The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 71 November 20, 1923 No. 47

"Judge Not"

Judge not! though clouds of seeming guilt may dim thy brother's fame,
For fate may throw suspicion's shade upon the brightest name;
Thou canst not tell what hidden chain of circumstances may
Have wrought the sad result that takes an honest name away.
Judge not!

Judge not! Thou canst not tell how soon the look of bitter scorn
May rest on thee, though pure thy heart as dewdrops in the morn;
Thou dost not know what freak of fate may place upon thy brow
A cloud of shame to kill the joy that rests upon it now.
Judge not!

Judge not! but rather in thy heart let gentle pity dwell;
Man's judgment errs, but there is One who "doeth all things well."
Ever, throughout the voyage of life, this precept keep in view:
"Do unto others as thou wouldst that they should do to you."
Judge not!

Judge not! for one unjust reproach an honest heart can feel
As keenly as the deadly stab made by the pointed steel.
The worm will kill the sturdy oak, though slowly it may die,
As surely as the lightning stroke swift rushing from the sky.
Judge not!

—*Selected.*

My Friend

Beside the plow He walks with me,
And if my step be slow,
He pauses, waiting so that He
May lead me where I go.
I feel His presence at my side,
His hand upon my hair,
His love sweeps boundless, like the tide,
About me everywhere.

Beside the plow He walks with me,
And all my troubles sweep
Away; I know that there will be
No time to pine or weep;
My very oxen seem to feel
The rapture in the air;
The love that lives to bless and heal
Surrounds me everywhere.

— Margaret E. Sangster, Jr.

Heeding the Signals

SEVERAL weeks ago the navigators of a United States Navy squadron cruising in Pacific waters, disregarded signals from the official radio compass station on Point Areguello, which indicated the safe channel, and followed a course of their own finding. The result? Seven of the destroyers were wrecked on the rocks off Point Honda, and twenty-three men were drowned.

What a striking parable of life! God, the great broadcaster, from heaven, the supreme radio station, signals to us the safe course through a channel beset by the rocks of temptation and danger on every side; but how often we prefer to follow our own course. Indeed, as did the navigators of the destroyer squadron, we sometimes feel certain that our own reckoning is right and the Master's wrong! But if we insist on following our own way, sooner or later we pay the full price of our indiscretion.

'Tis amazingly strange how easily and often we can bring our own compass findings into harmony with our desires!

Perhaps it is some inconvenient school rule, which we persuade ourselves may be properly winked at. But trim your sails with care. There are rocks ahead. Disaster waits in ambush behind a closed door where stern justice wields no slender rod.

Perhaps it is studies. Show me the student who has not been tempted to try the bluffing game! Or one who has followed this course who has not sometime, somewhere, in the voyage of life met disaster face to face!

Perhaps it is the matter of right and wrong in Sabbath keeping. "Not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words," admits of such a wide and varied interpretation. Surely this command does not mean that we must make this hallowed day a burden! The great radio compass above indicates the safe channel. Those who follow their own reckoning often forget the admonition to "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," and meet shipwreck on the rocks of carelessness.

Or perhaps it is amusements. We must be sure to watch the signals carefully here. 'Tis so easy to mistake the way in an effort not to be "narrow-minded" or "too strait-laced," and crash upon the rocks which are hidden in the fog of pleasure and desire.

No, it really does not pay to follow our own chart and compass, when we may trust to a radio with a sending power so forceful that no matter where we may be, we are able to catch the signals which mark with unerring accuracy a channel of safety leading the voyager into the harbor of home and heaven.

Another Week of Sacrifice

ONCE more our Mission Board finds itself in financial straits. A rapidly growing work makes ever-increasing demands, and the General Conference Committee, meeting last month at the Autumn Council, was appalled to find that while the mission offerings have shown a substantial increase, there is even a greater shortage in the treasury than last year, when a cut of one third was contemplated in the appropriations for foreign fields, forcing, had it been made, the return of workers, and the closing of a number of well-established stations.

Facing these facts, and believing that the Captain who has never yet sounded a note of retreat would not wish His people to surrender positions which have been taken from the enemy at such a cost in money and lives, the Committee saw no other way than to pledge to the mission fields the money needed to hold their workers at their post, and then call for another Week of Sacrifice on the part of the church members in the United States and Canada at this Thanksgiving time.

The call includes us as Missionary Volunteers. What can we do to help in this time of crisis? The most of us have so little when our wealth is counted in terms of silver and gold; and the giving of a week's income, small though the amount may be, will mean the necessity of real sacrifice in the experience of many.

But there is a rich blessing in self-denial. You remember the poor widow's mite, and the declaration of the Master that she had given more than the rich rulers who contributed of their abundance. Let us each do our best. Truly "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

"WE get out of life just what we put in, so try putting in a generous lot of smiles and kind deeds — they'll come back in your day of need."

The Youth's Instructor

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After the Earthquake

[We are indebted to Mr. Frank H. Mann, one of the general secretaries of the American Bible Society, for the copy of the following letter, which was written by Rev. Karl E. Aurell, secretary of their Japan agency, and sent from Lake Nojiri, Kashiwabara, giving a vivid pen-picture of the terrible conditions following the earthquake.]

ON the first of September (the memorable day of the beginning, as well as the cause, of the terrible catastrophe), just at twelve o'clock midday, I stood at the exit wicket at the railway station, Kashiwabara, one hundred fifty miles north of Tokio, awaiting a train by which Mrs. Aurell and our son were returning from Kariuzawa. I was hardly touching the bars at the side of the wicket, when I suddenly discovered a waving or staggering sensation. For a moment I wondered if there were something the matter with myself, but soon was convinced that an earthquake was on. The heaving and waving to and fro of everything about me made me step out into the open space by the station to avoid being struck by possible falling tiles from the roof. The motion of the ground became so violent that it was almost difficult to stand still. Two square water tanks on the other side of the tracks opposite the station rocked to and fro extremely, making the water splash over in great quantities, first on this and then on the other side, until it seemed there would not be much water left in them.

Fishing Boats on the Island Sea of Japan

During this interesting time the train pulled in, but none of the passengers somehow had noticed that there was an earthquake. Forty minutes later, arriving at the lake, every one was talking about the unusually strong earthquake, and wondered if something awful had not happened somewhere. Some wondered if Mt. Asama, the famous volcano, fifty miles away, had not possibly erupted and gone to pieces, etc. I have mentioned the above to give you an idea of the terrible strength of the earthquake in the totally devastated districts in view of what we experienced here one hundred fifty miles away from there.

No news reached us here until about nine o'clock Sunday morning, September 2. The reason for that was that all means of communication had been completely cut off. Then alarming reports came, first by a milkman, and next by a telegram from Kariuzawa. It was truly hard to believe that the whole city of Tokio had been destroyed and was burning. But as it was said that Mt. Fuji Yama was the center of the earthquake (that was not so), we felt that the reports no doubt could not be too strong. You may imagine the state of mind we were thrown into. What to think or do distressed us most extremely!

Finally that evening a party of us started off for Tokio. The trains were already crowded, and as we rolled on toward our destination, people would literally "pile" into every car, even through the windows. The rudeness and unreasonable things that were done made it practically impossible to avoid fights throughout the whole train. Just before entering city suburbs, everybody had to get off the trains and walk, crossing a river on a pontoon bridge. The railway bridge was supposed unsafe, and there was no bridge for the public near, outside of this contrivance. It was deemed unwise and dangerous for more than two or three hundred people to cross this pontoon at one time, and there were thousands of people on each side of the river struggling to get over. Military men with bayonets had an extremely difficult time to guard and direct them. Had they been allowed to rush on freely, this bridge would not only have broken down, but thousands of people would have been drowned.

Well, we managed to get across, and walking a mile or more, we scrambled with the masses onto another train, which took us just inside city limits. Then from there, as no transportation facility of any kind was available, we walked and walked, meeting thousands upon thousands of homeless people. The great and famous Ueno Park was covered with weary and disheartened refugees. Reaching the part of the park facing the largest extent of the city, we had our first view of the great devastation. O what a scene! On the left the famous Ueno station, with many hundreds of cars, was absolutely diminished to heaps of stone, brick, and scrap iron. In front of us for miles and miles the same condition prevailed. Electric cars, motor cars, and everything was reduced to ashes and rubbish. The wire entanglements in the streets made our progress slow. Telegraph poles were still burning —in fact, they were the only pieces of wood that could

be seen in the whole devastated district. At certain places, much smoke and heat still emitted, making it dangerous to pass by. One of my companions said that he had visited devastated Belgium and other places in Europe, but this scene, to his mind, surpassed that as a calamity.

I cannot go into detail — it would require days to do so. We spent the night at a missionary's house in a spared part of the city. We were frightfully tired, so that we slept very soundly despite hourly quakes that still came during the night. In the morning we started out together, but soon found that our different interests and objectives made it impossible to continue to keep together. At the temporary American Embassy offices at the Imperial Hotel, I registered all the members of my family as safe, and looking up Mr. Ziegler, who had spent the past terrible days in the hotel, with him I walked over to where the Bible House had once existed. I knew it was destroyed before I went there. I had hoped that in some way the Lord might have preserved it, but He had allowed it to go with the rest. The walls stood up very well, but the fire had done havoc with all that was consumable within. The only thing I could see was the safe, but I could not get to it because of the still burning timbers that had fallen down from the two floors and the roof above. On one of the walls Mr. Tanaka had stuck up a note for me, which said, "Staff safe." Having seen this, we walked up as far as the ruins of the Methodist Publishing House. Even the wooden blocks of the paved street were partly burned.

