

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Your Duty and Mine

BURTON CASTLE

TURNING away from the world and sin,
Striving each day some lost one to win,
Keeping ourselves pure and clean within;
This is your duty and mine.

Lighting the way for the toiler worn,
Binding the wounds of those who are torn,
Drying the tears of the ones who mourn;
This is your duty and mine.

Giving of warmth to the stranger cold,
Guiding the feet of young and of old,
Helping with kindness the wise or dolt;
This is your duty and mine.

Yes, duty, but give it with ready grace,
Give it with pleasure and smiling face,
No matter what your station or place;
Yes, this is your duty and mine.

The Spotless Page

R. HARE

WE forget the thorns when the roses blow,
Forget the night when daylight smiles,
Forget the pain with the heart aglow,
And grief, when joy the hour beguiles!

Then why not forget the heartache, too,
Those poisoned words, that bitter scorn,
And why not begin each day anew,
With life itself all newly born!

With every dawn a page unfolds,
Where love or hate may write at will,
O why not write as love beholds,
And keep the white page spotless still?

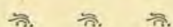
For love has a pen of heavenly grace,
And truth may trace each hallowed line,
Till, where the darkened wrong had peace,
May yet be seen the light divine!

"The Lord Knoweth Them That Are His"

ONE evening last August," writes C. E. Ronfelt from Burma, "I was home alone studying. The boys had gone to the village near by. As usual I had the doors of my mat house open (I used to pull them shut only when I was ready to go to bed), and while I studied, I had my back toward them. I heard a slight noise near the door, but took no notice of it, thinking that rats, which were very troublesome at the time, were responsible for it. Soon after, something bumped against a tin rat trap I had made and which I had standing just back of my chair. I had no other thought then but that rats were making for the bait on the trap; but when there was a harder bump nearer the door again, I felt impressed to look, and I did so just in time to see the tail and hind legs of a leopard slip out of the door.

"Upon examination outside, where it was wet, it was found that he had left his trademarks in the form of scratches and footprints in large numbers, and inside the house his wet prints were found on the mat within two feet of the back of my chair.

"Surely 'the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them!'"



If I Were a Girl Again

IF I were a girl again—if some benignant fairy should touch me with her wand and say, *Be a girl again*, and I should feel bursting over me the generous impulses, the enthusiasm, the buoyancy, the ambition, that belong to sixteen—some things I should do, and some things I should not do, to make me at fifty the person who now at fifty I should like to be.

First of all, I should study self-control—the control of body, of speech, of temper; a power best learned in youth before the current of habit has deepened the channel of self-will and impetuosity that seems to be cut in every human heart. I should count one hundred, like Tattycoram, before I would allow myself to utter unkind, impulsive words; I should scorn to burst into tears because of some petty correction or grievance; I should learn to sit quietly, to close a door gently, to walk calmly, even when my thoughts were boiling within me.

I should shun, if I were a girl again, the tendency

to be sensitive and suspicious. Because my friend talks to another person, or because a group of acquaintances seem to be enjoying themselves apart from me, I should not fancy myself neglected. I should not construe thoughtlessness into intentional slights, nor abstraction into indifference. I should say oftener to myself, "My friend did not see that I was here; she has not heard of my return; she is busy with her music; she is tired after her journey. I will trust in her friendship, just as I would have her trust in mine."

If I were a girl again, I should be more careful about my conversation. I should beware of slang and gossip and a tendency to drop into silence. I should avoid sarcasm like the plague, remembering that the person who uses it shows her sense of her own inferiority. Nobody ever had so many enemies as Disraeli; and it is to be remembered that sarcasm was his most powerful weapon. I should practise the art of such gay repartee as is free from satire and unkindness, learning to tell a story well, and to dwell upon what is kindly and happy. I should be more ready to express my appreciation and thanks for services rendered; be quicker with my praise and tardier with my criticism. I should cultivate a distinct enunciation, and enlarge my vocabulary.

If I were a girl again, I should be a better student. I should worry less over my lessons, and putter less; but I should think as I study, and try to understand statements in one reading rather than by saying them over and over, like a parrot. I should be more thorough, not passing to one lesson until I had mastered the last; and I should be ashamed of poor spelling or illegible handwriting or faulty pronunciation.

I should be more scrupulous about making and keeping engagements; I should be less daunted by obstacles and defeat, and be less, I hope, the slave of petty but annoying habits.

These things I should do if I were a girl again. But suppose I have passed my girlhood! Suppose I am thirty! Still, shall I not at fifty wish that I could retrieve the past twenty years? Should I not employ them differently? Again, say I am fifty. At seventy could I not better use those precious years of preparation? There is always a golden age, soon to be behind us, which at every period of our life is before us—just as tomorrow's yesterday is still today. So we may all take courage. It is never too late to mend.
—Lucy Elliot Keeler.

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"Business circles should be on the square."



Young People and Bible Study

Some Suggestions by Rev. J. R. Miller

YOUNG people often ask, "How can I read the Bible so as to find in it the things it has for me?" The young Christian, especially, who is pledged to daily Bible study, is eager to know how he may fulfil his pledge most wisely. He desires to do more than perfunctorily to read a few verses daily, but sometimes he needs guidance. Perhaps a few very simple suggestions may be helpful.

The Bible is not so different from other books as many people think. It has to be read in the same way as any other book. If you take up a volume of history, a book of poems, or a story, feeling that you ought to read a page of it every morning and a page every evening, and then try to do it just because your conscience says you should, it will not prove interesting to you. You must care for a book, and want to read it before you will find either pleasure or profit in it. This is as true of the Bible as of any other book.

"That is just the trouble," some one says; "somehow I cannot get to care for it." How can we learn to care for the Bible? A young lady, some years ago, received a book as a present. She took it up several times and tried to read it, but it seemed dull. So it was laid aside. A year or two later she was introduced to a gentleman whom she met frequently after that. The two became excellent friends, and at last she discovered that he was the author of the book she had tried to read and had found somewhat dull. She sought the book again; now every page held golden thoughts

for her. It was no longer dull. The writer was her friend. Love was now her interpreter. She wondered how she could ever have considered the book uninteresting and tiresome to read.

The Bible seems dull to you, or at least you cannot find the interest in it that some people find in its pages. Perhaps if you knew Christ better, it would be different. If you only remembered that your dearest and best Friend is the Author of the Book, its words would have new meaning for you.

Begin with the Gospels. They tell the story of the

life of Christ. You find in them a great many of His own words. As you read the pages, think of what Jesus is to you. Read as you would read a letter written to you by your mother, or a book which told you about your father's life. Love will change all, and give a personal interest to every sentence.

To learn to care for the Bible you must think of its words as spoken not only for you, but directly to you. A good portrait looks you right in the face. You may walk about the room, but from every part that eye looks into yours. A thousand persons may pass, but the picture looks straight at each one of them. So it is with the Bible. It looks everybody right in the face. It speaks right to you. This is one of the secrets of finding it interesting. If you will think of every word of it just for you, it will soon begin to talk to you as a dear friend. You will see Christ's face looking out of every page, and you will hear His voice in every sentence. Then it will no

Let Us Remember Our Friends

J. F. SIMON

A YOUNG woman came to me with a request to join a prayer band. She had left the church, and turned to the world to satisfy longings that would not be quieted in her church experience. Two years of wandering left the cravings of her heart still calling for something she had never found, and once more she sought the Lord for peace that satisfies and joy that is abiding. I remember her prayer as on bended knee she poured out the longings of her soul before God. Her prayer was answered. The peace of God flooded her soul, and she found in Christ what her heart had craved for these many years. How many about us mistake the cravings of their hearts, and seek to satisfy these by indulging in forbidden pleasures.

We must help those who are swept on by their restless desires. Satan causes them to feel that Christian young people do not consider them worth the time and effort it takes to help them. One in difficulty closed a letter to me in these words: "Will you write to me as soon as possible, if you have time to bother with a wanderer like me?" By our endeavors we must show them that it is not a bother, it is our life-work; it is no trouble to us, it is our greatest joy in life when we can, by consistent and persevering service, help those who are in need. If the longings of hearts around us were revealed to our view we would earnestly endeavor to help them. Our zeal would know no bounds until we would say, as did Henry Martyn, "I have been long lighting my candle, now let me burn out for God."

We need points of contact with those whom we should help. Many find in the Morning Watch Calendar the key that opens the door to the inner chambers of the heart where live these restless longings that lead souls to their God or drive them toward the worldly pleasures. We are inclined to invite the saints to pray. Jesus invited sinners.

Why not send the Morning Watch Calendar to young people who are living in the pleasures of the world, and invite them to pray. I think it is a most appropriate little gift. I wanted to suggest that each Missionary Volunteer send one calendar to a friend, but when I thought of more than 40,000,000 young people and children in North America who do not come under religious instruction, I decided to suggest that each one send out at least ten of these messengers. I shall use at least twenty-five in this way. How many will you use?

longer be a task to read the book, but a joy and delight.

