

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 3



"The cherished fields and woods put on their winter robe of purest white."



# OUR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

## *On the Island of St. Thomas*



LITTLE lad wanted to give a dollar for his Thirteenth Sabbath Offering. He confided this to his mother, but she, being a very poor widow, discouraged him. Nothing daunted, the ten-year-old sought and obtained a job as watchman in a store on Saturday nights, when many thieves are around. He received ten cents a night, and every cent of it was saved for the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering, while the little fellow went without many things that most boys could not resist the temptation to buy.

## *The "Signs" Campaign at Avondale*

Moree and Narrabri, two towns near Avondale, Australia, will receive nearly five hundred copies of the *Signs of the Times*, as a result of the efforts of the adults and Missionary Volunteers of the Avondale church. Brother A. H. White, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the North New South Wales Conference, writes of their plan: "The adult members will be posting 360 *Signs* weekly to Moree for a period of three or four months, and likewise the Missionary Volunteers will send 125 *Signs* each week to an equal number of addresses in Narrabri. Missionary correspondence will form a part of the work. At the end of three or four months, another list of names and addresses in the same towns will be supplied to the two societies, so that in the course of eighteen months every home in these towns will have received a regular supply of *Signs of the Times*, and also missionary letters. The idea has been taken up very enthusiastically by the entire membership of the Avondale church, and it is hoped that the work will form a good foundation for tent mission efforts which will be carried on in these towns at a later date."

## *From Indiana*

Elder F. A. Detamore, Missionary Volunteer secretary of Indiana, reports that sixty-one young people were converted and baptized in that conference during the first ten months of 1925.

## *West Indian Training School*

The Missionary Volunteers have distributed 1,200 copies of *Present Truth*, in addition to the *Signs of the Times* weekly, in the village of Mandeville, Jamaica.

## *A Plea From the North China Union Mission*

Will you respond to this appeal from Elder G. J. Appel, superintendent of the North China Union Mission? Writing to Professor Kern, he says: "Brother I. H. Evans and I have just returned from a trip to Shansi to spy out the land. We have never opened up work there. This year we sent three Chinese colporteurs there to canvass, and they had wonderful success. One of the young men made more than four scholarships. This is one of the most promising provinces in China, and I wish you would do something toward sending us two consecrated families, so that we can open a mission. Taiyuanfu, the capital, is only sixteen hours by train from Peking, and is a modern, up-to-date city for China. I have faith to

believe that we shall see a rich harvest of souls mined beside the coal mines of Shansi's mountains. (I might say that the Shansi hard coal is to China what the Pennsylvania hard coal is to the people of the States.) This has been our banner year in soul-saving. We have already added one third to our membership by baptism (November 15), and expect to have another baptism at the school when the Week of Prayer closes."

## *One Month's Meetings Result in Twenty Baptized*

On the island of Ambon, East Indies, Elder A. Munson held meetings for only one short month, and the result is twenty baptized and rejoicing in the third angel's message.

## *Harvest Ingathering Incentives*

In the Massachusetts Conference it was voted to give a set of Reading Course books to each Junior Missionary Volunteer Society averaging \$5 a member in the Harvest Ingathering, and to each Senior society averaging \$10 a member. At the last report, two Senior and two Junior societies had reached the required goal. Before the campaign closes, it is expected that several others will be entitled to the Reading Course set.

## *Colleges*

How did your first report read? Walla Walla students had such a good record that we want you to have a look at it:

- 808 missionary visits.
- 31 Bible readings.
- 65 persons taken to Sabbath school.
- 205 hours Christian help work.
- 31 treatments.
- 201 announcements distributed.
- \$4.20 value of food given away.
- 48 articles of clothing given.
- 15 bouquets presented.
- 162 subscriptions to periodicals taken.
- 445 papers and magazines sold.
- 517 books sold.
- 554 tracts distributed.
- 121 letters written.
- 27 letters received.
- \$81.31 money received for missions.
- 2 temperance pledges signed.

## *Another Language Sings Praises to God*

For this good word we are indebted to Brother L. V. Finster, superintendent of the Malaysian Union Mission: "Recently one of our native Celebes brethren went to South Sumatra. When I visited him this summer, I found that he had a splendid interest among the Timorese who have moved there from Timor Island. We baptized seven while I was there, and in a letter just received, they tell me thirty-six more have been baptized. Also, we sent a Dutch worker there a few months ago, and he reports fifteen baptized from his efforts. This joins a new language to the many others that are singing the praises of the Saviour who died for them, and whom they have never before known."

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## Saidee's Thank Offering

**H**ERE were a half dozen of the girls in Grace Porter's parlor chattering away as only girls can chatter. But one of them was silent, and evidently disapproved in some way the subject under discussion.

"Come, Saidee," said Lou Willis presently, "you look as glum as an owl. What is it that distresses your ladyship?"

"I was merely wondering," replied Saidee, coolly, "if any of you girls remembered what night Mrs. Dale's party was to be?"

"Remembered what night it was to be?" exclaimed Lizzie Wallace. "Why, of course we do! Thursday night, and it seems a perfect age until then."

"You are all church members excepting me, you know," said Saidee. "Did any of you happen to remember that that is the night of our regular prayer meeting?"

"Why, yes," answered Grace. "I remembered for one, and I am sorry it comes so; but since we cannot help it, I think we may be excused for going. You are going, aren't you?"

"Certainly," said Saidee, promptly; "but then, you know, I'm not even a Christian. If I were, girls, I'd be one, I think, even when it wasn't quite convenient."

"Yes," said Lou, speaking rather gravely this time, "I am sure you would, Saidee, and I think myself, girls, that our first duty is to the prayer meeting. I'll give up the party, much as I want to go, and go to meeting if the rest of you will. Will you?"

The girls all exclaimed, but none of them were quite willing to say positively that they would or would not.

"But, Saidee, dear," said Lou, as they two walked home together, "why don't you be a Christian yourself? You are so strong and helpful, it seems so easy for you to decide what is right or wrong, and then to do the right, no matter how hard it is. You never hesitate as I do, even when I know well what I ought to do. And then you have so many talents and lead us all. O Saidee, you could be such a power for good! Won't you consecrate yourself to Christ's service? I'm not worthy to say a word, I know, but don't think of my failures. I do love Him after all, and I wish I served Him better. I know you would be more faithful. Won't you?" Lou's eyes were full

to overflowing as she looked tenderly and pleadingly at her friend.

Saidee's merry face grew unwontedly grave.

"Thank you, Lou," she answered. "I do mean to be a Christian sometime, but I want to have some nice times first. I want to go to parties and concerts even when they come on prayer meeting night. Oh, there are lots of things I want to do that I couldn't do if I were a Christian. It seems to me, if one is really earnest about it, that one has to give up half the fun there is, and I do enjoy life so much now. Did I tell you that I am going to spend Thanksgiving at Uncle Robert's? I am anticipating a perfectly lovely time; they live a gay life, you know. I couldn't think of being a Christian until after I got home anyway, but thank you for caring about me, and good-by if I don't see you again before I go."

Lou went on alone very soberly. Saidee was so bright and pretty; she was leader wherever she was; if only she would give herself to Christ, what a power for good she would be!

Saidee herself turned away with just the least bit of a frown. "I wish she hadn't spoken to me so," she said to herself. "I respect her all the more for it, but I don't want to be a Christian now. I want to have lots and lots of good times first. There is plenty of time for that by and by."

Two or three days after, Saidee started on her journey. She left home at noon, and expected to reach her destination early in the afternoon of the next day. The first part of her journey was full of pleasant thoughts and anticipations, and for a long time after she was snugly settled in her berth, she

was planning various things she wished to do; but finally she fell into a sound sleep. The next she knew she awoke suddenly, and found the train standing still. She could hear her fellow passengers hurrying to and fro, talking excitedly. Dressing herself hastily, she hastened out to see what had happened.

"There has been a collision," said a lady of whom she inquired. "Two of the train crew were killed, and others are injured; but they say if it had occurred only two or three rods farther on, there would have been fearful loss of life among the passengers. We have cause to be devoutly thankful, my dear young friend."



"The life of faith is full of splendid surprises."



Even as the lady was speaking, a mangled body was borne past the car window. Saidee turned away with a shudder. Only a few rods more, and she, perhaps, might have been killed also; she might never have awakened again in this world, or only to find herself in deadly peril.

"We have cause to be devoutly thankful!"—how the words rang in her ears!

"I am, I am," she half sobbed.

"And what will you do with your life now?" asked Conscience. "Will you spend it for your own selfish pleasure still?"

