

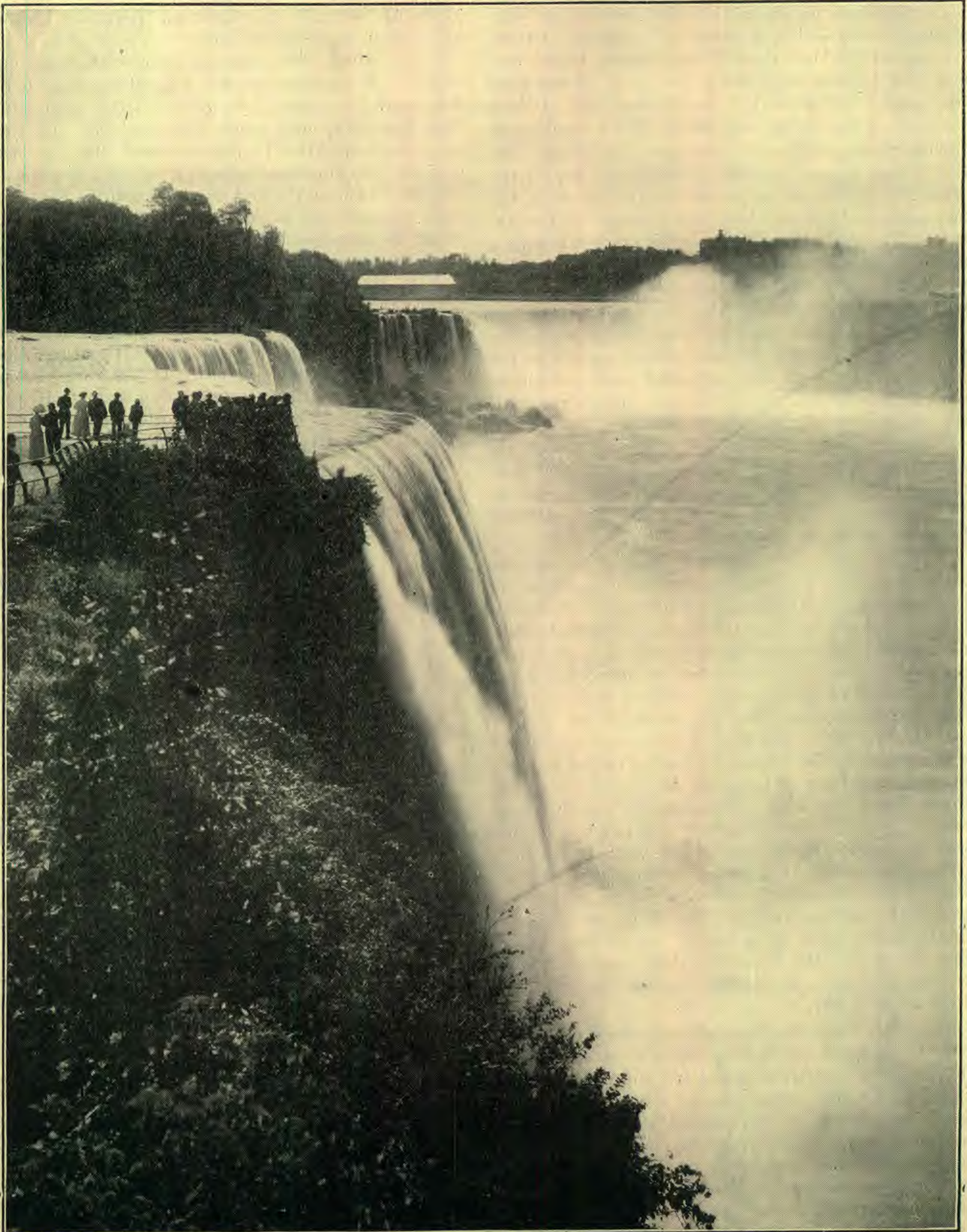
*Francis A. ...*

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 71

January 16, 1923

No. 3



Courtesy Lehigh Valley Railroad Company

NIAGARA FALLS FROM PROSPECT POINT



## Petering

**S**OME things begin small and get bigger. Others begin big and get smaller. In the first class are babies, kittens, diseases, buildings, sins, potatoes, and family squabbles, also several other things. These all begin small and get bigger. In the second class are anticipations, plum puddings, enthusiasms, resolutions, honeymoons, boastings, and flannel underclothes. These all begin big and get smaller.

There is also a class of things of which you really cannot tell what they are going to do, grow or shrivel, swell or shrink, increase or diminish. In this class come men, stocks, bonds, nations, social schemes, agitations, revolutions. They may begin small and get bigger, or begin big and get smaller. Some start with a whisper and end with a roar of artillery. Others start in with a blare as of fifteen German bands, and end like the song of a sickly mosquito. Some start like a snail, and finish like an express train. Others start like a race horse and end up like a tired mule.

Now the latter class is peculiarly American. We like to start big in America. When we set out for the Klondike, we like to announce it in the papers in big headlines, and have a brass band escort us to the station. When we start a club, we like to begin with a \$50,000 building, with double back-action pulley weights and enameled bathtubs. If we don't start it big, we are sure it will not be a success.

But we have also a strong tendency to peter. In fact, Peter ought to have been special apostle to the Americans, for I am sure he would have understood us. He proclaimed his courage and enthusiasm with the intrepidity of a Napoleon, and in a day or two was chased from the field by a servant girl. He petered. He petered so everlastingly that that particular kind of performance has come to be known by his name wherever it occurs. And it is of quite frequent occurrence.

Most men peter more or less. When they start on a race, they feel a strong temptation to spurt on the first lap. Then when the excitement really begins, they have to lie down and gasp. When a man starts in public speaking, he usually wants to tell all he knows in his first speech, and quite often he succeeds. Then when the crowd hear his next effusion, they all agree that he has petered. We lay plans for the biggest cathedral on earth, and after a few months' building we roof over the foundation and hold a prayer meeting for the help of heaven to get us out of debt. We start for the moon, but when we get up about one hundred feet, we sit down on a chimney top and think. We soar up toward the sun, and get no farther than up a tree. We start to turn the world upside down, and end by thinking ourselves lucky if we get our dinner cooked the way we want it. We lift up our two-hundred-pound burden like a feather, but we set it on the first milestone. We start with three cheers, and end with an apology. We do our best work before noon. In short, we peter.

Now, this is the discouraging thing about life. And our only hope in life is based upon those things that do not peter. If babies began big and kept growing smaller, it would certainly make a hopeless job of it for us all. If our knowledge were large to start with, and grew less and less every day we went to school, we could scarcely blame our teachers for being discouraged. If our love for our friends petered out more and more every time we saw them, our social intercourse certainly would not be a joy forever.

Peter never was a success until he stopped petering. Nor will you and I succeed until we do likewise. The man who tries to distance competitors in the first ten minutes, and leaves his exhausted body in the road for them to carry the rest of the journey, is in no sense a success. In taking up a burden, it is a mistake to take up one so heavy that after the first day you have to drop it upon another's shoulder. When a man joins a church, he is not a success if he is so good the first month that he has to be a little worse each succeeding month. And when a young man falls in love, he makes a mistake to fall in love so desperately that there is nothing left for him to do but peter the rest of his life, when in its trials and irritations his love has need to be at its strongest.

Never peter. Grow, increase in everything you undertake. It does not matter how small you start, but it does matter how small you grow. Rather than lift a three-hundred-pound weight the first day, and then have to come down to two hundred fifty the next day, and two hundred the next, it is better to begin by lifting one potato the first day, and two the next, and three the next, and so on. By the end of ten years you would be able to lift 3,650 potatoes, which might be more than one thousand pounds. In everything that you do, begin as small as you please, but see that today's record is better — a tiny bit better, anyway — than yesterday's. Be a little stronger, a little more courageous, a little more faithful, a little nearer God, this week than you were last. If you find you are beginning to peter, you would better pray to Heaven for a change of heart. The world has no use for peterers: it wants Peters.

It is God's way to begin small. He once started to save the world. We might have supposed that in revealing the terror of His majesty and the beauty of His love He would rend the heavens, and so astonish the world that they would only be beginning to forget about it now after nineteen hundred years. But He did not. He started as a baby in a cow stable. He could scarcely have made a smaller beginning. Look back. Look into that dark cave. A flickering torch casts huge shadows of long-horned oxen on the rough-hewn walls. There is no sound but the low crunching of the cattle as they munch their hay. There in the midst of them is the young mother, forgetting for the

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# The Youth's Instructor

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. 71

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 16, 1923

No. 3

**D**O you think that God really performs miracles today as He did in the olden time? Would He give to you and me as direct an answer to prayer as He did to His servants in earlier days? Do you think He is really the same today as when He talked to Abraham, gave Jacob His promise, remembered the forgotten Joseph, or brought Rebecca to the lonely Isaac?

To all these queries, dear young readers, I can answer, Yes. Our loving Father never changes. He is interested in our smallest needs. He it is who records every tear, knows our every test, and answers when we call.

I hear you ask, "But how do you know all this?" I know it from personal experience, and I will tell you, as I have told many others, of a very great miracle—of the manifestation of a power too wonderful to pass by when it is our privilege to touch it, too gentle to be painful, and too beautiful ever to forget.