Of course we should read the whole book. Some people never get beyond a few familiar chapters. There are great sections of it, whole books, large portions of other books, of which they know nothing at all. This is not making the most of the Bible. We should try to study it as a whole, so as to know every nook and corner of it. There is no portion of it, not even the chapters with hard names, without instruction and help of some kind.

We should read the Bible regularly and in some kind of order. No student of Tennyson or Browning would expect to become deeply interested in the works of his author if he picked up the book once or twice a day, and read a few lines wherever the pages happened to part. Yet that is the way too many read the Bible.

To make the Bible interesting as a whole we should learn all we can about the several books as books. A few hours of study about Genesis — when written, its contents, its wonderful value — will prepare one to read Genesis with keen zest. So of the other books.

Besides this reading and study of the whole Bible, it is well to take it up at times topically. Study the characters you find in it, gathering all you can learn about them in any part of the book. Study doctrines or subjects to find all the inspired volume has to say about them.

There is still another way. The Bible is to furnish us daily bread. We need a portion for each day. Though we may read several chapters in the morning, it is well for us to have a single verse, or a brief passage, to take into our thought for the day's pondering.

For example, my verse yesterday was, "Tarry ye here, and watch with Me." Through all the hours, as I went about my tasks, my mind turned again and again to this word of Christ. I thought of what it meant first in the heart of Jesus, as He craved the sympathy of His friends as He agonized in the garden. This gave me many a sweet suggestion about the humanity of Jesus. Then I thought of what He means by it now when He asks us to watch with Him. Again, I thought of the need our friends oftentimes have of our waking sympathy, and that there is a time when, if at all, this sympathy must be shown; that when this time is past, if we have only slept, we may as well sleep on. A word taken thus every day, and meditated upon through the busy hours, and when we are on our bed, cannot but give its rich spiritual help and nourishment to the soul.

The Bible yields up its value and help to us only when we receive its truths into our heart and take its lessons into our life. It is God's Word; but we can get blessing even from God's Word only when we let the Word speak to us, and then submit our will and all our life to it. If we have sinned, the Bible can give us peace only by leading us in the divine way to the place of pardon. If we are in sorrow, it can comfort us only when we accept the divine consolations, and quiet our heart in resting upon them. If we are in danger, it can be a protection to us only as we believe its words of promise and hide ourselves away in the refuge of the divine love. Not the Bible, but God, is the source of all blessing and good, and the Bible can bless us only as it brings us into loving fellowship with God.

A Pig Religion

J. E. FULTON

THE sacred bull of India seems bad enough, but how utterly repulsive to the more refined mind to have every act of life more or less connected with the filthy pig! Thus it is in the New Hebrides. Pigs come on the scene at the birth of a child, when there are pig feasts; later, so many pigs, and a young man is initiated into manhood. Then, pigs are the most proper, in fact the only, way to win a wife — not win, but buy her. Sometimes just one pig, and a wife in exchange! If there are domestic infelicities, just drive the wife back and ask for the pig; or keep the wife if she works well, and then she feeds the pigs. A good tusker will purchase a more desirable wife. Sometimes four or five wives are the possession of one man, all purchased with pigs.

This seems much like common traffic, and yet there is something essentially sacred in this part of the world about these transactions with pigs. Every contract in life seems bound up with them. A man commits murder, and so many pigs atone for it — sometimes only one. So many pigs killed, a hundred say, and the man who furnishes and kills the pigs is one tenth a chief. A thousand pigs killed, and the man is regarded as somebody great.

In Bible times, "a man was famous according as he had lifted up axes upon the thick trees," but in the New Hebrides, it is according to the number of pigs acquired and killed. But no female pig is either eaten or offered. Pigs are often grown for the large tusks, which are especially prized and sacredly regarded.

Pigs abound everywhere here, rooting and squealing

about. On the sacred dancing grounds, the large tusks, with sometimes attached jaws and heads, are tied up on poles under a roof. When a man breathes his last, a pig already caught and waiting, if the death has been anticipated, is rushed in, and killed, sometimes right over the corpse, so that the blood will bathe the body of the dead man.

All about their villages, and especially on the sacred dancing grounds, are altars of sacrifice, and pigs are the beasts offered. Truly here they sacrifice to devils, for no doubt since that day when the devils entered into the swine and rushed into the sea, have the devils been connected with the filthy pig, and probably before. God's Word speaks of offering "swine's blood" (Isa. 66:3), which God declares an "abomination." We read also of "gardens" and sacred "trees," where "swine's flesh, and the abomination, and the mouse," are eaten, — all of which applies to the worship of the pig in their sacred grounds, among the sacred trees here in the New Hebrides. And the mouse as an article of diet is no exception.

Besides their sacred altars where they have pig sacrifices, and they also have a special time of atonement, when the sins are confessed over the head of the pig, (what sacrilege!) the hands of the witch-doctor priests being laid upon the pig. Then the animal is placed in a specially prepared new canoe and sent away into oblivion to drift where it will on the wide sea. What a travesty on sacred truth! And what an example of how low a people can sink, and yet be religious in form. And how greatly they need our help!

"Jesus will be enthroned or entombed."

Should Solomon's "All" Read "Some"?

H. J. BASS

IN all labor there is profit," so spake the wise man some three thousand years ago. Yet today, amid all the boasted wisdom of the twentieth century, there are thousands of people who can see no truth in this proverb. Make it read, "In some labor there is profit," and men everywhere assent. "We all acknowledge the machinery and appliance of our modern world to be the product of man's toil; and we must admit that all the learning and literature of today are but

the multiplied fruits of past effort. It is easy to see results from the labors of the inventor, the teacher, the author, or the leader of men; but where can you see any permanent results achieved by washing dishes, cooking food, cleaning streets, or doing any one of the multitude of common tasks? To all appearances the labor of today is but swallowed up in that of tomorrow. The dishes are just as dirty, the table just as bare, and the street just as foul again a few hours hence,"—so reason countless numbers of toilers. Or again, "The other fellow gets three hundred dollars in his pay envelope every month—any one can see profit from his labor; but where is the profit in thirty dollars a month? Why, before I draw my pay, it is all eaten up by bills. Would you call the bare necessities of existence *profit*?"

In answer to these two reasons why Solomon's "all" should read "some," I want to first state two of the grandest truths of time, and then attempt to show why they are true. The first is that the greatest results that accrue from a man's work are not those which affect the world so much as those which affect himself. And the second is that the biggest profit is not what is inside the pay envelope, but what is outside it.

I believe Solomon when he says, "There is profit in *all* labor." High or low, applauded or censured, seen or unseen, there is a rich profit from all true labor. Not so much a profit that can be reckoned in

machinery or scholarship, or calculated in dollars and cents, but a profit that bears fruit in real manhood, which is in the end the thing the world needs most.

Where are the unseen results of labor, and what are the profits outside the pay envelope? They are the things which take root in my heart and bear fruit in a stronger manhood and a nobler character. And the profits outside my pay envelope? These come to me in the form of health, happiness, and growth.

Let us briefly consider a few of these inner and more lasting products of toil.

The first I would list is satisfaction. We will suppose a man has a certain job to do. He starts, but for no reason in particular, fails to finish. Such a man cannot look himself or any one else squarely in the face. He is ashamed and dissatisfied with himself and his work. But on the other hand, suppose he fights through and wins. Why, he is a conqueror, a hero, a king; more—he is greater than some kings. He has found success, and with it the gratification that only well-done work can give. Such satisfaction is one of the best fruits of toil.

Next to satisfaction I would put happiness. Only the worker can know what real happiness is: the idle have not the slightest idea. They are a prey to evil thoughts, vile passions, doubts, fears, and discouragement. They invite the devil to come in and make himself at home, and Satan has never yet been known to bring happiness with him. Would you court that elusive thing men call joy? Work, work, work. She comes only when you have forgotten to seek her and have lost yourself in your task. "Get your happiness from your work, or you will never know what happiness is." So find your work, put your heart into it, and you will be happy.

Third, I would list manhood. I select the stones for my character structure by the way I do my tasks. Be the work ever so lowly, I am not the same man when I have finished that I was when I began. I am

Will There Be a Fijian Band?

M. E. Kern

It was rather picturesque, this brass band of Fijian stalwarts in their strange uniform, coat and sulu, but no hat, trousers, or shoes. They were lined up in front of the government house where is a monument to the old cannibal king, Thokombau, ready to march down to the wharf and play as the mail steamer pulled out for Australia. And they did play well.



