

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## MY OFFERING

No costly gifts —  
“Gold, frankincense, or myrrh” —  
Have I to bring;  
Not one rich gift  
To lay in loving homage at Thy feet,  
O Christ, my King!  
And yet I come,  
In love to worship Thee,  
E’en though “my gift”  
Be all unworthy Thee —  
’Tis just myself, dear Lord;  
Small, frail, and commonplace  
The offering; and yet  
I read a welcome in Thy face,  
And sweet acceptance, too,  
Of this, my fragile gift,  
Formed but of human clay.  
But — Thou wilt see —  
It is wrought with love  
And deep, deep gratitude for Thee,  
Our Father’s “gift” of wondrous love.  
And now, O Jesus, Saviour, King,  
I lay at Thy dear feet, this Lord’s day morn,  
My offering — myself,  
Thine evermore to be!  
Refine, remold, make of the “passive clay”  
Something beautiful — for Thee!

— *Exchange.*





# REACHING UP AND OUT

## Are You a Spendthrift?

**H**AVE you ever stopped to ask yourself whether or not you are paying too high a price for some of the things in which you are indulging?

Not material things—we are all zealous in demanding our money's worth, even to the uttermost farthing: but what about spiritual values? Have young people of today lost their sense of proportion when it comes to these priceless treasures? Is that the reason why so many boys and girls, young men and young women, are throwing them carelessly away—"exchanging their birthright for a mess of pottage"?

There are boys from Seventh-day Adventist homes—youngsters not out of their teens, and their brothers older grown, callow, sophisticated youths, with sleek hair and pasty complexion and lusterless eyes, smoking like chimneys and proud of the flask they carry in their hip pockets. They *think* they are men, while in truth they are fools, victims of a mistaken ideal, who are bartering their mental, moral, and physical strength—for what?

"For fun," did some one answer? Yes, but is the fun worth the price? Can you look at a poor, despised, drunken sot, and persuade yourself that any pleasure which may have come to him out of dissipation has paid for what it cost?

And there are girls from Seventh-day Adventist homes—girls mad for "a thrill." To be admired is their one and only ambition—seemingly; and to be popular the aim and end of life. So they throw discretion to the winds, and cut their hair, "make up" their faces, abbreviate and abridge their attire, and go on wild parties, joyride till all hours of the night, and permit familiarities which their escorts demand as the price for such entertainment.

How cheaply they sell themselves! Many a girl pays with shame and disgrace which follow her through life for a single such indiscretion. They buy their thrills at an exorbitant price, these girls who give in exchange their self-respect, their modesty, their maidenly reserve, which is their birthright, and their good names.

"But," some one protests, "our dress, our amusements, our beliefs, are our own business. This is a free country. *We have a right to do as we please!*"

There is an amusing story told of the early days of the Russian revolution. After the czar had abdicated, a stout old woman was seen leisurely walking down the middle of one of the busiest streets in Petrograd, at no small peril to herself and to the great confusion of traffic. A policeman pointed out to her that there was a pavement for pedestrians, and that streets were for wagons and automobiles. But she was not to be convinced. "I'm going to walk just where I please," she declared firmly; "we've got liberty now!"

You see, the trouble was she didn't understand what liberty was. It hadn't occurred to her that if everybody walked or drove just where he pleased, heedless of everybody else, the result would be chaos. To get along at all there must be rules of the road

that limit our privilege to do as we like. When we assert our right to "do as we please," to "live our own life," we are as thoughtless as this super-independent citizen of Petrograd. Freedom is not a question of doing as we like; it is rather a question of doing as we ought. Liberty is a responsibility before it is a right.

Then there is our obligation to the Master. We really have no right to disregard His claims upon us, for He is giving us life and health and strength this very moment. We may disregard His law, but so long as we live and move and have our being we cannot escape from His goodness, His mercy, and His great love. It may be "nobody's business," so far as humanity is concerned, what we think or do; but the Man who died on Calvary's cross stands in a far different relationship. He is our Saviour, our Redeemer, our King. And He speaks to each one of us personally today. Listen!

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from thy flesh: for childhood and youth are vanity."

Picture yourself standing before Jesus in the day of final accounting—which no human being can hope to escape—and contending that what you did in your pilgrimage through this earth was none of His affair! that you had a perfect right to disregard His commandments and reproach His name! Could you really offer such a defense for your conduct? Think about it soberly, seriously.

And so while we do not question, so far as your relationship to your fellows is concerned, your privilege to do this, or that, or the other thing; while we do not contend that you boys have no right to smoke and drink and boast of your freedom of thought and action; while not for a moment would we say that you girls have no right to wear your hair, your clothes, your manners, or your morals in any style that fashion dictates, we do ask you to consider whether or not it pays.

Have you in some overzealous moment declared your independence by doing something—perhaps something which is no sin in itself—which brought you into the limelight of adverse public sentiment in your immediate circle? And did it really pay—the price you gave in peace of mind and in the esteem of your fellows? Were your rights, as you conceived them, worth fighting for in so minor an issue? Some victories are altogether too costly.

And these are not all the prices. There is the price the lazy man pays for his shiftlessness, the price the miser pays for his hoarded gold, the price the overzealous student pays for his broken health, the price the sarcastic pay in alienated friendship for the sake of making a clever speech. There are a thousand and one other gratifications of inclination or mood, or the desire of a moment for which we pay with tears and loneliness and bitter regret.

What price are you paying in your own individual experience? Are you a spiritual spendthrift?



## Words to the Young

MRS. E. G. WHITE

**C**REATE in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." This prayer is appropriate for every soul, and at any time and in every place may be offered to God in the name and through the merit of Christ. The thought that God can take a poor, sinful, sorrowful human being, and so transform him by grace that he may become an heir of God and joint heir with Jesus, is almost too great for our comprehension. If the sinner comes to God confessing his sin, and believing in Christ as his personal Saviour, he will be accepted; for the word of God is sure. It is yea and amen. Jesus says, "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Christ takes upon Him the sins of the transgressor, and imputes to him His righteousness, and by His transforming grace makes him capable of associating with angels and communing with God.