One day last June I was taken very sick while out selling the World's Crisis books. I had worked a while, not feeling my best, thinking it would all pass away. However, I was soon obliged to step aside in a hallway to pray God for strength to get to the car. The pain became almost unbearable. Upon reaching home I became violently ill, as if poisoned. Four weeks went by, and I was steadily growing worse. Some days I felt better, and was able to do things for others; but always I was conscious that some dreadful disease had come upon me, something that no human skill could cure.

I grieved over leaving the precious work of God, for I had always found jewels and hungry hearts in the homes I visited. As I came to realize my condition, I told the Lord that if He would fill my place in His work, and give me a resigned will to let go, then He could do with me as He saw best, if only He would help me bear my suffering with an unyielding faith, and not leave me alone at any time with the enemy. My request was granted. God often spoke to me, and drew me closer and still closer to His great heart of love.

In July I left my home for what I thought to be the last time, when it was necessary for me to go to the Washington Sanitarium Hospital. There the X-ray told the story. It showed an advanced case of cancer. The surgeons and nurses were helpless, in

## My Guide

There is no path in this desert waste,  
For the winds are shifting the sands,  
The trail is blind where the storms have raced,  
And a stranger, I, in these fearsome lands.  
But I journey on with a lightsome tread;  
I do not falter, nor turn aside,  
For I see His figure just ahead —  
He knows the way — my Guide.

There is no path in this trackless sea;  
No map is lined on the restless waves;  
The ocean snares are strange to me  
Where the unseen wind in its fury raves.  
But it matters naught; my sails are set,  
And my swift prow tosses the seas aside,  
For changeless stars are steadfast yet,  
And I sail by His star-blazed trail — my Guide.

There is no way in this starless night;  
There is naught but cloud in the inky skies;  
The black night smothers me, left and right,  
I stare with a blind man's straining eyes.  
But my steps are firm, for I cannot stray;  
The path of my feet seems light and wide;  
For I hear His voice — "I am the way" —  
And I sing as I follow Him on — my Guide.

— Robert J. Burdette.

## A Miracle of Faith

MRS. LAURA K. OSBORN

word?" This was like a ray of light to me. I had never thought of His precious Book in that way. I had thought it was only for us to honor, reverence, and love. "Yes," I said, "I am willing to have prayer."

It was a Sabbath evening, about eight o'clock, when the elders met, and with short prayers to the Father, anointed me. They prayed for one whose case was hopeless from a human standpoint. The affected organs were practically eaten away.

The first part of that night passed like many previous ones. Satan met me again with his accusings, and I could but whisper, "Go, you have nothing in me."

Then I became conscious that some change had taken place. I felt that I must lie as quietly as possible, and finally, for the first time in three weeks, sleep came to me—a natural, childlike sleep.

At seven o'clock I awakened, and saw that there were a number of nurses in my room. I could not understand, but learned that they thought it was the end, and had come in to be a comfort. I was able to greet them, and tell them how much better I felt, how well I had slept.

Yes, I was new! The Master had passed by, and with His touch of power had made me whole! It was real. There was no question, for from the laboratory came the query: "What has happened? We find no trace of cancer." Dr. H. W. Miller, my phy-

(Concluded on page 12)

face of the havoc that had been wrought by this great destroyer, for the stomach and other organs were already seriously affected. The verdict was that I might live a short time, unless the disease took a more dangerous form.

Four weeks of long days and longer nights crept by, until my very hours were numbered. I shall not speak of the pain or suffering. The Father kept His promise that He would not leave me alone, and at times His presence and glory seemed so real that I all but forgot my agony.

Some dear friends wished me to have prayer and anointing, following the instruction in James 5:14, 15. I said, "I have prayed, and I am in the Father's hands to do with as He will. I left it all with Him before I came here." "But," they answered, do you know that God loves to honor His



# Tottings on a Journey

## A Floating Community

M. E. KERN

AS soon as possible after arriving in Vancouver, I went down to the wharf to have a look at the "Makura." She looked rather small compared with the "Empress of Canada," standing near, but she is really a fair-sized vessel, having 12,210 gross tonnage, and the strength of her six engines is reckoned as 9,603 horsepower.

I was especially interested in stateroom 85, which, I must confess, seemed rather cramped quarters as a home for two persons for three and one-half weeks. The two berths, one above the other, and about two and one-half feet wide, occupy one side of the room. On the other side is a seat below the window, a small closet, and what I suppose is an air shaft cased in. At the end of the little runway between, there is a combined dresser, washstand, and writing desk, with a washbowl that folds up within this combination piece of furniture when not in use. I secured from the steward a folding stool on which to sit at the writing leaf, which can be let down. Most of my writing, however, has been done in the dining-room, when the tables there were not in use.

Fortunately, my cabin is on the main deck, having a window and not a porthole. It is protected by the cover over the short promenade deck alongside, and inasmuch as it is on the port (left) side, I have had the benefit of the trade winds, which have blown from the southeast during the whole time. On the decks below, the portholes have been closed when the waves were running high. At such times the passengers must depend on the air shafts from above for ven-

tilation, an arrangement not altogether satisfactory.

The dining-room is one deck below, and the deck above is devoted to a smoking-room, ladies' restroom, and recreation space. The recreation deck is uncovered, except that canvass was stretched over it while we were passing through the tropics.

Fortunately for me, my cabin mate was dissatisfied with the small deck space afforded to second-class passengers; so he moved over to first class, leaving me alone for the first week, until we reached Honolulu. My cabin mate for the remainder of the voyage is a very congenial young business man, a Mr. Todd, a grandnephew of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln. Inasmuch as we have to rise in the morning and retire at night one at a time, it is very essential to have a cabin mate with whom you can agree on such minor details as to who shall be first. Fortunately, my mate's plan for the voyage was late to bed and late to rise, which suited me exactly.

In all this voyage of over seven thousand miles (we are now within six hundred miles of Sydney), aside from ships seen at or near the ports where we called, we have sighted only one ship, our sister ship, "Niagara," which we passed between Honolulu and Suva. Aside from sea gulls, which are seen hundreds of miles from land, and a few flying fish, the only signs of life are on board. There have been an average of three hundred thirty passengers, one hundred twenty-five of whom are in second class. The ship carries a crew of one hundred seventy-one, making a floating community of about five hundred persons.

The activities on board are sleeping, eating, talking, reading, writing, walking, and various games.

The second-class passengers are on the whole good middle-class people of the world, most of them New Zealanders and Australians returning from trips around the world or from America. The associations have been pleasant, and the conversations about America, New Zealand, Australia, the sea, the stars, religion, etc., have been, I hope, mutually helpful.

It is not by any means always easy for a vegetarian to find just



Courtesy White Star Line

The "Olympic" Outward Bound from New York



what he would like to eat, especially when his appetite is somewhat upset by the motion of the boat. The bill of fare is quite largely meat, and yet a Catholic priest, who is a strict vegetarian, and I have fared quite well. There are some vegetables or grains at each meal, and considerable fruit has also appeared on the table. On the first night out, my cabin steward asked if I would like a cup of tea before rising. No, I would not take tea, but I would take an orange, if possible. An orange or apple has been furnished me nearly every morning.

This morning tea or fruit, with breakfast at eight, beef tea or ice cream about 10:30, luncheon at 12:30, afternoon tea at 3:30, dinner at 6, with a little lunch before retiring, constitute the program of eating, which, it appears to me, is quite too much for the inactive life one lives on board. Almost every one appears at the three regular meals, when the sea is not rough.

The reader can easily imagine that three and one-half weeks of such a life as I have described, with only three stops to break the journey, would get quite monotonous. This is especially true when the constant dizziness in the head really unfits one for solid reading or study. The constant view of a circle of water, even though the clouds and the color of the water do change somewhat now and then, becomes quite uninteresting.

This has been a very smooth voyage, and I have been fortunate enough not to be seasick. Persons who are of a fearful heart, soon become accustomed to life on the ocean wave, and come to think little of danger, even though we pass over waters three and one-half miles deep. However, I feel like the woman some one told about, who said she would be exceed-



Courtesy White Star Line

The "Olympic" Veranda Café

ingly glad when she got on good old "terra cotta" again.

Those who wait on the tables and care for the passengers' rooms are called stewards. There are also two stewardesses in second class, who give special attention to the women and children. One regular event of the day is inspection of the rooms by the captain and ship's doctor or other officer.

A visit to the engine-room down at the bottom of the ship was a diversion one day. This is an oil-burning vessel, and it takes eleven thousand barrels of oil to supply power for the two propelling screws for one trip.

A few days this side of Honolulu we passed a true atoll, a circular coral reef with only a lagoon in the center. At first the white, sandy beach looked like waves. Then we saw a lone tree on the side of the reef next to us. The passengers took great interest in this, also in the two islands of the Horne group, which we passed two days later.

The passengers are always interested in the few items of news received by wireless, which are posted daily on the bulletin board; also in the daily record, posted at noon, of our longitude and latitude and the distance traveled in twenty-four hours. The distance has varied from three hundred to three hundred sixty-four miles a day, or about fifteen miles an hour.

