



THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 72

December 16, 1924

No. 51

SHADOWS

Eugene Rowell

*Were I given constant gazing
On the shining of the sun
O'er a plain of changeless glory,
All my pleasures soon were done.*

*For mine eyes, oppressed and weary,
Soon would shun the glaring light,
And would ache with blinded longing
For the shadows and the night ---*

*For the cool mists on the river
Where it winds half seen and still
Through the dim star-lighted valley,
Past the forest-darkened hill.*

*So the Father veils His brightness
To befit my mortal eyes
Till the earthly shall be fashioned
For His changeless Paradise;*

*And my soul through light and darkness,
Sees His wisdom while He brings
Joy, the shining of His visage,
Grief, the shadow of His wings.*

A Farmer's Testimony

IF there is one class of people which more than any other needs to observe the Morning Watch, it is the farmer. So many perplexing, aggravating, patience-trying things must be met during the course of a day. And patience is not a natural endowment. It is one of the fruits of the Spirit. Nothing helps me so much to keep my temper and go serenely on my way in spite of difficulties, as the strength which I receive through keeping the Morning Watch with the Master. But what I wish to mention especially is that the Morning Watch helped me to overcome the slang habit. Father never allowed us to swear, but when I decided to live a Christian life, and stopped to check up on myself, I found that my language was by no means without guile. I tried to overcome, but failed. Then I began to observe the Morning Watch. As I sought God for strength that I might be able to overcome, there gradually came to me a real distaste for these slang phrases which had been my stumblingblock. He did for me what I could not do for myself! Through the Morning Watch I gained a great victory, and by its continued observance I keep on guard against the temptations of the enemy. It is a wonderful help in the Christian life, young friend. Try it.

Averaging Things Up

AN impressive story is told by a writer in the *Epworth Herald* of a man who prided himself on being a good moral, upright person, expecting to be saved by these virtues. He often said: "Well, I'm doing pretty well, on the whole. I sometimes get provoked and swear, but then I'm pretty honest. True, I work seven days a week when I'm particularly busy, but I give a great deal to the poor, and I don't drink or smoke."

This man, it seems, hired a Scotchman to build a fence around his pasture lot. He gave him very explicit directions as to just how the work was to be done. In the evening when Sandy came in, his employer asked:

"Well, Sandy, is the fence built, and is it good and strong?"

"I canna say it is all tight and strong," Sandy replied, "but it's a good average fence, anyhow. If some parts are a little weak, others are extra strong. I do not know but I have left a little gap here and there a yard or so wide, but I made up for it by doubling the rails on each side of the gap. I dare say the cattle will find it a good fence, on the whole, and will like it, though I canna say it is perfect in every part."

"What!" cried the man, not seeing the point. "Do you tell me that you built a fence around my lot with weak places and gaps in it? Why, you might as well have built no fence at all. If there is one opening, or a place where an opening can be made, the cattle will be sure to find it, and will be sure to go through. Don't you know, man, that a fence must be perfect, or it is worthless?"

"I used to think so," said the Scotchman, "but I hear you talking so much about averaging matters with the Lord, it seems to me we might try it with the cattle."

An Eastern Story

IN a certain city there lived a Brahman who was in needy circumstances. One day he received a pot of flour as a present from a merchant. He took it thankfully, and was carrying it to his home, when,

on the way, feeling tired, he stopped in the shade in front of a house.

While seated there, resting, he said to himself, "If I sell this pot of flour, I shall get half a rupee for it, with which I can buy a kid. This in a short time will produce me a whole flock. I will then sell them, and get a herd of buffaloes and cows; and thus, in a few years I shall be the owner of about two thousand head of cattle. I will then purchase a large house, which I will furnish elegantly, and marry a beautiful woman. My servants will be very faithful to me, but I shall be harsh with them, and shall sometimes send them away with a kick when they come to speak to me."

While thus thinking and speaking to himself, he stretched forth his leg, as if he was going to kick some one, struck the pot, and broke it to pieces. The flour poured out and mixed with the dirt, and thus all his ideas of future happiness and joy, like those of many another, vanished through his own folly.—*Selected.*

Humility in Prayer

THE Lord's Prayer contains neither "I" nor "me," but the Pharisee's prayer, of thirty-four words, mentions the name of God but once, and contains five capital "I's." "All these things have I observed: what lack I yet?" the self-righteous young man said to Jesus. Matt. 19:20.

H. L. Hastings tells us some one has studied the inaugurals of our Presidents and given the number of words in each, and the number of "I's." The longest inaugural, General Harrison's, contained 8,578 words. The use of the "I" was infrequent, as we should expect in a brave, modest soldier. Washington's first address contained 1,300 words and twenty "I's." His second inaugural was much shorter. Lincoln's first inaugural contained 3,588 words, with forty-three "I's," but his second had only 588 words and one solitary "I." Andrew Johnson scattered fifteen "I's" among the 362 words of his message, an average of one "I" to every twenty-four words. The seventh of Romans, full of struggle, conflict, and failure, has thirty-one "I's" and sixteen "me's," forty-seven in all, while in the eighth chapter, which tells of victory, triumph, and peace, "I" or "me" is hardly mentioned, but some name for God is found forty-eight times.

"Not I but Christ," is the language of the consecrated heart.—*Selected.*

The Youth's Instructor

Issued every Tuesday
Printed and published by the

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

LORA E. CLEMENT	- - - - -	EDITOR
EDITORIAL COUNCIL		
C. W. IRWIN	H. T. ELLIOTT	C. A. HOLT
VOL. 72	DECEMBER 16, 1924	No. 51

Subscription Rates

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

Club Rates

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

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

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

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 72

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 16, 1924

No. 51

“Just for Today”

CLIFFORD A. RUSSELL

IT was at our Oakwood training school in Alabama. The southern sun had kissed the western horizon, and one by one the heavenly sentinels had hung out their lights in the azure dome. The busy activities in school and shop and farm had ceased for the day. It was still.

In gratitude for the privileges of the day now past, and in hopeful anticipation of the morrow's joys, I spent a few moments at evening devotion. The angel of sleep soon pressed my eyelids close, and all was oblivion.

Listen! Is it heaven? No, for darkness still spreads its pall, and there is no night there. Is it midnight? Is it that darkest hour just before dawning? But, listen! From somewhere out in the night come floating through the open window of my bedroom strains of the sweetest music. My soul is ravished with the exquisite harmony. “Songs in the night!”

Who was the singer, do you ask? Just a mocking bird. Only a Southern mocking bird. I listened, and as I listened I thought, “Why not songs in the night for me? and in the morning, and at noontime, and at eventide?” If God puts a song in the heart of the mocking bird at midnight, if He “so clothe the grass of the field,” if He even lines the darkest cloud with silver, and hangs out His bow across the storm-tossed billows — why not a song in place of a sigh, a smile instead of a tear, or at least a smile through the tears which sometimes fall unbidden?

Too many, I fear, think of the Morning Watch as a beautiful bit of literature, the little calendar, or perhaps more, as a moment's devotional suggestion in the morning. It is all this, and infi-

nately more. It is the still time, the quiet hour, in daylight or darkness, when the soul communes with its Maker. Perhaps not all such “watches” could with propriety be termed the Morning Watch. And perhaps none are so much needed as the quiet time in the morning.

Yesterday is but a record. Its trials, perplexities, responsibilities, are in the past. It has been carved out of time and added to the great eternity of the past.

Tomorrow is still unborn. Its problems are uncertain. It may never become today.

But *today is*. It belongs to us. God has given it to us. At its very portal, with dead yesterday in its grave behind us, and unborn tomorrow but a dream, let us get our marching orders for today fresh from our Captain. He has a daily program for us. What is it? Let us consult the blue print. It will keep us from error in our life structure. Let us study the chart. The sea of life is strewn with many a derelict because of lack of giving careful study to the chart. Talk with the Master Architect. Consult the Pilot. Follow directions. Talk with God first, then with man. Read His Word before the daily newspaper.

“The morning is the gate of the day,” says Spurgeon, “and should be well guarded with prayer. It is one of the threads on which the day's actions are strung, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life, we should be more careful of its mornings. He who rushes from his bed to his business, and waiteth not to worship, is as foolish as if he had not put on his clothes or cleansed his face, and as unwise as if he dashed into battle without arms or armor.

A Prayer

C. A. RUSSELL

A DAY is born. The gray of eastern sky
Has turned to hues of crimson and of gold.
This day is mine, for yesterday is dead.
Tomorrow is unborn. This hour, this day,
I stand or fall; I win the fight, or lose.

The path before me is an untrod way;
No foot an imprint on the sand has left;
No pilgrim passing on the way before
Can pause and lend to me a helping hand.
The path that each must take lies unexplored.
And when the evening falls, and setting sun
The lighted west shall paint in glorious hues,
What shall the record be? Shall vain regret
Oppress the soul and rob of peace and rest?
Shall conscience lash and sting because of sin.
Known sin indulged, known duty left undone?
Or shall the peace of God, a blessed calm,
A consciousness of joy divine, be mine?