"Oh, no," she said to herself decidedly. "When I get home, I will become a Christian at once. I will try to live for God then."

"But how until then?" pleaded Conscience.

"I could do nothing at Uncle Robert's. There would be no one to help me. I must wait till I get home."

But Saidee was far from being easy. Conscience kept pleading with her. "Don't wait," it whispered. "There is danger in delay. Attend to it now!"

"Oh, no! I cannot, but I surely will when I get home," she kept answering, trying in vain to quiet the still, small, reproving voice by pleading that there would be no one to help her there.

"There's a card party tonight at Mrs. Damon's," said Cousin Mattie the night before Thanksgiving. "You will be rested sufficiently to go, will you not?"

"Shall you go, Helen?" asked Saidee, turning to another cousin.

"Why, bless you, no!" answered Mattie, before Helen could speak. "In the first place, she never

goes now, and in the second, it's her prayer meeting night."

Saidee's face flushed and then turned white. Here was her help. Before her seemed two paths—which should she take? She felt in her inmost heart that she was deciding for life and eternity. One path seemed to lead among the pleasures she loved so well, the other looked dark and dreary; and yet how wonderfully she had been preserved! Was a sacrifice too much for her to make in return? It seemed to her hours that she stood there deliberating; in reality it was but a moment or two.

"Why, Saidee," said Mattie, half laughingly, half questioningly, "you seem quite solemn over my invitation. Don't you wish to go?"

She must decide now. Oh, what should she say?

"We have cause to be devoutly thankful." The words flashed into her mind as she hesitated, and she turned with a sob to Helen.

"O Helen, take me with you," she cried.

A few days later Lou Willis received a note from Saidee:

"DEAR, DEAR LOU: You have heard, I presume, how near we came to having a serious accident on our train, and I want to tell you that I have given my unworthy self to God as a thank offering for my preservation. With His help I will live the life spared in His service. I thought I was making a sacrifice in doing this, but I never knew before what happiness was. I only wish there was more that I could do, but I will try to make the most of myself. My thank offering must be as near perfect and complete as I can make it, only of myself I can do nothing, that I know.

"Lovingly,

"SAIDEE."

—*Zion's Herald*.

## Colporteur in Panama

FERRIS W. THORP

**N**EAR the close of the 1924 school year, at the West Caribbean Training School, the field missionary secretary held a colporteurs' institute. I was just fifteen years of age, and with a friend, Albert Varstens, a Venezuelan boy of about my age, decided to enter the canvassing field, with the hope of earning a scholarship.

I did not know the Spanish language very well, so it was with some difficulty that I learned my canvass for "Our Day in the Light of Prophecy," but I finally mastered it. The territory assigned to us was that part of Panama city known as Calidonia. The people living in this section are very poor, most of them not knowing where the next meal is coming from.

Among our first orders was one on which we received a deposit for a book to be delivered the following Saturday evening. We boys went alone on this errand, and the providence of God very surely protected us from harm, for we found the man who had ordered the book quite drunk. First, he demanded his money back. We carefully explained that we could not give him this, because we had already secured the book and had it with us. Then he gave me a twenty-dollar bill in payment. Telling Albert to stay with him, as an evidence of good faith, I hurried out to have it changed. Unfortunately I met with some difficulty, and was obliged to go to about six different stores before one would accommodate me. Meanwhile

the drunken man, thinking I had stolen his money, began to threaten Albert. By the time I returned, his temper was thoroughly aroused. I handed him the correct change, but being under the influence of liquor, he could not count it, so he still insisted that I was robbing him.

All this time we were standing just inside an open door. Now he quickly closed and bolted it, and turned and said, "Give me my money!" He drew a razor from his pocket as he spoke, and it gleamed in the lamplight as he waved it threateningly before us. We reasoned with him, and counted the money over and over, but to no avail. Finally, after an earnest silent prayer to God for help, we turned to his wife, who had sided with her husband against us, and explained to her. At last she admitted that we were right, and persuaded her husband to let us go.

We worked steadily for a month, and took a good number of orders. But we also lost many, not because of ill will, but because they could not meet the payment.

After finishing Calidonia, we canvassed for two weeks in Balboa, in the American residential section. Here we were very successful, seldom losing an order.

At the end of that time I was needed at home, but Albert, with two of the other boys, went to Costa Rica, and spent the remainder of a very profitable vacation in the colporteur work.

"Boastfulness always claims more than it deserves."



# Travel Notes From Africa --- No. 2

L. H. CHRISTIAN

**G**OD answers prayer in Africa. One of the native girl students had this experience: She was very ill, and every one thought she would die. Her heathen parents called in the native medicine man.

These medicine men use enchantments, and often seem to have connection with evil spirits. They are wild and horrid-looking beings. Usually they have long pins, which they stick into a person to let the



*Girls' School, Kamagambo, East Africa*

disease out. If a person has a sore neck or a sore arm, they will make as many as a hundred punctures of the skin with their long needles.

The natives themselves do not know much about what ails them. They divide all diseases into pains in the head, the chest, and the stomach. When they have headache, they say, "I have poison in my head;" of pain in the chest they say, "There is a fire in my lung;" or when the stomach hurts, "There is a snake in my stomach. Take it out."

The girl mentioned above refused to be treated by the medicine man. Her folks were furious, but she would not yield. Later, one of our Christian teachers went there to visit his students, and she called for him. She said, "Place your hand here on my chest, and pray. I have had a dream that you would come, pray, and heal me." A bit reluctant, the teacher did as she asked. The natives all knelt with him, and asked God to help her, and almost immediately she was well.

Our missionaries have much faith in prayer, and many times they have placed the power of God against the powers of the medicine man. At one station a prominent woman among the natives was bitten by a puff adder, which is very poisonous. They did not let the missionaries know of this, as her husband wanted to call the medicine man. She was bitten a little below the knee. The medicine man ran his needles or pins into the leg many times. The leg swelled up, and she grew rapidly worse, and the man declared that she must die. Some eighteen hours after she was bitten, they hurried to the mission for help. There was nothing to do but pray. The woman was beyond human succor, but the missionary said that if all the people in the home, most of whom were pagans, would join, he would pray for her. It looked hopeless. They all knelt down and prayed. The swelling began to decrease, and in a very short time she was well. The natives have a very simple faith in God, which often puts even the missionaries to shame.

The question of income from the missions themselves is an important one. These missions cannot become self-supporting; and yet the more the natives themselves pay, the more the mission work helps them.

In the Pare Mission, all members pay tithe, and they also give good offerings. Each village is supposed to have a tithe house.

In the missions on the lake the natives are not so far along, though all who have been baptized are tithe payers. They also delight in bringing offerings. We noticed that for one Sabbath school collection, one man brought a chicken, several brought two or three eggs each, one gave a little basketful of Kafir corn, and others gave trinkets.

The natives bring their tithes once a quarter, and it is a rule that on the Friday before the ordinances they come in with whatever they have to give. On two occasions members have given a bullock. Many have given a goat or a lamb.

Brother Warland reported that at Kamagambo Mission the tithe in 1923 was twice that of 1922. At this mission, when they wished to put up a school building, the stones were taken from the side of a hill quite a distance away, and carried to the building site. Each student carried a stone each morning, so every day one hundred fifty students went down the hillside, each with a good-sized stone for the school building.

S. G. Maxwell is doing excellent work in the Pare Mission. In speaking of God's providences, he told an interesting incident. The country is very mountainous, and his station is situated some 5,000 feet above the sea. He was riding on his mule one dark night along the side of a very steep precipice, hundreds of feet down. It was dark and the mule stumbled. Brother Maxwell fell off his mule, and was rolling down the mountain side, when he was caught by a little tree as by a miracle, and held. He was not far down, and so could get back to his mule and proceed on his way. Passing by the place later by daylight, he saw that he had been within an inch of falling over to certain death.

W. T. Bartlett was crossing a wide stream one eve-



*Girls Carrying One Stone a Day for Building the School at Kamagambo*

ning after a long day's march. The water and mud were deep, and it was pitch dark. He heard something clapping, and suddenly a streak of lightning showed him a large crocodile with open mouth right

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# The Arriving Kind of Experience

MRS. LEAH ROBINSON

**T**HE quiet of the long summer afternoon was broken by the busy whir of a vacuum cleaner. Sewing or something similar had made a little extra cleaning necessary for some one in the vicinity.

How easily it was done! Just connecting with the current, pressing a button so the current could operate; a few times across the room, and behold! without a particle of dust or commotion — a spotless room.