After making this long journey, I think the title of "Lonely Australia," sometimes given to this great body of land in the Southern Hemisphere, is quite appropriate. But the most interesting thing of all is that the advent message found its way to these distant shores, and has grown strong here, so that the Australasian Union Conference is carrying the entire burden of giving the third angel's message to the South Sea Islands.

### The First Day in Heaven

A. W. HERR

I TROD with airy feet the streets  
Paved with the finest gold.  
Fair mansions sparkled in the light,  
Bedecked with wealth untold.

I turned and looked, and, lo, behold!  
A table miles in length;  
And seated at its very head,  
Was One of mighty strength.

I saw a rippling river there;  
A tree with fruit of gold;  
I drank its shimmering waters clear,  
And thus I grew more bold.

I touched an angel's hand, and said,  
"May I eat of this tree?"  
He said, "Thou mayest freely eat,  
'Tis thine eternally."

Then I passed through some glorious fields,  
And through a gorgeous wood;  
I plucked the never-fading flowers;  
Mid fragrance there I stood.

At last I came to Zion's hill,  
And to a temple grand,  
And there I sought the Lamb of God;  
With Him at last I stand.

His presence thrilled me through and through;  
He placed His hand on me;  
His eyes shone as the brightest light;  
His face 'twas bliss to see.

His voice was perfect melody;  
His hair was silvery white.  
To be with Him I'm satisfied,  
For He is life and light.

My Love is mine, and I am His,  
I'm His eternally.  
If heaven lacked His presence there,  
'Twould not be heaven to me.

I would not care for "mansions" fair,  
The "tree" would fade and die.  
The "gold" would dim, the "river" dry,  
Without His presence nigh.



## "The World's Biggest Business"

WE are so familiar with this gigantic commercial enterprise that it seems a mere commonplace. There is no particular thrill connected with the mere sending or receiving of a letter. But so closely does the postal service touch the interests of its more than one hundred million shareholders,—the men and women and children of the United States who receive the mails,—that should unforeseen disaster interrupt its activities for one day only, "every business enterprise throughout the country would suffer; and were the mails to be suspended for a week, business from one end of the land to the other would be closed down."

The directors of this great concern, who keep the intricate machinery running so smoothly that we give it scarce a thought, are the more than a quarter of a million postal employees scattered from Florida in the South to Alaska in the North, and from the Mexican border to Maine.

"Over 1,400,000 letters are mailed every hour of the twenty-four. In every day of the 365 of the year, 33,600,000 letters slip into the mail box to go, some of them, to the ends of the earth. More than 12,530,000 units were transported by the American postal service last year, besides 60,000,000 pieces of parcel post. New York City alone sends out as many letters daily as the entire Dominion of Canada.

"In round numbers there were sold during the fiscal year 1921 at the post offices throughout the country 14,000,000,000 adhesive postage stamps; 64,000,000 special delivery stamps; 1,000,000,000 postal cards; 2,700,000,000 stamped envelopes; 175,000,000 documentary stamps; 75,000,000 newspaper wrappers; 500,000,000 proprietary stamps; besides the 57,000,000 postage due stamps used on short-paid mail matter. In all, there were issued 19,000,000,000 stamps."

"The postal service," says Postmaster-General Work, "is the medium which releases us from our own narrow environment and makes us citizens of the world. It is the greatest single agent of civilization, and has been for ages. The first postmaster-general in the world was Darius, the last of the Persian kings, who sent his messages by relay postmen. The Israelites were so well acquainted with the use of letter posts that when Job wanted a simile to describe the flight of time, he said, 'My days are swifter than a post; they flee away,' and the people to whom he spoke, understood. Julius Caesar transmitted his waxed tablets of wood to his generals by a fully developed courier system, working in relays; and the Incas in distant Peru, by the same methods, were enabled to transmit their knotted string messages over the long routes at the rate of 150 miles a day. It was not until 1833 that England had a daily mail to Paris, and the postage to America at that time was almost a dollar a letter. Prior to 1639 there was no established postal system in America, mail having been transmitted largely through the hands of traveling friends.

"In our own country the postal service has kept pace with all other developments. It is a far cry from the galloping post rider of pioneer days, who is still seen on the official seal of the Post Office Department, to the soaring airplane; yet the development from the one to the other has been a part of the steady evolution of the government. Originally, the thirteen colonies maintained a system of communication between themselves, which was placed under exclusive Federal control when the Constitution was adopted in 1789. Samuel Osgood, of Massachusetts, was made the first Postmaster-General under the Constitution. The relay post system, followed by the colonists, was continued, but gradually the post rider and stagecoach were succeeded by steamboat and railroad service, and now the airplane has been added as a means of transporting the mails. Each development has been a distinct epoch in the postal service of our country."

The work of the Post Office Department embraces a great network of offices,—52,000 in all,—one in every city and town of the Union. The control is centered in Washington, D. C., where the general headquarters is located.

The executive head is the Postmaster-General. He directs all the activities of the postal service through the four assistant postmasters-general, the solicitor, and the chief inspector. Each assistant postmaster-general has charge of the work



Home of the Post Office Department in Washington, D. C.

that is assigned to his bureau, the solicitor is the law officer, and the chief inspector, through the 485 assistant inspectors, conducts all investigations and checks up all post offices.

"The first assistant postmaster-general has supervision of the appointment of postmasters, keeps the record of their service, as well as all the employees under them, and when necessary, administers disciplinary action. He also has charge of the establishment and change of name or location of post offices throughout the country. He supervises all matters concerning the delivery of ordinary mail and the special delivery service. The majority of complaints which come to the Department are referred to him.

"Another important part of the first assistant's duties comes under the dead-letter service, which came into existence in 1825, and has been maintained all these years solely because of the carelessness of the American people. In 1921 there were 19,683,259 pieces of mail which were misdirected and which eventually found their way to the dead-letter office. More than 800,000 parcel-post packages were misdirected or so badly wrapped that the contents were found loose in the mails. If the American people would address their letters correctly, and if they would put the return address on them before mailing, they would save the taxpayers of the country more than \$3,000,000 annually.

"The second assistant postmaster-general is charged with the supervision of all railway mail service—the moving of mail and mail equipment on railroad



trains, the directing of railway postal clerks, and the distribution of mail matter en route in railway cars and post offices. When it is understood that last year the United States Railway Mail Service covered a rail trackage of 2,500,000 miles, the scope of this enterprise can be appreciated.

"The second assistant also supervises the transportation of mail on electric car and steamboat, and the Alaskan Star Routes, where mail is sent by dog team and reindeer sled over the 10,053 miles of frozen territory.

"Last year a steamboat route was established between Seward and the Westward Islands, a 2,500-mile trip over the stormiest waters in the Western Hemisphere.

"The second assistant postmaster-general's duties include the transportation of foreign mails, and the ocean mail service where American steamships are now used for the United States mail transportation.

length, making a round trip of 5,360 miles. The He also has charge of the international parcel post service, which calls for the co-operation of ninety-three countries.

The parcel post in this country, which was established by the Post Office Department in 1913, is larger than any express company in the world. Last year it carried more than 60,000,000 packages. The postage paid through the parcel post ran into the millions, yet with the special delivery privileges extended, and notwithstanding the vast number of parcel-post parcels which are transported through the mail, it now seems doubtful whether this branch of the service pays for itself.

"The latest and most fascinating of all mail routes — the air service — also comes under the second assistant postmaster-general. The transcontinental route from New York to San Francisco is 2,680 miles in

(Continued on page 12)

## Golden Blessing -- a Chinese "Boy"

FREDERICK LEE

(Concluded)

SO the days went by, and sometimes a real affection grew up in the heart of the mistress of the mission home for the Chinese lad. He was always happy, always grinning. But somehow the suspicion persisted that Golden Blessing was not all gold. In fact, he seemed at times to be made of rather base metal, brushed over, perhaps, with the gold dust of etiquette and excuses. But it seemed impossible to corner him.

One day the boy was set to the task of making doughnuts. Many a time he had seen his mistress do this, and had always been particularly interested in the little round balls — the "holes." He was carefully shown just how to do the work on this particular day, and then left in the kitchen alone. He had been told exactly how to fry the little center balls, yet when the mistress came to inspect his work, she could not find a single one. Now, she thought, surely he can make no excuse for this. Calling him back to the kitchen and looking him straight in the eye, she asked him what he had done with the small pieces of dough he had cut from the doughnuts. "Oh," he replied unblushingly, "I put them together and made more doughnuts!"

Nonplused, the missionary lady fairly gasped, for she *knew* him to be guilty. Inwardly unscrupulous, he was outwardly as saintly as a New England Puritan.

The missionaries often wondered if Golden Blessing did not laugh behind their backs at the seeming ease with which he fooled them. His home was not far from their compound, yet he would not ask directly if he could go and see his people. Instead he would rush in breathlessly, saying that his mother was dying, his sister was desperately sick, or that maybe there

had been a fearful fight at home, which was more than likely to be true.

One of these times, when he had asked to go home, saying that his mother was deathly sick, the missionary chanced to be passing down the main street, where the boy's father kept a little bamboo shop. The supposedly sick mother was working busily, and appeared to be in perfect health. Golden Blessing was nowhere to be seen, but later was discovered drinking tea and gossiping with some friends.