Out of Christ, human wisdom in all its forms is foolishness; for those who trust in their own wisdom have lost eternity out of their reckoning. Christ prayed for His followers, saying, "Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth." To all who believe in Jesus as able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him, the gospel is the power and wisdom of God. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him." "If any man will do His will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God." Jesus is inviting and drawing by His Holy Spirit the hearts of young and old unto Himself. He says, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me."

When Christ crucified is preached, the power of the gospel is demonstrated by the influence it exerts over the believer. In place of remaining dead in trespasses and sins, he is awakened. The simple story of the cross of Christ, His suffering and dying for the world, His resurrection and ascension, His mediation in the sinner's behalf before the Father, sub-

dues and breaks the hard and sinful heart, and brings the sinner to repentance. The Holy Spirit sets the matter before him in a new light, and the sinner realizes that sin must be a tremendous evil to cost such a sacrifice to atone for it; for he hears that "God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." How grievous

must sin be that no less a remedy than the death of the Son of God could save man from the consequences of his guilt. Why was this done in behalf of man?—It was because God loved him, and was not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance, believe in Jesus as a personal Saviour, and have life eternal.

Those who transgress the law of God must suffer the penalty of transgression; but by repentance of sin, by faith in Christ, who, innocent, suffered the punishment for the guilty, the sinner may be pardoned, and through the merit of Christ, may have another probation in which he may have opportunity to form a character like

Christ's character. No one will enter the abodes of bliss who has not been tested and proved; for it must be demonstrated that those who enter heaven will be obedient to its laws, and in harmony with its government. If through the merit of Christ, we develop a character in submission to the will and way of God in this world, our names will stand registered in the Lamb's book of life. Every soul is now deciding his own destiny, proving whether he will be worthy to unite with the saints in light, or unworthy of an entrance into the city of God—fit only to remain with the wicked and to perish with them.

With intense interest the angels of God are watching to see how we are developing, and they are weighing moral worth. God has given to every man his work, and he is to be no idler. Those who are sanctified through the truth, will make it manifest in

### I Will Be Glad

I WILL be glad though plans shall fail  
And failure mark each day's detail;  
Though doubts and fears my soul assail,  
Yet shall they not o'er me prevail —  
I will be glad.

I will be glad though friend turn foe  
And thorns bestrew the way I go;  
My God rules over all! I know  
He portions out my cup, and so  
I will be glad.

I will be glad because God's love  
As lasting is as heaven above;  
And so earth's trials will but prove  
That nothing can my faith e'er move.  
I will be glad.

— Selected.





their actions; for they will stand decidedly on the Lord's side, and be heart to heart with their Captain. They will be laborers together with God, representing and defending the holy and the pure, while those who range themselves on the side of error, will support methods whereby the truth shall be suppressed. God has given to every one his light, his measure of power; and he is to work after Christ's order, manifesting self-denial, wearing Christ's yoke, and bearing his burden. He will then reveal the fact that he is one with Christ, and his light will shine forth to the world in good works. No one who truly follows Christ, will selfishly live for himself. That he is a follower of Christ is to be demonstrated by precept and example,—line upon line, precept upon precept. In the little things and in the larger responsibilities he is to make it manifest that he is rooted and grounded in the truth. Then his influence will be a success. His associates will know where to find him, and the world will know what to expect of him,

and souls will be saved through his instrumentality.

The influence of the Christian, as a witness for Christ, will be far-reaching; for the truth of God will be carried by the Spirit's power, and the heart and conscience of many others will be awakened; and so the talents of the Lord's intrusting will be continually increasing. Let every youth remember that it is one thing to acknowledge the truth of the doctrines of the Bible, and it is another thing to let them control the practical life, and have the living, working principles of truth fashioning the thoughts and actions, that the soul may be pure as God is pure. For as God is perfect in His sphere, so man is to be perfect in his sphere. Let the youth be fully determined to bring sound doctrine into actual contact with souls for whom Christ died, that it may produce sound practice. Then you will be doers of the words of Christ. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

## A Picture Gallery of Heroes



HERE is inspiration for the traveler who goes to Westminster Abbey, where the bodies of heroes of war and of peace lie side by side. And there is inspiration for the reader who will take the trouble to look into the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, the "Westminster Abbey" of the Bible. There the names are given and the achievements are recited of men and women who were great, not necessarily because they were prominent in the eyes of the world,—some of them were very humble people,—but because they were men and women of strong faith.

But what is faith? Faith is a telescope by means of which men can put heavenly things beside earthly things, that they may diligently compare them. Many people persistently choose the baubles of life instead of God's best gifts, simply because they have not made the comparison.

Moses, conspicuously named in the Bible picture gallery of faith, was not one of these. The adopted son of the daughter of the Egyptian king, he weighed the treasures of Egypt in the scales with the reproach of Christ, and when he saw the result, he did not hesitate to take the course that has made his name famous for all time: he turned his back on Egypt, giving himself up to the service of God's afflicted people.

But it is well to think of a heroine of faith without whom Moses would not have been the man he was—his mother. "If you want to know the cradle in which his greatness was rocked," one has written, "go back to the banks of the river Nile, and see whose are the hands that fashioned the cradle of bulrushes, and whose are the hands that rocked it; and who taught the tiny babe to speak, and to love, and to know, and to grow, and to dream, and to become. You have come upon the name of a Hebrew bond-woman tending her child. Back of Moses stands his mother. By her divine ministry the divine miracle was wrought."