The steady z-z-z of the cleaner soon ceased, but my thoughts buzzed on as busily as the machine a few moments before.

Long enough ago a teacher in a little public school read the well-known classic, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," to her pupils, and "Aunt Dinah's clarin'-up spell" excited much hilarity.

It was funny. The old colored woman's poking things away and finding them again in such unheard-of places.

I am no psychologist, consequently I am not prepared to say whether the recital of Aunt Dinah's efforts at tidiness had its effect on the subconscious mind of a small person present, or whether an inherited germ of neatness began to squirm in the little maid's body about this time. At any rate, Aunt Dinah's "clarin'-up spell" became an institution at our house, much to the disgust of the several members of the family.

"Clarin'-up spell," an older brother snorted after a vain search for a necktie which he had inadvertently left on the back of a dining-room chair. "Clarin'-up spell, nothing! It's more in the nature of a calamity."

I am inclined to think this was the attitude with which the "clarin'-up spell" was regarded by all concerned, for when the germ began to show its periodical signs of life, the family lugged their most precious belongings about with them. Experience had come high. They knew that the energy of the "clarin'-up" germ was entirely expended on putting things away. Not the slightest wriggle in the direction of finding anything again could be evoked. "She'd done forgot," even as Aunt Dinah. Then, weeks, or it might be months, afterward, some long-missing article would be unearthed in an outlandish corner and returned to its owner, who by this time had probably forgotten all about it.

How many there are who are having just such an experience as that!

Lives which day after day, year after year, are but a series of spasmodic and ineffectual "clarin'-up spells."

Lives which move in a never-ending circle of putting things away, only to have them appear again when least they are expected.

Lives which have the desire but lack the necessary will to achieve.

Lives which never "arrive," for, beloved, the "clarin'-up-spell" type of experience is not the arriving kind.

Multifarious were the ways the coming of spring affected the different members of our household.

The first robin was the signal to the boys for a frantic search for marbles. A battered old bat and a ball, usually minus its outer leather covering and having an alarming tendency to unwind in a dozen different places at once, were dragged from the seclusion of the hall closet, and a baseball diamond was laid out without delay.

The flocks of noisy, chattering, quarreling blackbirds saw father repairing to the tool shed, where his melodious whistle could be heard mingling with the cheery ring of the hammer and the monotonous drone of the grindstone.

As for myself, the ecstasy which the smell of the fresh earth, the first glimpse of the tiny green shoots, the joyous note of the but lately returned meadow lark produced, would be impossible to put into words.

But mother —

To her, spring was not a succession of wonderful sights and sounds, a time for renewing old friendships and forming delightful new ones. No, indeed! Mother had no time

for such frivolities. Mother was house cleaning.

House cleaning! What memories attach to the words!

Had it not been that the whole of outdoors was open to us, life wouldn't have been worth living during those strenuous weeks.

In turn, mother personally escorted everything on the place out into the sunlight, and after giving it a heroic treatment of soap, or paint, or varnish, she escorted it back again. Meals, when mother paused long enough in her campaign to prepare any, were served in the queerest places; and sleeping quarters, well, they ranged anywhere between the garret and the cellar.

A house-cleaning experience! Is yours such a one? Is mine?

Stirred by a Week of Prayer, camp-meeting, or

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## The Toiling Hand

R. HARE

O GIVE me the hand of the toiler,  
The hand that is steady and true,  
Rough it may be and freckled,  
Sunbrowned and horny, too;  
But there lies a king in its making,  
With heart that is honest and free. —  
Yes, give me the hand of the toiler,  
That hand is the hand for me!

Some hands are pampered and silken,  
Unused to life's battle and stress,  
Too weak to carry the burden,  
Too weary to conquer distress;  
But give me the hand of the toiler  
However begrimed it may be,  
There's resting behind all its struggle,  
And that is the hand for me!

The silver-spooned hand may be spotless,  
And diamonds may flash in its ring,  
While princely its form may be fashioned  
To rival the hand of a king!  
But the toil-roughened hand owes to duty  
A trust that is sacred and free;  
Then give me the hand of the toiler,  
That hand is a treasure to me!

In Zion's own hand, once uplifted,  
A cross cast its shade o'er the lea,  
And on it, the hand of a Toiler,  
Was pierced just for you and for me;  
And feet, which had clambered the mountain,  
Dust stained and traveled and sore,  
Lead on to the streets that are golden,  
Where toilers may rest evermore!



# The Atonement Illustrated

**D**R. A. T. PIERSON, one time editor of the *Missionary Review*, once used the following incident to illustrate the atonement:

"Professor Olcott, whose name is familiar in this country, was a teacher of boys, and had the boys in his school make rules for the conduct of the school, and attach the penalties for violation of the rules; so that when a boy was punished, he was brought before the school, and the rule was read, and the penalty inflicted by the boys themselves. One little fellow, rather undersized, had been guilty of two violations of the rules of the school; and the rule was that the second offense of that kind should be punished by a public flogging, which was rarely resorted to in Professor Olcott's school. So the young lad was called up, and the rule was read to him, with the penalty which the boys had themselves affixed to it.

"'Now,' said he, 'my dear little fellow, it becomes necessary for me to chastise you before the boys for the violation of this rule; but my heart goes out to you, and I cannot really bear to inflict this punishment upon you. I am going to have you punish me instead.' To the astonishment of the boys, and espe-

cially of the offender, he took the rod, and put it into the hands of the culprit, and said: 'Now, lay that rod upon my back.' Well, the boy, of course, touched him very lightly.

"'No,' he said, 'that won't do. You must punish me just as hard as you think you ought to be punished.' And he persisted until that boy had laid a sufficient number of stripes upon him, with a sufficient force, to vindicate the law of the school, and punish the offense. Meanwhile, the boy was in a paroxysm of grief, crying, sobbing, and almost fainting under the thought that he was punishing an innocent teacher for his offense. Professor Olcott said that, from that time to the end of his school life, that boy was never known to violate another rule of the school.

"I think that is the most effective illustration I have ever heard of Christ's taking upon Himself our penalties, and submitting His back to the scourge, that by His stripes we might be healed; and that nothing so melts the soul of the sinner, and gives him such a conception of his own sin and the grace of God, as a realization of the fact that Jesus Christ bore his sins, in His own body, on the tree."

## Does It Pay?

DALLAS V. GIBSON

**T**HIS question often arises, "Does it pay to study the Bible and the spirit of prophecy?" In answer I give the testimony of these witnesses, and confirm it by my own experience.

Jesus said: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of Me."

Paul wrote: "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

The psalmist declares: "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? by taking heed thereto according to Thy word." "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee." "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"As a means of intellectual training, the Bible is more effective than any other book, or all other books combined," we are told in "Education," a book which is filled with good advice for the young.

"The Word of God," says Mrs. E. G. White in the *Review and Herald* of Feb. 25, 1896, "is the most perfect educational book in our world." "Skepticism," she declares in Volume IV, page 449, "can have no power over a soul that with humility searches the Scriptures." "None but those who have fortified the mind with the truths of the Bible will stand through the last great conflict," we are told in "The Great Controversy," page 593.

We see the importance attached to Bible study; what about study of the spirit of prophecy?

"It is Satan's plan to weaken the faith of God's people in the Testimonies," says the servant of the Lord on page 211 of Volume IV. "Next follows skepticism in regard to the vital points of our faith, the pillars of our position, then doubt as to the Holy Scriptures, and then the downward march to perdition." "If you lose confidence in the Testimonies,"

she continues in Volume V, page 674, "you will drift away from Bible truth."

With all this witness and warning, how can we feel safe to spend time in reading things which are not worth while, when the end is right upon us and the Book by which we shall be judged is neglected?

Personally, I can say with Jeremiah, "Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and Thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart." At this writing I am reading the Bible through for the eighth time, besides having given much attention to its topical study. I have also read fifteen of the books given us through the spirit of prophecy, and it has not been an unpleasant task, but a blessed privilege. For more than a year now (and I am not yet twenty), I have been an invalid, confined to my bed, and for three months I was not able to hold a book. My greatest comfort during this time of trial — especially when I could not read — has been the texts I have memorized; or perhaps texts I had made no effort to memorize, but had read so often that they came to mind when I needed the hope and courage they could give. O, the wisdom and goodness of our God! "How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!"

And as we face the future, which we know holds trouble and tribulation such as we have never yet experienced, we cannot afford, young friends, to spend the time that has been lent us of God, in idle, trifling, and useless amusements. Remember, "None but those who have fortified the mind with the truths of the Bible will stand through the last great conflict." Youth is the sowing time. It determines the character of the harvest for this life and the life to come. Let us use today as though it were our last on earth, storing our minds with such knowledge as we must have before we can meet and greet the King.