Parting with Mr. Ziegler, I set out for Mr. Tanaka's home. It took me at least three hours to get there. All was well there — only the plastering of his house had been pretty thoroughly shaken down. Some of the members of the staff had been out to see him during the day. One was still there when I came.

Mr. Tanaka's story is too long to tell. The gist of it is:

At noon, September 1, they were suddenly annoyed by a terrible rumbling noise and shaking of the whole building. Something like that had often happened when large motor trucks rushed by on the street. But this time it was unusually annoying, and increased and lasted minute after minute. They realized it was a terrible earthquake! What should they do! They seized the bookkeeping material and cash box, rushed downstairs and threw them into the safe, shut it, and hastened out into the street. The earthquake lasted four minutes. Next door in the drug store, combustible acids somehow were ignited in the rear, and started a fire. This was fought with might and main, and happily put out, and all seemed safe in that locality.

In many other parts of the city, fires had started by the time our men went to their homes. They, of course, were anxious about their respective homes. Tanaka and the assistant bookkeeper, before leaving the Bible House, had opened the safe and taken out the ledger and other important books, with the cash box, taking the same with them. Finding all well at his home, Tanaka could not resist going to the Bible House again in the evening. He found it intact, and no fire in the immediate neighborhood. It was midnight by the time he got home.

Early Sunday morning he went there the second time, then what he had feared, really had happened — the whole Ginza street had gone down in ashes. Of course there was nothing to do but to retrace his steps home, disheartened in the fullest sense of the word. He could get no information to me. He could not get a train out of the city.

Relatively, the disaster at Yokohama is greater than that of Tokio. Besides our plates, we had a large stock of Scriptures at the Fukuin Printing Company. That being wiped out also, the agency's loss is very great. Our fire-insurance policies do not cover fire arising from causes of earthquake. So we have nothing but five thousand yen in the bank and about six hundred yen in the post office. As yet I have not arrived at any plan as to what shall be the first step in starting work again. In about two or three weeks we hope to get the money out of the bank, and thus begin operations, if only on a very small scale.

In Defense of My Friend

MARY H. MOORE

WHILE reading a delightful account of a Sabbath stroll among woods and flowers, I came across a phrase which seemed to confuse two plants, one of which is a good friend of mine, and the other of bad repute. I cannot keep silence when my friends are slandered. So I beg your careful attention while I tell you two or three signs by which you can instantly distinguish between the innocent and beautiful Virginia creeper or American ivy or woodbine, and the beautiful but baleful poison ivy or poison oak.

The first and most quickly discovered mark of distinction is that Virginia creeper always has *five* leaflets springing from one point, like the fingers of a hand. Poison ivy has but *three* leaflets. There are other differences in the shapes and edges of the leaflets and the shade of green, that will be noted on close observation.

Then the Virginia creeper is always a tough, woody vine. The poison ivy sometimes twines around tree trunks, but far more usually it grows as a woody plant, one to three feet high, spreading over roadsides and banks, clustering around trees, and carpeting thickets.

The berries of Virginia creeper are inky blue or purple, but poison ivy has sickly greenish-white berries. With these three points in mind, one need not deprive oneself on woodland strolls of the friendship of the beautiful Virginia creeper, gracefully and graciously clothing the nakedness of dead tree stumps, and adding its scarlet note to the symphony of autumn colors.

Let me add that if you have become infected by the poison ivy, there is a remedy so simple that it is within reach of every one almost without price. Just rub the eruption with dry salt. The rubbing will allow one legitimately to scratch, and a very few applications will dry up the vesicles. Don't let the pride of the natural heart influence you to despise this remedy because it does not have a high-sounding name and come in a bottle at a big price.

DISCOURAGEMENT flies before the thought of God when we become conscious of our partnership with Him.— *O. S. Marden.*

They All Point the Same Way

MATILDA ERICKSON ANDROSS

DID you ever go sightseeing until you were really bewildered, and felt it would be absolutely necessary for you to take time to think quietly for a few moments in order to keep your mind from whirling dizzily along? When I used to feel that way about our national city, I always found it helpful to think myself up into Washington Monument. There, far above the noise of the busy thoroughfares of the city, the eye can look quietly out over the many streets and avenues that cross each other at a variety of angles. From that point, many of the most prominent buildings can be located without difficulty, and it gives one a bird's-eye view that helps greatly to classify the information gained on hurried sightseeing trips.

A similar feeling of bewilderment has seized me a number of times when trying to do hurried sightseeing in the long ago when ancient Israel was building the great sacrificial system that was to teach themselves and God's children in all succeeding ages the beautiful story of the cross of Calvary. And it always helps me to sit quietly for a moment and, from where we are today, look down upon that long ago. Somehow at this distance we can see how all the different services back there radiate toward the Saviour of us all and His mission in our behalf. Like so many fingers, they all point to the "Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world." They are a compacted prophecy of the Bible.

We have noticed the services in the court and in the first apartment, and we have observed how over and over again they taught the lesson of getting rid of sin. Day after day these services went on. But so far, we have not noticed closely the kinds of offerings made. There were many. But of all, none brought the worshiper in closer touch with God than did the sin offering. With his own hand the sinner took the life of the innocent animal, typical of the sin which took the Saviour's life. With his own hand he removed from the offering the fat, which represented sin, and gave it to the priest to be burned. What a vivid picture of what God would have every one of us do! He calls us to offer our bodies a *living* sacrifice, and bids us first confess our sins and put them away, that Jesus may hide them with His blood. Sin offerings differed. God never required that which a man could not give, for the great system must never fail to teach that there is salvation for all.

There were some offerings which required no shedding of blood. One of these was the drink offering, inaugurated by Jacob when he set up a pillar at Bethel and poured "a drink offering" over it. One student of the tabernacle says that the drink offering was a type of Christ's life, which was poured out for us, and is a call to us to let our lives flow out freely for others. When David poured out before the Lord the much-desired drink which men had risked their lives to bring to him, he gave us a commentary on that same call to give unselfishly what is precious to us, because of the price God paid for our blessings.

The meat offering, which consisted of flour, oil, and frankincense, was presented together with some animal sacrifice, and so teaches an important lesson in consecration. How fitting this was, for we all need something besides forgiveness for sin. The person whose sins are forgiven, needs next to place himself and his all on the altar for God to use in His service.

The *burnt offering* in the morning and evening sacrifice day after day was designed to drive home to the hearts of Israel the same great lesson of surrender of sin and consecration of life. When the weekly routine gave way to the Sabbath worship, this lesson was made still more emphatic, for in that day four lambs were offered instead of the two usual lambs — two in the morning and two again in the evening sacrifice. Paul must have looked back to this same service when he said to the Romans,— and to us,—"Present your

Rules for Daily Living

Begin the day with God,
Kneel down to Him in prayer;
Lift up thy heart to His abode,
And seek His love to share.

Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there,
That it may hallow all thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.

Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art — at home, abroad —
He still is near to thee.

Converse in mind with God,
Thy spirit heavenward raise;
Acknowledge every good bestowed,
And offer grateful praise.

Conclude the day with God,
Thy sins to Him confess;
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

Lie down at night with God,
Who gives His servants sleep:
And when thou tread'st the vale of death,
He will thee guard and keep.

— *Selected.*

bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God."

There was a trespass offering as well as a sin offering. As we look closely, this offering seems to have been made especially for offenses in matters where restitution could be made, as in tithe belonging to God, or things possessed by others. Zacchæus calls our attention to the law behind the trespass offering when, surrendering his life to Christ, he offered to make liberal restitution wherein he had wronged others. And the Saviour taught the principle of that same law when He said: "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." So back in the trespass offering we find the golden rule that Jesus repeated with His lips and magnified with His life on earth.

There were still other offerings. That for the cleansing of the leper spoke, in unmistakable terms, of the enormity of sin, its terrible results, and the only way of escape. The offering of the red heifer pointed in a very emphatic way to the great Antitype of all offerings for sin. And then there was the peace offering, which showed in symbolic terms how to find the only peace that can withstand the onslaught of trying years. Nations fight for peace. Men race wildly for wealth in hope of finding in riches the peace and happiness their hearts crave. Some plunge into dissipation in search of it, but crush themselves on the rugged rocks of despair. Few, very few, will follow the path the never-failing Guide has surveyed to true and lasting happiness. Away back in the camp of Israel, He set up very clear guideposts, and later He came to earth and marked that pathway with the blood prints of His own feet.

But now let us notice the peace offering more closely, that we may see the guideposts erected back there. There is very much in the peace offering that reminds us of the sin offering and the trespass offering. The worshiper again took the life of the animal, and with his own hands he also removed the fat. When we stop to think, we can see the appropriateness of this plan. Sin is at the roots of all sorrow, suffering, and unrest in this world. And he who would find genuine peace must get rid of sin. No one else can do this for him.