The Fijians are fond of music, and the band instruments, for which we called through the INSTRUCTOR in February, will be a real blessing to our Fijian training school—if they get there.

There has been some response to our call, in both instruments and money for the express; but not enough of either. We called for—

5 cornets	1 baritone	1 E-flat bass
1 flugelhorn	1 euphonium	1 B-flat bass
3 tenor	1 valve trombone	1 side drum
	1 bass drum	

We have received a melophone, a cornet, a trombone, and a French horn, and through the kindness of the California Conference, they have been forwarded to Fiji, where the students have been anxiously awaiting them for a long time. But they are not enough for a band. Perhaps there are others who have instruments they will give. If so, write to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C., telling what you have, and receive instruction as to how and where to send. Please state whether a case goes with the instrument. "Just a friend" sent us some money for express, but it wasn't enough. We hope there are others. Obey that impulse, and write today.

"The Bible promises no loaves to the loafer."

better or worse. I have changed. The way I did my work has changed me. There are hidden parts in my work which the world can never see. What is the difference how I do them? All the difference between a machine and a man, reputation and character, what the world *thinks* I am and what I *know* I am. A judge once gave instructions to a carpenter to do good work on a front fence, but "stick the back one up as cheap as possible. No one will see that," he said. The carpenter knew better, he knew he would always see it, that bad work even there would lessen his own estimate of himself and taint the man inside. At his own expense he made the back fence as good as the front, figuring the inside gain in character more than worth the outside loss in money. O that we could see the great fruits of labor in their true prospective, and know our work, not as a chance to get so much money or material profit, but as an opportunity to pound out from the raw material of life that rare and priceless metal — manhood!

Next to the chance of being a man afforded by hard work, the training it gives is essential in life. Therefore, I place training fourth in my list of the profits of labor outside the pay envelope. Your job is hard? — thank God for that. Hard things make strength; hard exercise makes good muscles; hard problems develop brains. Is it below you? — do it so well that somebody besides yourself will see that you deserve a promotion. However, while you are waiting for that better job, you have the opportunity of learning at your present work, lessons in faith, courage, patience, hope, and endurance, which will make you stronger and more efficient. Don't miss this opportunity today while dreaming of the better things of tomorrow.

And last — not because there are not many other worthy results from earnest toil, but last because I have not space to tell of them — I shall put down the opportunity it gives of glorifying our Creator. I believe with Van Dyke that "faithful work is praise and prayer." Always when we think of the life of

Jesus, our eyes are drawn instinctively to the years spent in the carpenter shop at Nazareth, and we find there some of our finest lessons of praise. It is written of Jesus that men saw His works and glorified God. Not only during the years of public ministry, but also I believe during the years in which He bent over a common workbench and fashioned ox yokes for the farmers, were these words true. Every piece of work which left His hands bore the stamp of His perfect manhood, every saw cut, every shaving from His plane, was a pæan of praise to God. Did not the Father Himself say of Him, "In Him I am well pleased"? There He learned His first lessons of courage and hope; there, day by day, His character unfolded into beauty and loveliness to the gaze of men; and there by His daily toil He glorified God. He is our example!

Now let us recount again these five profits of labor outside of the pay envelope and apart from the fruits which men ordinarily recognize: Satisfaction, which brings peace; happiness, of which a by-product is health; manhood, another way of saying character; training, without which no man can succeed; and the opportunity to glorify God, which is the best of all. Are they not worthy to rank with the things which the world calls profit? Would you trade satisfaction for money? happiness for fame? character for luxury? training for position? or service to God for service to self?

This, then, that I do every day is *my* work. It is common, but I shall do it in a glad spirit, and so ennoble it. I shall not reckon its value by what is inside the pay envelope, but by the opportunity it gives me to find satisfaction and happiness. I shall not look so much on the results according to what the world calls profit, but rather I shall count up the results in character, training, and service, which I see hidden in the depths of even my common task. It is *mine*, no other can do it. God gave it to me to do, so I shall count it my joy, put zeal and courage and some of myself into every dayful of it.

To a Mountain Scene

AMY ANN BALDWIN

I SIT alone. The evening's cool
Has settled on my brow.
The heat of the day has all gone now,
Even the darkly crimson hue
And the sprays of gold against the blue
Vanish into a pale white glow
Where shines the evening star.

Rich, glowing sapphire is the east,
The south a dimmer shade,
But for the mighty summits, made
Emerald by Dame Nature's thrift,
Which high into the heavens lift,
As if to ope the gates of gold,
And pour forth songs of praise.

Along the north and west
Arise the jagged cliffs; and there
Across the top in dusky air
Is outlined plain the pointed rocks,
Or silhouettes of ragged tops
Of trees, which moan in cooling breeze
The dismal lore of centuries.

There is a wall which crowns the cliff,
Imposing marks ethereal blue,
With blackened shadows; and the view
Which shortly drops, the rock-walled rim
Appears as if some hurricane
Irresistibly had blown
A violent blast through solid stone,
Then died.

Around the corner of this ledge,
Where soars the eagle, wild winds howl
A song so weird the bold night owl
Cannot listen. In winter clings
Around its top cold ice, and stings
In summer with untempered heat
The bright sun, day by day.

Why gaze so long upon the cliffs?
No clinging shrub or graceful flower
Hath stooped to grace, in any hour,
Its wild, bleak face — Ah! see it stand;
No beauty, but majestic, grand,
It is, made handsome by
Sheer barrenness and haughty strength.

Bathing the feet of each time-worn cliff,
The whirling river flows.
A dancing light across it goes,
As on the babbling ripples shine
The gay moonbeams. The sweet woodbine
Perfumes the air, and thrills my heart
To laughter, then to tears.

I sit alone. The evening fair
Has quite gone now. The hour is late.
I linger here, yet must not wait
To dream and sigh; or yet too long
For childhood days, hours that are gone.
But, friend, a whisper I repeat,
"This memory indeed is sweet."

"To forget wrong is the best revenge."



Two Pictures

A. W. SPALDING

THEY are both six feet tall. At least one is, and the other would be if you stretched him out.

I walk along behind my Man sometimes, just for the pleasure of seeing the square set of those shoulders and the firm poise of that head. He doesn't swing nor swagger, but there is a vigor in his walk that I like. When he sits down, I can look into his eyes, and they neither shrink nor stare. I used to think them restless, but I soon found them, like a searchlight, steady where they rested in their roving.

The other Fellow I never searched out, except when I had to. And then I found him lying in a chair, with his feet on the table, or slouching along dragging a hoe. He never shouldered the hoe, and he never put it back in its place. The only time of great animation I ever discovered in him was when a waltz was being played. The music got into his feet, he said, — though it entered at his ears and had to pass his brain.

The Man is a worker. He doesn't like monotonous work, but I never had him refuse to do it. "The work I've liked best," he said the other day, "is the work in the woods last winter. You can see results pil-

ing up while you are cutting wood. And then to see the trees go down, slow at first, and then with a crash, — I like to see things move." You see he is a boy still. And he isn't a paragon of virtue. Sometimes he is noisy, sometimes he is argumentative; but I have never seen him impatient under rebuke, nor disrespectful. He attacks his book problems as he does his life problems, with a slow but persistent momentum; and I have never had to help him out with a problem yet.

Last year he had a problem of keeping himself in school: his father had been sick. He did not come helplessly saying, "What shall I do?" He had a proposition to make; and with some modifications it was accepted. One of the features of that proposition was to give a week or ten days free to the school, in cleaning up some unsightly places. They troubled him, as they did us, but they were outside the pressing necessary work. He did not feel that he could make a success only by being self-thoughtful, selfish.

The Fellow's father wrote us before he came, asking if his son might work his way through school. He couldn't raise the money, he thought, but he would

like to have him get ready to go into the work by and by. We took him, and tried to impress on him in various ways, that he was *in the work now*. But as a matter of fact he never was: he was in the harness, but not in the work. He had trouble about his time. Rainy days weren't his fault, he said; he had to make his way, and he ought to get credit for labor prevented by the act of God. After dinner he found the shade a good place; and a loose horseshoe meant for him, not a trip to the blacksmith shop, but a chance for a game of quoits. Things had a habit of keeping out of their places: the whippetree, when wanted, was leaning against some tree; the barn lantern graced a stump near where he had hunted for his whip; and

many a minute was used in searching for some twine stout enough to take the place of a buckle. He earned, or received credit for, about twenty dollars a month, and he actually ate up ten dollars of it; then mourned because he never could make his way at such a school; they ought to pay higher wages. Why, he could get thirty dollars a month and board, and he wasn't going to putter around this old hole any longer.