At dawning of the day I ponder, Lord;
So many times my weary feet have slipped.
What pitfalls has the enemy of souls
Dugged for my unsuspecting feet today?
What trials sore, what testings shall be mine?
What doors of glorious opportunity
Shall open wide, inviting me within?
What hungry soul may I the bread of life
Be privileged to offer full and free?
What heavy load may I with joyous heart
Assist some weary traveler to bear?

And so, dear Father, in this morning hour,
To Thee I lift my heart in earnest prayer:

Not for tomorrow, Lord,
Just for today.
Give me Thy Spirit, Lord,
Humbly I pray.

Keep me from trespassing
In the broad way;
Make me a blessing, Lord,
Just for today.

This is my Morning Watch
Cry unto Thee;
Keep me from falling, Lord;
Save even me.

Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the day begin to oppress us."

Are you too busy? too busy to pray? But you are not too busy to eat, work, play, and sleep; not too busy to do the things you most desire to do. It was Luther who said: "I have an unusually heavy day before me today. I must take more time to pray." Try it, busy man, overworked mother, task-laden student. It works. The body refreshed by sleep, and the mind at peace with God,—mind and body consecrated to His service in the morning,—will accomplish, under His constant guidance and with the many little quiet "watches" snatched from the hurrying minutes through the day, the assigned tasks, and bring at the eventide the consciousness of a well-spent day.

I once heard the story of a man who was left alone with his little motherless daughter. He sought by tenderness and affection to make up so far as was possible for the loss of the mother-love. Though an active business man, he set apart one hour of the day to be wholly dedicated to the child of his love. Neither business interests nor visitors were permitted to encroach upon this sacred time. His enjoyment was equal to hers in this hour of communion.

One day the child failed to come to the accustomed place at the regular hour. The father waited for some time, and then went away. The next day it was the same, and for a week his little daughter failed to appear. Wondering, and with a vague pain at heart, the father awaited developments. At the end of a week, at the usual time, the little daughter came bounding into the room, her face radiant with smiles, and her eyes dancing with joy, holding behind her back a parcel.

"Sit down, daddy, and take off your shoes," commanded the little miss.

"Now shut your eyes." Upon his stockinged feet she placed a pair of beautiful crocheted slippers.

"Do you know what day it is today, daddy? I did it all myself for your birthday. I had to take our 'together' time for it, too. But I wanted to s'prise you, and prove to you how much I love my daddy."

He folded the dear little motherless darling to his breast as he tenderly kissed the upturned face.

"Do you like them, daddy?"

"Of course I do, darling. But I did miss you so these last few days. And remember, my little girl, nothing that you can ever *do* for daddy will ever take the place of the time you spend *with* him."

I think the Master loves *us* more than our *work*. I think He needs us more than what we may accomplish. And when we become so busy *doing* things, even for Him, that we have no time to visit with Him. I think He is disappointed. His "come apart and rest awhile" to His friends of Galilee could be spoken to His friends of today if He were walking among us as of old.

Jesus kept the Morning Watch. "In the morning, a great while before day, He rose up and went out, and departed into a desert place, and there prayed." God never intended that a man should be too busy to pray. Men of power have ever been men of prayer.

Read the following, expressed in the beauty of Mr. Gordon's imagery:

"Homeless for three and one-half years, Jesus' place of prayer was a 'desert place.' He loved nature. The hilltop back of Nazareth village, the slopes of Olivet, the hillsides overlooking the Galilean lake, were His favorite places. Note that it was always

a *quiet* place, shut away from the discordant sounds of earth."

Mr. Moody gives expression to the thought of secret prayer in these words:

"Secret prayer is prayer at its best. It is prayer most free from all insincerity. . . . Christ has clearly taught that there is a place for prayer to which He attaches special importance. Where is that place? It is the secret place."

Have you a sanctuary? Do you visit it often? It matters little *where* it is, but it matters everything *that* it is. It is there that we meet with God. It is there, "in the secret of His presence," alone with God, that we commune with Him. We talk with Him. He talks with us by the still small voice of His Holy Spirit. It is there, in the garden, that—

"He walks with me
And He talks with me,
And He tells me I am His own;
And the joys we share
As we tarry there,
None other has ever known."

It is by beholding that we become changed. "Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."

An artist one day, visiting one of the celebrated galleries in Europe, saw a canvas which had lately been secured. It was a masterpiece. His practised eye took in all its wealth of detail, its harmony, its meaning. He must have a copy. Hastening to his studio, he soon returned with sketching material. He had just commenced his work, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Looking up, he saw one of the gallery guards.

"That's against the rules," he said.

"What's against the rules?"

"Sketching in the gallery. No copying is permitted."

A shade of disappointment swept over the face of the artist. He did so much want a copy of that wonderful painting.

"Do you care how long I look at it?"

"You may look at it until closing time, and every day for a year, if you want to, but you can't copy in the gallery."

The face of the artist lighted up with the thought that entered his mind. Hastily gathering together his materials, he went just outside the door, set up his easel, and prepared to sketch. Entering the gallery, he studied the wonderful work of art. With the vision fresh upon his mind, he hurried out to his easel; back again for a new eyeful, and out to his sketching; back for another look from a different angle of vision, and out again. Hour after hour he worked, until the sketch was completed. At his studio the finishing touches were added, and he called in an artist friend to see it.

"Beautiful! Wonderful! A masterpiece! Where did you get the theme?"

"In the gallery."

"Show me the original."

In the quiet hour, do we look into the face of Jesus until His own divine image is reflected in us? Do we see Him often? Are our lives so closely fashioned after His that some friend will say in his heart, "Show me the original"? Is there something so fragrant, so beautiful, so attractive in our life that our friends will want to know Jesus because they know us?

He gives me today. Yesterday is past. There is no tomorrow. Let me make the most of my today, for I shall not pass this way again.

Missionary Volunteers and Missions

MARY MARIE BROWNLY

THE call of the mission fields grows more and more insistent with each passing day. From the four quarters of the earth, and from the islands of the sea, we hear the Macedonian cry for help,—pleading, clamoring, insistent! Relief must be sent out to these fields beyond,—teachers, doctors, nurses, evangelists, Bible workers,—*young* men and women who can learn a strange language without difficulty; *earnest, consecrated* youth to whom Jesus Christ is “chiefest among ten thousand,” and whose hearts burn with zeal to carry the gospel message to all the world in this generation; *unselfish* Missionary Volunteers, who have laid their all upon the altar of service—even to the extent of sacrificing life itself.

“Is all this effort worth while?” some one asks. An incident told by Elder I. H. Evans, president of the Far Eastern Division of the General Conference, while on a recent visit to America, answers the query.

“Years ago, while attending Sabbath service in Shanghai,” he says, “my wife called attention to a tiny Chinese boy about five years old who sat on the very front seat. A call had been made for the pupils who could repeat the ten commandments, and that little fellow walked up on the platform and recited, not only the commandments, but also the twenty-third psalm. ‘You keep watch of that lad,’ my wife whispered, ‘he is going to make a missionary.’”

“Some years later I was back in that field again, and was to speak in a church in the interior. I do not use the Chinese language, and so it is necessary for me to have an interpreter. I have always worried about my translator, for I want him to have the same spirit that I think I have as I give my sermon. I asked who would translate for me, and was told, but did not recognize the name. When I was ready to speak, I saw a tall young man step to the front and quietly take his place beside me. While I was preaching I saw the people leaning forward, looking at him with anxious eyes. I could not tell whether they were really interested in my subject, or whether they were anxious to get something out of what I was saying, and not succeeding.

“As the meeting closed, one of the missionaries who has been in China for a long time and is familiar with the language, came up and shook my hand and said, ‘Elder Evans, that is the best translation we ever had in China.’”

“‘Who is that young man?’ I asked.

“‘Oh,’ she said, ‘don’t you remember? That is Liu! Surely you have not forgotten the boy who used to sit on the front seat every Sabbath in our Shanghai church, and always had his Sabbath school lesson perfectly?’”

“Of course I had not forgotten. The trouble was he had grown up, and I did not recognize him. Today he is the leader of one of our largest native churches. His family are clean, noble, splendid people.

“I ask, Didn’t it pay to give the gospel to these poor folk? It lifted them out of their poverty and heathenism; it gave them the privilege of knowing Christ; and it gave them the infinitely greater privilege of spreading these glad tidings abroad among their own people.”

Sometimes when things go a bit hard, we come to the conclusion that it is harder for young people in English-speaking countries to bear witness for the Master than for those in other parts of the world. But Elder Evans told another story which shows how faithful are some of our fellow Missionary Volunteers in the Orient—and they have not enjoyed all the advantages which have been ours.

This is the experience of a young Japanese girl. Her mother died when she was born, and her father, who was an American, left the country, leaving her in full charge of a godfather, and turning over some property which was to be held in trust for her.