Then after the fat had been removed, the worshiper gave the shoulder and the breast to the priest. Perhaps it is a little more difficult to see the lesson in this part of the offering, but I fancy that the devout Israelite, as he went through this ceremony, assured himself over and over that to keep the peace he craved, he must with unwavering faith ever lean on the breast of the Messiah to come, and let the government of his personal affairs be upon the shoulders of this great King.

Anyway, that makes the picture of peace complete. How beautiful it is! A child of God whose heart has been cleansed from sin, pressing so close to the Father that his ear can hear the faintest whisper from his Father's lips, while his feet and hands are eager to obey His biddings. The storm may rage around him; and the wicked who have no peace may be torn by the griefs and perplexities of life, but the Christian is tranquil, for in the presence of the Father is perfect peace, yes, *there* "is fulness of joy" and "pleasures forevermore."

One evening last summer I saw another picture of the peace that passeth understanding — no, I think I should say, another demonstration of the peace that the world can neither give nor yet take away. It was out in a quiet little country home, surrounded by beautiful trees, and filled not only with the sweet-scented air of orchards and flowers and meadows and fields of ripening grain, but filled also with the fragrant atmosphere of Christian living. It was a richly humble home that abounded in the luxuries of those better things that God can use in the new home over yonder.

That is the setting! Only a blurred background these words of mine can paint, but see it if you can. And now set against that background a Christian young woman, earnest, consecrated, and ambitious, above all else, to help finish the Master's work in the world. But alas, she cannot walk across the floor. Some years ago her left limb was amputated to save her life. "Crutches," you suggest. But her poor crippled arms and hands could neither support her weight nor manipulate crutches. She is confined to her chair. Day after day, month after month, year after year, she sits there, cheerfully working away, her hands so badly crippled that you marvel at her being able to use them at all. Her head is held stiffly in a trying position by the cruel hand of disease.

But you almost forget her sufferings when you visit with her. She's such a bright ray of sunshine and good cheer. She has a heart that is at leisure from itself, and goes out in sympathy for others. Her eyes were so bright the evening I saw her, and her voice so cheery, that nothing about her betrayed her longing for good sound health that she might do more for the Master whose love shone through her eyes and made her face radiant. The little table attached to her chair was equipped with writing material; and she was all engrossed in a book she is preparing for the children.

There, I said to myself, is an object lesson. Peace lies in surrender. It is not the luxuries for which our hearts long that bring peace; nor their absence that keeps it away. No, it is quite independent of these. It is when we turn away from sin and from self and turn to the Father for power and comfort and to others for service, that God can pour into our hearts the peace of heaven. God cannot supply the peace unless He also supplies the power that turns the rudder of life, sending us wherever He shall choose. When the government of our lives is on His shoulders, we can trust Him. When He has full control, we need not worry. Such an arrangement seems almost too good to be true. But it is true, and ever since the smoke of the peace offering arose from the altar before the tabernacle, Jesus has been saying to every troubled heart: "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

That rest means peace that will be an impregnable fortress around the heart of him who turns not aside, but keeps traveling steadily home by the way of the cross.

"HAS your Christianity social limits and geographical limits? Do you believe Christ welcomes a black follower as well as a white, a Chinese disciple as well as an American one? Your belief about missions is one of the tests of your Christian democracy and your Christian world brotherhood."

"YOU win, not by shirking difficulties, but by facing and overcoming them."

The Italian Invasion

J. A. P. GREEN

IN the beautiful and quaint city of Genoa was born to Dominico and Susanna Colombo a little son by the name of Christoforo. He walked the streets of Genoa and played about the wharves, talking with foreign sailors. At the age of fourteen he started on his first voyage. Later he sailed into unknown seas to discover a new continent. With this same venturesome spirit, several of our young Italian colporteurs started out to canvass the city of Genoa. From our school in France came one student, and in this city he made his scholarship. This is the first scholarship ever made on Italian soil.

Close to Genoa is the city of Turin, where there are four young colporteurs, and farther up in the Waldensian valleys, among the people that have been called "The Israel of the Alps," is another standard bearer of the truth. The Waldensian church claims to be the oldest Protestant church. It has been stated that it originated in the twelfth century, and that its followers were disciples of Peter Walde, a native of Lyon, France.

The Colporteurs Who Invaded Italy

Left to right, first row: Mario Matteini, Cesare Marconi, Michele Creanza, Gennaro Vaccaro, J. A. P. Green, Vincento Speranza, Paolo Cupertino, Giuseppe Creanza, Emmanuele Mastrodonato.
Second row: Graziella Rizzi, Domenica Infranco Letizia Chirico, Myriam Pieroni, Lilly Hemmer, Annina Creanza, Marianna Infranco, Else Meyer, Gemma Creanza, Ernestina Mastrodonato.
Third row: Domenico Russo, Carlo Markovic, Giovanni Fenz, Fernando Ferraris, Emma Hollenweger, Anna Hemmer, Alessandro Batea, Francesco Vaccaro.
Fourth row: Otto Hollenweger, Giovito Moin, Giuseppe Ferraro, Giuseppe Ferraris.

It was the Waldenses who, during the Dark Ages, when the Bible had almost disappeared from the homes and churches all over Europe, preserved in their valleys a pure form of Christian religion. Great was their enthusiasm for missionary work.

"They would travel as peddlers, selling silks and pearls, rings and veils. After a purchase has been made, if the peddler be asked, 'Have you anything else to sell?' he answers, 'I have jewels more precious than these things. I would give them to you if you promise not to betray me to the clergy.' On getting the promise, he says, 'I have a pearl so brilliant that you can learn by it to love God; I have another so splendid that it will kindle the love of God in you.'"

Perhaps many of our young people have read John Greenleaf Whittier's poem, "The Vaudois Teacher."

"'O lady fair, these silks of mine are beautiful and rare,—
The richest web of the Indian loom, which beauty's queen might wear;
And my pearls are pure as thy own fair neck, with whose radiant light they vie;
I have brought them with me a weary way,— will my gentle lady buy?'

"The lady smiled on the worn old man through the dark and clustering curls
Which veiled her brow as she bent to view his silks and glittering pearls;
And she placed their price in the old man's hand, and lightly turned away,
But she paused at the wanderer's earnest call,—'My gentle lady, stay!'

"'O lady fair, I have yet a gem which a purer luster flings,
Than the diamond flash of the jeweled crown on the lofty brow of kings;
A wonderful pearl of exceeding price, whose virtue shall not decay,
Whose light shall be as a spell to thee and a blessing on thy way!'

"The lady glanced at the mirroring steel where her form of grace was seen,
Where her eye shone clear, and her dark locks waved their clasping pearls between;
'Bring forth thy pearl of exceeding worth, thou traveler gray and old,
And name the price of thy precious gem, and my page shall count thy gold.'

"The cloud went off the pilgrim's brow, as a small and meager book,
Unchased with gold or gem of cost, from his folding robe he took!
'Here, lady fair, is the pearl of price, may it prove as such to thee!
Nay, keep thy gold — I ask it not, for the word of God is free!'

"The hoary traveler went his way, but the gift he left behind
Hath had its pure and perfect work on that high-born maiden's mind,
And she hath turned from the pride of sin to the lowliness of truth,
And given her human heart to God in its beautiful hour of youth!

"And she hath left the gray old halls, where an evil faith had power,
The courtly knights of her father's train, and the maidens of her bower;
And she hath gone to the Vaudois vales by lordly feet untrod,
Where the poor and needy of earth are rich in the perfect love of God!"

The same enthusiasm is taking hold of our Italian youth today. They love to go out and tell the people about the books that contain the precious message for this time. True, the road is hard at times, because so many of the people are Catholics, and many others infidels.

In September I went to the city of Florence to hold an institute with Brother V. Speranza, who recently came from America to act as field missionary secretary for Italy. We were surprised to see almost three times as many colporteurs present this year as the year before. They took hold splendidly, and seemed very desirous to learn everything about selling our literature.

As we were studying the needs of Italy, we were reminded of one great Italian reformer who had his headquarters in the same city where we were holding our institute. Girolamo Savonarola was an Italian preacher and reformer who, amid degradation and

(*Concluded on page 13*)

BOARDING SCHOOL SKETCHES

HARVEY HARTWELL

PROFESSOR Brown was principal of the small public school in a growing city. He was a man of commanding appearance, a man to be obeyed. He did not beat about the bush in dealing with matters of discipline, neither did he ever waste his time trying to be friendly with his students.

As he sat in his office one morning, the door opened unceremoniously, and the science teacher entered, bringing with him Russell Brazier.

"This young man has been creating a disturbance in my class again today," said the teacher, "and something must be done. I have tolerated it long enough."

The principal was watching the boy closely, while he, pretending indifference, looked about the room, first at one picture and then at another. Finally Professor Brown spoke:

"Brazier, this is the fourth complaint about your conduct within a week, and it will be the last. I am going to administer corporal punishment," and he opened a drawer, taking out a heavy ruler. "Come here, sir!"