K. & H., N. Y.

THE STONE PLANT OF AFRICA, A LIFE-SAVER FOR MAN AND BEAST ON THE DESERT

This curious plant, native of the South African veldt, is a striking example of nature's camouflage. It resembles a stone so closely that it is hard to tell it from a stone, but being composed largely of water, like all desert plants, it provides a welcome thirst quencher for both human beings and animals. It is sold in South Africa, covered with confection. When the outer stone withers away, it always splits in half to allow another stony growth to appear.

And the puttering has ceased, much to our relief.

Now I am not concerned with the future work of these young men. I do not have to prophesy a grand career as a foreign missionary for one, in reward for his faithfulness; nor an ignoble station for the other, as the result of his shiftlessness. Success and failure deal with the present. Each one of these boys is in contact with God's work now. Each will never play a more important part any time in his life; for God measures importance by the influence on character, not on the world's events. The Man has a healthy influence on Christian life wherever he is; for though he has some grave faults, he is not afraid to confess them, and get strength from Christ to put them out of his life. His testimonies are not sanctimonious and oily; sometimes they seem to struggle ineffectively to express his meaning. But some boys remember an arm that has fallen across their bent shoulders in times of trouble, and a sympathetic boyish voice that said, "I've been there too." And they know. He is in God's work, and he is successful. He can grow more successful only as he gets more of Christ, and

(Concluded on page 14)

"A man may make a false step by standing still."

IT was supper time, and the second day after he had returned from Lee Medical School. Dr. Ben Bradley smiled indulgently as he turned into Hale Street and came to his father's odds-and-ends clothing store.

Although it was past closing time, Ben knew that he would find his father waiting on a late customer or doddering over his unfathomable ledger. The yellow paint on the shop had worn through to the more ancient brown. Cheap ready-made clothes hung forlornly in the dim window. Inside, one needed a guide to steer a course through heaps of everything for men, piled on rickety tables and packing boxes.

The elder Bradley was seated at his desk, his head bowed over his books. As Ben saw him, an old grammar-school poem flashed into his mind, and he thought, "If the recording angel is still listing names in the 'book of gold,' that venerable chap, Ben Adhem, has nothing on my dad."

William Bradley closed his ledger and looked up, a worn, commonplace little man in a threadbare coat.

"Six o'clock," Ben reminded.

"Yes; I know. I'm all ready to leave, son."

"Been looking at offices on Commercial Avenue," Ben said. "Rent's pretty steep, but I guess the old burg's grown a lot in a year."

"Perhaps you'd do better to locate in a new place." Bradley's voice sounded tired.

Ben stopped rearranging the pile of underwear on the counter. "Why, dad! You always said you wanted me to practise right here."

"Of course I'd rather have you home, Ben. It's been lonesome since your mother died. But I've made such a botch of my life here in Evansport that the name of Bradley's a laughingstock. You'd only be handicapped by it if you opened up here."

Ben whisked up a man's suit that had been flung across a chair, and slipped it upon its hanger. "Oh, those queer ideas of yours, dad!" he scolded. "You've done lots of good, but you haven't made enough noise about it. That's what gets most folks by."

After they had seen to the army of rusty locks and bolts, Ben took his father's arm, and they started for home.

"The question is, Ben, will people trust their sick to the son of a ne'er-do-well? Public sentiment is strong. Folks will link you with me ready enough, and put you down as a chip off the old irrational Bradley stump!"

"Mighty fine stock, I'll say."

"It hurts me most because I've never been able to do much for you, son. I've lain awake nights, too. That time you needed help most, when those notes I indorsed came due. Remember?"

Ben squared his shoulders. "Some day I'll get even with those good-for-nothing rascals that plucked you," he declared.

"I guess they'd have paid if they could, Ben. One had an invalid wife, and the other was burned out of house and home." As they were turning into Commercial Avenue, gay music filled their ears, and decorations on buildings as far as they could see down the avenue brought a startled look to William Bradley's eyes. "This is the day!" he cried. "James Mallory's coming back. I almost forgot."

"Do you remember him, dad?"

"Remember him? Yes—yes, indeed." He chuckled to himself. "It's been a long time, though. He's a millionaire now. Guess he's forgotten me."

Like a guardian castle on an outlying hill stood the home for friendless boys which Mallory had recently built and endowed. This evening the great financier would present it to the town. There would be a rousing big meeting in the auditorium of the institution, with speeches and music. The welcoming committee was on its way now to the station to meet Mallory. Ben and his father stopped, arm in arm, to watch the procession.

Right behind the band of music rode Clinton Rand, owner of a chain of restaurants. His car stopped before the Pilgurd Building. On a street-floor window was conspicuous lettering freshly done. "Clinton Rand, Jr., M. D." Young Rand hurried out, and climbed into a seat beside his father.



Ben Bradley laughed. "The banquet hall! Then sit with

"His money does it, Ben. Mo

"And young Clint's after the new institution, I'm sure," Ben operating rooms, and a good sal

"O Ben, if you could get tha

"Might as well cry for the m

"But you sent in your applica experience?" Bradley asked an

"Yes, but there are a dozen of seeing a million-dollar bill.

sure to be on the board of man

"But Clint couldn't touch you

"He skinned through."

"And I can remember when Street," Bradley said resignedly

"Everybody's forgotten that Rand's the richest man in town, v hotel named for him."

William Bradley cleared his



F. O. Rathbun

A BEAUTIFUL AND UNUSUAL PICTURE OF THE FLO NOTE CAMP

INSTRUCTOR

Bradley Risked



meet Mallory, and drive him to platform!"

s." of resident doctor at Mallory's here'll be a fine office for him,

ey sighed.

temment about your standing and

s. I stand just as much chance and will win out. His father's

' Bradley persisted.

an one little restaurant on Mill

is a powerful narcotic. Now on the Highlands, and the biggest

effort. "It does look as if com-



E VALLEY, CALIFORNIA, FROM GLACIER POINT.
OREGROUND

mon old drudgery doesn't count for much these days."

"Well, never mind," Ben encouraged. "I wouldn't swap you for—for—anyway, come on, or we'll be late for supper. I'm hungry."

In half an hour they were at home. It was an old place, one of the oldest, its pillars decaying, and its walls streaked by rain and dust. As they opened the front door, the odor of cooking food floated heavily from the kitchen.

Aunt Nannie, who had kept house since Ben's mother died, came from the kitchen. "You're late again, of course," she fretted. "Supper's spoiled, trying to keep it warm."

"Don't cross her," Bradley admonished Ben with a chuckle. "But she's not well, poor soul."

Ben looked over the mail, and found a letter for his father.

"Open it, Ben," Bradley said without looking up.

"It's an invitation, dad, to the grand doings tonight."

"Well, I declare!" William Bradley adjusted his spectacles, and read through the typewritten page. He pointed to the signature. "Whose name is that? I wonder. Never heard of it."

"Of course it's just a form invitation sent out by the town boosters," Ben explained. "Naturally they want a crowd to greet this great man. We'd better go. Don't see celebrities like Mallory every day."

Ben ran up to his room. At the door he paused and looked around. A ragged hole gaped in the matting beside the bed. The paper was mildewed and bulging in places. The bureau had a crack running diagonally across the mirror. Ben remembered that his father had bought it to oblige a neighbor who was moving to a distant town, and wished to sell his household furniture.

"Poor dad!" he thought. "Any person who has a hard-luck story gets by with him. Any ragtag can get credit at his store. Bless his foolish, old-fashioned heart! I ought to scold him for his own good, but it would break his heart."

Ben seized the brush, and gave his brown hair quick, backward strokes. "Leave him and go to a new place? I guess not. He needs me. I'll launch out right here, and we'll sink or swim together."

William Bradley ate little at supper. Soon he laid down his knife and fork, and leaned back in his chair. There was wistfulness in his eyes as he spoke.

"You don't know how glad I was when you picked out medicine, Ben. I never mentioned it, but I always wanted to be a doctor myself. It seemed like the best way to help folks." He laughed, embarrassed. "I hankered after it so, it took me a long time to give up the idea. Maybe that's why I made such a fizzle of things. But circumstances in our family kept me out of my ambition. I had to look out for the others. For years I taught night school extra to help out the expenses."

Ben glanced at his watch. "Seven-thirty. We'd better start."

They joined the tide that swept toward the great structure on the hill, and visited the gardens, swimming pool, gymnasium, and workshop. They were conducted through the homelike bedrooms, the library, and the hospital.

Ben's father glowed with approval as he sat down in one of the library chairs and looked about at the revolving shelves, the low tables, and soft lights.

"Mallory's done great things," he said. "It's wonderful."

But Ben feasted his eyes in the hospital. He pictured suffering faces against white pillows, invalids in rollings chairs, and efficient nurses bringing health and happiness to their charges.

"What a place to work in!" he cried. "Everything one needs. What a chance for young Rand!"

Now they were seated in the rear of the auditorium, just as Mallory arrived. Beaming with importance, Clinton Rand ushered him in, and to the stage. He was introduced and made ready to speak.