“She grew up,” says Elder Evans, “and received an excellent education in a convent school. But when she came of age, she declared her belief in the third angel’s message. Her people felt very much humiliated. Her godfather talked with her. ‘My girl,’ he said, ‘those people are despised; they are nothing. They haven’t even a church in this city. You cannot go with them, for I will not have you bring upon this family such disgrace.’”

“However, in spite of opposition, the young woman insisted

that she was going to be a Christian and keep the seventh day as the Sabbath. Then her godfather drew the lines more tightly, and forbade her to attend church services. But she went.

“‘If you do not stop going to these meetings,’ he shouted in anger, ‘you must take your things and leave this house and never come back.’”

“So she packed her little trunk and went out into a city of four hundred thousand people, a stranger and alone, a girl who had been brought up in a home where she had enjoyed every luxury that money could buy, for her godfather was a high official in Japan, an educated man, and a writer and a poet.

“She secured a little bungalow and began to teach English, for she could speak English fluently, as well as her own language, and German, and French.

“Several months went by, and finally her godfather came for a reconciliation. ‘We want you to come home,’ he pleaded. ‘We love you. We cannot live without you. Since you left our home, all the sunshine is gone, our happiness is gone. We want you back. All I ask of you is to promise that when I die you will offer incense and pray to my spirit. You can have your religion, and be a Seventh-day Adventist.’”

“‘Father,’ she said, ‘I want to come home. I long to be with you, and I will be good to you and mother

(Concluded on page 18)

Prayer and Deeds

NO answer comes to those who pray,
Then idly stand
And wait for stones to roll away
At God's command.
He will not break the binding cords
Upon us laid
If we depend on pleading words,
And do not aid.
When hands are idle, words are vain
To move the stone;
An abiding angel would disdain
To work alone;
But he who prayeth and is strong
In faith and deed,
And toileth earnestly, ere long
He will succeed.

— Selected.

The Story of a Beautiful Face

"YOU'RE as ugly as sin," the messenger boy said as a passing greeting. He was ascending the warehouse stairs with a parcel under one arm. He had addressed a shabbily attired girl who was descending, and went his way with a chuckle. Her cheeks crimsoned, and tears rose to her eyes as she passed into the street. She knew she was not beautiful. The fact had been impressed upon her from early childhood; yet every fresh reminder of it brought a new stab of pain to her sensitive heart.

The streets were damp and muddy, the lamplight shone clear and cold. It seemed that even the smartly decorated shop windows repulsed her. Antagonism ruled between the whole world and this poorly clad, sharp-faced girl. The picture on the cover of a magazine displayed in a stationer's window caught her attention, and held it as she stopped to look more closely. An old sailor stood with a chubby-faced baby in his arms. Some of the few happy recollections of her childhood circled around the person of an old sailor. The price of the magazine was only ten cents.

"'Twould be nice to have; it would mind me often of Old Joe," Lizzie told herself, and promptly walked in and made her purchase, fearful lest in delaying she should reconsider and conclude that money expended on a few sheets of printed paper was too great an extravagance for her. She knew perfectly that this would mean no bread for her next two meals. Nevertheless she carried the purchase tenderly, careful lest the picture be crushed or creased, and hurried on her lonely way.

Lizzie's mother was a lodging-house keeper, in a narrow back street. Her elder sisters, better looking than herself, helped with the lighter work, but she had been the drudge of the household until one day, several months before, when in a burst of determination to escape from the continual faultfinding and quarreling, she had taken possession of an old trunk, packed therein everything she could lawfully claim as her personal property, and gone forth to make her own way in the world.

Work which she obtained in a wareroom enabled her to eke out an existence that was certainly somewhat happier than her home life had been, although it left much of comfort to be desired. Her meager wage provided a bed and the exclusive use of the small boxlike room in which it stood. Her landlady allowed her to cook her simple meals on the kitchen fire. Lizzie was independent.

Arriving at her stopping place, she hurriedly unrolled the magazine before she unfastened her coat. The picture of the sailor was uppermost, of course. For a long time she looked at it, and tears filled her eyes. If she could only meet Old Joe again! But he had been an aged man when she knew him, and must be dead by now.

Going to the kitchen to toast some bread, she found

the landlady, with her husband and five children, eating their evening meal, the woman's sharp tongue supplying an irritating accompaniment. Lizzie carried her food upstairs, and while she stirred her cocoa, one hand listlessly turned the pages of the magazine.

Another colored print had been thrust amid the back pages. A face with tender, mobile lips, large, compassionate eyes, and features that in their delicate outline portrayed the artist's conception of perfection, looked yearningly forth at Lizzie. She closed the magazine hastily, and shut away the beautiful face — it reminded her painfully of her own plainness of countenance.

When she had finished her simple meal, she mended a rent in her coat. Then following an impulse, she turned out the light, and crouching on her knees before the narrow window, flattened her face against the pane and peered into the night. From the kitchen

rose the shrill voices of the children. Now and again a pedestrian passed, and for an instant the dull light of the street lamp shone across his or her face and revealed its features to the watcher.

In an opposite house, a cross-looking old man peered the evening paper before a glowing fire, while his wife, with fallow arms bared to the elbow, worked at a table before the uncurtained window. Lizzie unconsciously imitated the man's pouting underlip, and strove to count the wrinkles that lined the woman's brow.

"I wonder how old she is," she mused. "Maybe

I'll have as many when I'm as old."

Back to her memory came the taunting words of the messenger boy, bringing a bitterness too great for tears.

"You're as ugly as sin."

She did not care to look from the window any longer. She began preparations for retiring.

"I may be as ugly as sin, but I needn't be sinful, anyhow," she said to herself as she laid her head upon the hard bundle that did duty as a pillow.

Before she went to her work in the morning, she pinned the picture of the beautiful face against the wall opposite her bed, but it fell to the floor. She longed for an instant to crush it in her hand and throw it away. The memory of the money she had expended restrained her. She thrust it beneath the bedclothes.

"I don't know what folks want with such pictures," she said. "They only make them feel cross that they can't be good lookin' too."

As she worked in the airy, cheerful wareroom, the face in the picture came back to her. She was surprised to find herself mentally comparing it with the commonplace faces of her fellow workers. Her imagination traced its outline on the bare wall. Then she resolutely put the thought from her; but it refused to be banished, and haunted her mind like a revengeful ghost.

How Little It Costs

HOW little it costs, if we give it a thought,
To make happy some heart each day!
Just one kind word or a tender smile
As we go on our daily way;
Perchance a look will suffice to clear
The cloud from a neighbor's face,
And the press of a hand in sympathy
A sorrowful tear efface.

One walks in sunlight; another goes
All weary in the shade;
One treads a path that is fair and smooth,
Another must pray for aid.
It costs so little! I wonder why
We give it so little thought;
A smile — kind words — a glance — a touch!
What magic with them is wrought!
— *Open Window.*

"I wish I had never seen the horrid thing," she told herself. Yet she knew that her memory of it was not unpleasant.

"If I only looked like that," she asked herself when evening had come again and she was in her room, "I wonder would I feel different? How do I know that I don't look like that?"

She laughed bitterly. The remarks of her friends, and the tale her mirror told would not permit her to deceive herself.

"I wonder if it would be any harm to pretend I look like that? Just when I'm here alone by myself? I'll try to feel as if I have to live up to a beautiful face. A body with a face like that would have a lovely, kind heart, or the face would not be beautiful long."

A patter of baby fingers against the door panel broke the silence. The landlady's youngest child was proud of her prowess in stair climbing, and when she could escape her mother's vigilance, made her way upstairs. Lizzie always called to her to go away, and the baby feet would clamber downstairs without further ado. Upon this occasion she hesitated, and the tattoo waxed stronger and quicker.

"I wonder if she would tell a little child to 'go away.'"

The rôle of beauty was perplexing, but interesting. Lizzie could not conceive of the sweet

lips uttering anything so harsh. She went to the door and opened it gently.

"What does baby want?" she asked in soft accents.

The child pushed past her and entered the room. Trotting around the table, it came to a pause before the two pictures.

"Pitty, pitty," she cooed. "Baby kiss."

"Do you want to kiss the lovely lady?" Lizzie inquired.

She lifted the little form until the baby pressed her lips against the paper, and patted it caressingly with her hands.

"Pitty," she said again. "Baby love."

"Come and sit in my lap at the window, and we'll

look out at the nice things in the street," Lizzie coaxed.

Baby looked at her solemnly. Lizzie had always hitherto repulsed the little one's friendly overtures.

"Not stold, not shake, not say 'nauffy'?" baby queried.

"No," said Lizzie, conscious of a pang of remorse caused by the child's doubt of her kind intentions. "Baby will be good, and we will love each other."

Surely that was what the beautiful girl would say.

So they sat at the window together, and Lizzie talked childish talk that baby could understand. Presently a little arm stole round her neck, and the warm pressure sent a curious thrill through the girl.