But Russell did not come. The principal, not accustomed to having his orders defied, became flushed and excited, and in a moment there was a struggle which threatened to devastate the office, before the culprit was finally subdued, with the science teacher's assistance.

Once outside the office, Russell lost no time in telling the boys just what had happened. He painted himself as a great hero; and emphasized the fact that it had taken *two men* to give him his punishment. Many who listened, envied his popularity, but were too timid, too much in awe of the stern principal, to risk a similar punishment, even for such glory.

Russell was not a bad boy. But he was mischievous, and he loved to experiment. He wanted to find out just what would happen to him if rules were not obeyed. More than that, he loved to be popular, and would do anything to draw attention to himself. And these traits which had led him into the principal's office on that memorable morning, bade fair to lead him eventually into more serious trouble. His mother realized this, and she felt anxious. She had thought of sending him to Woodlawn Academy when school started, but like so many mothers, she preferred to keep him at home.

But when she learned of her son's misdemeanor and its result, Mrs. Brazier decided to send him to the academy at once; so within a week Russell was having a new experience — that of living in a dormitory.

Two weeks found him fully acquainted with all the boys, and soon he began to manifest those same characteristics which had caused him trouble in the school at home. The end of six weeks found him in trouble, more or less, with all his teachers, and he was a special problem to the preceptor, a young man just out of college, who was deeply anxious that each one of his boys should do well.

The study period and the worship hour were the times of greatest trial. During prayers one evening, Russell gave his neighbor a sly jab with a pin. Of course such an act could not be ignored, as it caused quite a disturbance, and the preceptor talked with the boy,— for perhaps the twentieth time,— and finally warned him that if he repeated such a performance, he would be punished severely.

To Russell's mind such a threat carried with it an inducement to experiment with the discipline of a boarding school. So at worship the next morning there was another pin thrust, worse than the first, followed by the victim's cry of pain. Then he waited for the mysterious "severe punishment."

Not a word was said at the close of worship, nor during the breakfast hour. He attended four classes, waiting and wondering. It was not until the dinner hour that the preceptor spoke, and then it was only to ask Russell to meet him at the entrance to the dining-room at the close of the meal.

"Let's take a little walk," the preceptor suggested as they left the building together. Then after a few moments of silence, he continued: "This morning, Russell, you did something I had told you not to do again, under pain of punishment. There are just two things that I can do about it. I can go before the faculty and ask for your dismissal from school. In that case, you would have to go home at once, and your mother would be disappointed, and very much grieved. On the other hand, I can say nothing to the teachers, but punish you myself, and you may remain here and try once more to be a man. Which do you choose?"

Russell had not said anything, but he had been doing some serious thinking. He loved his mother, and he really liked the school. He also admired this young man who was trying to help him. So he answered:

"I'll take the punishment, Mr. Hartwell."

Then the preceptor spoke again, and his voice revealed a tender feeling for the erring boy.

"You have boasted that it took *two men* to whip you. Two men will not do it this time. I shall do it alone, and you are not going to feel like telling any of the boys about it."

Just here they reached the barn door, and stepped inside. A strap was hanging near by. The preceptor took the boy by the hand, and used the strap three times. There was no struggle. Russell did not utter a sound, but two big tears forced their way out and rolled down his cheeks. There were tears also in the teacher's eyes when he hung up the strap.

"Russell," he said, "I cannot whip you any more. Do you think I need to?"

The boy shook his head, and silently they walked back to the dormitory.

Russell was never disciplined again during his three years at the academy. He had found that rules were made to be obeyed, and that the teachers who enforced them were his friends.

The Gingerbread Men

IT was a recreant sunbeam which came through the dormer window and fell across the pillow, wakening Dorothea. The first minute she gasped and sat up in her bed very straight. Late for work again!

Her first feeling of horror gave way to one of relief when she realized that it was Thursday. On Thursdays she didn't have to be at the library until eleven o'clock. The cadets on the library staff did reading-room duty on that day, and liked it best of all the days of the week. On the other days they arranged the books in the stacks, pasted labels, mended returned books, and did substitute work at the branches. Oh, yes, indeed, Thursday was the best day in the week for cadets of the Lindendale library. And Dorothea Burke was one of the cadets.

Quietly she sank back on her pillow once more. She was going to sleep until eight-thirty that morning, then toast some of her mother's fresh bread, and coax her to open some Sunshine strawberry preserves for her breakfast. After that luxury she would don her new serge dress, and saunter down to the library, to enjoy to her heart's content the reading-room and the people who visited it.

Then she heard Bob thumping on the stairway. Before she could reach her door to lock it against his intrusion, he had it open. For one minute he surveyed his sister standing in her kimono with bare feet.

The next minute he said: "It's a good thing you are up now, 'cause I was going to chuckle you with my cold hands to wake you. It's ironing day, and the Kiefners are all coming here to dinner. Mother wants you to hurry downstairs and make some gingerbread cookies before you go to the library."

Dorothea stood still and glared at Bob. But he, with all the stupidity of a nine-year-old brother, quite missed the severity of her glare. He gave her one more warning to hurry, was back in the hall again, and thumping his way down the stairs.

Dorothea reached for her clothes. Bother! She was furious at ironing day. If there were not so many younger children in the Burke family, ironing day would not be the bore for the older girls that it was. Why did mother allow the Kiefner children to come to their house that day to dinner? She would have told them that mother was too busy to entertain them that day.

Bother again! That was because making gingerbread cookies was such messy work. She would feel all stuffy and weary and out of humor by the time she reached the library. All of the joy of being in the reading-room would be spoiled before it was begun. Even the wearing of the new dress lost some of its lure.

A few minutes later, clad in a big-sleeved apron, Dorothea entered the Burke kitchen. Quite omitting a good-morning greeting to her mother, though the latter looked up from her ironing to smile cheerfully at her daughter, Dorothea plunged instantly into a question. "Mother, did you remember to sew the hooks on my new serge dress? It wasn't on the hanger in my closet, and I was afraid you had forgotten it."

Mother's brown head, streaked with gray, shook an answer, and then her soft, low voice gave an explanation. "'Twas Margaret, darling, who sewed the hooks on," she answered, "and put a lovely bit of lace in the neck for a collar. And this morning, when she started for the teachers' institute to be on the program, your father and I both insisted that she wear the dress. She bought the twins' coats with her last month's salary, and didn't have any money left to buy herself even a dress, so—"

"She should have asked me for my new dress." Dorothea was half angry now. "I wouldn't have cared half so much on any other day. But today is Thursday, and we cadets are all in the reading-room, where everybody sees us. All the girls had planned to dress up, and now I can't."

Mother Burke was all contrition. She knew Margaret would be even more sorry than she was. She put the iron on the stove, and coming over to where her second daughter was kneading the cooky dough, gave her a motherly hug and kiss. "Just this once won't matter so much, will it, dear?" she asked. "You can dress up every Thursday afterward for the rest of the winter."

Dorothea couldn't be disagreeable after that. No one could resist mother. Forcing a faint smile, she rolled the dough into a thin layer and went to get the cooky cutters. She would make rings, triangles, half-moons, and everything. And then once more disappointment lay before her. The cooky cutters were not to be found. Mrs. Kiefner, who was lending her children today, had borrowed the cutters last week and had not returned them.

Huskin' Time

You may talk of jolly April and of Maytime in the trees,
With the buds a-burstin' open, and the little honeybees
Wadin' ankle-deep in sweetness, and a-singin' up above
Where the breezes are a-blowin' and a-whisperin' o' love;
But there's somethin' more appealin' in the rustle and the chime
When the katydids and crickets are a-callin', "Huskin' time!"

There's the labyrinthine summer with its blooms a-runnin' wild,
And the brooks a-laughin', laughin' like a happy little child,
And you think it 'most completeness, but it isn't after all,
For there's somethin' more appealin' in the rustle of the fall,
When the katydids and crickets in the pastures are a-chime
With the sweet content of heaven, and you know it's "huskin' time!"

O the harvesters are happy, with their brown arms full o' sheaves!
And there's somethin' in the color of the corn that interweaves
With the hazy hangin' distance, that no poet has expressed,
It's a sense of satisfaction like the blessed boon of rest;
And there's somethin' most appealin' in the rustle and the chime
When the katydids and crickets are a-callin', "Huskin' time!"

—Herbert Randall.

"You'll have to use a can lid." Mother was frankly disappointed herself. Gingerbread cookies cut with a can lid lost half their attraction. The children liked them in many shapes and forms.

Margaret did too, so she hesitated a minute. Hurrah! She remembered the little "gingerbread-man" cutter she had bought a few days before and had never used. She brought it from her room. When they were cut and baked, those threescore gingerbread men lay on the table ready for the hearty appetites the guests were sure to have.

"It will be a real party for them," mother said in a happy tone of voice.

Now she would not have to cook a company dinner, but would feed the guests the simple lunch she had planned for her own family. That would give her a chance to get her ironing done. She patted Dorothea's shoulder. "Run upstairs and slip into your dress," she said, "while I spread a clean towel on the corner of the table and make you a bit of toast. I'm going to open the last can of Sunshine strawberry preserves for you. Sure, if any one deserves them, it is a girl who helps her mother as you do."