"Whew! I'd hate to get him down on me," Ben whispered. "Look at those gray eyes, dad."

His father did not answer. He was listening intently as Mallory began. First he spoke of boys in general, their chances and their futures. He described the endless struggle of some and the

(Continued on page 12)

Ludwig of Bonn

ALICE M. CARR

LONG ago, in the quaint Rhenish city of Bonn, the bells rang out for a wedding, which caused a great chattering among the gossips gathered for their morning talk in the market place; for the tenor singer in the Electoral Chapel at Bonn was to marry the daughter of the head cook in the castle of Ehrenbreitstein. It was thought to be a great match for the girl, though the tenor's grandfather was only a gardener, as his name, taken from two German words, *beet* (root) and *hof* (garden), would signify. The young couple seemed very happy in spite of the gossips, and the years rolled pleasantly by until in 1770 a baby boy came to the old house in the Bonngasse where they lived.

Ludwig they christened him, and carefully they cherished him. He had a quiet boyhood; for there was little to amuse him in his quaint home besides the clavier, or piano, on which his father played. Before this, Ludwig would often stand, finding out chords and melodies with his wee fingers. When about four years old, he teased his father to give him lessons. Half in fun he consented, and Ludwig worked away faithfully, enjoying it, for he worked from love.

Meantime, the father was growing reckless. Something stronger than lager was now his favorite drink, and harsh words, even blows, were sometimes the lot of his wife and little Ludwig. The evil spirit of drink took possession of the man.

Then came hard days for the poor little boy. His father was pitiless in compelling him to practise, and many a time he made him get up before daylight, to go over the scales. The child cried and pleaded all in vain. His father was determined to make money by exhibiting the wonderful talents of his boy. When Ludwig was thirteen, he led the court orchestra at Bonn, and pretty soon he became assistant organist. The salary he received was a great help to his family, for the father was now drunk most of the time, and did nothing for their support.

He had hardly been cheered by his success, when the good elector, who ruled Bonn and encouraged its musicians, died, and Ludwig lost his place. He had then to give lessons. This he hated. It was prosy work to stand and count, "One, two, three, four," to the same exercise he was once dragged out of bed to practise. However, he was a sturdy little man.

"Help thyself" was always his motto, and a good one it is for any boy or girl; so he worked on till some great men found him out, and he was once more made organist, this time with a salary of a hundred thalers, about \$750. But did he boast over it? Not he. "Mother," he said, "now you need not work so hard, we can have bread, and perhaps, oh, perhaps! I can yet go to Vienna." For Vienna was then, as now, the home of music lovers. There Haydn lived and Mozart composed, and of them the boy wanted to learn.

Poor Ludwig! Vienna could not comfort him for his mother, who just then sickened and died, while his father was reeling home from one of the Bonn gardens. I think he loved his mother more than most boys love theirs. He wrote to a friend from Vienna,

for he was there at last: "Ah! who was happier than I, so long as I could still pronounce the sweet name of mother and hear the answer? and to whom can I say it now? To the silent images resembling her, which my fancy presents to me!"

After her death this ambitious young man of seventeen did something most noble. He tried to support his drunken father and young brothers while

he worked on in Vienna, learning and composing. A strange life he led there. Sometimes he tried to keep house and cook for himself, but the composer was no cook, and as for keeping a house in order, he knew not how.

Sometimes he tried boarding; that was no better. He left one place because the landlord was too polite, and another because he could not get water enough; for he had a queer habit, when thinking of his new music, of bathing his head and face, and then pacing up and down the room like a wet Newfoundland dog, while he hummed and growled away to himself. At last a friend, a prince with the Polish name of Lichnowski, invited Ludwig to make his home at his palace; and there he lived happily for ten years, composing, and meeting the great men of the day. He was no longer poor young Ludwig, but a famous composer, whose grand music the world will always admire.

But he was no longer to enjoy it. Little by little, the gateway through which all sound enters had been closing, until at last he was entirely deaf.

(Continued on page 13)



Kadel & Herbert

ITALY'S RADIO WIZARD

Senator Guglielmo Marconi, inventor of the wireless, is shown (on the right) at the wireless exhibition in Albert Hall, London, which he recently opened. He is here examining the first transatlantic set. With him are Mr. Kemp, his first assistant (left), and Viscount Wolmer.

"We pay for every act in life, not always in cash, but in consequences."

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.

The Missionary Pumpkin

CAROLINE MARSHFIELD

CALEB sat in church listening to a man who was telling of the heathen in far-away lands. How his heart swelled in hearing of little ones, like himself, who were neglected and abused because those who should have been kind to them had never heard of the Saviour who loves the children.

Caleb lived with his grandmother, who was very old and quite deaf. And even if she could have heard him tell of what was on his heart, he knew very well she had no money to give him.

They were talking about raising money to send men to tell these poor people the story of God's Son, and how He came to save sinners.

"Why are we so much better off than they?" the speaker said. "We cannot tell why the Lord has chosen that we should be born to this blessed knowledge instead of them. How can we ever expect His favor unless we do our best to send the glad tidings to our poor brethren who sit in darkness?"

How, indeed! The thought fell like a weight on Caleb's heart. Some of the men in the church got up, and told what they would give — a great, great deal, it seemed to Caleb. Then the plate was being passed to those who could not give so much.

"I haven't got anything except this pumpkin seed," said Caleb, showing one to his teacher, who sat near him. "It's a good kind to plant. Do you suppose the heathen like pumpkin pies?"

With a smile, Miss Lane took the small hand which held the pumpkin seed.

"I haven't a doubt of it, especially if they are boys. But why don't you plant it yourself?" she said. "Then you could sell the pumpkins you raise, and give the money."

"It would be so long to wait," said Caleb.

"But it would be so much more to give."

That settled it. Caleb put the seed back into his pocket, and the same evening sought out what he thought the best spot in his grandmother's untidy back yard in which to soften the earth and intrust his treasure to it; then away to the woods for bush to place about for shelter.

He rejoiced in the earliest green shoots, removing everything in the way of the vine as it set out on its travels. That corner of the yard was swept and garnished, for a missionary pumpkin must grow in a clean place. And before long, as there was no telling which way that dainty green plant would choose, Caleb cleaned the whole space as it had never been cleaned before. Blossoms full of the sunshine's gold came, and then the green promise of good things to come.

Miss Lane came one day to see his vine.

"The Lord's servants are helping in your work, Caleb. He sent His sun and wind and rains to do their best by you. I think they must almost know that you are preparing a gift for Him — as everything is, you know, which we do for the least of those He loves."

Caleb stopped playing truant, and saying ugly words because his grandmother could not hear them. Such things would not do for a boy who was raising an offering for the Lord, for one who hoped to pass on his blessing to those who stood in sore need.

"You have a fine vine there, Caleb," said Mr. Ward, his nearest neighbor, looking over the fence one morning.

Caleb's heart swelled with pride



Meet the cook of the South India Training School, near Bangalore. The cooks in India do not have nice range stoves on which to cook. They make out of clay a small, tub-like vessel about the size of a two-gallon bucket, without top or bottom, and with an opening in the side to receive the wood. Or, not having this, they build a fire, place three stones about the size of ordinary bricks around it, and on these set the pots in which they are preparing their food. The average Indian house does not have any outlet for the smoke, so, as the

fire burns, the house is filled with smoke. For fuel they use wood, leaves, thorns, and charcoal. The upper picture shows the cook pounding the rice in a mortar to remove the husks. This must be done before the rice is cooked, and is usually the task of the women and girls of the Indian household. The lower picture shows him grinding on a stone, the curry stuffs for the noon meal. Indians are very fond of curry, a sort of sauce they put over their rice, and no Indian house is fully furnished without a curry stone.

G. G. LOWRY.

Photos by G. G. Lowry

as he regarded the half dozen green disks, which were growing larger every day.

"But if I were you, I'd pull off all but one."

Caleb stared in dismay at such a proposition.

"Yes, I would. Then that one would get all the strength of the vine. It would grow to be a monster. You could sell the seeds alone for more than all the others would bring."

It brought a pang to Caleb's heart to do it, but he was willing to take advice, and soon had his reward in the rapid growth of his one pumpkin. Lovingly he watched it, believing that with each day he could see new growth. He greeted the first tinge of yellow with joy.

"I tell you, Caleb,"—Mr. Ward viewed earnestly the great pumpkin in its full ripeness,—"that pumpkin must go to the county fair. It'll take first premium, I'm sure. Two dollars, very likely, it will bring."

"Oh, my!"

"And it'll be yours just the same afterward."

Caleb's eyes shone.

"I'll get it there for you."