"Your idea or ideal is not fully yours until you have expressed it."



**D**AVY must go to college," his mother said, with sudden decision.

"Go to college, Mrs. Few," echoed a blithe voice, "that he must! Do you know, I was going to mention that very thing to you?" and Ernest Page drew nearer, his blue eyes radiant. "I have said so for some time, that a way must be found to let Davy go to college," continued Ernest, "and now to think you, too, are of the opinion!"

"But how am I to go to college?" gasped Davy. "It takes money, and it takes time, too, such precious time. O mother, you surely forget! There are the crops to be put in. How could I be spared from that, even if the money were at hand, which it isn't?"

His mother's lips trembled, but the glow was still in her eyes.

"There's a little money saved, as you know, David, and perhaps they will wait for the remainder till the crops are gathered."

"But who's to put in the crops if I go?" asked David.

He was surprised to see such wide forgetfulness on his mother's part. She usually kept so carefully in mind every detail.

"Why, your substitute, of course, old fellow," replied Ernest, gayly, as he threw his arm about Davy's neck.

"I mean the one who puts in the crops for you while you go away to drink at the fountain of knowledge, for which delightful drafts you, poor fellow, have thirsted so long."

"But who would it be, Ernest? My mother is not able to hire a man, for his wages and his board would eat up more than half the income from the crops."

"Now, see here, Davy!"

Ernest wheeled suddenly till he looked Davy full in the eyes.

"This thing is going to be done, so say no more about it; only get ready to go."

Get ready for college! Davy's heart leaped. But no, it could not be. It was folly even to think of it.

"Dear ones," he said, and now he put his arm about Ernest and reached for his mother's hand, "I know that you long so for me to go that your longing makes it seem as if it could be accomplished. Yet think how impossible it is! Even with the kind assurance of President Spence that tuition will be free, there is the board to be paid, ten dollars a month, at the lowest."

"We have the forty-odd dollars from the cotton sold at Christmas," his mother said, wistfully. "That will pay your railway fare and give you four months' board. Near that time we'll have the wheat crop in."

"But who is to plant and harvest the wheat?" cried Davy.

"I told you your substitute would do that," Ernest replied.

"But who is to be my substitute?" persisted Davy. "My mother cannot hire a man, that is certain."

"Who said it was to be a man? Are you a man yourself, Davy? And haven't you put in the crops for the past two years?"

A sudden uncertain note in Ernest's voice caused Davy to grasp his friend's chin quickly, and to force his head upward until he had a full view of the telltale blue eyes that could never keep back aught that was in the heart.

"It cannot be, Ernest, that—"

Ernest sprang to his feet, and drew himself up to the full height of his seventeen years. It was not a robust form, but there was an energy, a certain staying quality, about it, good to see.

"Yes, it is I, Davy," he began, his voice quivering with feeling, but growing stronger as he proceeded. "It is I who will be your substitute while you are away. I will help your mother with the crops, while you, poor, thirsty Davy, go to drink from the springs of knowledge. O, I can see you now! What drafts you will take! Dear old fellow, it does me good even to think of it!"

Davy, too, had arisen now. His eyes were moist, his chin gave a quivering movement.

"I could never accept the sacrifice," he said steadily, after a moment. "Think what you have already done for me, Ernest."



## Davy's

"Coached you a little that you when just such an opportunity as

"A little?" echoed Davy, his eyes had not been almost an every-night of the winter! Say no more, Ernest from you, and neither can my mother

"No, lad," she said, with trembling but the glow in her eyes showed her

"Then, there is your father to

"My father has an older son and gotten, Davy, that I was brought home just such work as I propose, in other brain work?"

"But you did not come home to other people. No, I could never suffer

"Davy," said his mother, smiling at her mother."

"Listen to your old mother," she said to her heart. Let Ernest do this for you, a hired man to help with the hardest. Let Ernest take your place here, and can repay him. O lad, have I not been learning? Go now, and get it. Go to and 'twill break her heart."

The words ended in a sob, and Davy sprang to her side and then

"Look up, mother," he begged, but, O, it makes me feel so mean to pay a price!"





## stitute

able to enter the freshman class offered came to you."

g more than his words. "As if it you all through the fall and a part not accept this last great sacrifice

e, " 'tis too much after the other," she longed for it.

" added Davy.

workman besides. Have you for college that I might do, for a year, et more brawn for the next year's

whole work of a farm, and that for t, Ernest."

"Davy, lad, listen to your old

d. "If you refuse, you will break e proposes. Some days we'll have labor, and I, too, will do my share. to college, Davy. Afterward you you have fairly hungered for the our old mother, if no more. Refuse,

went down.

rms about her.

go if you and Ernest say I must, am to gain my education at such

In three days more Davy was off to college, and a week later, Ernest came to begin the spring plowing. But, alas! he barely had the ground ready for the first sowing of wheat when, as he was riding home from the field, his horse shied at a white calf and threw him, breaking his leg. His grief at the turn of affairs was greater than his moaning over his pain.

"What will Davy's mother do now, without Davy's substitute?" he groaned. "But Davy must not know! yes, above all, Davy mustn't know! Perhaps father can find a way."

His father's will was good, but added misfortunes rendered him helpless. His hired man ran away, and a note for a large amount that Mr. Page had signed for a friend was left to him to pay.

Even at this hopeless stage, Davy's mother echoed Ernest's declaration, "Davy must not come home!"

She had worked side by side with Davy heretofore. She had hoed, but never plowed. Yet she knew how it ought to be done.

The story of Davy's substitute was not long in reaching the college; but, strange to say, the news of the accident went much more slowly. Stranger still, not a whisper of it came to Davy's ears, even after others knew.

Meanwhile, Davy was applying himself to study with such avidity that every member of the faculty, from the president down, was first astonished, then touched, by the lad's hunger for knowledge.

He wrote bright letters home. After he had made up his mind to accept the sacrifice, Davy's resolve to keep every note of despondency out of his letters, had never wavered. Cheering words went to him in return. The most of these were from Ernest, who wrote as if everything were going on as arranged. So it was, so far as the making of the crops was concerned, but never a

thought had Davy on the subject other than that Ernest was still his substitute.

Great was the rejoicing on both sides when the wheat was harvested, and the money was sent to pay Davy's board for the last two months of the term. Davy wrote, not only in grateful, but in glowing terms of his substitute. His praise was unstinted. "I declare, old fellow," he said, "you are far ahead of what I could have done. It is wonderful."

Then, indeed, did poor Ernest hang his head for shame, and, for the first time, felt that he would be willing to shorten Davy's term at college for the privilege of telling him the truth.

The term was drawing to a close. Davy applied himself with such vigor that the president had expressed the opinion that should the boy study at home during the summer, he would be ready to skip the remainder of the freshman course, and enter the junior class. Davy's heart fairly sang for joy over the good news.

It was in the very midst of preparations for commencement that the bomb fell at poor Davy's feet, scattering his joy to the four winds.

"I say, Davy," Edward Willis said, accosting him as he was passing across the grounds, "have you heard the latest news from poor Ernest Page?" Then, ere waiting for Davy to reply, he continued: "The doctors say that the reason his broken leg hasn't mended faster is because it was not set right at first. His only chance now, it seems, to walk fair and straight again is to have it broken over and reset."

"Ernest's leg to be reset!" gasped Davy. "Why, I did not even know it was broken."

"You didn't? Well, that is astonishing! What have your correspondents at home been thinking of not to tell you?"

"How long since it happened?" stammered Davy, unheeding the question of the other. "I mean when did Ernest break his leg?"

"Why, more than four months ago. And you didn't know it? Why, that's surprising!"

Davy, in a dazed state, saw him walk away. All his thoughts were in a whirl. Ernest's leg broken! Ernest confined to his room for four months! How, then, had he managed to serve as substitute on the farm for the boy who was away to

(Concluded on page 12)



# PIONEER DAYS IN WISCONSIN

## Stories of a Pioneer Church

MRS. LUELLA B. PRIDDY



ABOUT 1860 the subject of organization was widely agitated. Up to this time we had no way of determining who were really Seventh-day Adventists, of preventing unconsecrated or fanatical people from claiming to be of us, nor of preventing men from preaching what we did not believe to be the truth. Wisconsin had her full share of these difficulties.

Word came of a man by the name of Downer who was preaching. A minister went to visit him, and became acquainted with the man. At bedtime Mr. Downer took the visiting minister upstairs to bed. Instead of going to bed himself, he went downstairs to enjoy a smoke. The house was new and unfinished, and the smoke went upstairs through the cracks. The visitor called to the man below, "What are you doing down there, Brother Downer?"