In spite of the crisp, buttery toast and luxurious preserves, Dorothea could not forget the pretty new serge dress her sister Margaret had worn to work. The thought took most of the joy out of the crisp November morning.

Arrived at the library, Dorothea, in her old dress, tried to look as trim as the other girls, but felt that she failed dismally.

She was sure she had when the head librarian walked into the reading-room. A supply was needed at the Thompson branch. Miss McCarty had been taken ill suddenly, and was obliged to leave for the day.

The Thompson was the worst branch in town. To begin with, the library was a dark little room and not always kept clean. Besides, Miss McCarty was cross most of the time, and the children disliked not only her, but all the members of her guild. They believed librarians were their avowed enemies. They couldn't often wreak vengeance on strict Miss McCarty, but they never missed an opportunity to do so to the substitutes who were sent to the branch when she was absent.

"Miss Dorothea," the head librarian said, "I'm going to send you to Thompson today."

Sighs of relief came from all the other cadets.

Dorothea shook part of her anger off into her coat as she donned it. Then she made a hurried rush for the telephone. No one was in the mending-room, and she wasn't going to miss the chance of telling her mother what a miserable day was before her and what had caused it.

"I won't be home to lunch." Tears were in her voice as she talked. "I have to go to that horrid old Thompson branch. The head sent me because I was the only cadet who wore old clothes today. She knew my clothes couldn't be hurt in that horrid little hole. Tell one of the girls to have the bed ready for me when I get home, for I know I shall be just ready to perish."

The telephone receiver went into its hook with a bang, and Dorothea was out of the mending-room, through the hall, and on the street. Here trouble still pursued her. The cars going east had been held up on account of a broken trolley, and she was more than half an hour getting out to the Thompson branch. Miss McCarty, already dressed in her heavy coat and scarf, was glaring. She snapped at Dorothea, much to the delight of several youngsters.

After they and Miss McCarty had gone, Dorothea frankly cried for a few minutes. She happened to look out of the window, and instantly dashed the tears from her eyes. The six children who had been in the library had gone out after six more of their kind. The word that a substitute librarian was on duty was all the inducement needed to bring a crowd.

"Oh," Dorothea closed her eyes wearily, "what a day! First I had to get up early to make gingerbread men for those bothersome Kiefner children, because it was ironing day. Then I had to wear my old dress because Margaret chose to appropriate my new one. And since I was the shabbiest-looking assistant, I had this job wished on me for today."

She dashed the tears out of her eyes. "Gingerbread men," she scoffed, "and children and branch libraries and —"

Then the telephone bell rang, and brought with it the worst news of the worst calamity of the day. It was Betty Bird, one of the most dressed-up cadets, talking. Roger Lewis had arrived at the main library, it seemed, right after she had left. He had walked in smiling, and introduced himself exactly as if he were just a citizen of their town, and not a New York writer of repute.

"He's tall and thin and has sandy red hair." Betty was bubbling over with joy. "And he's asked us all out to dinner tonight. He said right at the start that he was looking for material and characters for his next book. We're all exerting ourselves to be interesting so he will use us. It's a calamity you have to be at that Thompson branch instead of here. But the

(Continued on page 13)

The Home Days

When the goldenrod has withered,
And the maple leaves are red;
When the robin's nest is empty,
And the cricket's prayers are said;
In the silence and the shadow
Of the swiftly hastening fall,
Come the dear and happy home days —
Days we love the best of all.

Then the household gathers early,
And the firelight leaps and glows
Till the old hearth, in its brightness,
Wears the glory of the rose;
Then the grandsire thinks of stories,
And the children cluster sweet,
And the floor is just a keyboard
For the baby's pattering feet.

Oh, the dear face of the mother,
As she tucks the babies in;
Oh, the big voice of the father,
Heard o'er all the merry din;
Home, and happy, homely loved ones,
How they weave their spells around
Heart and life and creed and memory,
In the farmstead's holy ground.

When the goldenrod has faded,
When the maple leaves are red;
When the empty nest is clinging
To the branches overhead;
In the silence and the shadow
Of the hurrying later fall,
Come the dear days, come the home days,
In the year the best of all.

— *Margaret E. Sangster.*

JUNIORS

OUR PLEDGE

By the grace of God,—
I will be pure and kind and true,
I will keep the Junior Law,
I will be a servant of God and a friend to man.

OUR LAW

Keep the Morning Watch.
Hold up my end. (Thrift, trust-worthiness, courage.)
Care for my body.
Keep a level eye. (Purity, honesty, truth.)
Be courteous and obedient.
Walk softly in the sanctuary. (Reverence.)
Keep a song in my heart. (Cheerfulness.)
Go on God's errands. (Service.)

Keeping the Temple Guarded

DEAR JUNIORS:

COSTLY buildings are not left unprotected. Guards are stationed around the premises, and officers walk about the interior, with keen eyes to catch an offender. During the recent war, if you happened to be in Washington, you saw standing at each gate before the White House a sentinel on guard. The Treasury and other Government buildings were likewise guarded against the possible designs of alien foes.

The human temple, too, is in continual danger of being marred, maimed, or injured by destructive forces. In addition to the danger of sudden accident and injury from innumerable mishaps, there is the constant danger of invasion of the interior of the human structure by harmful and deadly foes — enemies which seek to intrench themselves in some tissue or vital organ to begin their destructive processes. We know these enemies by the name of germs. We speak of them also as bacteria or micro-organisms. They are so small that they cannot be identified except with the microscope — that is the reason for the name. But though microscopic in size, they are usually associated in such vast numbers,— billions of them on the point of a needle,— and they are so deadly in their workings, that they form a very powerful and destructive army.

One of Our Florida Junior Missionary Volunteers

Micro-organisms are everywhere present — on the skin, on our hands (especially on unwashed ones), in the mouth, in the air we breathe, on the food, on the dishes — everywhere! Some of them are more dangerous than others. These are called pathogenic, meaning disease-producing. Every year thousands, and perhaps millions, of people die from diseases caused by them. If you have ever had a contagious or infectious disease, then you know quite well how mischievous germs can be.

If we had to keep our attention always on efforts to guard ourselves against the dangers to which we are at all times exposed, we should have time for nothing else. A wise Builder, an all-wise Creator, foresaw our physical perils, and made provision for them. He placed forces *within* the body temple, as well as on the exterior, to protect against the dangers which ever threaten. In some individuals these forces are stronger and more enduring than in others; that is why one person can resist a disease, while another succumbs to it. The object of this article, as well as others in the temple series, is to encourage and help you to develop *strong temple guards.*

The most important protective agency within the human temple of which we have any knowledge is that found in the blood — the white corpuscles, or leucocytes, as they are called. They have another name — phagocyte (pronounced fag-o-site). These three terms are synonymous. These corpuscles are of a whitish color, and float in the blood stream in numbers of one to every six hundred of the red corpuscles, or about seventy-five hundred to each cubic millimeter of blood. The name "phagocyte," which means "to eat or devour," has been given to these little cells because they literally eat up and destroy germs. They are the "policemen" of the interior, making "rounds" through the body, as policemen do on their "beats," and they devour every tramp and villain that may be loafing about — bacteria which have gained an entrance through the mouth, the nose, the lungs, by means of food or drink, through the ear canals, etc. Under normal conditions, 7,500 leucocytes to one cubic millimeter of blood is a sufficiently large "police force" to guard the temple highway and keep all avenues clear.

But when the unusual occurs,— when a large army of very fierce and powerful guns, like the smallpox regiment, the diphtheria brigade, the pneumonia army, or the influenza riot, breaks out,— what then? In that event the "seventy-five hundred" is not equal to the battle. What happens then? Well, you remember what happened when President Coolidge was governor of Massachusetts, and the police force in Boston was disorganized, and the streets were filled with looters, lawbreakers, and destroyers, so that riot ruled and danger threatened the safety and lives of the people? He marshaled forth the State militia — a trained army of soldiers such as every State has in its reserve. These men in khaki could be seen throughout the city until order and quiet were restored, and safety again was assured.

In addition to the leucocyte police force in the blood stream, there are vast numbers of leucocytes — billions of them — hidden in the blood marrow, the spleen, the lymph glands, etc. They are stationed in these places, but they are ready at a moment's notice for an "emergency call." They constitute the "State militia" of the human body, and the earliest intimation of an invasion by the germ army is the bugle call to them to come out and help in the fight. The greater the danger, the larger the number that respond to the call.

It is not uncommon, when a blood count is made at such a time, to find the white cells increased three,

A Friend

" A friend is a present you give yourself;
That's one of my old-time songs,
So set yourself down with the best of them,
For you're where the best belongs.

" Among the gifts I have given to me,
Most completely tried and true,
The one that I oftenest think about,
Is my gift to myself of you."

four, or even five times the usual number. Instead of 7,500 per cubic millimeter, there may be 20,000, 30,000, or even more. This is always a signal to the physician that a tremendous struggle is going on within the victim, and that his patient is dangerously ill, just as you would recognize that the city in which you live must be in great peril from some source if you should see thousands of soldiers on the streets — all in military array. Many of the leucocytes lose their lives in such a struggle, and perhaps the disease overpowers them altogether, and then the patient dies. But they always exert themselves to the very utmost in their marvelous efforts to defend the life of the individual attacked.