Questioned as to why he had so deceived his master, he replied: "How can I deceive the great teacher? I dare not tell lies. Indeed, my mother was ill, but she suddenly became well. When I found out this, I immediately started back to my work, but I met this friend of mine. He asked me to come and take a cup of tea with him." Then he hastily added: "My friend is interested in the gospel, and I thought I ought to take a little time to tell him about it. Do you not think I should tell him about the gospel, Pastor?"

He was greatly offended when the pastor told him to hustle back to the mission house, and added some advice about its being more important for one to be doing his appointed work, than even preaching the gospel. Indeed, Golden Blessing often tried to use the cloak of religion to cover up his misdeeds. And when he was in an especially tight place, he would go to any lengths along that line.

The inbred fear of "losing face" kept him ever on the alert, and if he could be brought to the point of partially confessing a wrong, he did it in such a way as to lose as little "face" as possible.

One morning the pastor's wife found her look-



"Little Orphan," a Rocky Island in the Yangtze River, with a Native Monastery and Home of Monks and Priests





Chinese Children at Play

ing-glass lying on the washstand in the bedroom, broken. The pieces, however, had been nicely fitted together. She felt sure that Golden Blessing was the guilty person, for no one else had been in the room, with the exception of her husband and herself. So she called him, and asked if he knew anything about the accident. No, he knew nothing about it, but, "It is too bad. That expensive looking-glass broken! How was it done?"

"Who could have broken it but you?" questioned the mistress. "No one else has been in this room."

"Perhaps the pastor knows who did it. You ask him when he comes back from the preaching hall," the boy calmly suggested. Then as he turned and started to the kitchen, he muttered to himself, but loud enough so that his mistress might hear: "That is too bad. I wonder who could have done it? This is mysterious."

The pastor returned; but of course he knew nothing about it, so Golden Blessing was again called in.

"Now see here," said the pastor, "you might as well speak out one time as another, for we know you broke this mirror. No one else has been in the room except my wife and myself. Neither of us did it, so you must be the one who dropped it."

"That is surely mysterious," mumbled the boy. "We must find out who did it." Then he added thoughtfully: "Do you suppose that Teacher Han's cat could have crawled into the window, and jumped onto the stand, shoving the looking-glass to the floor? I should not wonder but that was the way," he ended, his face brightening.

"Yes, but how did the glass get back on the stand again after it was broken?"

"That is very strange indeed, is it not?" he replied, turning to leave the room.

But they were determined to crack that shell of "face" which incased him, and so the pastor called: "Come back here. We have no time to fool with you. Confess that you did this, or you leave the compound at once. We will have no boy around here who lies."

"Do you think that Golden Blessing would tell a lie?" he meekly asked, unperturbed by the threat. "Yes, I do," said the pastor emphatically, "and you will lose your position if you do not tell the truth about this."

"Very well, I will go. *Buh yao*

*gin*" (It is unimportant), the boy replied indifferently.

And utterly astonished, the inexperienced young workers saw that he was willing to go back to his poor home — a crowded one-room mud shack alongside the filthy main street — rather than lose "face" by admitting his wrong.

Again Golden Blessing started to leave the room. But the thought of being left without a servant to tend the stoves, do the washing, and run errands, rather alarmed the missionaries. It would probably be hard to secure some one in his place, who would do even as well as he, so they called the boy back, and the pastor tried to reason with him. He told him it was foolish to act in this way. He was only hurting himself. It was not such a terrible thing for one to confess that he had made a mistake. "Now about the mirror," he said, "you tell me how you think it was done."

The boy looked up, and admitted that he had an idea how it might have been broken. He had been in the room that morning cleaning and dusting. Somehow the mirror had caught in the dust cloth. "It ought not to have been lying there," he remarked, and then added, "When I looked down, it was lying on the floor, broken, and I said to myself, 'That is strange. How did it get broken?'" That is all he would say.

"Well, *Gin Fu*," said the pastor, feeling that enough was enough, "next time, you tell the dust cloth to be more careful." Golden Blessing merely nodded, and left the room with a grunt.

It was a rare experience when a foreign guest visited the little home in that far-away Chinese city. And when a letter came, stating that a friend would soon pay them a visit, there was great excitement and preparation. There was not much accommodation in that small native house, yet they prepared to give him the best.

Another problem was food. Their last order of supplies from Shanghai had not yet arrived, and potatoes and butter and flour were getting low. Few palatable things could be purchased in the interior, but they determined to save what good things they had for the guest, and began to live on sweet potatoes, eggs, and buns purchased in the market place, and eaten without butter.

Finally the great day arrived, and it was indeed good to see a fellow countryman once more. The housewife bustled about the kitchen helping Golden Blessing with this and that, as they prepared the "feast," and the boy was important, grinning, and happy.

At last the meal was planned, and the food placed upon the brick Chinese stove to cook. After telling him to stir up the fire and watch the food closely so

(Concluded on page 12)



Herd of Transportation Yak, Tatsienlu, China



## Christmas Jonathan

THE trustees of Maxwell Academy considered Mrs. Augustus Hamilton an exceedingly philanthropic lady, and one of the greatest assets to the struggling institution of learning located only a stone's throw from her comfortable home. The trustees saw her on graduation day clad in a stiff black silk, which rustled with her every movement. Jonathan Billings, ever since that day in September when he left the old farm back in the hills and came to Thornton's Falls for his further education, had known Mrs. Augustus Hamilton at home, and being a discreet fellow, he thought and thought and thought, and expressed no opinion whatsoever.

Thanksgiving Day had come and passed, and Jonathan, slow in thankfulness, it would seem, as in speech and action, had felt his gratitude chiefly when the holiday was over. Half-cold leavings aren't quite so conducive to thankfulness as a piping hot dinner, even though it is served on an old red tablecloth; and Jonathan, husky as he was, had a decided loss of appetite on the holiday when dad and mother and Susan and Ezra and Julia and Walter must all be seated hungrily about the big dining-table back on the farm.

The holidays were approaching. Jonathan secretly dreaded them.

"I say, Cy, you aren't going to stick around these diggings all vacation are you?" It was good-natured Paul Marquis who asked the question of Jonathan, and Jonathan, ignoring the nickname which he detested because it suggested his ungainliness, answered without apparent emotion, "Yes, I'm going to stay till June."

"Must like the old lady up there better than Horace Smith did," commented Paul, with his thumb indicating the big stone house where Jonathan earned his board and a small room over the stable. "He quit in two days."

"I don't quit. I stay."

"A queer fellow, not like the rest of us," was Paul's unspoken comment, as he sprang away from so dull a companion to engage in a rollicking scuffle with Dick Coombs.

Toward the middle of December there came a dreadful snowstorm. The road to Richport was completely blocked for a day. Not even the mail carrier was able to get through, and the gathering at the village post office felt the gloom of the atmosphere. There were no curious peerings in through the little windows to ascertain beforehand who the lucky ones were to be when the sign was given that the daily mail was ready for distribution. "Couldn't get through," this announcement greet-

ing each arrival, told the news that no mail was to be sorted at the Thornton's Falls office that day.

The following day the buzz of the eager loiterers was louder than usual. Two huge bags had been lugged into the sorting department. It seemed as if everybody should receive something to make the daily trip to the office worth while. No doubt even then some went away disappointed, but Jonathan Billings was not of these. Tired as he was from shoveling paths from the stable to the road, from the front door to the road, from the back door to the clothes reel, he was yet able to smile when along with Mrs. Hamilton's telegram and three letters in typewritten envelopes, he received a letter addressed to himself and in Susan's broad hand.

He sat down on the far corner of the bench which ran the length of the room, and eagerly examined his one piece of mail.

"DEAR THANY: Holidays are coming. Did you know that? We're dreadfully poor this year. Dear old Nancy died after all, and the red cow hanged herself when the floor broke through in the barn, and we all got together after supper last night and decided we couldn't afford anything but useful things this Christmas.

"Lamps are useful, and that careless old Buster jumped onto the centertable, clawed at the pretty scarf I made, and pulled lamp and all right off onto the floor. I've put a rose over the clawed part of the scarf, but we couldn't do anything with the lamp except to save the pretty pieces for a jardinière sometime, and so we've been using a hand lamp to read by evenings, and my eyes feel as if they had sticks in them every night.

"Well, we've lumped all our Christmas money, and we're going to buy ourselves a new lamp for New Year's, maybe.

"But—now, Thany, if you aren't surprised I'll never forgive you—we've decided to have you for our one big Christmas present that's always useful, and here's the money order. You can't come parcel post, but dad says you are to deliver yourself at the farm in one week and two days.

SUSAN."

Home! Jonathan had made no complaints, even in the home letters. He had intended to remain at Mrs. Hamilton's until the close of the school year, but the thought of actually being at home in one week and two days so thrilled him that he was whimsically tempted to bound from his quiet nook and turn handsprings the length of the post office and on out into the road. Suppose he should! But of course he wouldn't. Somebody might see him.

Back home Jonathan had given little thought to others in their attitude toward him, but somehow, since coming to Thornton's Falls, he had been painfully self-conscious. He stumbled over his feet whenever he had occasion to cross a room, he blushed like a girl whenever he was addressed, he fumbled for the knob whenever he

### Home

MILDRED C. WOOD

Nestled away 'mong the tall, dark pines,  
Where the raspberry bush o'er the woodshed twines,  
Is a little white farmhouse, cozy and warm,  
Where the lights laugh out at the coming storm;  
And the fire, in winter, crackles and burns  
In the little white house, where the old road turns.