In the lower premises the landlady began to call loudly for the child.

Bedtime had come. Baby must go to bed. She let her mother take her from Lizzie's arms reluctantly.

"It must be very, very delightful to be really beautiful," she sighed when she was again alone. "If I could pretend I was beautiful in the wareroom, I might be able to get on better with the girls."

The success of her experiment that evening gave her courage for a further pretension on the following day. She spoke gently and kindly. She forced herself to smile at the gibes. The girls turned away with shamed faces when she did not lose her temper. So day by day,

Lizzie strove to order her life and thoughts to accord with the beautiful face which she did not possess.

One day a new thought came to her as she prepared to retire.

"I wonder, would she pray?" she asked herself, looking earnestly at the picture.

Somehow Lizzie felt sure that she would.

"Then I ought to pray."

"I'll tell Him all about it. He'll understand," said Lizzie.

The lips that had not spoken to God in prayer since the days of early childhood called humbly and sincerely to Him that night, and the Great Father, whose



IN the fourteenth century arose in England the "morning star of the Reformation." John Wycliffe was the herald of reform, not for England alone, but for all Christendom. The great protest against Rome which it was permitted him to utter, was never to be silenced. That protest opened the struggle which was to result in the emancipation of individuals, of churches, and of nations.

While Wycliffe was still at college, he entered upon the study of the Scriptures. In those early times, when the Bible existed only in the ancient languages, scholars were enabled to find their way to the fountain of truth, which was closed to the uneducated classes. Thus already the way had been prepared for Wycliffe's future work as a reformer.

In the Word of God he found that which he had before sought in vain. Here he saw the plan of salvation revealed, and Christ set forth as the only advocate for man. He gave himself to the service of Christ, and determined to proclaim the truths he had discovered.

Many of the people had become dissatisfied with their former faith, as they saw the iniquity that prevailed in the Roman Church, and they hailed with unconcealed joy the truths brought to view by Wycliffe; but the papal leaders were filled with rage when they perceived that this Reformer was gaining an influence greater than their own.

Wycliffe was a keen detector of error, and he struck fearlessly against many of the abuses sanctioned by the authority of Rome. While acting as chaplain for the king, he took a bold stand against the payment of tribute claimed by the pope from the English monarch, and showed that the papal assumption of authority over secular rulers was contrary to both reason and revelation. The demands of the pope had excited great indignation, and Wycliffe's teachings exerted an influence upon the leading minds of the nation. The king and the nobles united in denying the pontiff's claim to temporal authority, and in refusing the payment of the tribute. Thus an effectual blow was struck against the papal supremacy in England.

Another evil against which the Reformer waged long and resolute battle, was the institution of the orders of mendicant friars. These friars swarmed in England, casting a blight upon the greatness and prosperity of the nation. Industry, education, morals, all felt the withering influence. The monks' life of idleness and beggary was not only a heavy drain upon the resources of the people, but it brought useful labor into contempt. The youth were demoralized and corrupted. By the influence of the friars many were induced to enter a cloister and devote themselves to a monastic life, and this not only without the consent of their parents, but even without their knowledge, and contrary to their commands.

Men of learning and piety had labored in vain to bring about a reform in these monastic orders; but Wycliffe, with clearer insight, struck at the root of the evil, declaring that the system itself was false, and that it should be abolished. He began to write and publish tracts against the friars, not, however, seeking so much to enter into dispute with them as to call the minds of the people to the teachings of the Bible and its Author.

Again Wycliffe was called to defend the rights of the English crown against the encroachments of Rome; and being appointed a royal ambassador,

Keeping the Memo

Just 600 Years Ago This Great Refo

MRS. EL

he spent two years in the Netherlands, in conference with the commissioners of the pope.

Soon after his return to England, Wycliffe received from the king the appointment to the rectory of Lutterworth. This was an assurance that the monarch at least had not been displeased by his plain speaking. Wycliffe's influence was felt in shaping the action of the court, as well as in molding the belief of the nation.

The papal thunders were soon hurled against him. Three bulls were dispatched to England,—to the university, to the king, and to the prelates,—all commanding immediate and decisive measures to silence the teacher of heresy. Before the arrival of the bulls, however,

the bishops, in their zeal, had summoned Wycliffe before them for trial. But two of the most powerful princes in the kingdom accompanied him to the tribunal; and the people, surrounding the building and rushing in, so intimidated the judges that the proceedings were for the time suspended, and he was allowed to go his way in peace. A little later, Edward III, whom in his old age the prelates were seeking to influence against the Reformer, died, and Wycliffe's former protector became regent of the kingdom.

But the arrival of the papal bulls laid upon all England a peremptory command for the arrest and imprisonment of the heretic. These measures pointed directly to the stake. It appeared certain that Wycliffe must soon fall a prey to the vengeance of Rome. But death came, not to the Reformer, but to the pontiff who had decreed his destruction. Gregory XI died, and the ecclesiastics who had assembled for Wycliffe's trial, dispersed.

God's providence still further overruled events to give opportunity for the growth of the Reformation. The death of Gregory was followed by the election of two rival popes. This occurrence greatly weakened the power of the Papacy.

As a professor of theology at Oxford, Wycliffe preached the word of God in the halls of

THE character of Wycliffe was educating, transforming. It was the Bible that he sought effort to grasp the great truth with freshness and vigor to the mind, sharpens the power of judgment. The study of the Bible, of thought, feeling, and action. It gives stability of character and fortitude; it refines the character. An earnest, reverent student of the mind of the student, a finite mind, would give more and more active intellect than has ever resulted from human philosophy and philosophy.



"I Shall Not Die, but Live, and Ag

of Wycliffe Fresh

Was Born in Yorkshire, England

WHITE

 a testimony to the
 the Holy Scriptures.
 what he was. The
 Of revelation imparts
 alities. It expands the
 and ripens the judg-
 e will ennoble every
 is no other study can.
 atience, courage, and
 and sanctifies the soul.
 e Scriptures, bringing
 t contact with the in-
 world men of stronger
 as of nobler principle,
 e ablest training that
 The Great Contro-

the university. So faithfully did he present the truth to the students under his instruction, that he received the title of "The Gospel Doctor." But the greatest work of his life was to be the translation of the Scriptures into the English language, so that every man in England might read the wonderful works of God.

But suddenly his labors were stopped. Though not yet sixty years of age, unceasing toil, study, and the assaults of his enemies had told upon his strength, and made him prematurely old. He was attacked by a dangerous illness. The tidings brought great joy to the friars. Now they thought he would bitterly repent the evil he had done the church, and they hurried to his chamber to listen to his confession. Representatives from

the four religious orders, with four civil officers, gathered about the supposed dying man. "You have death on your lips," they said; "be touched by your faults, and retract in our presence all that you have said to our injury." The Reformer listened in silence; then he bade his attendant raise him in his bed, and gazing steadily upon them as they stood waiting for his recantation, he said, in the firm, strong voice which had so often caused them to tremble, "I shall not die, but live, and again declare the evil deeds of the friars." Astonished and abashed, the monks hurried from the room.

Wycliffe's words were fulfilled. He lived to place in the hands of his countrymen the most powerful of all weapons against Rome,—to give them the Bible, the Heaven-appointed agent to liberate, enlighten, and evangelize the people.

The art of printing being still unknown, it was only by slow and wearisome labor that copies of the Bible could be multiplied. So great was the interest to obtain the book that many willingly engaged in the work of transcribing it, but it was with difficulty that the copyists could supply the demand. Some of the more wealthy purchasers desired the whole Bible. Others bought only a portion. In many cases, several families united to purchase a copy.



re the Evil Deeds of the Friars."

Thus Wycliffe's Bible soon found its way to the homes of the people.

The appearance of the Scriptures brought dismay to the authorities of the church. They had now to meet an agency against which their weapons would avail little. There was at this time no law in England prohibiting the Bible, for it had never before been published in the language of the people. Such laws were afterward enacted and rigorously enforced. Meanwhile, notwithstanding the efforts of the priests, there was for a season opportunity for the circulation of the Word of God.

Again the papal leaders plotted to silence the Reformer's voice. Before three tribunals he was successively summoned for trial, but without avail. First a synod of bishops declared his writings heretical, and winning the young king, Richard II, to their side, they obtained a royal decree consigning to prison all who should hold the condemned doctrines.

Wycliffe appealed from the synod to Parliament. Parliament, roused by the stirring appeals of Wycliffe, repealed the persecuting edict, and the Reformer was again at liberty.

A third time he was brought to trial, and now before the highest ecclesiastical tribunal in the kingdom. Here no favor would be shown to heresy.

But Wycliffe did not retract; he would not dissemble. He fearlessly maintained his teachings, and repelled the accusations of his persecutors. Losing sight of himself, of his position, of the occasion, he summoned his hearers before the divine tribunal, and weighed their sophistries and deceptions in the balances of eternal truth. The power of the Holy Spirit was felt in the council-room. "With whom, think you," he finally said, "are ye contending? with an old man on the brink of the grave? No! with Truth,—Truth which is stronger than you, and will overcome you." So saying, he withdrew from the assembly, and not one of his adversaries attempted to prevent him.