Anxious eyes followed the big pumpkin as it went away in Mr. Ward's wagon. Caleb missed it sadly, feeling lonely at this sudden end of his summer care. The last day of the fair he walked five miles to see it again, and to hear if it had won a premium.

There it was, in all its glory, standing among other big pumpkins, by far the largest among them. And there, tied around its great stem, was the blue ribbon.

"You've got it, Caleb, just as I told you," said Mr. Ward, crowding up to him. "Now, you want to sell that pumpkin, don't you?"

"Yes," said Caleb.

It was a little hard to part with it, but it belonged to the heathen, and not to himself.

And a few minutes later Mr. Ward was standing up beside the pumpkin, calling attention to it.

"Gentlemen, this pumpkin is for sale. I needn't tell you it is the biggest one you ever saw in your lives, for you can see that for yourselves. I needn't tell you it will make the finest pies you ever tasted, for you know it without telling. But there's one thing about it you don't know. It is a missionary pumpkin, and the very best quality of the Lord's sunshine has gone into it. What am I offered? One dollar. Thank you—that might be a good bid for a small pumpkin, but not for a giant like this. Why, there isn't a lady here that hasn't been just aching to try her hands at making pies out of this pumpkin. Two—three—why, gentlemen, in lands thousands of miles away men have been raising stuff to put into those pies, trying their very best to make them good enough, and hardly reaching it. Sugar and spices such as never grew before—four dollars—thank you, sir, good bid for a common, everyday pumpkin, but not for a missionary pumpkin. Five—I can 'most fancy," the orator dropped his light tone and spoke in earnest tones, "little ones away across the ocean listening to hear how far our thought of them can go down into our pockets—six—seven—yes, they're beginning to believe we're thinking of them—nine—how much more, gentlemen? Make it an even ten for them. Going? Going? Am I offered the ten? Going? Ten! Going at ten dollars. Going—gone at ten dollars."

"Where's the man that raised it?" came from the crowd that had gathered near.

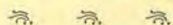
"Here he is!"

Caleb had remained close at Mr. Ward's feet, gazing up with eager, shining eyes. With a quick movement he was lifted, and stood beside Mr. Ward.

There was a moment's silence, and then a shout as the morsel of a boy looked shyly about him, at first half frightened, then, meeting only kindly faces, breaking into a smile.

Many who looked knew him, and knew the small hardships and neglect unavoidably belonging to the life of the orphan boy. Smiling glances deepened into sympathy, and he bashfully hung his head as the crowd cheered heartily the little missionary.

"Caleb, here is your missionary money," said Mr. Ward to him, after the excitement had subsided. "It isn't many of us that have such a sum to give."



Kindness

HAROLD W. MILLER

KINDNESS widens the circle of friendship, and has "Thank you" written all over its face, while it hangs onto its tongue.

Kindness is the master key to all locks on barred hearts.

Kindness, like sunlight, hunts every corner in the room and bathes it with soft radiance.

Kindness begets love.

Kindness took the lifeless body from the cross and carefully placed it in a new tomb.

Kindness is a gulf stream to a north country.

Kindness works without a knowledge of its salary.

Kindness is the chief foreman in the shop of good works.

Kindness fans the sparks of worthy motives, and smothers the flames of evil desires.

Kindness places a sun in somebody's sky, and stations a full moon for the blackness of their night.

Kindness is a patch for every puncture and blow-out.

Kindness is the eraser on the pencil of endeavor.

Kindness may not always seem kind.

Kindness is a close relative to courage.

Kindness is the mother of confidence and happiness.

Kindness is the helm of seagoing vessels.

Kindness is the Christian's oil.

Kindness is a jewel from the mines of heaven.

Kindness is "the cup of cold water" of the Bible.

Kindness is the good Samaritan of today.

Kindness receives its reward both here and hereafter.

"To the Victor"

(Continued from page 9)

need of a helping hand. Then his voice changed, and his eyes narrowed.

"This evening," he continued, "I propose to travel back about twenty years and tell of an incident that was staged right here in Evansport. It will include some personal history, but I offer no apology."

William Bradley settled back comfortably, a hand to his ear.

"My parents were Irish emigrants," Mallory said. "They died of fever within a few days of each other, and left me an orphan at fourteen. Undersized and underfed, I couldn't do the hard work in the fields; so I wandered into town. Walking the streets of Evansport, I was discouraged and almost done for. Finally I somehow got a place as chore boy in a restaurant."

"Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up."

Mallory's voice lowered, but it could be heard to the farthest corner of the hall.

"Whenever the preacher talks about perdition, there comes to me a vision of that restaurant kitchen. Twelve hours a day I slaved there. The others relieved their ill tempers by cursing and cuffing me.

"One night I stumbled, and dropped a tureen of boiling soup. The proprietor rushed in to see what the trouble was. I tried to apologize, but he cursed and booted me out of the door."

Ben Bradley felt as if he were on the highest end of a seesaw, and might come down any minute, so eager was he to hear the climax of Mallory's story. He glanced at his father, and saw burning eyes in a white face.

Mallory's voice softened. The hard lines about the mouth relaxed to a smile. "I must have been an awful sight sitting there on the curb—unkempt, discouraged, a mere child. Just then somebody put a hand on my head, and asked me what was the matter. I looked up into wonderful gray-blue eyes belonging to a young man. He had some books under his arm. But his face! It brought warm hope and encouragement to me. I tried to tell him my troubles; but I was only a youngster, so I did just what a little boy would do; I burst out crying.

"This young man made believe to scold me a little; then told me to never mind. He took me home with him, and fixed me up every way. I remember that his house wasn't much for elegance, but it looked like heaven to me. I had a bath and a clean bed, something to eat, and plenty of helpful, inspiring words."

Mallory sighed as if with the bitter-sweet memories of the old struggling days.

"I'm not sure that my protector saw any promise in the forlorn creature he had befriended; but he didn't go halfway. Taking me to his shop next day, he fitted me out with decent clothes. Then he got me a job in a machine shop. I studied in his night school free of charge."

Ben felt his father's trembling hand resting over his own.

"Twelve years later," Mallory finished, "I sent him a check for one thousand dollars; but the post-office returned the letter, unclaimed. Recently I learned that my benefactor had returned to Evansport. I have traveled two thousand miles to see him. I had my secretary send him a special invitation to this meeting. The man I've been talking about is William Bradley, and I want him to come right up here on the platform. William Bradley, with his wonderful, great heart, put me just where I am now."

When Ben's father arose, trembling, wondering, happy, and started forward, Evansport waited a full half minute to grasp it all.

Then Evansport arose, too, and opened its heart and lungs to William Bradley. All except Clinton Rand, the restaurant owner, who had hired the orphan boy twenty years ago.

And Ben Bradley's throat ached with the pain of happiness. There stood his own father up there beside the millionaire Mallory! And his father had been a failure, so folks said.

What was Mallory saying now? Ben struggled nearer to the stage.

"The name of this institution shall be 'The Bradley Home for Boys.'"

Ben's father lifted his head proudly. The weary look was gone from his face. But Mallory was speaking again, gripping William Bradley's hand.

Two Roads

IN wintertime it's straight and hard,
The road to Knowledge Land,
By Study Lane and Schoolhouse Place,
With pencil in your hand;
Your eyes must see, your ears must hear,
The things there are to learn,
And never to the right or left
Your little feet must turn.

But when the summertime is here, oh, then
You'll find that Greenfield Way
And Woodsy Path and Sunset Hill
Will lead you day by day;
If you will look and listen well
And read on every hand
The open books Dame Nature leaves,
To that same Knowledge Land.

— Selected.

"I hope your business is in shape to leave, because I have set my heart on other work for you. I've had a cottage built on these grounds for your private use. Take personal charge of the library. Keep open house there. Choose the books and periodicals that will make my boys good citizens.

"And now about your son. I've noticed his application among the others for the position of resident physician to the institution. Because of my priceless obligations to you, and knowing that the boy must have inherited the father's great qualities, I have appointed him to the position in question."

As they walked homeward under the protecting trees along Evergreen Street, father and son were silent. Then they stopped suddenly, as if with the same idea. Ben placed his hands upon his father's shoulders, and drew him closer.

"O dad, to think—to think—that it's you, my father! You're the greatest man in the world."

"Hush, boy," the father reprimanded him tenderly. "Nonsense! Things just came out right; that's all. Now I can hold up my old head before folks. In my son's sight I'm a success. That's what counts most."

— Alice Gorton Wynn, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

Ludwig of Bonn

(Continued from page 10)

He wandered about in the fields and gardens around Vienna as he had done around Bonn when a boy. He saw the tempest, he saw the birds singing in the sunshine; but he heard them not. He was wretchedly unhappy. "If I had not read that man must not of his own free will end his life, I should long ago have done so by my own hands," he said.