Away in the city I'm dwelling alone,  
But my thoughts wander back to that old country home,  
Where, in summer, I wandered through deep, mossy wood,  
Or dreamed by the brook. Oh, if only I could  
Once more see the loved ones for whom my heart yearns,  
In the little white house, where the old road turns!

The snow falls on all the brown country around,  
And in glorious splendor it covers the ground;  
The birds have ceased singing, and winter has come;  
But I long in my heart for that old country home,  
Where the brooklet is sighing, and dead are the ferns,  
Near the little white house, where the old road turns.

But the way of the world must be followed by all.  
Through summer and winter, and springtime and fall;  
And all must have trials and troubles to bear,  
And all of us yearn for that home over there;  
But I long—and the city my country heart spurns—  
For the little white house, where the old road turns.



tried to open a door in the presence of any one else, and it is doubtful if even handsprings the length of the post office and out into the road would have greatly changed the opinion of Thornton's Falls in regard to Jonathan Billings. The village quite agreed with Paul Marquis, who thought this chap from upcountry somewhere decidedly queer, and no further proof was considered necessary.

Thornton's Falls never could have guessed the exuberance within as Jonathan Billings shuffled his feet, and made his way back to the postmaster's window with that precious money order in his hand, received the cash and shambled away. Only when the cold gray house of Mrs. Hamilton loomed in sight did joy give place to dread. Mrs. Hamilton was to have company at holiday time. Perhaps she would be unwilling to let him go. There might be paths to shovel; there surely would be coal and wood and ashes to lug.

He entered by the back door as usual, stepped up to the living-room door, and knocked.

"Come! Oh, it's you, is it, Jonathan?" she queried, reluctantly closing her book over her forefinger. "Careful! You are turning up the rug. Well, what is it?"

"Holidays," blundered the boy. "The folks want me to come home."

"Do they?" Mrs. Hamilton began to think, and the longer she thought the more significant seemed the humble tasks which Jonathan had been performing so faithfully. But the trustees of Maxwell Academy had not wholly misjudged the mistress of the stone house.

"For the two weeks?" queried Mrs. Hamilton.

"Yes, please."

"Well, you're a dependable boy, if you are awkward and stupid sometimes. We must arrange so that you can go home for the vacation."

"Thanks. Is there anything but the ashes tonight?" Jonathan unexpectedly inquired.

"No; if you've shoveled the paths as I told you."

"They're all done. Did them before I went for the mail."

"Then that's all till time to tend the ashes." And Mrs. Hamilton opened the book to the place her forefinger had kept, and resumed her reading.

Jonathan therefore refrained from asking the other permission he had intended to ask, and left the room, taking special pains not to slam the door. He went back along one of his own neatly made paths and out to the highway, where he floundered at nearly every step. He called at the minister's, borrowed a shovel, made a path from the parsonage to the road, from the parsonage to the church, accepted fifteen cents in payment for his services, and plunged on to Widow

Green's little cottage, several rods from the road and so nearly buried in snow it was scarcely visible in the waning light. Hers was of necessity a long path, and she insisted upon paying twenty cents to the boy who shoveled it for her. Jonathan, in the joyous anticipation of a fortnight at home, had the energy, it seemed to him, to shovel all the paths the village could possibly need, but the winter day had come to a close and supper time was approaching.

The one week and two days before the red-letter day were busy for Jonathan. The thrifty mistress of the stone house did not intend that he should too easily earn board and room, and yet, tired as he often was when his assigned tasks were done, he always kept his eyes open for wage-earning tasks for his few periods of leisure. A bit of ready money must be secured somehow, and Jonathan had already learned that the world had not reached that stage in its development when it would lend, asking nothing in return.

By and by the red-letter day actually dawned — a glorious winter day, quite in keeping with the mood of Jonathan Billings. As the train sped on its way through village after village, and on again through a stretch of open country or through wild lands, Jonathan's heart leaped ahead to the small, weather-beaten farmhouse on the slope of old Mt. Blue.

The unsentimental train, however, purposely avoided the rugged neighborhood of Mt. Blue, and dropped one eager passenger five miles away from his destination. Jonathan stood for a moment on the platform, rejoicing in the familiar scenes about him, then with long, certain strides set out for a walk over wind-swept, winding country roads.

Sleigh bells! Around a sudden curve appeared the unfamiliar head of a roan horse, but the grinning girl who was urging him on proved to be Susan herself. "Well, Thany, you beat the butter after all. I thought it would never come, but it did after a while, so here I am. Whoa there, Pep! Whoa, I say!" The irritated horse was finally jerked to a standstill, and room made for Jonathan beside the driver. "He's not like old Nancy," complained Susan. "He's always contrary. That's why dad got him cheap. Here, Thany, you're a wonder with horses. You drive."

"A wonder?" Jonathan Billings had forgotten that he was a wonder with anything, but he took the reins which Susan thrust into his hands, turned the horse about without upsetting the sleigh, and they all jingled away toward Mt. Blue — and home.

The sleigh bells were merely an accompaniment to Susan's merry chatter and the questions put to her while she was taking breath.

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### Life's Journey

MRS. J. W. PURVIS

A little nearer drawing, day by day,  
To the celestial city far away;

Yet ever blind to guideboards kind  
In lonely places set to point the way.

Eyes ever turning backward to discern  
Some loved but long past scene for which we  
yearn;

In winding way we go astray,  
So slow are we the onward path to learn.

The will-o'-the-wisp of pleasure, o'er the swamp  
Of dark temptation, glows through even's damp;  
And some will fall, though over all  
God set His word, an ever-shining lamp.

How long we linger by each wayside spring,  
Our pressing duties not remembering.

We reach for joy, and grasp alloy,  
But blindly think it worth the treasuring.

We stop for flowers that scatter at a touch,  
And mourn their wasted sweetness over much.  
So dear, so dear earth's joys appear,  
We doubt if Heaven's joys can equal such.

O could we only run a tireless race,  
Each day find strength sufficient in His grace,  
And with the prize in view, be true,  
We'd some day see our Saviour face to face.





# Just for the Juniors



## Lizzie

D. E. PETTIS

ONE afternoon, several years ago, I received an order from my chief, the game warden of the State of Arizona, asking me to go at once to Mohawk, and take charge of a mountain sheep which was being held in violation of the law.

The Southern Pacific train which I boarded at dark that night dropped me about 2 A. M. at a little desert station, where I was to begin my search. After spending three chilly hours trying to sleep in the tent house to which I was directed by the agent, I dressed and returned to the station.

As day began to break over the low mountains, some prospectors who had been napping on the floor and in the waiting-room seats, awakened, and one of them inquired for the agent's pet.

"She'll be in before long," said the old man, as he opened the door to his quarters, and called, "Lizzie."

A shrill little "baa" from the back of the house, a rattle of small hoofs, and Lizzie, bounding as high as the seats, made her bow to the waiting-room.

During the forenoon the passengers of a dozen trains looked in wonder at the little sheep, as she followed her friend while he delivered train orders to the men in the big locomotives. A dog might have shown more fear than she.

By evening I had to give up the task of "getting evidence" that the mother sheep had been killed in order to capture the little one. I showed the old man my star, and told him my errand. He did not shed any tears, but it was easy to see that the loss of his pet was going to be keenly felt. Had I not known that some one else would certainly be sent for Lizzie, I should have been tempted to leave her with him.

For several days after we reached home, I took all the care of the little sheep. She soon came at my call, but no one else could persuade her to move an inch in their direction. However, I was called away on business, and while I was absent she learned that another voice meant her bottle of warm milk, so when I returned I was just a stranger. She was not afraid of people, she simply ignored them. Visitors were much surprised to see one of the wildest of creatures show so little fear.

How she did eat and grow! Watermelons, tomato vines, weeds, in fact almost everything seemed to tempt her appetite. But the more she grew the more of a trouble she became, climbing to the tiptop of a baled haystack to jump straight off twenty feet to the ground; poking her forefeet through the screen door at the store, using the storekeeper's ice box on his porch as a favorite exercising ground at 4 A. M.; or following me on my motor cycle until she was tired out, and had to be taken back.

It became such a chore to care for her, that late in the summer she was put

into a large pasture with a flock of domestic sheep. Here she refused to eat, stood around alone, seemingly grieving for old scenes and friends, and soon died.

## Earning Missionary Money

LAST summer my mother, two brothers, and myself were planning how we could earn money for missions. We finally decided to have a flower garden. We planted sweet peas, nasturtiums, larkspur, stock, zinnias, marigolds, mignonette, candytuft, and petunias. That seems quite a lot, but we had only one package of each.

When the flowers began to blossom, we made ten-cent bunches of the nasturtiums and sweet peas; and twenty-five cent bunches of the larkspur, zinnias, marigolds, candytuft, mignonette, and stock. That does not seem very much, but it all counts up.

We sold them in the neighboring city twice a week. One day at the table I asked mother how much she thought we would earn. She said she thought we would take in at least ten dollars.