A picture gallery of faith might be made today. For instance, the story of missions is a record of faith. Livingstone went to Africa because God called him. He went, not knowing whither he went, but leaving that with God.

Adoniram Judson labored for years without a convert, but he did not lose faith in Him who could touch the hearts of men. Dr. Cortland Van Rensselaer Hodge and the others who have laid down their lives in China were enabled to be strong to the end by reason of the vision of faith.

Robert Morrison was sustained by his faith in God. The captain of the "Trident," the ship on which he sailed from New York to China, knowing something of the impenetrable conservatism of the Chinese, said: "And so, Mr. Morrison, you really expect that you will make an impression upon the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?" "No, sir," returned Mr. Morrison, "I expect God will."

Horace Bushnell, in an address before New England pioneers, added still others to the picture gallery of faith. "In common graves," he says, "lie the sturdy kings of homespun, who climbed among these hills with their axes to cut away room for their cabins, set up the family altar, and sow for the good future to come. Here lie their sons, who foddered their cattle on the snows and built stone fences while their corn was sprouting in the hills, getting ready, in that way, to send a boy or two to college. Here lie the good housewives who made coats every year, like Hannah, for their children's bodies, and lined their memory with verses from the Bible.

"Here the millers who took honest toll of the rye, the smiths and coopers who superintended two hands, and got a little revenue of honest bread and schooling from their little joint stock of two-handed investment. Here the district committees and schoolmistresses, the religious society founders and church deacons. Who they are by name, we cannot tell—no matter who they are; we should be none the wiser if we could name them, they themselves none the more honorable. Enough that they are the King Lemuels and their queens of the good old times gone by—kings and queens of homespun, out of whom we drew our noble lineage."

Without these heroes of an age gone by, America would not be what it is today, and without their faith in God these pioneers would never have come from England to America. They longed for freedom to

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"If you have an idea, stick to it, use it, make it pay."



# He Was a Man

ANDREW C. FEARING, JR.

**S**EVERAL years ago, in a chapel talk, Prof. E. A. Curdy related the experience of a young man in Scotland. This story at once found a place in my memory, and a longing came into my heart to develop a character similar to the beautiful character portrayed in this life. It commanded my adoration.

In many schools of the old country it is customary for the students to say a sentence or two when their diplomas are presented to them. A few years ago, there graduated at Glenalmond School, in Scotland, a boy who said, upon receiving his parchment, "I intend to live a clean life, and honor this school. So help me, Lord."

Then, a mere lad of seventeen, he became shortly after an officer in the Highlanders. He was aboard the "Birkenhead" when she struck a rock, and the men stood by while the women and the children were being saved. Alexander Russell — that was the name of the young officer — was ordered to help man one of the boats carrying the women and children away from the doomed ship. Watching from a distance, he saw the steamer go down, carrying with it hundreds of brave hearts. He saw the sharks, those fearful creatures of the deep, seizing their prey, and heard the screams of men who were being torn to pieces. Then, just when all seemed safe for him, he saw a form float close to the boat on a piece of wreckage, and a hand reached out and tried to grasp the side. There was not room in the craft for one more person. But as a sailor's face rose clear at the boat's side, a woman aboard called out in agony, "Save him! Save him! He's my husband!"

"No room," some one answered, "better one man drown than all of us!" But Russell looked at the woman, then at her children, then at the sailor struggling helplessly in the waves, and then at the dreaded sharks feasting on every hand. He rose from his seat in the stern of the boat, and with a bold plunge, jumped clear. He helped the drowning man into what had been his own place — and safety. Then this brave young officer, a lad of seventeen, said, "God bless you all," and swam away to meet his death.

A tablet has been placed in Glenalmond School bearing this inscription, "In memory of Alexander Cumine Russell. He kept his word: he lived a clean life, and honored this school."

Russell died with his life dream unfulfilled, but he died keeping his word. He died with an ideal of love, which is life's divinest achievement when glorified by a noble purpose and served by unselfish devotion. His ideals made him a man; that is every-

thing. He did not get; but he became. It is better to be true to what you know is right than to win success. The fact that he stood firm for what he conceived to be his duty made him the hero we admire; and, though dead, he still speaks to us eloquently by his act of unselfish devotion. O that the impress of his life and character might be stamped upon our hearts!

We may never have to undergo the supreme test which Alexander Russell had to face. Still, every day, in our humble place, we meet tests of character, ideals, and principles. Are we going to stand as Russell did, or are we going to yield to what the world calls fame, honor, happiness, and success? Let us be young men and women with such powers of spiritual reserve that we will be able to withstand the storms of the future. Let us esteem real manhood as the summit of our success.

Ah, my friends, it does not pay to yield to the voice of him that would do us ill instead of good. If we maintain our allegiance to God, we shall be suitable representatives for a place in that wonderful home where the unsearchable riches of redeeming love will be revealed to us through the ages of eternity. Yes, let us begin now, today, in the strength of God, to live a clean life, to be strong, true, pure, kind, good, and noble. In thus living we

shall honor our God, our country, our parents, our friends, and our school.

## The Better Part

R. HARE

THERE is something sweeter for life to win,  
Something dearer, I know,  
Brighter and purer than all the sin  
Down in this world below!  
And ever, forever the chorus rings,  
Along the weary way —  
"Something better," it ever sings,  
"Whatever the world may say!"

Sick at heart the world jogs on,  
Joying with hopes that spoil,  
Hopes that will vanish and after all,  
Give only husks for toil!  
The wine in its glass has a deadly sting:  
Its music is dirged with pain;  
And the brightest smile it can ever bring,  
Quickly dies out again!

There's something better — a truer joy  
Is found in service sweet,  
And passing years of glad employ  
But make life more complete!  
Into its music the angel's song  
May weave as days go by,  
Till the heart forgets its sin and wrong,  
And the spirit forgets to sigh!