"Burning incense to Baal," was the reply.

A blind woman claimed to be healed. She was groping around trying to find things, and yet said, "Yes, I know I am healed, even if I can't see a bit."

In one company of believers, the women had such strange ideas in regard to plainness of dress that they wore aprons and sunbonnets to church. They were reproved, and they saw their error. But such difficulties kept coming up, and some saw that organization was the only remedy. Many were strongly opposed to the idea. It seemed to them that to effect organization would be going back into Babylon. But after much discussion, they began to see the need of it, and steps were taken to organize churches.

So far as we know, the church at Mackford, Wisconsin, was the first church to be provided with ordained officers. The ordination took place in 1861. Rufus Baker was the elder and George Lawton the deacon. This church had great respect for their officers. It was customary to refer to them by their official titles, as Elder Baker and Deacon Lawton.

These new officers had no trained departmental workers to come and give instruction in methods of carrying on the work. They were seldom even visited by a minister. But they had inspiring meetings in that old church. There was no "amen corner" in it; the "amens" came from all over the house. In their social meetings they sang in the same spontaneous way. They learned their hymns by note, and could sing many hymns without the book. Musical instruments were not plentiful, and they had no organ in the church until the latter part of the seventies. The pioneer hymns were inspiring, and they were sung with spirit.

For a time the Mackford church was the only church in that part of the State. At quarterly meetings and on special occasions, the scattered believers drove in with teams of horses, and occasionally of oxen, to attend, some of them coming for twenty-five or thirty miles. The people were hospitable, and the homes of those who lived in the village never seemed to be so full of guests that they could not accommodate another wagon load if necessary. Sometimes it was

bedtime when the visitors arrived, and little future members of the denomination often reached the end of the long journey cuddled down in the bottom of the wagon or sleigh fast asleep.

The Adventist homes used to be called "Adventist hotels," because so many people stayed there overnight. The homes were usually well supplied with "spare beds," which consisted of a straw mattress, with a feather bed on top. If there were too many people for the beds, the feather ticks were taken off and spread down on the floor, which made twice as many beds as before. If the weather was cold, the people brought robes and quilts in their sleighs. All the women helped with the housework, and they did not seem to mind the inconveniences. There were interesting things to talk about. On these occasions, ties of friendship were being strengthened, never to be broken.

The quarterly meeting began with a sermon on Friday night, followed by the ordinances on the Sabbath and a business meeting on Sunday. The believers always announced the evening services to begin at early candlelight, instead of a certain hour. As soon as they saw the darkness coming on, they knew it was time to go to church.

These early believers were quite strict in dealing with unfaithful members. If one was doing a serious wrong, a vote of censure was passed, which was effective for six months, during which time he was not considered a member in good standing. If there were no evidences of reformation, he was expelled from the church at the end of that time.

After the summer quarterly meeting, and before the visiting members had returned to their homes, a picnic was usually held at one of the beautiful lakes. After arriving at the lake, rowboats were secured, and they enjoyed riding on the water. They brought ropes with them, and swings were put up for the children.

Before dinner, the elder preached a sermon, which was followed by baptism whenever there were any candidates for that rite. Then a long row of white linen tablecloths was spread on the grass, and dinner was set from the contents of the well-filled baskets. As they all knelt around the table, the elder asked the blessing, and then all proceeded to enjoy the good things that had been provided.

After dinner, the older people sat in groups under the trees, enjoying good visits together, while the children played and enjoyed the white-capped waves dashing on the shore, and gathered bright-colored pebbles to carry home.

After a time, the men and boys slipped away around a near-by point of land for a swim. The women and girls also took advantage of the opportunity to have a bath or swim in the lake. They had brought old dresses for bathing suits, and pinning up shawls around a group of trees, soon had a suitable dressing-room.

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"Principles have achieved more victories than horsemen or chariots."





## The Girl and the Test

**T**HE teacher stood watching the class in arithmetic take a test. It was a fair examination, containing no "catch" questions, but problems similar to those which the pupils had solved day after day. There was no need of haste, for the teacher had said, "Work carefully, taking the problems in order; I shall rank you on what you do, whether five or two." Again, "Do not hurry; it is correctness, not amount, which counts."

The boys were working deliberately, with here and there a frown at a problem which would not "come right;" but there was no such placidity among the girls. Each face was tense, fingers flew, there were mad dashes after erasers, gasps of consternation, and one girl, with hands clenched, actually jumped up and down in her seat. At the striking of the gong, they filed out of the room, utterly wearied. All this nervous force was expended on an ordinary test, the like of which, in some study, they met once a week.

The papers handed in were such as one would expect under these conditions. Those written by the girls who work best under pressure were perfect, but most of them fell below the daily work; several contained portions of each problem, but not one completed. The owners proffered time-worn excuses with glibness: "I never do anything on tests;" "I always go to pieces;" "I had a headache;" and over and over, "I was nervous."

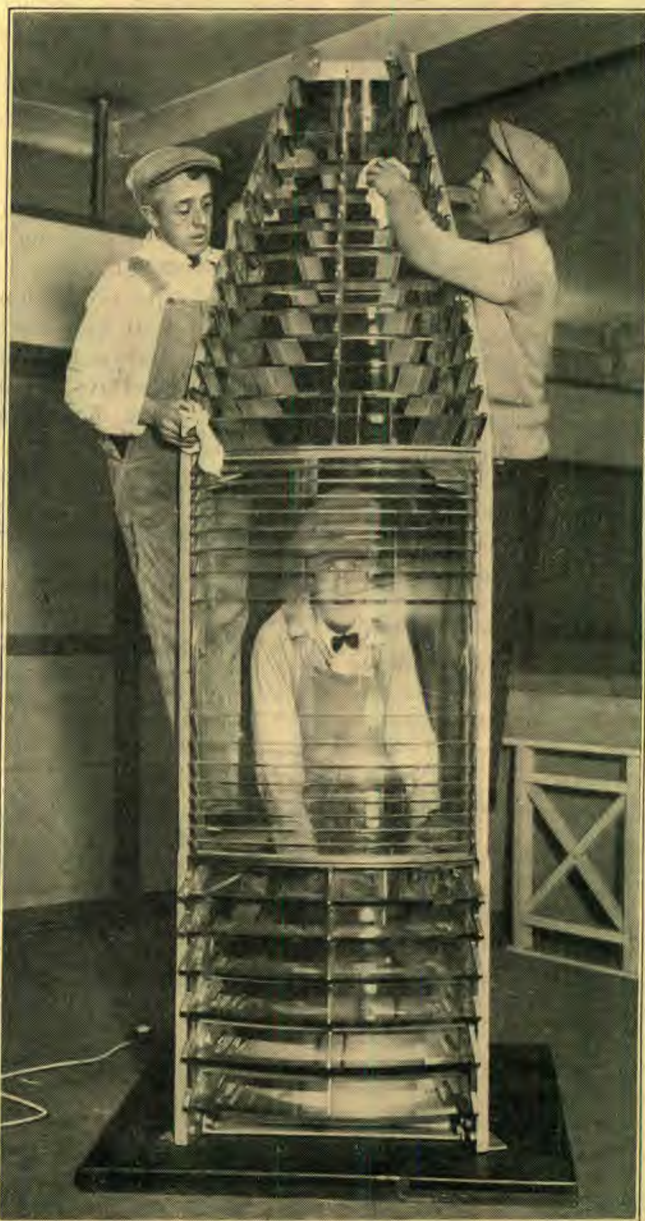
For once they received no sympathy; the

teacher had been considering whether or not an examination is such an ordeal as it is customarily considered. When she returned the corrected papers, she talked not about the failure in mathematics, but the failure in self-control.

"I can teach you mathematics," she said, "but I can't teach you self-control. No one but you yourself can teach that. You offer 'nervousness' as an

excuse for failure. You are on the road to being nervous women—the kind of women who 'go to pieces' in an emergency, who have nervous prostration when things go wrong. All of you know women of that class, and many of you know how much unhappiness one can cause. If you want to be that sort of woman, no one can stop you. On the other hand, if you want to be a helpful, reliable woman, the kind one naturally turns to in trouble, you can make yourself so, but you have got to begin now to control your nerves.

