
16. Now that we are living in the time of the "latter rain" for what should we be praying? Hosea 10: 12. Note 7.

**Notes**

1. We have learned that it was God's Holy Spirit that leads men to do right, and that we may have this Spirit in our hearts if we obey our heavenly Father. We have also learned that the disciples received a great outpouring of the Spirit on the day of Pentecost, and that this is called the "early rain." There is to be another special outpouring of the Spirit in the last days and this is called the "latter rain." The latter rain will make the people of God able to finish His work in the world, and prepare them for the coming of Jesus.

2. These fruits are not divided among the children of God, so that one has love, and another peace. Every spirit-filled life bears all the fruits of the Spirit.

3. We are to measure life by its fruits, not by its weeds. "An acre of desert has fewer weeds than any acre of the most fruitful garden in the whole land. Yet it is the garden that bears fruit." One must be careful, too, lest he be unfair in looking at the measure of fruit borne by a tree. One bad apple among many good ones does not prove that the tree is bad. "One caterpillar's nest in a tree, is no proof that the tree is not good at heart." We always know, however, that the thistle is not an apple tree, and that the poison ivy does not bear grapes.

4. From the thought of the heart to the final destiny of the soul is but a short series of steps: "Sow a thought, reap a word; sow a word, reap an act; so an act, reap a habit; sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny."

5. There is a suggestion in Matthew 12: 33 of making an evil tree good. This grafting process is well understood by nurserymen. One takes a small seedling, cuts into its bark, and places beneath it a bud from a good tree. When that bud begins to grow, he cuts away the stock of the bad tree and only the branch from the good tree remains; and lo, the bad tree has become a good tree, bearing good fruit.

As the Spirit of God is received into the heart, the life changes, and the fruit borne in that life is the fruit of the Spirit.

6. A bad tree in an orchard, whether it is entirely barren or bears bad fruit, is represented as being hewn down and cast into the fire. It is not allowed to take the space which a good tree might occupy. This is especially true in Palestine, where trees are taxed, and no one can afford to keep in his orchard a fruitless tree.

7. Since it is God's Holy Spirit—the living rain—that brings forth the fruits of righteousness in us, it is fitting that in these last days, we pray most earnestly for the "latter rain" of the Holy Spirit, that we may do our part in finishing the Lord's work in the earth and be prepared for the coming of Jesus.



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## Enjoying Autumn?

MATILDA E. ANDROSS

ARE you enjoying the great out-of-doors these glorious autumn days? I hope so, for really it is wonderful. How good God is to give us four such beautiful seasons every year — beautiful in such different ways. Fortunate indeed is he who finds his place of service where the line between the seasons is drawn clearly enough for one to appreciate the variety they bring.

Somehow it seems to me that nature begins her year "when spring comes home from her long pilgrimage, unwearied, and unmarked by age." How beautiful spring is in her modest garb of fresh, delicate green, trimmed with dainty blossoms here and there! What joy she brings as the sweet songs of returning birds herald her arrival! And long before we weary of our dainty, joyful spring, June, splendid June, comes in a little darker shade of green and decorated with a greater variety of flowers. Soon the smell of new-mown hay greets us. Can you ever forget it, or tire of sniffing that indescribably sweet aroma? The hills here and there begin to reflect the sunlight, and call for reapers to gather their gift of rich golden grain, and we know that summer is passing on apace.

Then autumn comes trudging along with a little cooler air, reminding us that our warm friend of outdoor life has departed. So different! But just as beautiful! How lavish autumn is in her color scheme! She doesn't seem to forget even one syllable of the sunbeams. Her flowers have caught in their hearts the sunlight during the long golden days, and as autumn approaches they burst into all colors of the rainbow with yellow gold predominating. The autumn flowers are bright and hardy, and seem to stand out more boldly than the spring blossoms do. Have you never felt when going down a lane where an army of sunflowers or black-eyed Susans stood guard on either side, as if these sentinels with their bright tilted heads were inspecting you as you passed by?

But it was the beauty of the season of which we were speaking. In some ways autumn seems a sort of rehearsal of the seasons gone before — a climax to the year. Nature, God's skilful handmaiden, with her lavish hand is always giving us something, but autumn is her Christmas, when she showers upon us in abundance the things her deft fingers have been making during the seasons. (How very generous she has been this year!) In the grape on the vine she gives us the luscious nectar that she planned through the winter months, promised in the spring, and sweetened with the rays of the bright summer sun. The rosy-cheeked ap-

ple is only one of nature's ways of mixing an unknown something, quietly hidden away during the winter, with the blossoms of spring and the sunshine and rain of summer. Wonderful, isn't it?

Then when the autumn days grow shorter, and Jack Frost begins to prowl around on clear moonlight nights, nature suddenly dashes her paintbrush over all, and the somber green of early autumn takes on the color of the flowers that have fallen asleep and makes all around us glorious as a highly colored sunset on the plain. Then lest she weary us with too much splendor, autumn quietly dons her traveling gown of dull brown, and while "the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock," she takes her departure to the music of the rustling leaves that fill the air with song as they come down for a good-by frolic with the children. She has given us the gifts of the seasons, and now she leaves the cold north wind to tell us that winter in all her majesty is coming up the hill.

O wonderful, wonderful seasons!  
Thank God they come each year,  
That seedtime and harvest shall fail not  
Till our Master does appear!

### A Street-Car Face

I OFTEN sit in a public conveyance or walk on a public thoroughfare, and think that one of the first questions many of my fellow travelers will have to answer at the bar of God, who made them in His own image, is: "Why did you look as you did? What right had you to wear that hard compression about the eyes, those lines, deep-graven, that challenged all the passing world with the bitter question: 'What's the use?'"

"I owe you something," said a man to a woman to whom he had just been introduced. "I owe you a great deal. On one of the blackest days of my life you sat across from me in a street car, and there was something about you — I cannot say just what — that looked strong and serene and sweet, like the clear shining after rain; and by the time I was down town I had lost my black mood in watching you, and was ready to 'try again.' It was a long time ago, but your face is indelibly written, 'shine and all,' in my memory." — *Clara E. Laughlin, in the Delineator.*

### Promise Yourself

- To be so strong that nothing can disturb your peace of mind.
- To talk health, happiness, and prosperity to every person you meet.
- To make your friends feel that there is something in them.
- To look on the sunny side of everything and make your optimism come true.
- To think the best, to work only for the best, and to expect only the best.
- To be just as enthusiastic about the success of others as you are about your own.
- To forget the mistakes of the past and press on to the greater achievements of the future.
- To give so much time to the improvement of yourself that you have no time to criticize others.
- To be too large for worry, too noble for anger, too strong for fear, and too happy to permit the presence of trouble.
- To think well of yourself and to proclaim this fact to the world — not in loud words, but in great deeds.
- To live in the faith that the world is on your side so long as you are true to the best that is in you.

LOVE is the great healer of all life's ills, the great strengthener and beautifier. If you would drink at the fountain of perpetual youth, fill your life with it. — *O. S. Marden.*