## Secondhand Things

P. T. GIBBS

**W**HO is this Mr. Larkin who has just honored us with a call?" said Mrs. Rogers, looking up from her sewing. "Is he the young man who is a chum of sister Sarah's Ben?"

"Yes, you have him placed," assented her husband.  
"How did he impress you?"

"Not very favorably, to be plain about it. Here's the thing I don't like." Mr. Rogers sat up straighter in his chair. "John is fairly well educated, but his talk is tiresome. His whole idea seems to be to tell stories to make folks laugh."

"I suppose he wishes to be interesting," defended Mrs. Rogers.

"Yes. But his whole conversation is secondhand or shopworn stock. Why should a worth-while young man be any more content to depend on secondhand ideas that to dress in secondhand clothing?"

And really, why should he?

"Be something; always be doing something practical and helpful."



## A Passion for Service



STRANGER was walking down a winding road through a beautiful valley one hot, dusty summer afternoon. His throat was dry from the dust and heat. He was hungry, and longed for a quiet place to rest and be refreshed. As he journeyed, his attention was attracted to a crude sign,—an arrow pointing to a path leading back among the trees, and three words, "To the spring," evidently fashioned by some trembling hand.

Following the path, the stranger found water, clear and cold, gushing from beneath a cliff of jagged rock. Great trees surrounding it made it a sequestered nook. The robin was singing its sweet evening song; the whippoorwill was calling its mate. A cup was at hand, and the stranger, refreshed by this liquid gladness, removed his burdens and bathed his face and hands. Glancing about, he saw a rustic seat, also crudely built. Seated, he observed a basket hung to the limb of a tree above the spring. It was full of luscious, juicy apples.

"These are yours, stranger. Help yourself," read a sign on the basket. Like a boy he ate an apple, and then filled his pockets.

Cheered, fed, and rested, the thought came over him like an inspiration, "What a wealth of kindness! Love has been dreaming."

Then the desire to meet the person, so generous and thoughtful, deepened.

He looked for a path that might lead to an explanation of such beautiful ministry. He found it, and wending his way back through the trees, came to a barnyard gate, then to a garden gate. He went up the path through a garden of old-fashioned flowers, to a humble little cottage at the edge of the orchard.

An aged man answered his knock. "Good evening," said the stranger.

"Good evening, friend. Come in. Come in."

"I have come to inquire," said the visitor, "who so thoughtfully placed the sign directing strangers to the spring down by the side of the road?"

"Oh," said the old man, "it's the story of the spring that you want, is it? Well, excuse me and I'll call mother."

Mother came in from the garden. "Good evening, stranger," she said, "it is the story of the spring you are inquiring about?"

"Yes, I wanted to meet you, and learn what prompted you and your husband to such a beautiful ministry."

"Well," said she, "it's this way: Fifty years ago father and I were married and came to this valley, staked out our claim, and built our home. Our Master's presence filled our hearts, and they were very full of love. The valley was so fertile and lovely that we knew it would be but a little while before it would be filled up with settlers. Our hearts craved to be a blessing. We knelt down upon the ground after the papers were made out, and there dedicated our lives and our home to be a blessing to everybody who should come into the valley.

"So we listened for the wagons of the new settlers. Either father or I would go down to the road to meet them and bring them to our home to rest. We've welcomed most of the settlers in the valley this way. Father showed them the open claims, helped them to file on them, and often they would be sheltered in our house while we helped them build their cabins.

"Those were all precious days to us. Preaching places were scarce, so we had our circle of prayer each week in the valley. There many young fathers and mothers found Jesus a precious friend. Father led the singing, we all read our Bibles and prayed together, and heaven came very close to earth.

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C. Hileman  
Courtesy Great Northern Railway *Sun Camp, Glacier National Park*



# "In Journeyings Often"

F. A. STAHL

[This veteran pioneer missionary among the Indians of Peru, South America, recently made a trip into a heretofore unentered part of the Amazon region. The story of God's providential guidance and care as he tells it in the *South American Bulletin*, will be read with interest.]

I HAVE just returned from an extended journey to the far interior of the Amazon region. Two things impressed me profoundly on this trip,—how God is preparing the hearts of the people for His Word, even the most savage of the Indians listening quietly to the teaching of the third angel's message; and the wonderful protection of God over our party. Through the great forests infested with fierce animals, over swift rivers full of fallen trees and whirlpools, traveling with unknown savages for guides, it was always the same God whose angels stood by us.

We met other parties of travelers from time to time, miners, explorers, oil prospectors, and business expeditions,—and each had some sad experience to relate. In one party a man had been shot by savages in ambush; in another one had succumbed to the dreaded disease of the tropics. The foreman of another party had been crushed to death by a huge boa constrictor before the eyes of his companions, and others were lost by the capsizing of their canoes in the swift rivers. But we were kept from harm.

Three weeks after leaving the Perené Mission, we arrived at the port of Bermudas, situated on the Piches River. Here, because of the heavy expense of traveling by canoe, I was obliged to advise all our party, with the exception of one, to return to the mission, and when we arrived at Iquitos we found such a good interest there that it was decided for this one remaining companion to stay and look after the work until re-enforcements should arrive. This meant a great sacrifice to me, as this young man was most efficient help, but I set out alone, and God provided marvelously on the whole journey.

There are several good interests among the savages. The Yawas, a tribe of fine people at the mouth of the Napo River, were anxious to hear the gospel. Going down the Ucayali River, I visited the Conibos. They were very suspicious at first, but when they were told that I was the pastor from among the Campa Indians, they at once became very friendly, and pleaded for the establishment of a mission among them. The same is true of the Piros on the Urubamba River, and the Campas on the Tambo and Pangoa Rivers.

Only a few days ago I received a letter from an Italian doctor who has spent many years on the Aguaytia River near the Cashivos, a large tribe of cannibals. He asked that we begin work for these people, and promised to do all in his power to help us.