"You can start in learning to take tests calmly. Tests do not stop with school; there will be test days all your life. If you go into an office, there will be days when your employer will be ugly, the accounts will be tangled, and you will make mistakes in your dictation. They will be test days. If you are a teacher, there will be times when the classes will be maddeningly stupid and the pupils exasperating. If you are a housekeeper, there will be mornings when the bread will not rise, the cake will burn, the milk sour, and the



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*The World's Largest Lighthouse Lens*

*It is owned by Uncle Sam, and is capable of intensifying light more than a million times.*





Ice and Skating Time. Hurrah!

supplies ordered from the grocer will fail to come.

"You are going to meet those test days just as you meet school tests now. If you keep your head, you will win out. If you lose your grip and go to pieces as you did yesterday, you will be a failure. Any one can work when all is smooth; it is a crisis that shows what one is made of."

Some of the girls giggled, some sulked, but most of them seemed to be considering the new idea that "nervousness" is not unconquerable. When the time of the next test came, the teacher said:

"This is to be not only a test of your knowledge, but also a test of your self-control. Whether you do all or none of the problems, one thing you are to do—keep a grip on yourself."

During the next hour, whenever she saw the tense look, the rigid pose, she said firmly, "Quiet down: we are not going to be nervous today," and the girl instantly relaxed. As a natural consequence, the papers of this easily taken examination were the best of the term.—*The Interior*.

### Davy's Substitute

(Concluded from page 9)

college? Could it be, now—? Davy felt his heart almost suffocating him at the thought. Nay, it couldn't be! Why, it was well-nigh impossible. But he would go home. He must satisfy himself as to just how things were.

The president denied his request; it was too near the close of the term. Then Davy broke down completely, and, sobbing like a child, told him all his fears.

"I must go home, sir," declared Davy. "My mother needs me. I feel sure she does. How long she has been working like a slave to keep me here, it makes my heart ache to think."

But, with all his fear, Davy had naught like a full conception of the real state of the case.

Everything along the way from the station had a familiar look that warmed Davy's heart; but the nearer he drew to his home, the greater grew his forebodings. How had his mother managed without Ernest's help? Of course, she had been obliged to hire a man for the plowing; but how did it come about that the money received for the wheat had been such a surprising sum, with the man's hire and keep to be considered?

Between an opening in the hickory trees, Davy caught his first view of the familiar fields. An exclamation of delight escaped him. Never had the corn at this season appeared so promising. The cotton, too, showed widespreading, velvety leaves, full six inches above ground. What a master crop they would have, to be sure!

Davy hurried on. Some one was plowing. There were fresh furrows down more than half of the rows of corn. Soon Davy had a view of the moving figure; then he saw it more distinctly. There came a little choking gasp, and he sprang away as if the motive power of the winds was under his feet.

She heard him coming, and turned suddenly.

"Davy!" she gasped.

Then the plow lines slipped from her grasp; she pushed the old sunbonnet farther back, and reached for him with toil-hardened hands, a look of joy radiating her face.

"O mother, mother!" reproached Davy, and every word was like a sob. "How could you have done it? How could you let me go on, not knowing you were working like a slave here?"

"'Twas all for the education, lad. Mother's boy was getting the learning for which he hungered, and that was enough. But I haven't done it all alone," she added, quickly; "don't think so, Davy, my boy. I had a man to help me at odd times."

"Had I known for one minute who was my substitute," cried Davy, "I never would have stayed."

"So I knew, honey, and I would not let them tell you."

He drew her gently to one side, pulled off his coat,

### Luck or Pluck?

J. NATHANIEL KRUM

AH! The man who's always lucky

Is the man who's super-plucky,

He's the man who never mental labor shirks.

He's the man who's always smiling,

Thoughtful, careful, ne'er reviling,

And the man who buckles down to things and works!

There's no other definition,

I would say, with your admission,

Of the words, "He's lucky," than this verse exclaims.

Worker, sticker, pusher, goer,

Always higher, never lower,—

That's the blood that courses through a lucky's veins.

placed it on her arm, and then, running his hands through the loops in the lines, grasped the plow handles.

"My place is here," he said, as he clucked to the horse, "I'll never go back."

But he did, for a noble man, a trustee of the college, hearing of the mother's sacrifice and the lad's devotion, provided a way, so that there was no longer any need for Davy to have a substitute.—*A. M. Barnes, in Christian Advocate*.

"Heavenly blessings are not deferred by earthly difficulties."



## Our Missionary Volunteers

(Concluded from page 2)

### Missionary Volunteer Activity in Manchuria

"At the close of 1924, there were 116 Junior Missionary Volunteers in our five schools here in Manchuria," writes Elder R. M. Cossentine. "During the last quarter of 1924, two Senior societies were organized also. These have been active in distributing literature, in missionary correspondence, and in street preaching. The Changchun school society opened a night school, teaching the 'Thousand Characters' and Bible. Some of the pupils come to Sabbath school. The missions have placed the Primary Reading Courses in each school, and thirty-three Primary Reading Course certificates were issued to pupils in the schools during 1924."

### Krishnarajapuram — 100 Per Cent Missionary Volunteers

From the South India Training School, at Krishnarajapuram, India, comes the good word that eight of the students have been baptized. Three of these are from the Syrian Christians and of rather high caste. Furthermore, every one of these new converts signed up for Missionary Volunteer membership.

### Vassar, Michigan

C. M. Bunker, Missionary Volunteer secretary of East Michigan, writes that he has just organized a baptismal class of twelve young people in the Vassar, Michigan, church.

### Good Spirit at Bethel

T. S. Copeland, Missionary Volunteer secretary of South Wisconsin, sends us this note concerning Bethel Academy: "We have one of the liveliest and most earnest companies of young people at Bethel this year that I have seen in my experience. Up to the present time, out of an enrolment of almost eighty, fifty have pledged themselves for membership in the Missionary Volunteer Society. The boys and girls set aside a little time for special prayer each morning. They have also a real prayer room for private use during the day. Many answers to prayers have been received, and I am sure this is keeping up the spirit at Bethel."

### California

In the California Conference, hours of service, not dollars, was the incentive. For twenty-four hours put into the Harvest Ingathering work, a twenty-four-hour service certificate was given.

### Fruitvale Missionary Volunteers Rightly Named

Don't you think so? You will when you know that the Senior Missionary Volunteers of the Fruitvale, California, church have raised \$162 for the Harvest Ingathering, with only twenty-six members. Also, the twenty Juniors in the same church report \$90.



## The Arriving Kind of Experience

(Concluded from page 6)

perhaps a wonderful sermon, the heart furnishings are sorted over and thoroughly cleansed, then, alas, too often are left for the accumulations of another season of neglect.

How fortunate it would be should Jesus come just at the close of one of these experiences of setting our house in order, when wrong thoughts have been put away and wrong acts made right.



Wintertime and Skiing Time!

But it will not happen so, beloved. "When ye think not," then He'll come.

One glorious day a salesman appeared at our house, demonstrating a new-fangled machine that cleaned without any effort, and what was more wonderful than the absence of labor in its operation, was the fact that it worked. It really cleaned.

Realizing its value, and mindful, no doubt, of the discomforts of house cleaning, father purchased one; but it suffered the fate of all new household inventions, being relegated to the closet. Mother insisted that the agent could talk better than the machine could clean, while father argued that the cleaner had not been given a fair trial.

Sickness, however, made a dustless method of cleaning necessary, and the banished vacuum cleaner was called into service, acquitting itself quite satisfactorily.

You can imagine our joy, when, after many a surreptitious turning back of the rugs, mother finally convinced herself that vacuum cleaners clean and keep clean with ordinary care.

How simple and easy to set our house in order, and keep it so! With what little difficulty we could arrive!

All that is necessary is a connection with the current, the current which holds the sun, the moon, and the stars without variation, and this is the promise: "I . . . will hold thine hand, and will keep thee."

The sun has almost disappeared behind the western mountains. The long summer day is over.

"Night is drawing nigh."

Another day is to be gathered with the many that have gone before.

The record of them all, what of it?

God grant it is of the arriving kind.

"Tricks win no triumphs for truth."



## Travel Notes From Africa — No. 2

(Concluded from page 5)

before him. He hurried back and was saved. At another time he was crossing a bay in Lake Victoria in a small native boat. The boat was only large enough for five, but there were seven in it. A storm came up. All at once the boat filled with water and began to sink. The natives screamed, but he said, "God will care for us." The boat turned right again, and they were saved. Thus God watches over the missionaries.

But missions also have their tragedies. At Busegwe we found three mission graves; at Ntusu were three more, and at Majita still another three. We thought of the work these faithful workers had done, of the sorrow which came to their loved ones out there and at home when they died. They gave their lives for Africa. And it was not in vain. In the glad day of Christ's coming they will rejoice to see the natives whom they so dearly loved, with parents and dear ones from the homelands.