Once, when traveling, he was caught in a storm and compelled to spend the night in a peasant's cottage. After supper they brought out some music and played it on their violins. Ludwig saw by watching them that the music was difficult, and judged by their actions that it was beautiful, for at its close, tears stood in the eyes of the performers as they embraced each other in their enthusiastic German fashion. He rose and glanced at the music; it was one of his own symphonies, which he could never hear again. As this thought came to him, he sat down and wept long and violently before he could tell the amazed peasants his name.

No one need be afraid to love and enjoy his music. There is music which brings low, coarse thoughts into the mind, and there is music which helps one up to

"A pound of pluck is worth a ton of luck."

pure thoughts and hopes; his is of the latter sort. There are birdcalls and sweet melodies in his symphonies, which remind you as you hear them how well he who wrote them knew all the delicious wild songs of the woods.

There are grand harmonies like angel hymns, which you do not wonder he could write when you read that he once said: "Nothing can be more sublime than to draw nearer to the Godhead than other men, and to diffuse here on earth these Godlike rays." Yet he did not mar the effect of his grand music by boasting of it, for he said near the end of his life: "I feel as though I had written scarcely more than a few notes of music."

He had many things to trouble him besides his deafness. He had no home. His brothers, now grown up to men, courted him only for his money. A nephew whom he adopted, and loved devotedly, proved to be an ungrateful fellow, who when his uncle was very sick, went out to get some medicine for him, but, meeting some friends, went off for a spree, leaving his errand with a servant. Two days later the medicine came, but it was too late. One faithful friend, who could little spare the time from earning his own bread, cared for the composer in this his last illness.

Now, his great name and the love we bear him, would surround him with every comfort. I think he would even die as did that famous Frenchman, Mirabeau, literally covered with flowers, each of which would show the affection of some heart. Then, though many loved him, this greatest of all musicians died wanting many comforts, in his humble quarters outside Vienna. While a violent thunderstorm swept over the city one spring night, the heart of the deaf composer was stilled forever. His last, plaintive words were, "I shall hear!"

If you go to Bonn, you will see in the market place a tall marble statue of this great man, who once trod its streets in poverty.

If you visit Vienna, and drive out from the city a few miles, you will see in the beautiful cemetery of Währing, where many famous men lie, the last resting place of the man whom the world honors, on whose plain white headstone is this one word,

BEETHOVEN



Two Pictures

(Concluded from page 7)

that I expect. For the Fellow I am sorry. He needs the Man, a dozen Men. The only trouble is, there are too few Men to go around. I want the Fellow to turn into a Man; I have seen some do it.

I confess that these pictures are composites, with certain faces more obtruded than others. You cannot recognize my Man nor my Fellow in any one individual I know. But they are all in the picture gallery of my memory, and they are all at work.

Our Counsel Corner

Will you please explain Romans 14:5? Does that verse in any way refer to the Sabbath?

M. J. R.

"Romans 14 is not a discussion of a question of days, but a question of judging, or condemning, a brother. 'To his own master he standeth or falleth;' and, despite the judgment of mortals, God is able to hold him up. Even though the text

did refer to the Sabbath, it would prove nothing concerning its obligation; it would simply prove that the observer or the non-observer was answerable to God alone. But at the bar of God, all who have known God's law will be judged by the law. Rom. 2:12; James 2:8-12. But the text and the context seem to make reference to matters which of themselves made no difference, ceremonial days of the law, for example.

"If it should be said that the term 'every day' of the text must include the Sabbath, it is sufficient to show that it does not in Exodus 16:4. Compare with verse 27. The 'every day' meant every day of the common days given to man, of 'the six working days.' Eze. 46:1. The Sabbath command is a part of God's law, of which no jot or tittle shall pass away. (See Isa. 51:6, 7; Matt. 5:17-19.) The eternal Spirit of God did not contradict through Paul what it said through Isaiah and Jesus."—"Questions and Answers," Vol. II, pp. 138, 139.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XIII — The Review

(December 26)

Questions

1. TELL the story of the tribute money. What was the motive in providing the money? What warning and admonition did Jesus give His disciples? Matt. 17:22 to 18:10.

2. How was the lesson of forgiveness taught by Jesus? How does the story of the unforgiving servant illustrate the lesson? Matt. 18:15-35.

3. What excuses were given by some who were invited to follow Jesus? How were the seventy sent forth? Over what should they have rejoiced? Luke 9:57 to 10:20.

4. When the ten lepers saw Jesus, what did they cry out? Why were they healed? Which one returned to give glory to God? Luke 17:11-19.

5. Relate the story of how the man born blind received his sight. How did this miracle affect the Pharisees? John 9.

6. Who is the Good Shepherd? How is His love shown? How close is the association between Christ and His followers? John 10:1-21.

7. What anxious inquiry did a lawyer make of Jesus? How did he reply to his own question? What lessons are to be learned from the story of the good Samaritan? Luke 10:25-37.

8. Why did Jesus reprove Martha while visiting in her home? On what occasion and in what manner did He reprove hypocrisy in the Pharisees? Luke 10:38-42; 11:37-54.

9. What parable did Jesus give to warn against covetousness? Luke 12:1-21.

10. How did Jesus show that no one knows the exact time of His appearing? Why should we be always ready to meet Him? Luke 12:37-57.

11. What lesson is taught by the parable of the fig tree? Tell how the woman was healed on the Sabbath. What objections were offered by the ruler of the synagogue? How did Jesus answer them? Luke 13:6-17.

12. How does Jesus show that mere profession will not save a person? What were some of the causes of Jesus' sorrow at this time? Luke 13:22-25.

Junior Lesson

XIII — The Review

(December 26)

Jesus Provides Tribute Money; Teaches Humility. Matt. 17:22 to 18:10.

WHAT question was asked Peter concerning the payment of tribute, or the tax for the support of the temple? How did Peter answer it?

Why should this tax not be required of Jesus?

Why did Jesus pay it?

How was the money provided?

How did Jesus exalt before the disciples the grace of humility?

"To produce a work of art you must first master the art of work."

Gaining Thy Brother; Reckoning With Servants. Matt. 18: 15-35.

What question did Peter ask concerning forgiveness?
 What was the full meaning of Jesus' words?
 How did a certain king show great favor to a servant who was indebted to him?
 What spirit did the same servant show to a fellow servant?
 What should we learn from this parable?

Test of Discipleship; The Seventy Sent forth. Luke 9: 57 to 10: 20.

What different excuses were made by persons who were invited to follow Jesus?
 How many did Jesus appoint to assist Him in His work?
 What caused the seventy to rejoice?
 What should be a cause for greater rejoicing?

Jesus Prays; Ten Lepers Cleansed. Matt. 11: 25-30; Luke 17: 11-19.

For what did Jesus give thanks?
 What gracious invitation did He give?
 What request did a company of lepers make?
 What did Jesus do for them?
 What question did He ask one of them?
 What did He say of the nine?

Healing the Blind Man on the Sabbath. John 9.

What question did the disciples ask concerning the blind man?
 What was Jesus' answer?
 How did He heal the blind man?
 What did the neighbors say concerning the miracle? the Pharisees? the parents? the man himself?
 What other blessing did the blind man receive?

The Good Shepherd. John 10: 1-21.

Who is the Good Shepherd?
 What does He know concerning His flock?
 What does He do for them?
 How do the sheep show their love for the shepherd?
 Who is called a "thief and a robber"? a "hireling"?

Parable of the Good Samaritan. Luke 10: 25-37.

What question did a lawyer ask Jesus?
 How was the right answer given?
 In order to excuse himself, what second question did the lawyer ask?
 Relate the parable which Jesus then told.
 How does the parable answer the question, "Who is my neighbor?"

At the Home of Mary and Martha; Dining With a Pharisee. Luke 10: 38-42; 11: 37-54.

In whose home did Jesus love to visit?
 What occurred one time when He was there?
 What is more essential than all other things?
 With whom was Jesus invited to dine?
 What ceremonial custom did Jesus not observe?
 How did He reprove the Pharisees for their hypocrisy? for their failure to love God? for their selfishness? for burdening the people?

Warnings and Instruction. Luke 12: 1-21.

Against what were the disciples especially warned?
 Of whom need they not be afraid? Whom should they fear?
 What two illustrations show the Father's love and care for His children?
 What parable warns against covetousness?
 Relate the parable?
 Who are said to be like the foolish rich man?

Parable of the Waiting Servants. Luke 12: 37-57.

Relate the parable which shows that the Lord would have His servants watching and ready for His coming.
 What is the danger of thinking that the Lord "delayeth His coming"?
 How are families sometimes affected by the preaching of the gospel?
 What comparison did Jesus make between the signs foretelling the weather and the signs that He was the Son of God?