One of the most encouraging features of our work in this region is the kindly attitude of the white people. Authorities, judges, lawyers, business men, all, without exception, want us to establish our work among them. The prefecto, head authority of this



*The "Apostle to the Indians"*

whole Amazon region, at once gave me a letter officially sealed, commanding all in his jurisdiction to render whatever help we needed. This man had been prefecto in Puno, Peru, several years during our stay there, and had helped us through many a hard place, so is acquainted with our work.

I met several slave traders whom I knew well by name, as the Campa Indians had complained to us about them. I was obliged to deal with some of them when hiring men and canoes. Near the end of my journey I asked the most noted of all these men for a canoe, fully manned, and he gave me four men, saying they would be all right for the trip. I soon noticed that two of the men were not very strong, but this did not give me much concern, as the river did not seem to be very swift.

That evening as we were pushing our canoe up the river, we were hailed by three Indians, and as we put to shore, one, a great, powerful fellow, jumped into the canoe, giving me to understand that he had come to help us on our journey. I thanked him, and the next morning was indeed glad for his help, as we had to pass several dangerous places. In the afternoon he asked to be put ashore, bade us good-by, said that he was coming to the mission to visit us, and then jumped out and disappeared into the forest.

Two days after this we were again hailed by a group of Campa Indians. As we stepped ashore, they greeted us in a friendly way, and we bought some bananas from them. As we started to embark, two Indians stepped out from the group, remarking as they got into our canoe that they wanted to help us. I did not think much about it at the time, as the water had been very calm for two days, but we had not gone more than a few miles, when we came to some very dangerous rapids. On one side of the river were many fallen trees and on the other side was a steep bank against which the water rushed with frightful force.

I confess that I became nervous as I saw the dangerous situation, and called a halt to inquire if there was no other way to get through. The two Indians who had gotten into our canoe just a few miles down stream, shook their heads and grimly grasped their strong poles. We followed their example, and soon we were battling for our very lives against the terrible current. As we fought against the onward rush of the water, I realized that the great God had provided these two extra men for us, for they were more skilful than the others.

Many times during that awful half hour, when it seemed that we must be dashed to pieces against the rocks, these two men would, by strong, dexterous maneuvers, bring the canoe out of danger. The water dashed into the boat, the Indians groaned as they strained desperately to push ahead, poles were snapped in two and others grabbed up with the quick-

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"Keep the Lord's company, and the devil will stay away."



TIME: About three-thirty on a winter afternoon.

PLACE: A public stenographer's office.

SETTING: Mrs. Browning at the telephone.

"Mrs. Browning, I would like you to take some dictation," said Mr. Miller.

"Will you be in a hurry for it?" asked Mrs. Browning.

"Yes, I'm leaving town in the morning, and I'm anxious to get these letters off," he replied.

"Well, I'm very sorry, Mr. Miller, but I can't take it," said Mrs. Browning.

"What?" came the angry voice over the wire. "You a public stenographer, and refuse to do my work?"

"You don't understand, Mr. Miller," explained Mrs. Browning. "I'm a Seventh-day Adventist, and my Sabbath begins at sundown Friday evening, and I would not be able to get that amount of dictation typed before that time."

"Well," he said, sarcastically, "I keep Sunday, but I am not so particular as that about it."

"That's all right, Mr. Miller," she returned, "you don't have to be, because you are not keeping the right day."

After a few moments more of conversation, he told her to come and take his dictation, and the first of the week he would return through the city and get his correspondence. He never failed on succeeding trips to stop and give her a large amount of work to do. Judging from the quantity of the work, it seemed that he saved up his letters for her.

This is no fictitious incident. Mrs. Browning, though that is not her real name, was for about fifteen years a public stenographer. Believing that her experiences and methods of work might be valuable to some one else, I listened carefully as she related her story. I want you to notice especially her courage in defending the truth, her uncompromising stand for the Sabbath, and the reward of her faith.

Opportunities for personally advertising our religious beliefs are open to every one of us, but many times, for one reason or another, we fail to utilize them. A great responsibility is placed upon you when you tell another that you are a Seventh-day Adventist. You may be the first or only one that that person will meet, and his opinions and prejudices of our denomination will be formed by your actions. The class of your work, your dress, your conversation, and, above all, the consistent relation of your religious and business principles, will all be considered by him, and the resulting composite picture will be his opinion of all Seventh-day Adventists. How important, then, that we should remember that we are witnesses, and conform our deportment to that standard!

Mrs. Browning said that as she worked for various professional people, especially lawyers, she often thought of the time of persecution that will come, and tried by her faithful witnessing to leave an impression that would create favor for some tried Seventh-day Adventist.

A public stenographer is independent and in business for herself. She rents desk space in an office, and has her own desk, chair, and typewriter. The more prominent the office, the more work she is likely to obtain. Her charges are by the page, according to the kind of dictation—legal, letters, or articles. Sometimes, Mrs. Browning told me, she would answer an advertisement for a private stenographer, and if accepted, it would be with the understanding that her employer's work would come first, and if any time remained, she might be free to do other work. In that way she could do the work cheaper than a regular stenographer, and yet be free to earn money in her spare time, which was an advantage to her. But in applying for any position, she always let it be understood distinctly that she was a Seventh-day Adventist.

"You know, I never thought it was fair and square to agree to work for a man, and not tell him in the very beginning that I did not work from Friday evening sundown to Saturday evening sundown," said Mrs. Browning.

"Yes, but you know, Mrs. Browning," I said, "I have heard some people advocate that the employer ought to see what fine work you can do, and then you could tell him at the end of the

## "THEM THAT HONOR"

LETHAL

week, when he has given you a trial

"Well, frankly, I feel that that

not fair to an employer. I always

and I always made it clear before

always added, too, that if there was

## "This"

PEARL W.