Wycliffe's work was almost done; the banner of truth which he had so long borne was soon to fall from his hand; but once more he was to bear witness for the gospel. The truth was to be proclaimed from the very stronghold of the kingdom of error. Wycliffe was summoned for trial before the papal tribunal at Rome. He was not blind to the danger that threatened him, yet he would have obeyed the summons had not a shock of palsy made it impossible for him to perform the journey. But though his voice was not to be heard at Rome, he could speak by letter, and this he determined to do. From his rectory the Reformer wrote to the pope a letter, which, while respectful in tone and Christian in spirit, was a keen rebuke to the pomp and pride of the papal see.

Wycliffe fully expected that his life would be the price of his fidelity. The king, the pope, and the bishops were united to accomplish his ruin, and it seemed certain that a few months at most would bring him to the stake.

But God's providence still shielded His servant. Now, when his enemies felt sure of their prey, God's hand removed him beyond their reach. In his church at Lutterworth, as he was about to dispense the communion, he fell, stricken with palsy, and in a short time yielded up his life.

God had appointed to Wycliffe his work. He

(Concluded on page 14)



What Revelation Reveals

MATILDA ERICKSON ANDROSS

MANY are the prophecies in the Old Testament concerning our Saviour's return. And the New Testament re-echoes this theme of themes. Jesus is the text of the Gospels, and each reaches its climax in the story of His return. The same burning subject makes the Epistles glow brightly with the blessed hope.

Then we come to the special message given in Revelation. Lest we forget the wonderful prophecies of Daniel, and as if God would impress upon our minds that His plan is un-
changed, He calls John to record a message for His children through all future generations. With divine accuracy the faithful penman gives a bird's-eye view of leading events down to the close of time. With rapid strokes he sketches swift-moving panoramic views of the vacillating political world, of the changing religious conditions, and of the signals given in the natural world to announce the approach of the coming King.

Hear the seven trumpets echoing down through the ages, declaring in unmistakable notes the great political disturbances that will mark the onward march of the centuries until the King of kings shall come to reign. Speaking of the first trumpet, one commentator says: "Little or nothing is left for the professed interpreter to do but to point to the pages of Gibbon." Thus accurately does history follow in the grooves of prophecy when recording the story of the terrible invasion of Western Rome by the Goths under Alaric. It is equally interesting to notice with what striking aptness the terrible depredations of the Vandals, under Genseric in Africa and Italy, by land and by sea, are foretold in the blast of the second trumpet; and the furious invasions of the Huns under Attila in the alarming notes of the third; or the marauding expeditions of Odoacer in the fourth.

Concerning the fifth and sixth trumpets, one writer says: "There is scarcely so uniform an agreement among interpreters concerning any other part of the Apocalypse as respecting the application of the fifth and sixth trumpets, or the first and second woes, to the Saracens and the Turks. It is so obvious that it can scarcely be misunderstood. Instead of a verse or two designating each, the whole of the ninth chapter

of the Revelation, in equal portions, is occupied with a description of both.

"The Roman Empire declined, as it arose, by conquest; but the Saracens and the Turks were the instruments by which a false religion became the scourge of an apostate church; and hence, instead of the fifth and sixth trumpets, like the former, being designated by that name alone, they are called woes."

In studying these prophecies, Josiah Litch discovered that in harmony with the notes of the sixth trumpet the Ottoman Empire would fall in August, 1840. Believing fully that God's Word made no announcement for which it would be necessary later to apologize, he declared his discovery to the world. Many eyes were fixed on Aug. 11, 1840, and when the event occurred as predicted, hearts were stirred to give ear to the message proclaiming the speedy return of Jesus.

Today we are living in the time of the seventh trumpet, which has been sounding forth its warning notes ever since 1844. There are no soothing strains in the major portion of its martial music. It is true that some buglers are giving the peace and safety cry. But no such notes come from heaven's

messenger. God's bugler calls to prepare for serious times. "The nations were angry, and Thy wrath is come," he cries; and truly, as we look out upon the world, and begin to realize how the hearts of men, in all walks of life, are failing them for fear, we must know in our own souls, that that warning call sounds no false alarm.

During the terrible World War that made our sadly maimed civilization hide her face in sorrow and shame, the peace and safety criers shouted: "War to end war. War to end war." Six years have passed since the signing of the armistice brought relief from the tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet. But what of the peace and safety promised? What of the "no more wars" cry? Even the indescribably sad sights of scores of hospitals filled with maimed, sick, or demented men — all bitter fruits of the World War — cannot deter men from rushing preparations for still more destructive warfare.

Today, after six years of sad regrets over our losses,

(Concluded on page 14)

Love That Will Not Let Me Go

O LOVE that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be!

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's glow its day
May brighter, fairer be!

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be!

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be!

— G. Matheson.

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.

JUNIORS

OUR LAW

Keep the Morning Watch.
 Do my honest part.
 Care for my body.
 Keep a level eye.
 Be courteous and obedi-
 ent.
 Walk softly in the sanc-
 tuary
 Keep a song in my heart.
 Go on God's errands.

Boys --- and Boys

MAX HILL

JUST now I took a walk around the square. On the way I observed several boys and young men, and they set me thinking. Some of them were busy. A small colored lad was raking grass from a lawn and putting it into sacks; there is a cow or a goat somewhere that will be glad, I am sure. Another boy was carrying a bundle of men's garments to the cleaner's shop. A tall boy in uniform was delivering messages. Another I observed was assisting a window decorator. And so it went,—boys selling papers, boys blacking shoes, boys driving delivery wagons or cars, busy boys who are doing things.

There were other boys on the square—big, strong fellows. But they were not working. Of course, they may have finished their jobs and were resting! Then it may be that their time to go to work had not come yet. You see, I am trying to find an alibi for these idle boys on the streets. But deep down in my heart I have a firmly fixed feeling that they do not have jobs, and that some of them do not want jobs; the street is attractive to them, and they are satisfied just where they are. To be truthful, a worthless lot they appear to be. I noticed they are not dressed as well as the workers, and there is a real difference in the expression of their faces. Some do not have much expression. Many of them sit secure behind a smoke screen that makes them safe from people out looking for boys to work for them.

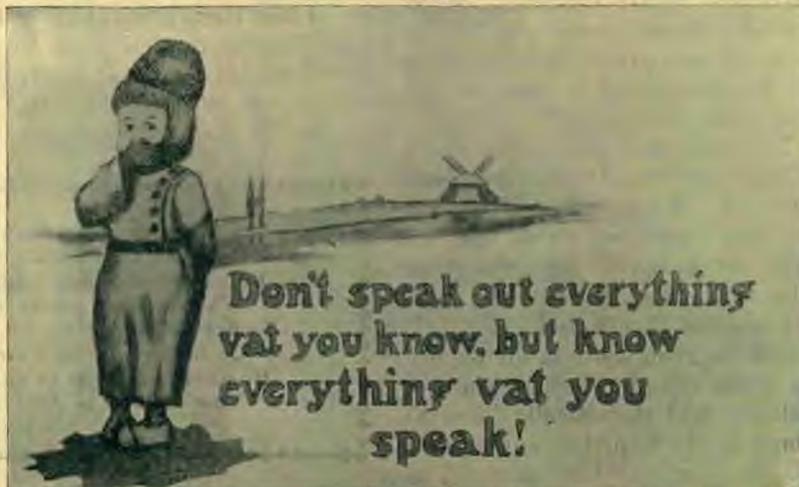
And there you have two kinds of boys. One class is in business, helping do the world's work in a brave way. The other class bids fair to be a burden upon society, a tax on the workers either for support or for restraint. The picture is cheering or depressing, depending upon the side you see. If you are a boy, you may determine easily just where you belong; you may choose the class you desire. The power of choice is a precious thing, but the responsibility of it is a

serious matter. As you choose, so you grow up.

I have been thinking of some boys I know. Among them are workers and shirkers; among them are business "men" and loafers who will never be men. Do you know the kind I admire? I like to see boys interested in reading; but do you know, I prefer to see a boy with stained fingers in blackberry time rather than one whose white hands are turning the pages of a book! I should, really. I know sanitarium call boys who get their lessons in odd minutes between calls; there are others who feed on the so-called funny pages. Some of these lesson-getters of the past are doctors and preachers now. Some of the others are still call "boys," taking orders from the doctors. Do you think it strange? "The child is father of the man," some wise one said. And I know how that is—the man is made of the material the boy puts into himself.

So get a job, boys. Get to work at something. There are home tasks that need you; there are jobs for the boys who will work. The pay may come in the coin of experience, but that coin is good in all lands, and will purchase necessities and comforts and luxuries. If I were the son of a washerwoman, I should go into partnership with her. Together we would skimp and save, and buy an electric washer. Then we would develop a laundry. If there were a garden, I should plan to raise something special to sell. The world is waiting for some one with a specialty. The other day I heard of a boy who made three hundred dollars from a small onion patch—he'll be a full-fledged doctor in a few months, having earned a good share of the price himself.