Some people succumb very easily to infectious disease. We often hear the expression, " I take everything that comes along." Others are more fortunate, though I am far from believing that this can be explained on the mere basis of " good fortune." It is essentially a matter of *degree* of strength of the leucocyte army. This leads us to a very interesting characteristic of these little warriors.

The leucocytes are weak or strong according to their appetite, much as you and I are. That sounds strange, does it not? Who ever heard of a blood corpuscle having an appetite! But just as your appetite determines how many slices of bread or how many cookies you can eat, so the appetite of a leucocyte determines how many germs he can eat. So if each one of *your* leucocytes could devour twenty germs, and *mine* only ten apiece, you can readily see that, should both of us contract the same disease, you would have a better chance for getting well than would I.

Now arises another question,— I wonder if you have thought of it,— Why should your leucocytes have a better or a poorer appetite, as the case may be, than some one else's? Ah, here is where, to a large extent, our habits come in,— habits of eating, of sleeping, and of general living. You see, the serum, or liquid part of the blood in which the blood cells float, has something to do with this protective program. Its nature is alkaline (the opposite of acid), and it contains certain substances which influence the appetite of the leucocytes,— opsonins is their name,—" appetite medicine," let us call them. Generally speaking, the more alkaline the blood serum, the more opsonins present, and consequently the better the appetite of the leucocytes for germs.

The quality of opsonins, or " appetite medicine," is determined by the quality of food which you eat. There are other things in your life habits aside from eating which have a definite telling effect on the strength of your " standing army of the interior." I can give you only briefly a few suggestions for obtaining and maintaining good alkaline blood, so that you may develop good resistance against infectious disease:

1. Drink freely of pure cold water daily.
2. Live, play, and exercise in the open air each day of your life, especially in cold weather.
3. Sleep *long hours* with your windows wide open.
4. Eat some fruit, preferably *acid* fruit, every day. The acid in fruits serves excellently as an agent for making the blood alkaline.
5. Eat freely of vegetables, especially green vegetables in their season.
6. Drink milk — also buttermilk, if you like it.
7. Avoid foods which produce acid blood. Flesh meats, sausages, etc., stand at the head of this list.
8. Eat sparingly of candies and pastries.
9. See that you have a daily bowel movement.
10. Make a practice of training your " militia."

What do I mean by this last rule? I will tell you. It is an excellent plan to frequently do things which will call out into the blood stream those leucocytes which are hiding in the spleen and blood marrow, as I previously explained, so that they will be trained to act more efficiently in a real issue. When a governor calls out the State militia, he does not have to wait for the soldiers to be trained — their training has previously been given, and they are prepared to fight with strength and precision. It is so with the " standing army " of the body. The moment you jump into cold water for a plunge or a swim, we will say, many of your leucocytes hurry out into the blood stream, because they seem to think that the body is in jeopardy, and it is their duty to be on hand to protect. When the apparent danger is over, they return to their retreats, because they discover that it was only a " scare." But they go back in better fighting trim because of the fun and exercise they have had in hurrying out.

Hard physical exercise to the extent of tiring and perspiring has a similar effect. That is one reason why it is so highly recommended for every one. Here is a list of kinds of work and play that are excellent " militia " trainers: Swimming, rowing, running, jumping, cutting wood, lugging wood and coal, hoeing, grubbing, pitching hay, shoveling snow, rubbing clothes, running the lawn mower. You can increase the list almost indefinitely, and include in it many indoor and outdoor tasks. Of course, tennis, basketball, volley ball, gymnastic exercises, and many other games are to be highly recommended. I like to urge the first list, because there are *some* boys and girls, and any number of grown people too, who do not relish some of the commoner duties of life. I feel sorry for such people, and wish they could get genuine pleasure out of their duties by playing the game of " make-believe."

When the Creator designed the human temple, He made marvelous provisions for protection against disease, but He also left something for the one who inhabits the temple to do in co-operating with the forces within. There are laws by which to eat, to sleep, to breathe, to work, to think, to play. We should be glad and rejoice in all that He planned in and for us, and joyfully and conscientiously do *our* part toward *keeping the temple guarded.*

CLARA M. SCHUNK, M. D.

REMEMBER yesterday's crank is today's leader and tomorrow's hero.— *Irvin S. Cobb.*

The Italian Invasion

(*Concluded from page 7*)

corruptions of his time, stood among the representatives of pure Christianity. It was in 1496 that the pope offered him a cardinal's hat on condition that he would henceforth change the tone of his sermons. But Savonarola continued to preach and denounce all that was false and hypocritical. At last he was excommunicated by the pope, but he refused to accept the papal command, and continued his sermons. At last the monastery of St. Mark in Florence was attacked, and he was taken prisoner and tried for heresy and sedition. He was condemned and put to torture. Sentence of death was pronounced on him and the other Dominicans, and on May 23, 1498, he and his fellow martyrs were hanged and burned.

It was with a feeling of reverence that I stood by the place where a bronze tablet had been placed in memory of the Florentine reformer who had the courage to stand out against corruption and vice, at a time when it meant death to do so. We believe that God is today preparing others in Italy who like Savonarola will stand and preach the gospel with convincing and convicting power.

The day we assigned the territory to the different colporteurs, two of our company asked that they might go to Rome. And to Rome they have gone with the silent messenger that carries the good news of the kingdom.

This experience of another young man will show you how courageous they are. Brother Giuseppe Ferraro was about to enter a mansion, when he was stopped by a soldier. "What is your business?" asked the soldier. With the smile that always wins, and with a look of confidence that opens every door, he said, "I am here to talk to Signora Mussolini." The soldier stepped to one side, and our ambassador for Christ entered. He was ushered into the sitting-room, where he soon met the wife of the prime minister of Italy. He presented three different books, and sold the three. One was a large book written by Elder L. R. Conradi, entitled, "Il Mistere dei Misteri." The others were "L'Ultimo Sacrificie dei una Madre" ("The Marked Bible") and "Gesù Viene in Glorie" ("His Glorious Appearing").

They believe in goals. In our union bookmen's and tract society convention, April 22-28, 1923, one delegate from Italy was present. While considering the goals for each field, our brother from Italy arose and said: "Place our goal at 50,000 lire." We looked at our friend, and wondered if he really meant it. In the years 1921 and 1922, no colporteur work was done in Italy. As soon as Brother D. G. Werner arrived in Italy, new life came into that field. It was not long before we had more and better literature, and colporteurs to sell it.

The literature sales began to get better every month, and the year 1922 closed with 18,774 lire's worth of books sold. When our brother arose and almost tripled the goal for 1923, we felt that he had made a mistake. But look at the results month by month for the first eight months of this year:

January	9	colporteurs	4128.75	lire
February	10	"	5763.20	"
March	13	"	7271.70	"
April	12	"	6173.65	"
May	14	"	9761.75	"
June	21	"	12894.40	"
July	16	"	10572.25	"
August	21	"	15670.75	"
Total			74070.20	"

Truly the young people have literally invaded Italy with our literature. Never before have we seen so many colporteurs, and so many books dealing on present truth going into the homes of the Italian people.

The Gingerbread Men

(*Continued from page 10*)

'head' says for you not to miss the dinner, and—"

A crash from the reading table called Dorothea back to her own responsibilities. The dozen Thompson children, while her back had been turned, had staged a battle, using books as their effective weapons.

Dorothea was across the room in a moment. Just as her grasp tightened on Benny Burris' shoulder, she heard a cheery whistle at the door, and turned. There was Tom, the oldest member of the Burke family, and in his hand a big basket covered by one of his mother's blue-and-white checked towels.

"Mother sent these to you and the kidlets," he murmured, when Dorothea reached him. "She thought they might help you keep them quiet. She said stuffed children, like stuffed bears, are always harmless."

The dozen children dropped their books and watched Tom when they heard his whistle. Now they stared at the big basket he handed the "library substitute." They continued to watch silently as she carried it across the room to her desk.

Curious herself, Dorothea lifted the towel. Under it were the threescore gingerbread men, brown, crispy, and alluring, the very ones she herself had made that morning. They looked so odd ranged in rows in the basket, that Dorothea herself had to giggle. That giggle brought the crowd of children to her side.

In the rush, Dorothea forgot that she was a dignified librarian who had to inspire awe in the hearts of the Thompson children if she would be a success after the ideal of Miss McCarty. She became, instead, a big sister, exactly as she was to the children at home when gingerbread cakes were being distributed. The old slogan her mother used at home sprang to her lips. "Gingerbread for just good children," she said.

Came an instant surge of promises, followed by definite examples. Several were picking up the books from the floor and placing them on the shelves, others arranging the chairs, and others skipping here and there, doing her bidding. More skipping, more sweeping, a little dusting, and the room was in apple-pie order.

"O teacher, put them all out on the table," begged one little Thompsonite with dancing blue eyes and a shock of sandy hair. "Let's put them out like a parade of soldiers, and tell stories about them."