MODERNISTS may seek to change Him,

Make Him vague and out of reach;

"New religion far more fitting

For the times" they now may preach

But in spite of all their teachings,

All that's fact will fact remain:

And 'tis fact that "this same Jesus"

To the earth will come again.

"This same Jesus," though they spurn Him

Lives the same now as of old;

Is the same, to heaven ascended,

Hears these earthly boastings bold.

Son of God, yet born of Mary,

Linking human with divine,

Friend of sinners, great power-giver,

Wondrous Saviour, He is mine!

And they cannot take Him from Me;

Though they rave, He lives on still;

With His hand the world controlling,

All things yet will work His will.

One small world may change religion

And its greatest men may doubt,

But all this can never change Him,

Never rule the Saviour out.

"Yesterday, today, forever,

Jesus Christ is still the same;"

To the uttermost He saveth

All who call upon His name.

He who healed the blind, the hopeless,

He who raised the widow's son,

He who fed the hungry thousands,

Still is earth's all-pitying One.

Just one thing can lift the fallen

From the miry pit of slime,

Just one thing can check the growing

And the fearful wave of crime.

Social service? Federation?

No! one thing and one alone.—

Going back to Bible "old paths,"

Giving Christ His rightful throne.

True, men now may fail to do it,

But the hour comes on apace,

Set for judgment, when the scornful

Still must meet Him face to face;

When in spite of modern "wisdom"

And their present ridicule,

Every knee shall bow before Him

And shall own His right to rule.



# ME I WILL HONOR "

URBER

you can't work on the Sabbath." I  
 a job under false pretenses, and  
 employers know just where I stood,  
 of wages or any other matter. I  
 d work that must be done, I would

## Jesus "

HOWARD

h, 'twere better, yea, far better,  
 To acclaim Him Ruler now!  
 o acknowledge Him Creator,  
 And in reverence to bow;  
 o accept Him as Redeemer,  
 Let Him live His law within,  
 humility confessing  
 He alone can save from sin.

etter now oneself to humble  
 Than for that dread day to wait;  
 etter now accept His wisdom,  
 For it then will be too late.  
 nd earth's great ones who have cherished  
 But the wisdom of mere men,  
 ill to rocks and caves and caverns  
 Seek in vain to hide them then.

at to those who own and love Him  
 He is coming as a friend,  
 the light of whose appearing  
 Darkness, sin, and pain must end:  
 his same Jesus " who on Calvary  
 Out of love to sinners died,  
 nd by Modernist rejecters  
 Still today is crucified.

at He's coming, " this same Jesus,"  
 And the eyes of all shall see,  
 nd His own He'll take to glory,  
 Where the many mansions be.  
 to be then numbered with them.  
 When He maketh all things new!  
 here no unbelief shall rise up,  
 Nay, nor sin, the ages through.

his same Jesus," He is coming.  
 And it thrills my heart to know  
 e is not a myth or merely  
 Some good man of long ago,  
 at my own dear Friend and Saviour  
 Who has loved me through the years,  
 ho has comforted my sorrows  
 And so oft has dried my tears.

his same Jesus," He is coming.  
 For His word can never fail,  
 otwithstanding all the weapons  
 Which the wondrous truth assail.  
 e is coming, yea, He's coming,  
 Was there e'er so sweet refrain?  
 his same Jesus " as we've known Him.  
 Cometh back to earth again!

for those who will make principle first and position second. I've proved it again and again. He will give you good positions if He knows you will be faithful in witnessing for Him."

I would have said offhand that no one who keeps the Sabbath could expect to do court reporting, for courts hold on Saturday. And the same is true of railroad offices and department stores, and almost any business or profession you can name. But my talk with her showed me that we need to be careful that we do not close, by hasty conclusion, some avenue that God would have us enter. "The righteous are bold as a lion."

Mrs. Browning was constantly on the alert to drop the seeds of truth, and she did it in various ways. She always kept her Bible on her desk. It was well marked, as most of our Bibles are. When people would be waiting to see the lawyers or other men on business, they would often pass by the magazines and periodicals on the table, and come over and pick up her Bible and read it. To show the power of even a few promises of God's Word, note this experience as she tells it:

"One day when I was working in the McCarn office, a woman client came in. When she learned that Mr. McCarn was out and she would have to wait, she began pacing the floor, clasping and unclasping her hands, and showing she was in great mental distress.

"I stopped typing, and taking my Bible asked her to sit down while I read something to her. I chose the first eight verses of the thirty-seventh psalm. She said, 'Oh, that is what every one says, "Don't worry so," but *I can't help it.*'

"But," I said, 'here the Lord says three times, "Fret not thyself," and what He tells you to do, He can enable you to do.'

"Just then Mr. McCarn came in, ending my remarks. Shortly I changed to another location, and about six months later this same woman walked into my office. She had been to the McCarn office to find me, and had been given my new address. She said: 'I have a very dear friend who is rapidly going blind. The doctors say it will be only a short time, and she is very unreconciled. What you read to me from your Bible helped me when I was in deep trouble. I have searched and searched for it. Can you tell me where it is? I want to go and read it to my friend, for I believe it will help her.'

"I realized then," said Mrs. Browning, "that there is a power in God's Word itself that is not in anything anybody can say about it. So I always tried to embrace every opportunity to get people to read it, or to read it to them, or to give them an exact, accurate quotation."

Then she went on to tell other ways in which she worked. "In the drawer of my desk I kept some of our books and papers. A number of times I gave 'Steps to Christ' to some one to read, and frequently before he left the office, he would inquire where he could buy one. I usually tried to have some copies in cheap bindings to meet such requests. When I was doing court reporting, my notes contained the names of the judge, jurors, and lawyers. To these I mailed some of our papers or tracts. Sometimes when I delivered a pile of manuscript, I would leave a tract on top of it.