During the hot weather, money came in quite fast. The first time we counted it we had three dollars; the second time, ten; and the third time, thirteen. Then we did not count for a long time, hoping to have twenty dollars to count. But to our surprise we had forty dollars for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering.

ESTHER EVERS (aged thirteen).

## One Result of Prohibition

PERHAPS the best single illustration of what has happened and is happening to former distilling plants is to be found in the interesting transformation that has taken place in the world's greatest whisky center, Peoria, Illinois. With the advent of prohibition, thirteen former distilleries, located in and around Peoria, were taken over by a large food corporation. The promoters of this undertaking, realizing the great manufacturing advantages in the peculiar location of the city of Peoria, purchased the distilleries and expended something like ten million dollars in equipping them for other industrial purposes. As a result, those distilleries, which formerly employed about 1,000 men in the manufacture of alcohol, now employ more than 4,000 men, who are manufacturing thirty different important and necessary products, among which are industrial alcohol, stock feed, wheat flour, cane sirup, corn oils, yeast, preserves, jellies, jams, and vinegar.



Lizzie, the Mountain Sheep

OUR idle words bring forth after their kind, and accomplish that thing for which they are sent.—*F. Crawford.*



### A Miracle of Faith

(Concluded from page 3)

sician, said to me: "Mrs. Osborn, there is not a doubt in my mind but that you are healed. This seems to be one of those great miracles such as we read of in the Bible."

Three months have passed by, during which there has been no trace of the disease. The promise, "I will restore health unto thee," has been fulfilled, and I am again rejoicing in doing the precious work of God.

This is why I can say that I know the power of God to be a reality. And the key of faith in the hand of prayer unlocked for me the treasure house of His wonderful blessings. The Father has many ways of demonstrating to us His great power, if we but yield ourselves perfectly to Him. But each of us must have a heart in complete subjection to His will if we would see the reality of faith.

Our God is a great God, but He notes even the sparrow's fall. He is unchangeable; His power is the same yesterday, today, yea, forever; and He is able and willing to perform as real miracles today as in the long ago, when He walked and talked with men on the shores of blue Galilee.

### Petering

(Concluded from page 2)

moment her discouragement and discomfort and sickness. For there in her arms lies the Babe, her baby boy, and about His face still plays the light of heaven from which He came, and the unclouded purity of its skies still lingers in His eyes.

O little Babe of the stable, who would dream that Thou art a King? Who would imagine that from that throne of Thy sweet mother's arms Thy power would reach down along the ages, overturning kingdoms, establishing empires, changing the world, and that even today so many proud nations should own Thee as their supreme Lord and King; that Thou, O gracious Babe, shouldst be enthroned in so many faithful hearts, who would gladly lay down their life and all they hold most dear for Thy name's sake. Truly well did he speak, that prophet of old, when he said, "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of His government and peace there shall be no end."

In all that He does God begins very small. But the last is always the best. Nothing in which God has a hand peters out. Let us, as God's true sons, build according to His plans, that of the structure that our hands rear it may also be said, The last is best.—*John Hopkins Denison, D. D.*

### Golden Blessing — a Chinese "Boy"

(Concluded from page 8)

that it would be cooked just right, the pastor's wife went in to rest until dinner time.

It seemed that she had been dozing but a moment when she awoke with a strange presentiment of disaster. Hurrying to the dining-room, she smelled something burning, evidently in the kitchen. Dismayed, she dashed to the door and opened it. The room was black with smoke from the burned food. And *Golden Blessing* was peacefully sitting on the stove, fast asleep,

utterly oblivious to the fact that the precious meal was burning up right under his nose!

Rushing across the room, the disgusted housewife shook the drowsy boy awake, and with one sweep of her hand brushed him out of the house. And thus he left us, never to return. We had had enough of *Golden Blessing*. There are times, even in the mission field, when patience ceases to be a virtue.

*Peking, China.*

### "The World's Biggest Business"

(Continued from page 7)

round trip is covered each day except Sundays and holidays, necessitating an annual flying schedule on the part of the mail air force of approximately 1,800,000 miles.

"The third assistant postmaster-general looks after the finances of the Department, and has charge of the stamped paper, money orders, registered mails, classification, and postal savings. A few figures help to show the work of his division:

"During 1921, 145,686,300 domestic and international money orders were issued. Debts totaling \$1,330,000,000 are paid annually through the money-order division of the post office; 124,898,500 official and registered letters were mailed last year; 116,326,664 parcels were insured. During that same period 2,798,650 postal savings certificates were issued. There are over 400,000 depositors in the postal savings, a larger number than in any banking institution in the world, and two thirds of the depositors are foreigners. The depositors had a credit on June 30, 1922, of \$137,736,439.

"Another part of the work which comes under the third assistant postmaster-general, is the stamps which are used on all mail matter, and this of itself would make a most interesting story. The use of postage stamps in the United States post offices was not begun until 1847. At that time the first stamps were issued and were of 5-cent and 10-cent valuation. The 5-cent stamp bore Longacre's face of Franklin, and the 10-cent stamp was engraved with the Stuart head of Washington. In 1851 the second series of stamps was issued. The stamps ran in value from one cent to ninety cents, and Jefferson's profile appeared on them with the other two mentioned. Both of these two issues have long since become obsolete.

"During and after the war of the 60's, another series was issued which bore the faces of both Jackson and Lincoln, with those of the three men who had been so honored in the first and second series. In 1870 another series was issued, and in 1883, when the franking privilege was abolished, a series of stamps of special design were provided for the use of Congress and the executive departments of the Government. Since that time there has been a great variety of postage stamps issued, including the commemorative stamps—those which were made in honor of the Columbian Exposition, and of many notable events since that date. The stamped postal card was first authorized in 1873.

"The fourth assistant postmaster-general has charge of the rural mails and the equipment and supplies of the service. There are practically 44,203 rural delivery routes established throughout the country, covering 1,163,896 miles, the service thereon requiring, in round numbers, 400,000,000 miles of annual traveling by the 44,000 mail carriers. This brought the mail



to more than 6,500,000 families and approximately to 30,100,000 persons last year. The cost of this service was \$85,500,000."

And so the next time you hear the rattle of the mail carrier's Ford as he chugs along the country roads, or peer anxiously in through the little grated window where the servitor looks for your letters among the pile addressed to names beginning with your own initial, or hasten to the door in answer to the postman's ring, remember that you are a part of this great concern — a shareholder in "the world's biggest business."

### Christmas Jonathan

(Continued from page 10)

As the travelers turned in at the home gate, the back door flew open, and a very plump, rosy little fellow began dancing up and down on the threshold, clapping his hands and shouting at the top of his strong lungs, "Oh, T'any's tum, muzzer! T'any's tum!"

Once in the old-fashioned kitchen, Jonathan found himself the center of attraction. Dad clapped him jovially on the shoulder, mother smiled up into his eyes, though there were tears in hers; Julia clambered up into a chair to surprise him with a kiss right on the back of his neck; Ezra stood first on one foot, then on the other, and grinned his satisfaction; and while Susan boasted of Jonathan's skill in the management of cranky horses, Walter continued to dance and clap and shout, "T'any's tum! Oh, T'any's tum!"

Even had there been no baked apples and cream and sour-milk biscuit, such as only mother knows how to make, for supper that night, the boy home for the holidays must have felt himself welcome.

Now in a family the size of the Billings family not a week passes without bringing a mishap to some one. That first week of Jonathan's vacation there were three unfortunate ones. Jonathan, making himself useful by chopping wood, carelessly dropped the ax on his foot, whereat Ezra in alarm ran to mother, who treated the slight wound and bound it up with the skill of one who has had long practice. Julia tumbled down the stairs with her precious Arabella in her arms. Julia herself received sorry bumps on head and arm, but these were as nothing compared with the real calamity that befell Arabella. Arabella's head banged against the door and split in two. Then Julia sat right down on the bottom stair and howled and howled until Jonathan ran in from the barn to learn what had happened, examined the two parts of Arabella's china head, and promised to stick them together again. He kept that promise in a manner so satisfactory that the next stormy afternoon he found himself sole proprietor of a repair shop installed behind the kitchen stove. Tops, bows and arrows, dolls' furniture, picture books, even a letter block with a corner chipped off, and a cloth bunny that had lost its tail, were on hand to be made new by that remarkable big brother who had been away to school and who knew more in the opinion of the young Billingses than the minister himself.

Ezra's mishap befell on Friday. He and Julia were having a snowball fight, and Julia came off victorious. The vanquished had a very ugly-looking eye to prove he had taken part in the combat.

"It looks as if it hurt," Julia commented at supper time; "but, mother, do you know Ezra didn't cry a bit? Wasn't he brave?"

"Ho," scoffed Ezra, "warriors don't sit down and cry when they get hurt."

"But you do sometimes," insisted the young sister with a very emphatic nodding of her head. "You know you do, Ezra Billings!"

Ezra frowned. "You don't need to tattle before Thany, anyhow," he muttered.

Susan laughed, but said nothing then. Along in the evening, when the younger children were tucked away in bed and the father and mother were attending to the many little last things, she and Jonathan sat alone for a while by the open fire.

"I know why Ezra didn't cry when he got hurt today," she volunteered.