"Seest thou a man—a boy—diligent in business?" He's the boy—the man—the world wants, and will honor.



A Wonderful World

A LITTLE more praise and a little less blame,
 A little more virtue, a little less shame,
 A little more thought for the other man's rights,
 A little less self in our chase for delights,
 A little more loving, a little less hate,
 Are all that is needed to make the world great.
 A little more boasting, a little less jeering,
 A little more trusting, a little less fearing,
 A little more patience in trouble and pain,
 A little less willing at times to complain,
 A little more kindness worked into the strife,
 Are all that is needed to glorify life.
 A little more honor, a little less greed,
 A little more service, a little less creed,
 A little more courage when pathways are rough,
 A little more action, a little less bluff,
 A little more kindness by you and by me,
 And, oh, what a wonderful world it would be.

— Selected.

White Indians

MARGARET was receiving callers. Her hair, of a gold color which was almost green, shone all the more by contrast with her complexion, which was of a uniform pink hue, like light-colored brick. Her greenish-hazel eyes with yellow eyelashes twinkled with good nature, which was also shown by her smiling mouth with its large strong, yellow teeth. She wore a blue dress which set off her coloring, and her younger brothers, Alo and Chepu, who very much resembled her in appearance, wore red and green sweaters which were no less effective.

So these were the white Indians! They were, of course, not white; but then, neither are any of us who pride ourselves upon being Nordics. Certainly they formed a sufficient contrast to the two dark, chocolate-colored Indians who were also of the group. It was almost impossible to believe that the latter were of the same race; but Margaret and her brothers are indeed children of dark parents, Chief Jim Berry and his wife. Yet there is something about these blond children which marks them as different from our northern blonds. They are more vivid, like a picture postcard as compared with the actual landscape. Then, too, their figures are stockier, and their heads larger in comparison than those of persons we are accustomed to see. But the manners and self-possession of Margaret and her brothers are perfect. It is surprising, indeed, when one remembers that they have only recently come from the jungles of Panama.

For weeks we had been reading in the papers about Richard O. Marsh's expedition into Darien, and his discovery of the mysterious "white Indians." When we learned that Professor Marsh's camp was only a few miles away from the farm where we were spending our summer vacation, the temptation to go to see the white Indians was too great to be resisted.

Our party drove in a car upon the ferry which crosses the broad St. Lawrence from Ogdensburg, New York, to Prescott, Ontario. We interviewed the immigration authorities, and convinced them that we were entering Canada for harmless purposes, then turned down the little road which follows the river, past picturesque old Canadian farmhouses.

The Marsh camp is on the river shore in Johnstown Bay, just above the North Channel where the big freight boats issue slowly and majestically close at hand from the locks built by the Canadian government

to avoid the dangerous rapids. It is a historic spot, haunted by memories of the North American Indian. From time immemorial it was used by the Indians of Upper Canada as a camping ground on their trips to or from Caughnawaga, the ancient trading place which is now Montreal. Here they rested before "shooting the rapids," steering with iron wrists their frail canoes between the great billows and the barely submerged rocks; here at last they beached them after paddling against the current or dragging them arduously upstream.

The Count Frontenac, first governor of French Canada, stopped here in 1696, when, accompanied by Algonquins, he went to make war upon the fierce Mohawks in what is now New York State, thus bringing a century of desolation and woe to Canada. Here also La Salle paused on his heroic trips to the interior of the continent. What would the fierce savages of those days have thought of these peaceful, chunky, smiling, blond Indians? Doubtless they would have done as the latter's own relatives have: disowned them and driven them away from their camps.

But who are the white Indians? That has been a much-disputed question. It was to find out something about them that Prof. Richard O. Marsh recently led an exploring expedition into the jungles of South Panama. After an exceedingly dangerous trip into the interior, during which he lost three quarters of his party from sickness, death, or desertion, and met with all kinds of opposition from the hostile dark San Blas Indians, he actually penetrated to the white "village;" that is, he found about four hundred of the blond Indians within a restricted area. Whenever a blond child is born in the family of dark Indians, he or she is hated and feared, and as soon as possible is driven to take refuge in the mountains of the interior. There the blonds intermarry, and often have fair children. Owing to the difficulties encountered, it is remarkable that Professor Marsh succeeded in bringing these three white Indians back to civilization.

When Margaret, Alo, and Chepu first arrived in the United States, the reporters observed that they shrank from the sunlight, which dazzled their eyes accustomed to the shade of the jungle. When we saw them, however, they were unblinkingly standing on a piazza flooded with the particularly brilliant light of a sunny day on the river shore. They speak a few words of English, and did not appear at all embarrassed by the attention they were receiving from a group of scientific visitors. We were particularly struck by their carriage, which was easy and graceful. They are all expert fishers, boaters, and swimmers.

There have been many theories advanced as to the "how" and "why" of these Indians. But the matter-of-fact scientists belonging to the Museum of Natural History in New York City, who have examined the blond trio most carefully, declare that they differ scarcely at all from the dark Indians, except in the amount of pigment contained in their skin. In other

 * "SOMEBODY said it couldn't be done,
 * But he with a chuckle replied
 * That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
 * Who wouldn't say no till he'd tried.
 * So he buckled right in with the trace of a grin
 * On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
 * He started to sing as he tackled the thing
 * That couldn't be done, and he did it."
 * *****

words, they are albinos, a phenomenon occurring in all races of men. Many other instances exist among Indians and Negroes, but never before have they been found in such great numbers. This circumstance alone deserves and will probably receive careful investigation.

What a wonderful time these little strangers must be having getting acquainted with this great new world. They are very happy, and you will find them quite modern, up-to-date young people if you visit them in Washington, D. C., where they are attending a private school. Their good friend, Professor Marsh, will soon be on his way back to the Panama, accompanied by a number of scientists who will make a study of this new race. Professor Marsh has declared that he is going to rescue these white Indians from the persecution of their jungle neighbors, if it takes all the money he has in the world!—*Louise Seymour Hasbrouck (adapted).*

Missionary Volunteers and Missions

(Concluded from page 5)

while you live, and care for you; but when you die, I cannot promise that I will worship you. I can worship only my God!

"At that he flew into a rage, and drove her before him into the street, and said, 'I will adopt another daughter and disinherit you forever.'

"And friends, that is exactly what he did. Two years later he died, leaving three and a half million yen,— he was one of the richest men in the country,— but he did not leave one copper to that girl.

"Don't you think that is a shining example of suffering for Christ, of loyalty to the Master? Today this young woman is Sabbath school secretary and one of our most earnest church members."

"I met two Catholic ladies on the train one day while traveling in China," said Elder Evans in speaking of how prone we are to run away from difficulties, "and as we fell into conversation, I learned that they were Franciscan nuns, working in a leper hospital in Japan.

"Are you on your way home?' I asked.

"No,' one of them answered.

"But,' I said, 'you look sick.'

"She admitted that she had not been feeling well for some months, and was going to take a little rest, but said she was not going home.

"Where do your people live?' I inquired.

"Winnipeg, Canada,' she replied.

"I suppose they would like to have you come home?'

"Yes,' she said, 'I suppose they would.'

"Then,' I added, 'as soon as you are better, you are going home for a rest, aren't you?'

"No,' she said, looking at me questioningly, 'why do you ask about my going home all the time?'

"I had an object in it all, and I said, 'Tell me, when are you going home?'

"I'm not going home at all,' she answered.

"Never going to see your father and mother?'

"No, not in this world,' she said. 'When I bade them good-by in Winnipeg, we parted to meet in heaven, and I shall never go back.'

"Don't any of your people ever go back?' I asked.

"No,' came the ready answer, 'never! No priest or nun who comes to this field ever goes back home. We make a covenant that we will give our lives to these people.'

He Profits Most Who Serves Best

*It isn't the cut of the clothes you wear,
Nor the stuff out of which they are made,
Though selected with haste or fastidious care;
And it isn't the price that you paid.
It isn't the size of the pile in your bank,
Nor the number of acres you own;
It isn't the question of prestige or rank,
Nor a question of fame or renown.
It isn't the servants who come at your call,
And it isn't the things you possess —
Whether many, or little, or nothing at all;
It is SERVICE that measures success.*

— Selected.

"Is your family poor?' I ventured to inquire.

"No, they are rich, and have a fine home in the city of Winnipeg.'

"Won't they be disappointed if you do not go back?'

"No,' she said, and smiled, 'I settled that before I came!'

If the call to service should come to you, friend of mine, what would be your answer? Could you go out from home with no thought of returning, and give your life to those who have never heard the story of the cross? Would you?

~ ~ ~

The Story of a Beautiful Face

(Continued from page 7)

heart is love and tenderness, listened and understood.