"In one office I had the unique experience of never being introduced but that they would add, 'Mrs. Browning is a Seventh-day Adventist.' You see, I never had a chance to forget it. It seemed that every Friday brought its test. More than once I have had frightful visions of instant dismissal flash before my mind, but the Lord always helped me to stand true for the right, and the very men who would sometimes ridicule me to my face, would trust me with the handling of large sums of money and the keys to the drawers that held their most valuable documents."



"Suppose you came up to Friday afternoon with a book full of dictation of some case that the lawyers were anxious to try on Saturday, and you didn't have time to write it out? No one else could read your notes. What did you do?" I asked her.

"Under those circumstances, you can realize it took courage for me to put on my hat and go home, praying that the Lord would hold my job for me," she assured me. "Of course, it meant the lawyers had to do one of two things,—redictate to another stenographer, or hold the case over until Monday.

"The very fact that I wouldn't work on the Sabbath sometimes brought interesting sequels. One time I had gone out of the city to a little town to report a case. You know that the little towns do not have regular court reporters, and because I could do that kind of work, my firm often asked me to go out of the city. But that was no disadvantage," she hurried to assure me. "The pay in the city for a court reporter was at that time \$10 a day, but if you went outside of the city, it was \$20. So you see the Lord helped me to earn more money, even though I worked less hours than others. But to go back to the story.

"We had left the city on Monday, and the case had progressed the whole week. Do you know, the judge, the jury, and the lawyers on both sides all combined to hurry the case through and get done by Friday afternoon, simply because they knew I wouldn't work on the Sabbath. I think that shows that God will work for His children, don't you?" she asked. And I agreed.

"Now there is another point that I think a young woman going into public stenographic work should understand," she went on. "I was perfectly willing to go down by myself on Sundays and finish any work that I wanted or needed to do, but if my employer wanted to come and give me dictation, I always insisted that he bring his wife, or else sit out in the reception-room, with the door open into the hall.

"Perhaps I would better explain right here that a law office is made up of a suite of rooms consisting of the private offices and the reception-room. The stenographer has her desk in the latter room. During the week she goes into the private offices and takes her dictation behind closed doors. That is perfectly proper, and the building being full of people, nothing is thought of it; but on Sunday the building is practically deserted, and for the sake of one's reputation and to avoid 'the appearance of evil,' I made the rule that I spoke of. A lawyer is very anxious to keep his cases private, and if the door into the hall were open while he was dictating, some one standing there quietly might hear. I remember one experience with a lawyer to whom I announced my rule. He looked very much astonished, and said with surprise, 'Why, Mrs. Browning, it doesn't make any difference to me where I give dictation.'

"No, I did not think it did," I returned. "But it matters a great deal to me where I take it."

One experience she told, illustrates very well her courage in defending the truth. She was in an insurance office where she had quite a bit of responsibility, including the signing of checks. The local manager knew of her religious beliefs, and it was perfectly agreeable to him that she was absent part of Friday afternoon and Saturday; but occasionally a district manager came to the office to oversee the work. It was on one of these occasions that he noticed her tidying up her desk on Friday afternoon as if

she were expecting to be away the next day. He asked her about it, and she said, "Oh, I'm a Seventh-day Adventist, and I never work on Saturday."

His face began to redden, and he angrily demanded, "Do you mean to tell me that you are never at this office on Saturday?"

"You understand me clearly," she told him.

Growing more furious, he fairly barked at her, "Do you know where I class Seventh-day Adventists? I class them with the Mormons."

This was a little too much for her denominational pride, and walking right into his office from hers, she boldly faced him and said, "When you class us with the Mormons, you make a very great mistake." Then she turned, and as it was quitting time, she put on her hat and went home.

You may be surprised to learn that he did not discharge her. Nothing happened for several months, but when she got ready to go to another city and handed in her resignation, this same man came from his home town and made most flattering offers to get her to stay. Because of the raise in salary and their extreme urging, she remained six months longer.

Just one more incident to show how God gave her a remarkable position in a large city where she was entirely unknown.

"Previous to this time I had worked in a Southern city where every one was friendly and business moved leisurely," she said. "So when I arrived in this large Northern city, with its enormous skyscrapers, the crowded streets, and the rapid speech that I could hardly understand, my knees began to tremble and my fears to gather. 'Oh!' I thought, 'when they see how old I am, and when I tell them I don't work on Saturday, how will I ever get a job?' And I began to pray, 'O Lord, help me not to feel like a grasshopper. Help me to remember that all these buildings and all the people in them are in Thy hands.'

"I thought I had better get some rooms first, so I stepped into a safety zone to board a car. Just as the car was approaching, I noticed across the street a typewriter agency. I knew they would have a free registration bureau for stenographers, and fearing I might lose sight of the place in the confusion of a large city, I stepped out of the safety zone and went over to register. There was a long list of applicants, but I filled out my card, and when my turn came, presented it to the girl in charge. She asked me if I could go to work at once, and I nodded, whereupon she rattled off a name and address. I had to ask her to repeat it and tell me how to find it. She asked, 'Haven't you been in the city long?'

"Not an hour," I told her. She smiled, and directed me to the building, which, fortunately, was near.

"I found that the secretary to the president of a large railroad division was leaving for a two weeks' vacation, and some one was needed temporarily. I accepted the position, for I had learned that 'temporary' with man may be permanent with God. I surely felt that God had worked for me in a wonderful way in giving me a position with a very important man when I had been in the city scarcely an hour.

"The president liked my work so well that I remained in that office for a number of years, having Sabbath off and no Sunday work."

One verse kept ringing in my ears as Mrs. Browning talked, for she had demonstrated it perfectly, "Them that honor Me I will honor."