Surely this is a blessed work. We must plan for more missions, and send out and support more missionaries. Young people, you could not choose to serve a cause more inspiring, more promising, for your own development, and the good of mankind, than that of foreign service.

## Stories of a Pioneer Church

(Concluded from page 10)

So the day was filled with quiet, healthful enjoyment. These picnics were never-to-be-forgotten occasions.

The elder used to visit the scattered families of believers, and, wherever a few could be gathered together, meetings were held. Sometimes they were held in schoolhouses, but more often in private homes. Thus, little by little, the work was built up, and new believers were gathered.

Those who came from a distance to these meetings were entertained for dinner. Usually the table was filled with adults, and the children waited for the second table. The little folks did not mind that much; they were used to it. When people went visiting in those days, it was the custom to take the children with them, and they often had to wait for the second table. They were satisfied if they were given a piece of bread and butter or a cookie to eat while they played.

On such an occasion, one resourceful woman took a large tin pan of milk and crumbed it full of bread, and then set the pan on a chair. She passed enough teaspoons to go around. The children flocked around the chair, and proceeded to dispose of the contents of the pan. The writer was one of the happy children who had a share in that huge pan of bread and milk.

## Our Counsel Corner

"Will you please explain what is meant, from the Bible standpoint, by food offered to idols? In Daniel 1, it is found that Daniel would not eat nor defile himself with the food offered to idols, or a portion of the king's meat and wine which he drank."

Before Jesus was offered on Calvary as the sinless Lamb of God to take away the sin of the world, sacrifices of sheep, oxen, goats, and doves, also "meat offerings" made from flour and oil, were used in divine worship, these consecrated sacrifices

pointing forward, typifying the believer's faith in the Son of God, who was to come as the Redeemer to save man from his sins. Like offerings were used in false worship, as people prostrated themselves before idols in their vile worship of false gods. A worshiper of the true God, who in heart and soul purposed to be true to Jehovah, counted it an act of great disloyalty to God even as much as to eat of the flesh (it perchance might be the flesh of clean animals God had given permission to use) or "meat" or "drink offerings" that he knew had been used in worship of idols. On entering the heathen court at Babylon, Daniel and his companions, captives from the land of Israel and worshipers of the one true God, decided not to defile themselves with the food or the wine they knew, and which they knew the heathen people at the court knew that they knew, had been offered in sacrifice to idols. This would have been a denial of their faith in Israel's God. And to Him they purposed to stand true, whatever the consequences should be.

"At the very outset of their career, there came to them a decisive test of character. It was provided that they should eat of the food and drink of the wine that came from the king's table. In this the king thought to give them an expression of his favor and of his solicitude for their welfare. But a portion having been offered to idols, the food from the king's table was consecrated to idolatry; and one partaking of it would be regarded as offering homage to the gods of Babylon. In such homage, loyalty to Jehovah forbade Daniel and his companions to join. Even a mere pretense of eating the food or drinking the wine would be a denial of their faith. To do this would be to array themselves with heathenism, and to dishonor the principles of the law of God."—*Prophets and Kings*, p. 481.

After sacrificial offerings ceased at the cross, faith in Christ now being expressed in other ways, partaking of foods offered idols ceased to mark so distinctly loyalty or disloyalty to God. (See 1 Cor. 8; 10: 27-32; Rom. 14: 20-23.) T. E. B.

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### V — The Importunate Widow; the Pharisee and the Publican; Blessing Little Children

(January 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 18: 1-17.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matt. 19: 13-15; Mark 10: 13-16.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 18: 16.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 511-517; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 150-180.

#### Questions

##### The Urgent Widow

1. What counsel did Jesus give in introducing a certain parable? What distinguishing traits did the judge have? Luke 18: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. For what purpose did the widow go to the judge? Verse 3.
3. Why did he finally grant her entreaty? Verses 4, 5.
4. What lesson does Jesus draw from this parable? Verses 6, 7.
5. With what question does He close the parable? Verse 8.
6. What were the characteristics of another class to whom Jesus spoke a parable? Verse 9.

##### Contrasts in Prayer

7. What two men went up to the temple to pray? Verse 10.
8. What was the prayer of each? Verses 11-13. Note 2.
9. What great truth did Jesus state in closing the parable? Verse 14.

##### Blessing the Children

10. Why were little children brought to Jesus? How did the disciples endeavor to prevent this? Verse 15. Note 3.
11. How did Jesus show them their error? Verse 16.
12. How must one accept God's gift of eternal life? Verse 17.

#### Notes

1. Barnes comments thus on Luke 18: 1: "We must not neglect regular, stated seasons of prayer; we must seize on occasions of remarkable providence—as afflictions or signal blessings—to seek God in prayer; we must always maintain a spirit of prayer, or be in a proper frame to lift up our hearts to God for His blessing, and we must not grow weary though our prayer seems not to be answered."

"The voice of decision is the breath of destiny."



"'Not to faint.' Not to grow weary or give over. The parable is designed to teach us that, though our prayers should long appear to be unanswered, we should persevere, and not grow weary in supplication to God."

2. "We are taught here the spirit in which we should pray. Too many pray 'with themselves.' . . . Let it never be forgotten that those who will be justified and stand accepted before God are they who are nothing in their own estimate."—*F. B. Meyer*.

Smiting the breast "is one mode of expressing grief among the Orientals, especially in mourning for the dead; and its insertion in the parable is very expressive of the deep sorrow of the penitent publican. His grief on account of his sins was like the grief of those who mourned for their dead."—*Bible Manners and Customs*, p. 420.

3. "Jewish mothers often brought their babes to the leading rabbis for their blessing, and thus children were brought to Jesus. The disciples tried to prevent this, fearing that it would trouble the Master and hinder what they considered His more important work; but our Lord, as Mark tells us, was much displeased, and rebuked them. The little child, He said tenderly, is the very type of the citizen of My kingdom. No one can enter the kingdom of God until he is trustful as a child, humble, pure, loving, meek, teachable. These are also the characteristics of true prayer. The publican had many of them, the Pharisee lacked them."—*Peloubet*.

#### Topics for Round-Table Discussion

1. Christ's teachings on prayer.
2. The essentials of prayer.
3. Pharisees and publicans of today.
4. Of what beatitude is the publican in the parable an example?
5. How did the Pharisee's prayer show a wrong spirit?

#### Harmony of the Gospels

Continue the chart outline as suggested in Lesson II.

## Junior Lesson

### V — The Importunate Widow; the Pharisee and the Publican; Blessing Little Children

(January 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 18: 1-17.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Matt. 19: 13-15; Mark 10: 13-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." Luke 18: 16.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 511-517; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 150-180.

PLACE: Probably in Judea.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; Pharisees; mothers and children.

#### Setting of the Lesson

"Christ had been speaking of the period just before His second coming, and of the perils through which His followers must pass. With special reference to that time He related the parable 'to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint.'"—*Christ's Object Lessons*, p. 164.

#### Questions

1. For what purpose was this parable given? Luke 18: 1. Note 1.
2. What was the character of the judge. Verse 2. Note 2.
3. What did the widow seek? Verse 3. Note 3.
4. What was the decision of the judge for a time? Why did he at last grant her request? Verses 4, 5. Note 4.
5. What lesson did Jesus draw from this? Verses 6, 7. Note 5.
6. How is the promise of justice emphasized? What question shows that there are but few who will be crying to God when that time comes? Verse 8.
7. To whom did Jesus speak another parable? Verse 9.
8. What two men are mentioned in the parable? Where did both go? Verse 10. Note 6.
9. How did the Pharisee pray? What did he say? Verses 11, 12. Note 7.
10. In what manner did the publican pray? What were the words of his prayer? Verse 13.
11. What were the results of these two prayers? With what general statement did Jesus close this parable? Verse 14. Note 8.

12. For what purpose were little children brought to Jesus? How did His disciples try to hinder this? Verse 15.

13. What did Jesus say to the disciples? Verse 16.

14. With what simple faith must every one receive the word of God? Verse 17.

#### Why?

- Why did the judge grant the widow's request?
- Why does God hear the prayers of His people?
- Why did the Pharisee pray?
- Why did the publican pray?
- Why was one "justified rather than the other"?
- Why did Jesus welcome the children?

#### Notes

1. "Pray without ceasing." 1 Thess. 5: 17; Rom. 12: 12. This implies the following:

a. Being in the spirit of prayer, even when there is no opportunity to speak words of prayer.

b. Never failing, through carelessness, to keep stated times of prayer.

c. To continue asking for the things desired until the answer is obtained, or until we know God's will concerning it.