The Barren Fig Tree; a Woman Healed on the Sabbath. Luke 13: 6-17.

Relate the parable of the barren fig tree.
 How does this parable teach the love of God?
 What is the final test for each one?
 What is the penalty for failure?
 How did Jesus answer the faultfinding Jews after He had healed the infirm woman?

What effect did this argument have upon His enemies?
 How did the people respond?

Jesus Teaching the People. Luke 13: 22-35.

As Jesus was journeying toward Jerusalem, what question was asked?
 In replying, what did Jesus say that some would do when the Master had "shut to the door"?
 Why is entrance denied to these?
 What is necessary besides professing to love God?
 What caused Jesus to lament over Jerusalem?

Memory Verses for the Quarter

1. "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18: 14.
2. "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. 6: 15.
3. "Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of man hath not where to lay His head." Luke 9: 58.
4. "Were there not ten cleansed? but where are the nine?" Luke 17: 17.
5. "I must work the works of Him that sent Me." John 9: 4.
6. "I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." John 10: 11.
7. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Luke 10: 27.
8. "But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Luke 10: 42.
9. "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also." Luke 12: 34.
10. "Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not." Luke 12: 40.
11. "If it bear fruit, well: and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Luke 13: 9.
12. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!" Matt. 23: 37.

Our Morning Watch

GREATER love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." When Jesus Christ came as a demonstration of His Father's love — and His own — for fallen humanity, He hesitated at no peril nor paused at the greatest sacrifice. Have you read the story? It is without parallel in fact or fiction, — the most unique in history. Pass over His incarnation, — the mystery of wisdom and love, — and the life of humbling preparation for the cross. Give but one glance at His agony in Gethsemane. Stay not in the judgment hall to hear Him reviled and see Him cruelly beaten. But rivet your attention on the Lamb of God, hanging on the cross, stained with blood. See the crimson mark on His brow, the life-giving fluid issuing from His hands and feet, which had been penetrated by spikes. The mouth is parched, the eyes bloodshot, the sensitive frame twitches with cruel pain. The Oriental sun beating down on the unprotected head, produces fever, and a throbbing which seems as if it would burst the skull. The breath comes in gasps, and every straightened movement of relief aggravates the pain. The bosom heaves and falls, the lips move, and as the Son of God cries, "It is finished," He leaps into the "Thermopylae of man's moral destiny," meets the cost at an awful expense, but makes salvation free. Was not that an exhibition of unparalleled love — a love stronger than death? What love to wear a crown of thorns, that we might wear a crown of glory; to bleed, that our sins might be washed away; to take our place and die, that we might live. Wonderful, sublime love! — *Selected.*

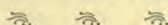
"Every human being is a bundle of habit tied with the string of time."



PHOTOGRAPHERS of the United States Air Service can make, develop, and print a picture in six minutes.



A CARGO of 4,000 tons of German coal, the first to be imported since the war, has reached the United States. Germany plans to make other shipments, in view of the strike. German coal is priced about the same as that received from Wales.



THE great British colonial exposition at Wembley has come to a close after a run of two years. Because of frequent patronage of the king and the royal family, it was popular and was attended by 27,000,000 persons, but it did not prove a financial success.



ST. ANDREWS UNIVERSITY, Scotland, has elected Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, Norwegian explorer, rector of the university over John Galsworthy, English novelist. St. Andrews is the oldest of the Scotch universities, dating from 1411, and it is a signal honor to be chosen rector of it.



AN official water taster is employed by the Metropolitan water board of London, England, to sample and test the water supply used by the 7,000,000 Londoners for daily consumption, says *Popular Science Monthly*. This official is an expert chemist who has trained his sense of taste for the unique job. To this end he abstains from smoking and liquor.



MARK ANTONY cried, "Lend me your ears," and he never got a loan. If he had lived today, he might have been accommodated, for there is a new invention by which a headpiece, unattached to any receiving apparatus, enables the wearer to listen in to radio music or speech inaudible to all who are not equipped with the mechanical ears.



FOR fifteen years rumors have come from the Canadian Northwest of a wonderful tropical valley in the midst of icy plains. Recently two aviators, in a seaplane, penetrated the wilderness in search of gold, and came out with confirmation of the story. It is a valley forty or fifty miles long, they say, with steam rising from innumerable hot springs. Luxuriant growth is everywhere—giant ferns, flowers, and bush grass.



CAN you imagine nine tons of death-dealing metal being hurled for nearly twenty miles in a single broadside? Such an almost unbelievable blast of huge projectiles will occur whenever Britain's magnificent new 35,000-ton battleship "Nelson" lets loose her big guns. For, says *Popular Science Monthly*, the "Nelson," newly launched, will have the most powerful armament of any battleship in the world—nine 16-inch guns, each firing a projectile weighing more than a ton. In addition, there will be a secondary armament of 6-inch guns.

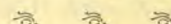


WHILE there has been a general advance in food prices all over the United States in the last year, Washington, D. C., and Richmond, Virginia, top the list of cities in the high cost of living. Department of Labor officials, who are conducting an investigation, declare that there has been an increase of 8 per cent in the last twelve months, and of 70 per cent in the last twelve years. Statistics show that the burden of this increased cost of food prices has fallen on persons who earn only moderate salaries, and who can least afford to pay the higher price. Wages of men in the trades have increased to such an extent that most of them do not feel the advanced prices keenly. Those who do find it difficult to make ends meet under the added load are the great army of salaried employees, who have received but a slight increase in pay compared to the increased cost of existence.

IN Los Angeles there is being established a new and unusual school—the Los Angeles University of International Affairs—whose mission will be different from that of any other educational institution in the country, in that it will offer courses exclusively for students of international law, and will endeavor to promote closer relations between the United States, South America, and Asiatic countries. The student body will include not only Americans, but special effort will be made to attract young men and women from foreign lands who wish to become acquainted with American methods in diplomacy and commerce. Already a number of students from Mexico, Peru, and Argentina have indicated their intention of enrolling in the new institution. The university will be essentially a professional school, with certain prerequisites for entrance similar to those required in other professional schools, such as law and medicine. The courses of study will be carried along two lines of training: first, that of business and consular service; and second, the business end of government. Training for the consular and diplomatic service abroad will be stressed particularly in the case of American students. For three years such a school has been under contemplation, and when plans for its organization are complete, the university will include new buildings and grounds, and will be divided into separate colleges and departments. For the present, the institution will be affiliated with the University of Southern California, although it will have its own board of directors. The president of the University of Southern California will head the new school in addition to his other duties.



THE talking machine has suddenly emerged from the eclipse it has suffered at the hand of the radio, for several hundred guests in a New York hotel listened in spellbound amazement recently while a talking machine did things that no mechanical reproducer of music had ever done before. It caused the majestic tones of the great organ of the Mormon temple in Salt Lake City, accompanying a choir of 150, to swell through the hall in almost the original volume. It reproduced the Soldiers' Chorus from "Faust," sung by a grand opera company. It brought to the room the magic of Kreisler, and the spell of Paderewski. One only needed to close his eyes to imagine that singers and instrumental performers were actually present, for gone were the blasts, the screeches, the tinny "phonographic quality," that have always marred the perfection of the phonograph. Credit for this invention goes to the engineers of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and the Western Electric Company, and it will be incorporated into the products of the Victor Talking Machine Company.



A RADIO-OPERATED safety device that checks speeding locomotives automatically when danger looms ahead was recently given a successful demonstration over a ten-mile stretch of railroad tracks in the presence of officials of the Pere Marquette and Michigan Central railways, by Thomas E. Clark, of Detroit, Michigan, inventor. By means of a system of radio-controlled signal lights installed in the engine cab, it was demonstrated that the engineer can be forewarned of impending disaster. Should the engineer be disabled or dead, the system of control checks the engine's speed and brings it to a halt at any danger point. Following the demonstration, railroad men were enthusiastic in their praise of the invention, declaring their belief that if adopted generally, it will result in the saving of thousands of lives and millions of dollars in equipment destroyed in wrecks.



"Now what's the answer?" asks the teacher, giving a spin to the arrows; and the class shouts the result in unison. The teacher is Vertner D. Brithingham, of Denver, Colorado, who, convinced that playing arithmetic is the best way to learn it, has invented an arithmetic game board to make the class real fun and no longer a session to be dreaded. Three arrows spin on a dial. Two point to numbers and one to signs of addition, subtraction, multiplication, or division. From these the pupils read the problems.



JUST stick them on, and you have a brand-new pair of eyebrows, blond one day, brunette the next—anything you like! This startling fad of wearing patent-leather eyebrows has made its debut at Hollywood, California. One advantage pointed out is that they may be polished with a shoe brush.



VANITY bags for men are now popular in London. Will they, we wonder, venture across the Atlantic?

"Ostentation is the pride of ignorance."