"Why?"

"Because you didn't cry when you cut your foot. He watches you and tries to do everything just as you do."

"Does he?"

Jonathan felt uneasy, and the next morning he began to study that young brother of his. Sure enough, his eccentricities of movement and of speech were being mimicked by the adoring Ezra quite as truly as his bravery, and he smiled rather ruefully as he thought, "No wonder the other fellows think me a rube."

Christmas was one of the merriest in the history of the Billings family, despite the fact that there were no presents save a few homemade ones for the younger children. But they all had a happy time, for was not Thany, the adored son and big brother, with them?

Two days before New Year's, Susan got a chance to earn fifty cents by helping Mrs. Emery put her house in order for company, and joyously she announced the fact on her late return.

"Fifty cents, mother! What do you think of that! And so we can have the lamp for New Year's after all! Hurray!" And Susan executed an original dance the length and breadth of the kitchen and back again. "Thany, you and I must drive to the village tomorrow and buy it. Don't forget." Small likelihood there was that Susan herself would forget! She was up bright and early next morning, hustling about her regular tasks.

"Thany, better be getting old Pepper harnessed," she advised about nine o'clock. "I'm almost ready to go."

That was a jolly ride for the New Year's lamp. Susan laughed and chatted; Jonathan smiled and planned; and since the boy was holding the reins and occasionally the whip, Wellman's was reached in an unusually short time.

"Here we are!" cried Susan, springing to the ground.

The lamp of Susan's choice was not elaborate.

"Why, sis, don't you like that one better?" Jonathan asked, nodding toward a larger lamp with a colored shade.

"Don't I! Of course I do. Anybody would. But we can't have it. It costs a dollar and a half too much."

"Then we'll take it, please, Mr. Wellman."

Susan gasped as her big brother thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out the money necessary for the finer purchase.

While in the store, Susan was quiet and undemonstrative, but when they were jingling away toward home, that precious lamp held firmly between Jonathan's feet, she slipped an arm through his and nestled close.



"O Thany," she breathed rapturously, "you're the dandiest brother that ever lived. Won't the folks be surprised! Do you suppose we can keep it a secret till tomorrow?"

Even though a girl knew about the beautiful lamp made possible for the Billingses because of Jonathan's unexpected contribution, the secret was kept till next day, one of the happiest New Year's that Jonathan had ever known.

All too quickly that fortnight slipped away, and the day came when Jonathan must return to Thornton's Falls — and to the cold gray house near the academy; but it was a different Jonathan who at nightfall presented himself to Mrs. Hamilton. He neither fumbled with the knob nor turned up the corner of the rug. He neither stammered nor blushed when she spoke to him. In spite of herself, Mrs. Hamilton experienced an emotion akin to respect for the boy whom she had called stupid and awkward.

On the following Monday, teachers and pupils of Maxwell Academy noted as marked a change in the fellow who had been considered queer.

"What ails you, anyhow, Cy?" Paul Marquis asked, seizing Jonathan by the shoulder. "Act as if you thought you were President of the United States of America."

Jonathan grinned. "Going to be some day," he prophesied. "Abe Lincoln wasn't much for looks, but he got there just the same. I tell you what, Marquis, a feller's got to be something when he has folks that think he already is."

Even as he prophesied, a loyal sister back home gazed adoringly at the new lamp which she had just trimmed with unusual care. Then she said as she lighted it, "Two great big holiday presents — but the greatest of these is Jonathan."

And ungrammatical Susan never realized that in part she had appropriated the minister's text for his Christmas sermon.—*Mary Louise Stetson, in Young People.*

## Our Counsel Corner

*In one of our conference papers I read, "Fifteen of the students and teachers went to — Monday evening, November 6, to hear Galli-Curci, the world's most famous soprano, etc." There is a question in my mind whether it is right for Seventh-day Adventists to indulge in pleasures of that sort in face of the urgent calls for means.*

C. H. H.

It is always well to keep the question before us of just how far we should go in the matter of spending money on such things as here indicated. We certainly should do nothing by word or action to encourage others in the needless expenditure of money that should be given to the cause of foreign missions and into the treasury of the church of God. In deciding these questions for ourselves we should bear in mind certain principles.

We should not be content with a meager education, and we should strive to train and educate our minds and sensibilities so as better to appreciate those things that are pure, lovely, and of good report. It is often the case that attendance at some musical event where the songs and the singers are of the highest type, may be to us a real education. It is right for us to spend money to read and understand history, science, and nature, if in so doing we can serve our Master in a better way. Music may increase our understanding. Music is educational. Good music will help us to understand other good music by educating and training the ear. By a keener understanding of the best in music we shall care less for the cheap, jazzy kind. It is the same in literature, art, or science. By reading the best books we shall not be in danger from magazines and periodicals that are filled with trash. In going to hear musical

artists we should spend our money as we would to hear some speaker on a subject that would instruct and benefit. While we know that music educates, it also entertains, so we must guard ourselves from an expenditure of money that would merely gratify our senses without any good purpose.

It will help us in such questions as these to ask ourselves honestly: "Will my spending of the money for this thing (whether in musical lines, in scientific lines, in mechanical lines, in artistic lines,—in any educational way) help me to do better work for my Master? Will the money thus spent educate me for finer and better service for Him?" If we can conscientiously answer the questions in the affirmative, then the money will not have been wasted, and the Mission Board will not suffer, for our energies, dedicated to Him, will be utilized in constantly working for Him.

We must carefully guard our expenditures along these lines, as we must guard our time spent in all pursuits. We desire to educate ourselves for better and higher service, but in educating ourselves we must not go to that extent that we shall merely gratify selfish desires.

Read in this connection from the book "Education," by Mrs. E. G. White, page, 167, 168, 307. U. V. W.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### IV — God Is No Respector of Persons; the Judgment Standard

(January 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: James 2: 1-13.

##### Questions

##### Respect of Persons

1. With what advice does the second chapter of James begin? James 2: 1. Note 1.
2. What usually distinguishes the rich from the poor? How is respect of persons sometimes shown? Verses 2, 3.
3. What are those who thus show respect of persons? Verse 4.

##### God's Standard and Man's

4. How does God regard all whom He has placed on the earth? Ps. 33: 13-16. Note 2.
5. What should be our attitude toward all men? Prov. 24: 23; 28: 21.
6. Whom has God chosen? James 2: 5.
7. Although God has chosen the poor, what is sometimes the attitude of men? Verse 6, first part.
8. What charge was made against the rich? Verse 6, last part, and verse 7.

##### The Law of Liberty

9. How is the law fulfilled? Verse 8.
10. How may the law be transgressed? Verses 9, 10. Note 3.
11. How is this illustrated? Verse 11.
12. What exhortation is given? What name is given the law? Verse 12.
13. How will those be judged who have shown no mercy? Verse 13.

##### Notes

1. The Revised Version, margin, of this text reads, "My brethren, do ye, in accepting persons, hold the faith of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Lord of glory?" None who profess the pure and undefiled religion of our Lord should countenance any distinction, or manifest any partiality, among members of the church, because of difference in wealth or social standing. We are all one in Christ Jesus.

2. While God is no respecter of persons, He is a respecter of character. He will immortalize a pure and holy character in His kingdom. We, too, should love and respect good character, no matter in whom it may be found.

3. The moral law "is that revelation of the divine will which relates to the duties men owe both to their Maker and to their fellow men, or neighbors, as explained in Luke 10: 33-37. This law is spiritual and perfect, extending to all the inward creations and outward actions of men, and can never be changed or annulled."—*Binney's "Theological Compend," p. 153.*



## Intermediate Lesson

### IV — The Story of Cain and Abel; from Adam to Noah

(January 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 4: 1-16; 5.

LESSON HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 71-79.

MEMORY VERSE: "By faith Abel offered unto God a more excellent sacrifice than Cain." Heb. 11: 4.

#### Questions

1. What were the names of Adam's oldest sons? As they grew up, what occupation did they each choose? Gen. 4: 1, 2.
2. By what service were men to show their faith in the promised Saviour? Note 1.
3. When they came to worship God, what offering did Cain and Abel each bring? Verses 3, 4. Note 2.
4. How was each offering regarded by the Lord? Verses 4, 5. Note 3.
5. What led Abel to make his offering? What did this faith obtain for him? Heb. 11: 4.
6. When the Lord did not accept his offering, how was Cain affected? Gen. 4: 5.
7. How did the Lord in kindness reason with Cain? Verses 6, 7.
8. What did Cain's wicked feelings lead him to do? Verse 8; 1 John 3: 12.
9. What did the Lord then ask Cain? What false reply did Cain make? Gen. 4: 9.
10. What bore witness against Cain? What curse was pronounced because of his sin? Verses 10-12.
11. What did Cain say to the Lord? How did the Lord yet show mercy to this wicked man? Verses 13-15.
12. Did Cain try to come nearer to God, or did he depart from Him? Verse 16.
13. After a time what other son was given to Adam and Eve? Gen. 5: 3. Note 4.
14. In the line of patriarchs what special mention is made of Enoch? Verses 21-24; Heb. 11: 5. Note 5.

#### Find Out

- Which was the older, Cain or Abel.  
 Why God did not kill Cain after Cain slew his brother.  
 Why life is one long series of tests.  
 How many men lived more than nine hundred years, according to the record in Genesis 5.