2. In ancient times, Israel had in all the gates of the city, judges, who were under obligation to administer justice, without respect of persons. The same custom was continued in the days when Jesus was upon earth.

3. "The idea is not so much 'avenge me' as 'do me justice' against mine adversary. Some powerful and wicked neighbor had taken away her land, her house, her cattle, and she called aloud to the judge to 'right' her. . . . It was not so much vengeance or the punishment of her oppressor that she wanted as the restoration of her rights."—*Sadler*.

4. The setting chosen for this parable is a very strong one. God is not compared to the unjust judge, but *contrasted* with him. If this hard-hearted, wicked judge, who cared only for himself, would grant the request of the widow because of her perseverance, how much more will God our Father, who is holy, and who is pleased with the importunity of His children, answer when they call upon Him. Again, the widow was probably a stranger to the judge, had no promises from him, and could have access to him only at stated times, and then against his will; while God's elect are His beloved children in whom He delights. They have many precious promises from Him, and are urgently requested to come to Him at all times.

5. "(1) Not because God is unwilling to bestow good things, or must be overpersuaded; for He is more ready to give than we are to ask. (2) It is to cherish and cultivate our faith, bringing us into closer relations to God. (3) It is to make us fit to receive, to intensify our desire and appreciation of the things God would bestow."—*Peloubet*.

"Give me these links—(1) Sense of need; (2) desire to get; (3) belief that God has it in store; (4) belief that though He withholds awhile, He loves to be asked; and (5) belief that asking will obtain—give me these links, and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing heaven all down to me, or bearing me up into heaven."—*William Arnot*.

6. Devout Jews went to the temple to pray, if they were near; if they were at a distance, they looked toward it when they prayed.

7. This was not really a prayer in the sense of a petition or thanksgiving to God. It was communing "with himself," and boasting in the name of thanksgiving. Are we not all too apt to think that we are better than we are, and that others are worse than they are?

8. Each man got what he wanted in answer to his prayer,—the Pharisee the notice and praise of men, the publican the forgiveness of God.



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"Soiling another will never make one clean."





THE British Air Ministry announces that before the end of this year a biweekly air service between London and Bombay, India, will in all probability be an accomplished fact.

THE Rhode Island Audubon Society has received twenty-nine acres of land to be used as a bird refuge, and the income from a trust fund of \$15,000 for its upkeep. The grant of land is in the southwestern part of the State, near Westerly.

THE French navy, according to official announcement, will sponsor an expedition to the north pole, which will start from Spitzbergen next April. The trip will be made with auto sledges and two hydro-airplanes. It is claimed that the sledges, a new invention, can make fifteen miles an hour over ice or water.

THE Pasteur Institute in Paris advertises a new treatment for tuberculosis among cattle. In brief, says the *American Review of Reviews*, the treatment consists of the inoculation of newborn calves with a specially prepared virus which makes them immune from tuberculosis even when in the midst of an infected herd.

BELGIANS are complaining a little bitterly that the Americans who promised to restore the famous old University of Louvain near Brussels, which was ruined by the Germans in the war, have apparently forgotten. The restoration was started on an extensive and expensive scale; but after \$100,000 was spent, the work stopped and the American directors seemed to lose interest. It will now cost the Belgians about \$400,000 to complete the work according to the original plans.

ANOTHER step has been taken in the inevitable overland connection of the Far East with Europe by the recent building of a railway through Khyber Pass. This is the gateway between India and Afghanistan, and except for the Bolan Pass farther south, is about the only practicable highway through the six thousand miles of high, rugged mountains that guard India on the north and northwest.

LOUISIANA is the only State in the United States which is actually increasing in area. In the last twenty-five years more than one thousand square miles of land have been added to that State by the sand and silt deposits of the Mississippi River. An aerial survey shows that the shore line of Louisiana is twelve miles farther out to sea than it was in 1900. Grass and young trees are now growing where a few years ago there was a sheet of water anywhere from five to sixty feet in depth.

ESTABLISHING what is believed to be the world's record for hours of flying in one year, Lieut. R. D. Thomas, commanding officer of the Naval Reserve Air Station at Squantum, Massachusetts, rolled up a total of 700 hours and 30 minutes official flying time during 1925. At an average speed of 68 to 70 miles an hour, he covered 98,000 miles, or a distance equal to four times the circuit of the globe. This record was made without injury to the plane or personnel, and all the flying was done as a part of regular duty.

DR. RUSSELL H. CONWELL, widely known lecturer and writer, died December 6, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, aged 82 years. He had earned on the lecture platform and given away a fortune of more than \$11,000,000 to help educate deserving young men, and to found Temple University, the Baptist Temple, and several hospitals. Dr. Conwell is said to have addressed more persons than any other public speaker. He knew twenty-eight lectures by heart, including his famous "Acres of Diamonds" lecture, which he had given 6,152 times.

"He is all fault who hath no fault at all."

THE secrets of rearing silkworms have been handed down among Chinese farmers from father to son for hundreds of generations. The Chinese farmers buy silkworm eggs in the spring. These are very minute, and are sold on sheets of stiff paper, each containing 200,000 to 240,000 eggs. The egg sheets are placed in a clean basket in a small rearing-room, and charcoal fires in earthenware braziers are used to keep the temperature at 80° day and night for nine days. Then the eggs turn green. A day or two after this the worms hatch. For the first two or three days the young worms must be fed every two hours day and night. Fresh, soft mulberry leaves are shredded very fine and sprinkled over the newly hatched worms; their jaws are too weak to chew much of the leaf, but they can suck out the juices. The worms reach their full growth in eighteen days, says a writer in the *Scientific American*. Some idea of their ravenous appetite can be gained from the fact that a group of 200,000—the number hatched from one egg sheet about one foot square—eat a ton and a half of mulberry leaves in a little over a fortnight. On the eighteenth day the farmers transfer the worms to a bamboo rack, and almost immediately they begin to spin their cocoons.

AMONG the guests at the recent laying of a corner-stone for a new film exchange in New York City, was a gray-haired man who has the distinction of being the first man to make and operate a practical projector for showing photographic films or moving pictures. His name is Jean A. Leroy. He is a machinist, and not a very prosperous one. Yet he practically invented in 1894 the process on which rests an industry that employs hundreds of thousands of persons, turns over a great many million dollars a year, and has made fortunes for no one knows how many picture producers, directors, actors, and theater owners. Mr. Leroy failed to get a patent on his machine, and has made little or nothing out of it.

THE government of Venezuela, we are told, has forbidden the importation of any more radio sets, because the Venezuelans, when they go home for luncheon and siesta, turn on their receivers and forget to go back to work. "Bootlegging" of radio sets has become an active business since the prohibition went into effect, and any one who is fortunate enough to own a set can get a fabulous price for it. The government has stopped all afternoon concerts that it can control, but in the oil belt, where foreign interests hold concessions, enough programs are still broadcast to keep the Venezuelans busy with the ear phones.

MAKING a Christmas cake each year larger than the one of the year before has been the hobby for thirty years of S. F. Stevens, a baker of Clapham, London, who is now seventy-one years old. His effort for 1925 resulted in the production of a cake weighing more than a ton, portions of which were sent to many parts of the world. The ingredients of this cake, the preparation of which required two months, included 10 cases of currants, 175 pounds of sugar, 275 pounds of flour, 175 pounds of butter, 220 lemons, 2,500 eggs, 150 pounds of candy peel, 30 quarts of milk, 125 pounds of almonds, 84 pounds of citron, and 8 boxes of raisins.

NEWS comes from London that Lord Nelson's cabin on his flagship "Victory," which figured prominently in the Battle of Trafalgar in 1805, will be refurbished as nearly as possible as it was when the great general occupied it. The "Victory" has for some time been undergoing restoration in dry dock at Portsmouth, where it will remain permanently as a reminder to British subjects that "England expects every man to do his duty."

THE brain is a curious organ. It is almost insensible to pain, for one thing, and it is much less subject to disease than the rest of the body. Even when there is definite brain trouble, it is often impossible to detect in the brain tissue any alteration of substance. It is also very difficult to exhaust the brain by intellectual work, provided the other organs are in a healthy condition. Finally, the brain does its work on an exceedingly small amount of sustenance. Sir Arthur Keith, the British surgeon, has put the fact very graphically by saying that the energy contained in an ounce of sugar would be enough to produce one of Shakespeare's plays if it should find its way to a brain as gifted as Shakespeare's was.