Dorothea laughed. "All right," she agreed, the big-sister element still paramount. "Clean hands, everybody, and then we will arrange the regiments."

Soon they were ready, and sixteen little youngsters — four new recruits had been added to the company — were ranged around the table while Dorothea told the story of the knights of the Round Table, adding the adventures of the followers of each knight. She had often wanted to explain chivalry to those children, but never before had she been able to do it. Now it was easy. They sat spellbound while she told of

the virtues of each little gingerbread man in an armor of courage, a helmet of courtesy, and over all a mailed coat of goodness.

"Of course you all will get a gingerbread knight and some of his followers for your own," she said. "I want you to choose which knights you want."

Their hands were clasped while they studied. Each was trying to remember the virtues of the knight he wanted for his own. The library was perfectly quiet until the door opened and the head librarian and the visiting author stepped into the room.

The tall, thin man, with blue eyes and thick red hair, Dorothea recognized instantly from Betty's description, and was rendered speechless. But not the children. Famous writers meant little to them. They were living the days of feudalism again, and as knights, they intended to show courtesy to the lady for whose graces they were all willing to struggle now.

So their childish choices went on, and Dorothea, called to attention by them, began to go on with her story. The visitors joined the group. While they stood motionless, the game and story went on and on and on.

At last the author spoke. "I must have this scene in my book in the chapter on community work," he said. "The children, the little librarian, and even the gingerbread men." He bowed to Dorothea. "I want to show the modern girl who has her own way of working out community problems."

Just before six o'clock Dorothea was sent home in a taxicab to get ready for the dinner. "The girl who is to be in a book must sit next to the guest of honor," the head librarian had told her, "and I imagine she wants to look very, very attractive."

"I want to see mother most of all," Dorothea whispered back, exactly like a little girl.

It was mother who met her at the front door. Dorothea's arrival home had been preceded by a telephone call. And mother knew why she was coming. In her hand was Dorothea's one silk dress, which she had just pressed for the occasion. "I know all about it, dear," she said, "so you mustn't talk, but hurry."

It was mother's way to laugh at big events. But her heart thrilled with pride, and it thrilled more when Dorothea insisted on telling her of how it had all happened because of the basket of gingerbread men she had sent to the library.

"I had a feeling that those gingerbread men were going to have a grand career when you cut them this morning," she said. "I felt they were going to help you win out at that troublesome Thompson branch. So I gave the Kiefners and Burkes bread and milk and doughnuts. And you're always to remember, my dear, that the biggest and best things are often started by the little things which seem unimportant at the time."

"Such as gingerbread men," Dorothea laughed back, her eyes shining.

"Yes," mother nodded, "if you're sure to use as much love as sugar in the mixing, even gingerbread men can move a world of grown-ups from trouble to help, and from unhappiness to happiness.— *Mabel McKee.*

"A MAN'S faith in the ideal is worth as much as he is willing to venture upon it."

BEWARE what you set your heart upon, for it surely shall be yours.— *Emerson.*

Our Counsel Corner

In Our Counsel Corner the Missionary Volunteer Department will be glad to answer questions concerning young people's problems, their society work, and Christian experience. The Department cordially invites your questions on these matters, and assures you of careful attention. Questions relating to general church problems had better be sent to the Editor of the *Review and Herald.* Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C., accompanied by the name and address of the sender, so that a personal answer may be given if the question cannot be printed. In publishing the question in Our Counsel Corner, the name of the questioner will be withheld if so desired.

I am writing you for a suggestive list of books suitable for our boys and girls of adolescent period, and a few years older.

R. P.

The Missionary Volunteer Department has four leaflets that it is willing to supply to those who are anxious for information concerning suitable books. These leaflets give classified lists of good books that are interesting and instructive. Besides these leaflets, there appear from time to time in this paper, and occasionally in the Young Men and Young Women department of the *Review and Herald,* brief book reviews telling about new books recently published. Young people will find that with these leaflets and our periodicals supplying news of recent publications, they may in a measure keep abreast of the worth-while books, and always know what to read and what not to read.

These leaflets listed below can be obtained from the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary or from the local tract society. They are as follows:

2. From Which Fountain? (a leaflet on reading, giving a list of more than one hundred books worth reading), 2 cents.

65. Testimonies Reading Course, 1½ cents.

70. Two Pictures (shows the influence of reading in the lives of two girls), 2 cents.

79. What Shall I Read? (Gives a long, classified list of books), 3 cents.

90. Former Reading Course Books (gives the books by courses, Primary, Junior, and Senior, together with price, and information about how to obtain the certificates and gift rewards).

U. V. W.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

IX — Long-suffering and Patience

(December 1)

LESSON HELP: "The Mount of Blessing," pp. 49-54.

Questions

The Long-suffering of God

1. What is one of the outstanding features of God's character? Num. 14: 18; Rom. 15: 5.

2. How is this characteristic manifested in His dealings with men? 2 Peter 3: 9, 14, 15.

Man's Long-suffering Toward Man

3. What should be the attitude of God's children toward tribulation? Rom. 12: 12. Note 1.

4. What should be our attitude toward all men? 1 Thess. 5: 14.

5. What should be the foundation of this patience or forbearance? Eph. 4: 2.

6. How are we to run the Christian race? Heb. 12: 1. Note 2.

7. What will this patience secure to us? Heb. 10: 36; Col. 3: 24. Note 3.

The Patience of the Saints

8. For what was the early church commended? Rev. 2: 3.

9. What is promised to those who have patience? Rev. 3: 10.

10. What is said of the remnant church? Rev. 14: 12.

11. What admonition is given the church of today? Who are cited as our examples of patience and long-suffering? James 5: 7, 8, 10.

Notes

1. "None who receive God's word are exempt from difficulty and trial; but when affliction comes, the true Christian does not become restless, distrustful, or despondent. Though we cannot see the definite outcome of affairs, or discern the purpose of God's providences, we are not to cast away our confidence. Remembering the tender mercies of the Lord, we should cast our care upon Him, and with patience wait for His salvation. Through conflict the spiritual life is strengthened. Trials well borne will develop steadfastness of character, and precious spiritual graces."—*"Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 60, 61.*

2. "There will, of course, be difficulties in all our lives to impede our heavenward progress: difficulties from the opposition of our foes; difficulties from within our own hearts. We shall need patience and forbearance as we tread our appointed track. But there are two sources of comfort open to us. Let us remember that the course is set before us by our heavenly Father, who therefore knows all its roughness and straitness, and will make all grace abound toward us, sufficient for our need. To do His will is rest and heaven. . . . Above all, remember that where you tread there your Lord once trod, combating your difficulties and sorrows, though without sin; and erelong you shall be where He is now."—*"The Way into the Holiest," pp. 212, 213.*

"I remember once climbing a great Alpine peak. I was fagged and out of sorts, and the strain was considerable. I was not enjoying it, but I knew I should enjoy it at the top. I had not any spare energy to talk or look about, so I kept looking for a couple of hours at the heels of the guide, who was in front and above me. That is going with patience. It is the holding out till the next glimpse of light comes from above."—*J. F. Ewing.*

3. "God is dealing with men by difficulties, by tasks, by bereavements, by sorrows, by trials, to prove the higher part of their nature. Give me, now, a bit of wax, and see how soon I will take it in my hand and mold it into any form that I want. Give me a bit of alabaster, and I cannot work that as I can the wax, because it is harder. Give me a bit of marble, and that must be cut more slowly. But give me a diamond, rough and rude, and tell me to cut the faces on that by which it shall reflect all the rays of light and show its hidden powers of beauty, and it is a long task. Yet though it is a long task to cut a diamond, when it is once cut, it is worth all the labor that it has cost. Wax is quickly done, but it is of very little use after it is done. A diamond, on the other hand, is long in doing, but once done, it lasts forever."—*H. W. Beecher.*

Junior Lesson

IX — The Brazen Serpent; Battles with the Enemy

(December 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Numbers 21; Deut. 3: 1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth: for I am God, and there is none else." Isa. 45: 22.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 428-432.

Questions

1. From Mt. Hor which way did the Israelites journey? Num. 21: 4. Note 1.

2. Instead of rejoicing that they were so near their journey's end, what did they do? What did they say about the manna? Verse 5. Note 2.

3. What was permitted to come among the people? What did the people then wish Moses to do? Verses 6, 7. Note 3.

4. What did the Lord tell Moses to make? How were some of the people saved? Verses 8, 9. Note 4.

5. Whom did the brazen serpent represent? John 3: 14, 15.

6. What message did Israel send to the king of the Amorites? Num. 21: 22.

7. What reply was given? What was the result of the battle with the Amorites? Verses 23-35. Note 5.

8. When they reached Bashan, who came out against them? What comforting assurance was given to Moses before the battle? Deut. 3: 1, 2.

9. How complete was the victory gained? Verses 3, 4.

10. What defenses had been built for these cities? Who were destroyed? What did the Israelites take for themselves? Verses 5-7.

11. What is said of Og, the king of Bashan? Verse 11.

The Lesson to Us

By what deadly serpent have we been poisoned? Rev. 12: 9.

With what has he stung us? 1 Cor. 15: 56.

How many of us have fallen under this sting? Rom. 3: 23.