A day dawned when Lizzie forgot that she was ugly. The old, morbid self-consciousness had gone from her forever. In trying to do what she thought the beautiful girl would, she learned how truly beautiful it is to live to serve and please others. She set for herself a new high ideal, to please God.

One afternoon she met Maria, an elder sister, in the street. Maria was worried and ill. Touched by her worn appearance, Lizzie stopped to speak with her.

"You are looking well, Lizzie," said Maria. "What have you been doing to yourself?'

"I think maybe God's been making me over," said Lizzie, softly.

"I wish He'd remake some other things," remarked Maria, bitterly. "Ma and Jane and some of the boarders are sick, the place is dirty and every way, and I'm heartsick. I wish you would come home again, Lizzie," she added.

Refusal trembled on the girl's lips, but the new self-effactive spirit conquered.

"I think you're wantin' somebody badly," she said; "I'll come."

So the next day she returned to the boarding house in the narrow back street, and found it less repelling than she had thought it. After all, her mother had a warm heart, her sisters did not mean to be thoughtless and unkind, the boarders appreciated a merry word and smile, and the greasy dishes and dirty floors could not withstand boiling water.

Above her bed Lizzie pinned her picture, faded and mended in several places with stamp paper. Maria often looked at it and remonstrated.

"Why don't you have new ones? That one is done out." But Lizzie only smiled. "I like this one best," she answered.

Her sisters married and went to homes of their own. Some years passed, and finally Lizzie and her mother exchanged the boarding house for a little cottage in the country. Nieces and nephews loved Auntie, and came often to see her.

As they sat in the cottage garden one evening, a bright-faced, curly-headed girl said, "When I'm big, I want to be exactly like you, Auntie Lizzie. You've got a big mouth, an' your nose's a wee bit crooked, an' you squint a little bit, but, somehow, I think you've got a beautiful face."

Lizzie stooped and kissed her.

"The things we love are always beautiful to us, little one," she said.

Yes, and by loving and following the beautiful and the best, men and women unconsciously become beautiful in personality and successful in achievement.—*Maud G. Lutton, adapted from London Sunday School Times.*

Keeping the Memory of Wycliffe Fresh

(Concluded from page 9)

had put the word of truth in his mouth, and He set a guard about him that this word might come to the people. His life was protected, and his labors were prolonged, until a foundation was laid for the great work of the Reformation.

The papists had failed to work their will with Wycliffe during his life, and their hatred could not be satisfied while his body rested quietly in the grave. By the decree of the Council of Constance, more than forty years after his death, his bones were exhumed and publicly burned, and the ashes were thrown into a neighboring brook. "This brook," says an old writer, "hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean. And thus the ashes of Wycliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

What Revelation Reveals

(Concluded from page 10)

serious, conservative men of international perspective confess openly that they see ominous war clouds hanging low above us, and predict for the future a more terrible war than this world has yet seen. The thought makes us shudder. But we find relief in knowing that God will soon stretch forth His mighty hand, and then war will end war, for with one great final stroke He will put an end to sin.

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.

When one earnestly desires the leadership of the Spirit, and yet there are conflicting evidences, how is he to know which is the right way?

C. J. S.

How may a person be sure that he is being led by the Spirit of God and not by the spirit of Satan, when calamity followed

the course which he conscientiously followed, thinking it was right?

R. D. I.

This is too large a question to answer so briefly, except in a very general way. We need first to recognize that it is not God's will to decide every little question and detail of our lives in a miraculous or supernatural way. If He did, we would be mere machines. God has given us the powers of reason and judgment, and has revealed His principles of truth and righteousness. We are to consider our course in the light of these principles, reasoning from cause to effect, weighing the consequences in the light of His Word, and deciding according to our best judgment. But even then we would be far from safe if left to ourselves, and so the Lord has given us instruction by which we may be sure of divine guidance. We find this in James 1:5-7. This does not say that God will always tell you just what to do, but He will give you wisdom to use your powers of judgment and reason in harmony with His will.

Of course, it is implied here that we *want* wisdom, and desire and are determined to do God's will, and are conscious of our ignorance and need. Then we are to ask wisdom and believe that He imparts it, and then go forward trusting God to save us from mistakes. There is no assurance that this course will always result in success from a human viewpoint. But if we ask God for bread, we do not believe that He will give us a stone, even though it may look like a stone to us.

This does not mean that we are to rely wholly on our own judgment and be independent of advice and counsel from others. The Lord uses various means to make the way plain to His children. One frequent way is to impress some text of Scripture on the mind so forcibly that it comes as direct instruction from the Lord. Sometimes the counsel of a friend, or an unusual circumstance, or a clearer inner conviction comes as evidence of the Lord's leading. In "The Desire of Ages," page 668, we are told that "those who decide to do nothing in any line that will displease God, will know, after presenting their case before Him, just what course to pursue." It is not God's desire that His children shall walk in darkness, and if we meet the conditions, He will make His will known.

M. M.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XIII — Sabbath Observance

(December 27)

Questions

Origin of the Sabbath

1. WHICH day of the week is the Sabbath according to the commandment? Ex. 20: 8-11; Luke 23: 56.
2. Who spoke the commandments? Ex. 20: 1; Deut. 5: 4, 22.

The Sabbath in the New Testament

3. Who is still Lord of the Sabbath? Mark 2: 28. Note 1.
4. What was Christ's custom on the Sabbath? Luke 4: 16.
5. How closely should we follow Christ? 1 John 2: 6.
6. What did Christ say was His attitude toward the commandments of His Father? John 15: 10.
7. What should be our relation to them? 1 John 5: 3.

How We Should Keep the Sabbath

8. What promise is given to those who faithfully observe God's holy day? Isa. 58: 13, 14.
9. Of what is the Sabbath a sign? Ex. 31: 13; Eze. 20: 12. Note 2.
10. What should be the character of our worship? John 4: 24.
11. How is the Sabbath to be kept? Ex. 20: 8. Note 3.
12. What other instruction is contained in the fourth commandment? Verse 9.
13. How long will the Sabbath continue? Isa. 66: 23.

Notes

1. "Those who hold that Christ abolished the law, teach that He broke the Sabbath, and justified His disciples in doing the same. Thus they are really taking the same ground as did the caviling Jews. In this they contradict the testimony of Christ Himself, who declared, 'I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love.' Neither the Saviour nor His followers broke the law of the Sabbath. Christ was a living representative of the law. No violation of its holy precepts was

found in His life. Looking upon a nation of witnesses who were seeking occasion to condemn Him, He could say unchallenged, 'Which of you convicteth Me of sin?' The Saviour had not come to set aside what patriarchs and prophets had spoken; for He Himself had spoken through these representative men."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 287.

2. "The Sabbath is not introduced as a new institution, but as having been founded at creation. It is to be remembered and observed as the memorial of the Creator's work. Pointing to God as the maker of the heavens and the earth, it distinguishes the true God from all false gods. All who keep the seventh day, signify by this act that they are worshipers of Jehovah. Thus the Sabbath is the sign of man's allegiance to God as long as there are any upon the earth to serve Him. The fourth commandment is the only one of all the ten in which are found both the name and the title of the Lawgiver. It is the only one that shows by whose authority the law is given. Thus it contains the seal of God, affixed to His law as evidence of its authenticity and binding force."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 307.

3. "All through the week the keeping holy of the Sabbath day is to be remembered, or borne in mind. No business contracts or arrangements are to be made, no manner of living indulged in, which will prevent or interfere with the proper or holy observance of the day when it comes. The keeping of this commandment, therefore, is in the interests of, and with a view to, holy living all the time. The commandment itself enjoins a duty, and is to be kept, all through the week; the Sabbath is to be kept when it comes."—*Bible Readings*, p. 316, plain edition.

"Far more sacredness is attached to the Sabbath than is given it by many professed Sabbath keepers. The Lord has been greatly dishonored by those who have not kept the Sabbath according to the commandment, either in the letter or in the spirit. He calls for a reform in the observance of the Sabbath."—*Testimonies for the Church*, Vol. VI, p. 353.

Junior Lesson

XIII — The Review

(December 27)

MEMORY VERSE: Review the memory verses for the quarter. Ps. 139: 9, 10; Jer. 38: 20; Prov. 29: 1; 1 Cor. 16: 13; Dan. 3: 17; Ps. 75: 7; Dan. 6: 22; Esther 4: 14; Luke 14: 11; Jer. 29: 14; Neh. 4: 9; Neh. 12: 43.

Questions

The Story of Jonah. Book of Jonah

What message of warning was Jonah chosen to give?
How did he try to evade his duty?
What unusual experience was his?
What was the final result of this experience?

The Story of Jeremiah. Jeremiah 36 to 38

What warning of disaster did Jeremiah bear to the later kings of Judah?
How was his message received?
What treatment did he suffer?