#### Notes

1. "In the wonderful plan that God made to save man even after he had sinned, He gave His Son Jesus Christ to die for man. This was necessary, for some one must die, either man who had sinned, or some one who would take his place and die in his stead. This place Jesus took; but He did not come to the earth to die for us for many hundreds of years after the promise was made. During this long time before He really died, men were to show, by offering sacrifices, that they believed He would die for them, and that His blood would atone for sin. The animal that was slain represented Jesus, who was to be slain for our sins. The sinner confessed his sins over the head of the animal, and then killed it, and burned its body upon an altar. In this way he showed that he knew that he deserved to die, but that he believed that Jesus, who was represented by the animal, would die in his place."—*"Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 43, 44.*

2. "These brothers were tested, as Adam had been tested before them, to prove whether they would believe and obey the word of God. They were acquainted with the provision made for the salvation of man, and understood the system of offerings which God had ordained. They knew that in these offerings they were to express faith in the Saviour whom the offerings typified. . . . Without the shedding of blood, there could be no remission of sin; and they were to show their faith in the blood of Christ as the promised atonement, by offering the firstlings of the flock in sacrifice."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 71.*

3. "The two brothers erected their altars alike, and each brought an offering. Abel presented a sacrifice from the flock, in accordance with the Lord's directions. 'And the Lord had respect unto Abel and to his offering.' Fire flashed from heaven, and consumed the sacrifice. But Cain, disregarding the Lord's direct and explicit command, presented only an offering of fruit. There was no token from heaven to show that it

was accepted. Abel pleaded with his brother to approach God in the divinely prescribed way; but his entreaties only made Cain the more determined to follow his own will. As the eldest, he felt above being admonished by his brother, and despised his counsel."—*Id., pp. 71, 72.*

4. "Cain became the father of a race of wicked men. Seth was the father of a line of men who loved and served God. These men are called patriarchs. *Patriarch* means a 'father-ruler.' Each one ruled his own family or tribe as long as he lived, and when he died, his oldest son became the patriarch, the head of the family. The patriarch was also the priest of his family. He offered the sacrifices, and inherited a double portion of his father's wealth."—*"Bible Lessons," Book One, McKibbin, pp. 45, 46.*

5. "Enoch's walk with God was not in a trance or a vision, but in all the duties of his daily life. He did not become a hermit, shutting himself entirely from the world; for he had a work to do for God in the world. In the family and in his intercourse with men, as a husband and father, a friend, a citizen, he was the steadfast, unwavering servant of the Lord. His heart was in harmony with God's will; for 'can two walk together, except they be agreed?' And this holy walk was continued for three hundred years."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 85.*

### PARABLES OF EVERY DAY

#### The Heathen

R. B. T.

ONCE upon a Time I was riding on my Wheel along a Jungle Road in a Country of the Far East; and I was Alone, and the Forest was Thick and Dark, and there was no Human Being therein for Miles and Miles.

Betimes the Journey led me to a Hill, Long and Steep, and I fain would Dismount and Push the Bike with its Load; so I did, and it was a Weary Way.

Then on a Sudden two Wild-looking Men broke from the Bushes behind me and babbled to each other in a Strange, Jabbering Tongue, and made After me up the Road at a Fast Walk. Moreover their Black, Hairy Bodies were almost naked; keen eyes had they, and Great Mops of Hair.

So I was Sore Afraid, and my Heart rose out of His Place, and my Hair stood Forth Stiffly; for my Pursuers each Bore a Hammer and a Knife; and I had no Weapon, no, not even a Penknife.

I went Swiftly, and they came the More Swiftly; I longed for a Downgrade, but None Appeared. Then did I take a Half Hitch in my Courage, and Set my Jaw, and Slowed my Pace, with the Faintest of Hopes that they would Pass me By on the Other Side.

Not so; for when they came nigh me, the Burliest One, with a Look in his Eyes like unto a Startled Cow, Reached Out and Took Away from me the Bike, and Both led on, and I Followed Meekly as their Prisoner, and not a Word was Spoken.

And when we had Gone about the Space of Sixteen Furlongs, a Short Curve brought us Suddenly on a Whole Gang of Wild-looking Men Breaking Stones for road mending. And my Captors joined them, after handing the Bike over to me with a Smile.

Whereat I was greatly Astonished, and Marvelled at so great Courtesy in a Hindu — for such he was; and whereas every Coolie I had ever met did Nothing for Nothing, I reached in my Purse and Extracted therefrom a Goodly Coin and Tossed it to Them.

But they tossed it back and cried, "Nay, Nay;" nor could I Force it on them at all.

And as I went on my Way, my Heart was Full and my Feet were Light, and I Loved my Fellow Men.

WHICH ALL GOES TO SHOW that some Heathens are not Heathen.



### You Are Cordially Invited

**T**O become a contributor to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. We are anxious to make the paper of interest to every young man and woman numbered among its family of 20,000 readers. If you have had some experience which you feel will be helpful to others, write it out and send it to us. We are particularly anxious to hear from young people who have met and solved such problems as come to us all in the years when we begin to think and decide things for ourselves — such problems as amusements, dress, Sabbath observance when obliged to accept employment with those of different religious belief, or to attend school in an "outside" institution, etc. If you are working your way through school, tell us how you are doing it, and whether or not you consider the struggle against such odds as lack of means and other handicaps, really worth while. Or, if some good thought comes to you in connection with your reading or Bible study, pass it on as an inspiration to others. Write us about anything of special interest which comes to your attention, and we shall be glad to consider your article for publication. If you chance upon some choice selection or short story, send it in to us or call our attention to the reference.

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### Pitching In

**I**T'S curious what a man can accomplish by bringing enthusiasm to his work — curious, that is, until you stop to think what enthusiasm implies. It means that a man's whole heart is in his work; that he would rather be doing that particular thing than anything else he can think of.

Enthusiasm often enables a man to accomplish the seemingly impossible, just because it won't permit him to see anything ahead but success. There is no roundabout way to success; no substitute that is "just as good and a little cheaper."

If you want to hit the bull's eye of success, you must aim straight and shoot straight. If you allow your eye to wander, your shot is going to go wide of the mark.

How much, do you suppose, would ever have been accomplished at Panama if the men on the job hadn't pitched in with a right good will? At the outset there were delays, disappointments, and many resignations — the workers had no enthusiasm for their work. Then Colonel Goethals took charge, with instructions to pitch in and make the dirt fly.

Goethals did. So did the men under him. Their enthusiasm enabled them to transform a plague spot into a health resort, to get real work out of the lazy West Indian Negro, to fight the floods and landslides with which nature opposed them. The Panama Canal was dug, not by man's labor and ingenuity, but by his unflagging enthusiasm.

Enthusiasm will win for any man in his struggle against circumstances. And the greater the obstacles to be overcome, the greater will be the man's enthusiasm, if he is sincere in what he is doing. It was not the number of cubic yards of earth and rock to be moved at Panama that made the feat worthy to be called "big," it was the tremendous obstacles of past failures, of an unfriendly climate, and of man's sloth. So it is in any undertaking — the obstacles that hinder success only make its attainment the more worth while.

You have probably worked with men who loafed whenever the boss turned his back, and pitched in enthusiastically when he looked their way. Did you ever notice that they accomplished much? Did you ever imagine that they fooled the boss?

This is misdirected enthusiasm, the kind that mistakes the appearance of industry for actual accomplishment. Enthusiasm does not mean that a man should fly at a job in a frenzy, and get it done any old way. The test of true enthusiasm is the ability to stick at the job day after day with unflagging interest and zeal. Flurries of enthusiasm do more harm

than good. Even if they are not designed to deceive the boss, they are liable to tire the worker unduly, and to bring the haste that makes waste. The enthusiasm that counts is that which brings a man to his work every morning on time, cheerful, ready to pitch into the old routine as if it were a new and delightful game.

— E. B. Waite.

### Chinese Proverbs

**C**HINA is a land where custom is more binding than law, even today, and where the ancient past is to a great extent the standard for the present, so that proverbs abound and have great force. The following are characteristic:

"A good drum does not need a heavy stick.

"If you do not want anybody to know it, do not even do it.

"If you are in the right, you need not speak in a loud voice.

"Words whispered on earth sound like thunder in heaven.

"More trees are upright than men.

"The highest towers begin from the ground.

"One dog barks at nothing, and the rest bark at him."

### This Is My Friend

"Let me tell you how I made His acquaintance.

"I had heard much of Him, but took no heed.

"He sent daily gifts and presents, but I never thanked Him.

"He often seemed to want my friendship, but I remained cold.

"I was homeless and wretched and starving, and in peril every hour. He offered me shelter and comfort and food and safety, but I was ungrateful still.

"At last He crossed my path, and with tears in His eyes He besought me, saying, 'Come and abide with Me.'

"Let me tell you how He treats me now:

"He supplies all my wants.

"He gives me more than I dare ask.

"He anticipates my every need.

"He begs me to ask for more.

"He never reminds me of my past ingratitude.

"He never rebukes me for my past follies.

"Let me tell you further what I think of Him:

"He is as good as He is great.

"His love is as ardent as it is true."