How only may we be healed from the sting of sin? John 3: 14, 15.

Notes

1. "'By the way of the Red Sea.' That is, they went southward down the Arabah Valley directly away from Canaan, parallel with the Edomite range till they came to the Red Sea, where the mountain range ended so that they could cross it eastward beyond the Edomite country, and then turned northward, and so compass, i. e., go around, the land of Edom."—*"Select Notes."*

2. "Every day of their travels they had been kept by a miracle of divine mercy. In all the way of God's leading, they had found water to refresh the thirsty, bread from heaven to satisfy their hunger, and peace and safety under the shadowy cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night. Angels had ministered to them as they climbed the rocky heights or threaded the rugged paths of the wilderness. Notwithstanding the hardships they had endured, there was not a feeble one in all their ranks. Their feet had not swollen in their long journeys, neither had their clothes grown old. God had subdued before them the fierce beasts of prey and the venomous reptiles of the forest and the desert. If with all these tokens of His love the people still continued to complain, the Lord would withdraw His protection until they should be led to appreciate His merciful care, and return to Him with repentance and humiliation."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 429.*

3. "Because they had been shielded by divine power, they had not realized the countless dangers by which they were continually surrounded. In their ingratitude and unbelief they had anticipated death, and now the Lord permitted death to come upon them. The poisonous serpents that infested the wilderness were called fiery serpents, on account of the terrible effects produced by their sting, it causing violent inflammation and speedy death. As the protecting hand of God was removed from Israel, great numbers of the people were attacked by these venomous creatures."—*Ibid.*

4. "Now there was terror and confusion throughout the encampment. In almost every tent were the dying or the dead. None were secure. Often the silence of night was broken by piercing cries that told of fresh victims. All were busy in ministering to the sufferers, or with agonizing care endeavoring to protect those who were not yet stricken. No murmuring now escaped their lips. When compared with the present suffering, their former difficulties and trials seemed unworthy of a thought."—*Ibid.*

5. "During all the years that Israel had been wandering in the wilderness, the heathen nations had been preparing to resist them. They had fortified their cities and trained their armies. Now the children of Israel had a much more difficult task than they would have had forty years before. It is better to overcome a fault or to perform a duty when it is first shown to us."—*"Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, p. 237.*

HONOR and shame from no condition rise; act well your part; there all the honor lies.—*Pope.*

A Prayer

E. A. CHAFFEE

Teach me, O Lord, to look up to Thy face,
Not only when with tears my eyes are dim,
And I would look to Thee as guide and friend
Through all the world to its most distant rim,
But also when I smile, and all goes well;
Then do I wish to look into Thy sky
Where cloud on cloud rests through the tranquil day,
As on my heart Thy myriad blessings lie.

What the World Is Doing

A NOISELESS street car, equipped with roller bearings and automobile brakes, has been introduced in Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota. It is reported that the car makes so little noise that the passengers have difficulty in talking low enough so as not to be heard all over the car.

A REPORT to the national Safety Congress at Buffalo shows that on an average thirty-eight persons daily lost their lives in 1922 as the result of automobile accidents. More than 75,000 persons were killed during the year in accidents of all kinds. An average of thirty-five a day died as the result of falls. Drowning and burns came next in order, with nineteen and sixteen fatalities a day, respectively.

REYKJAVIK, the capital city of Iceland, will not worry about coal for household heating if the city authorities succeed in their plans for utilizing the geysers and hot springs outside the city. They believe that it is practical to bring the hot water into the city through wooden pipes and make it available to all the householders. The waters from the geysers are always hot enough to keep radiators sizzling.

J. C. FREEMAN, of New York, recently bought from H. C. Waddell, of Glasgow, a Stradivarius violin, for which he was reported to have paid $150,000 — the highest price paid for a violin in many years. This rare instrument, known as the "Betts Strad," had been retained in the Betts family for a century after a member had bought it from a servant for $5. Waddell had bought it in Paris for $10,000. In order to get this famous instrument, Mr. Freeman had to buy twenty other old violins from Mr. Waddell, bringing the total to $280,000.

AN American company has recently bought from the Shipping Board seven 502-foot vessels, and contracted to use them in a round-the-world service of at least ten sailings a year for five years. The vessels will clear from New York or Boston for Havana, and then will pass through the Panama Canal and north to San Francisco. From there they will go to Yokohama, Kobe, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Saigon, Java, Singapore, and Colombo, through the Suez Canal to Alexandria, Genoa, Marseille, the Azores, back to New York or Boston. These ships, unlike the freighters now running on that route, have large passenger accommodations.

NAGOYA, one of the largest cities of Japan, has been made an up-to-date industrial center, but it has a medieval castle which is the most perfect example of its kind in the country. It was built in the sixteenth century, abandoned, and then rebuilt in the seventeenth. From the gray stone walls rise towers of gleaming white, and on the ends of the highest roof are the two famous golden dolphins which glitter in the sun. One was taken off and sent to an exposition in Vienna years ago, and on its return the vessel bearing it sank in sight of Japan. For ten years it lay on the ocean bottom. Then it was recovered and put back in its place no whit the worse for its mishap. On another occasion two Japanese tried to steal them, one going above the castle on a large kite, but they were caught. The old castle now belongs to the general government, and is used as a barracks.

THE first adhesive stamps were probably made in 1834 by James Chalmers, of Dundee, Scotland. In 1838 the British House of Commons appointed a committee to find the best methods of charging and collecting postage. Up to this time all postage was collected in money directly from the sender or from the receiver when the mail was delivered. Stamped covers, stamped paper, and stamps to be used separately were all suggested to the committee which, under the leadership of Henry Cole, had called together some of the best designers and engravers of England. They devised the famous penny postage stamp, with Queen Victoria's picture for a design. The stamps were first put into use on May 1, 1840. On the first day, £2,500 worth were sold, and Cole reported that more than half the letters mailed were stamped. The historian Lecky says the "stamp act of 1840 must be deemed one of the most momentous legislative acts in the history of mankind." Within a few years adhesive postage stamps were in use throughout the civilized world.

SCARCELY more than one in a thousand knows that a needle undergoes about twenty-two different processes, during which time eighty operations are concerned with its manufacture. When finished, the life of a needle can be reckoned in hours, not days. This is because the little instruments are either lost, mislaid, or broken. A visit to a needle factory, where the giant machines turn out about 1,500,000 needles every week, is a sight not to be easily forgotten. Briefly the main processes are as follows: After the wires are cut into lengths, they are heated and straightened by friction. Next the wire strands are pointed on grindstones, and the eye impressions are stamped out. After being grooved, the eyes are pierced by screw presses. When the splitting is done, the needles are threaded by the eyes onto short lengths of fine wire, and filed to remove the cheek on each side of the eyes made during the stamping process. The breaking operation follows. The two needles in one length of wire are separated by a cutter, after which the wires are headed and filed again to remove the burr left by stamping and breaking. Hardening the needles in oil now takes place. The steel being made brittle, it now needs tempering. This operation completed, the needles made crooked during the hardening process are picked out and straightened again, after which they are scoured and polished. Bluing the steel comes next, and the eyes are softened by heating, and then drilled out. After the head is ground, the point is set and sharpened. Last and finally, the needles are polished, tested, and graded, after which they are placed in purple papers to prevent rust. Then needles are ready for sale.

IT is a good thing once in a while to look over our accounts and see how much we owe. This applies to the nations of the world as well as to individuals. From a monograph by L. R. Gottleib in the annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, we take the following interesting little table. The principal countries of the world owe per capita in dollars, as follows:

France	$63.11
England	35.45
Belgium	30.69
Italy	21.97
Canada	16.98
United States	9.23
Japan	1.14

WHO was the first white man to see and to explore the wonderful chain of inland seas that we call the Great Lakes? The history books will tell you that it was Samuel de Champlain, the founder of Quebec, one of the most intrepid of the pioneers who established the empire of France in the New World. But there is good reason to believe that the credit belongs to a more obscure man — Etienne Brulé; and that Brulé actually guided Champlain on his famous journey of exploration in 1615 to the head of Lake Huron, a body of water with which Brulé had long been familiar. Only a few weeks ago the Historical Society at Sault Sainte Marie paid a long-deferred honor to the forgotten discoverer by unveiling a stone cairn erected to his memory on the shore of Lake Superior.

UNDERTAKERS in New York report that there is now a great demand throughout parts of the East for jazz colors in burial caskets. A coffin factory which put out red, green, blue, and yellow caskets to take the place of the former black is said to have made a good "business hit." The undertakers say that the desire for gay colors in coffins is more common among the "gay dancing class."

ON the invitation of T. Gilbert Pearson, president of the National Association of Audubon Societies, delegates met in London last summer and formed a league for the protection of the birds of the world. The international organization was subscribed to by nine countries,— Canada, Australia, Norway, England, Holland, Luxemburg, France, Italy, and the United States.

THE royal carriage in which the ex-kaiser of Germany used to ride is now on exhibition in New York. It is said that the hangings and curtains are heavily embroidered with gold bullion, and are fashioned of the richest ivory-colored damask. The silver alone on the carriage is thought to be worth several thousand dollars.