The Captivity. 2 Chronicles 36; 2 Kings 25; Jeremiah 39; 40

What was the cause of the captivity of Israel?
When Nebuchadnezzar besieged Jerusalem, what was taken to Babylon?
How completely was Jerusalem destroyed?

Jewish Boys in a Heathen King's Palace. Daniel 1

In what way were Daniel and his three companions tested at the court of Babylon?
What victory did they gain?

Deliverance from the Fiery Furnace. Daniel 3

What command did Nebuchadnezzar give which was contrary to the second commandment of the Lord?
Who refused to obey the king?
What was the penalty?
How did deliverance come?

A Great Feast. Daniel 5

Who were in attendance at the feast of Belshazzar?
What suddenly stopped the revelry?
Who told the meaning of what had occurred?
What came to pass that night?

Daniel in the Lions' Den. Daniel 6

What position did Daniel occupy in the kingdom of Darius?

What conspiracy was formed against him?
What act of Daniel's caused his enemies to triumph?
How was Daniel saved from death?

The Story of Esther. Book of Esther

How was King Ahasuerus persuaded to make a decree against the Jews?

What caused Esther to plead for her people?
How did Haman's ambition lead to his humiliation and death?
How were the Jews saved from destruction?

The Children of the Captivity; Return to Jerusalem. Ezra 1 to 7; Nehemiah 1 to 8

What three kings issued decrees concerning the return of the Jews to Jerusalem from Babylon?

What three men led the Jews in the work of rebuilding the temple, the city, and the wall?

What true prophecy was fulfilled in this experience?

Memory Test

Under what circumstances and by whom were each of these quotations spoken?

"To whom would the king delight to do honor more than to myself?"

"What shall we do unto thee, that the sea may be calm?"

"It is better for me to die than to live."

"My lord, the king, these men have done evil in all that they have done to Jeremiah."

"I loose thee this day from the chains which were upon thy hands."

"Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days."

"We will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

"In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us."

"Is not this great Babylon, that I have built?"

"If a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall."

"If I perish, I perish."

"Why is thy countenance sad?"



WHEN YOU BUY
Christmas Seals

You buy the greatest
of all gifts—
The Gift of Health



Stamp out
Tuberculosis
with
Christmas
Seals

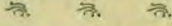
THE NATIONAL, STATE, AND LOCAL TUBERCULOSIS ASSOCIATIONS OF THE U. S.

What the World Is Doing

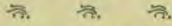
GREAT BRITAIN has repudiated her labor government, and in recent elections the conservatives came into power, Stanley Baldwin heading the new cabinet as prime minister.



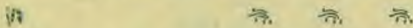
HERE'S a bit of bad news for small boys, monkeys, and elephants. The peanut crop this year is 54,929,000 pounds short of the 1923 yield, according to a recent announcement by the Department of Agriculture.



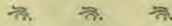
RADIO station KFKB, operated by the Brinkley-Jones Hospital Association, at Milford, Kansas, holds a long-distance record for broadcasting, having been heard several times at Montevideo, Uruguay, which is more than eight thousand miles away. Besides being picked up frequently at sea, and in all parts of the United States and Canada, KFKB is regularly heard in Honolulu and the Bermuda Islands.



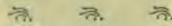
THE National Museum at Washington, D. C., has acquired a rare specimen of the ground dove of the Marquesas Islands, where it was rediscovered after having been forgotten for more than one hundred years. Another rare variety recently brought by the Whitney South Sea expedition was the Rapa Island pigeon. These specimens, with eighty-three others, were presented by the New York Museum of Natural History.



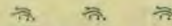
THE highest dam in the United States, and one of the biggest in the world, will soon be completed at Dix River dam, Kentucky. It is 700 feet wide at the base, 20 feet wide at the top, 270 feet high, and 910 feet long. The total cost will be about \$7,000,000. An inland lake 36 miles long, covering an area of 40 square miles, will be created. Power from the dam will be conveyed as far as southern Indiana and western Virginia.



PROMINENT New York Jews have established the American Palestine Line, plying between New York and Haifa, Palestine. The "President Arthur," purchased from the Shipping Board, is being rebuilt, and on March 12 will make her first voyage for the new line. There are negotiations on foot for purchasing the "President Fillmore." This direct steamship service between the United States and Palestine will provide a channel for American exports to an important market in the Near East.

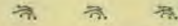


WASHINGTON will miss M. Jusserand, the French ambassador, who has retired after acting for twenty-one years as the representative of the French Republic at the United States capital. M. Jusserand is a skilful and able diplomat, who has made himself an ambassador to the American people as well as to their government. His own countrymen recognize the value of the service he has rendered them. He may be rewarded by election to the Academy. He is a historian and a man of letters, as well as a diplomat, and would value a chair among the "Forty Immortals" more than any other distinction that could be offered him. M. Emile Daeschner will succeed him at Washington.

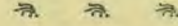


ON election day eighty American citizens living on an island in the Lake of the Woods, Minnesota, had an opportunity to cast their ballots at the northernmost precinct in continental United States. A booth for the purpose was opened on American Point of Angle Island, Lake of the Woods. A bit of the adjacent mainland is also part of the United States, but it is separated from the rest of Minnesota by the lake, and cannot be reached by land without traveling through Canadian territory. The United States mail boat "Defiance" carried election returns from Angle Island to Baudette, the county seat. In summer this boat makes two mail trips weekly, and in winter one, if the ice permits. This isolated section, which comprises the most northern point in the United States, exclusive of Alaska, is in latitude 49° 23'. It came into our possession by a geographical error in the treaty of Paris which defined the boundary. The original surveyors supposed this point to be below the 49th parallel.

It is said that the ferryboat that transports freight and passenger trains across upper San Francisco Bay is the largest in the world. The ferry was built years ago for the express purpose of transporting trains across the bay, as the channel at this point is too wide and deep to be bridged without great expense or without interfering with water navigation. The ferry also makes a short cut across, saving much time over the old route of circling the bay. The ferry runs into a slip prepared for it on either shore, and fits so snugly, when the landing is made, that the tracks on land and those on the boat fit exactly end to end. The train on the boat runs ashore, and the one waiting rolls aboard. As the ferry is more than four hundred feet long, a passenger train of five cars need not uncouple; but the long "overland" trains, consisting of twelve and thirteen cars, are cut in the middle and drawn aboard in two sections. To accommodate the rising and falling of the tide, and to make the track ends meet, there is a long apron, or approach, at each landing, which is raised or lowered by hydraulic power. The ferry is propelled by an immense twin engine, developing 600-horsepower, steam being supplied by a battery of four boilers of the marine type. It is a side-wheeler, operated by walking beam.



WHILE the dentists of the larger Japanese cities have been trained on Western principles and are highly qualified, those in the remote districts among the simple people are very different and have peculiar modes of treatment. In these districts a dentist pulls teeth with his fingers, and needs long practice before he can extract a firm molar by this means. To attain such practice he is apprenticed to a master. The practice under the master begins with a pine board which lies on the ground. Holes are bored in the board, and in each little hole there is a soft wood peg. The apprentice must pluck out these with his finger and thumb. When this board is mastered, he is promoted to an oak board with oak pegs, then to a seasoned-wood board into which the pegs have been driven with a hammer. If he can remove these without twisting or shaking, he is qualified. It is claimed that a dentist of this class can extract half a dozen teeth in a minute without taking his fingers from the patient's mouth.



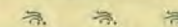
THE John Alden House, at Duxbury, Massachusetts, is said to be one of the oldest houses in the country. Built in 1653, it has been owned until very recently by the descendants of the famous John and Priscilla Alden. The quaint little frame house, overgrown with crimson rambler, is now being cared for by the Daughters of the American Revolution, and visitors who go through it may see many fascinating old colonial relics, some of which were used by the first owners. The original fireplace, with its great bake oven, has been preserved, also the clumsy little wooden cradle, a great four-poster bed so high that a footstool was needed to mount it, various pieces of old pewter and china, and several wooden cooking utensils.



THE Frontier College, established by the Canadian government to educate the workers in the lumber and construction camps, is generally known as the University in Overalls. Since its beginning it has sent more than seven hundred instructors into camps in different provinces, and each year approximately fifteen hundred men receive instruction in some kind of school work. The founder writes: "Education must be obtainable on the farm, in the bush, on the railway, and in the mine. We must educate the whole family wherever their work is, wherever they earn their living, teaching them how to earn and at the same time how to grow physically, intellectually, and spiritually to the full stature of their God-given potentialities."



THERE was a storm of protest, not unmixed with amusement, in Jugo-Slavia recently, when it was discovered that the new Jugo-Slav-Dalmatia railroad, scheduled to open the first of December, was all completed with the exception of laying the rails. And there were no rails! The engineers admitted they had forgotten to order them! Bridges were finished, stations built, locomotive, freight, and Pullman cars were ready for business, but alas, the one all-important thing was lacking.



THE Japanese trade with the United States is greater than that with any other foreign country. During the last six months imports from the United States amounted to \$216,000,000.