**"Save the small earnings; they will make large ones."**



## 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 obedient.  
Walk softly in the sanctuary.  
Keep a song in my heart.  
Go on God's errands.

## A Humble Great Man

HARRIET HOLT

**A**NTHONY ASHLEY COOPER stood in the corner of the wide hall of his home. Yes, there was mother, but she would not see him, she would not even think of him, for she was invited to a dinner given by one of the fine lords of the country. "She is very beautiful," thought Anthony as she swept by him with never so much as a word. He watched her step into her carriage, and there were tears in his eyes as he turned away.

Sometimes his own beautiful home was brilliantly lighted while pretty, richly dressed women and carefully groomed men frequented its wide halls and spacious drawing-rooms. At such times Anthony was especially proud of his beautiful mother. She was so charming and witty, and yet somehow the hurt stayed down deep in his heart, for he knew his lovely mother thought little about him.

Even father had little time to spare for his lonely son. He was a scholarly man, always full of thought and always studying. There was really no one in all his luxurious young life who really cared—except dear old Maria.

Maria worked in the kitchen. Many a titbit and favorite dish she made for the boy. It was always Maria who found him when shadows had come and mother was busy with her company and father was locked in his study.

"Come, Lad," she would say. And then they would go to his room. There she would tell him stories, or perhaps she would read from the Good Book. She taught him about God, and that He loved little children and listened to their prayers. As soon as he could read, she taught him to love the Bible and read it for himself.

One day Maria called him to her, and handed him a small sum of money that she had saved from her own earnings.

"It's yours, Lad," she said. Then she told him some of the things that money would buy. She told him how it could bring happiness to poor folks who knew what it meant to go to bed hungry and shiver with the cold.

Anthony listened, wide-eyed and thoughtful. He spent the money, every cent of it, but it went to brighten the homes of some of his poor friends—friends his father and mother would not have allowed him to have, had they known about them. Thus faithful Maria taught him to be kind.

Little did Maria Millis, the humble kitchen maid, realize what a blessing she was giving the world, but as you will soon see, little Anthony became one of the greatest and best-loved men in all England.

When he was only seven years old, he was sent to boarding school, more because his scholarly father and society mother did not wish to be bothered with him than because it was the place for young boys. But before he left, Maria gave him a gold watch, which became his most cherished possession. The very "feel" of it reminded him of Maria's love, and was a comfort to him in the long, dark days that followed. When

he was old, he still carried that watch. "This watch was given me by the best friend I ever had in the world," he said not long before he died.

The school at Chiswick was so poorly equipped and managed that Anthony often suffered from hunger, and the older boys of the school made life a misery for the timid, frail lad. The four years spent there were a kind of slow torture. When a man grown, he said he never could think of that school without a shudder. Yet his visits home were hardly any happier. That period of his life was further saddened by the death of faithful Maria Millis, who was the only true mother he had ever known. Little Anthony might have grown into a sour, sullen man if he had



E. J. Hall

*Facing an Unfriendly World*



## What Counts

ESTA A. WYRICK

IT is not the face or a fine physique,  
That counts in the courts above;  
But the heart that is true  
And the hope that is pure  
And a life that is filled with love.

It is not the way we sing, at all,  
Or the way we walk or run;  
But the things we say  
And the way we act  
Show our loyalty to God's Son.

Then let us be careful and prayerful today,  
For that is the way to win;  
Then our hearts will be true  
And our lips will be pure  
And our lives will be cleansed of all sin.

not continued to read the Bible Maria had taught him to love. The loneliness of his life drove him closer to his heavenly Father.

Soon after he was twelve, Anthony was placed in the family of a Dr. Butler, to whom was committed the boy's education. Here was his first taste of a real home. It was here, too, that he witnessed a scene that shaped his whole life. One day he heard an uproar of voices near by. Hastening to the street, he saw a party of drunken men singing and yelling as they carried a coffin which contained the body of a dead comrade. They were all wild with drink, and could scarcely keep on their feet. As they turned a corner, they accidentally dropped their burden. The scene was a horrible one. Anthony was appalled to think that any one, no matter how poor, should be treated so carelessly in death. "Can this be permitted," he exclaimed, "because the man was poor and friendless?" Right then and there he resolved that if God would spare his life, he would devote his powers to the relief of the poor and downtrodden.

Lord Shaftesbury (for it is by that name that the world best knows Anthony Ashley Cooper) entered Parliament while still a very young man. His first speech was made to try to free the insane from the terrible conditions that then existed. In those days there were no well-kept hospitals with kind attendants who did everything to make the patients comfortable. On a mere suspicion of insanity a person might be seized, chained in a dark dungeon, or forced into slowly rising water and drowned. Some were even pushed through trap doors into dark, slimy holes. It is no wonder that the slightly insane became raving maniacs. Lord Shaftesbury was horrified, and determined to use every effort to change conditions. He succeeded in having two very important laws passed, which greatly helped to do away with such cruel treatment.

Then he found that children were working in factories fourteen hours out of the twenty-four. Every one thought that factories would have to close down unless they could have a great deal of cheap labor. Lord Ashley had to work fourteen years before he succeeded in passing his first factory bill, but he never gave up. He had to sell many of his precious family heirlooms to raise money to promote his causes. But he held nothing too dear to be spent in the bettering of the poor. Finally England began to listen

to him. Queen Victoria counted him as her friend. He walked with the great of his day, but he was ever ready to count the humblest subject his friend.

In London there was a club of hucksters. Those who went through the streets with fruit and vegetables for sale joined together for social evenings. Lord Shaftesbury became interested in them. Under his counsels their living conditions were greatly improved. They learned to treat their donkeys more humanely. And each and every one loved the great and good man who mingled with them and taught them better ways of doing. One time they invited him to their hall. During the evening, in came a fine donkey all adorned and beribboned for the occasion. It was led to the platform and there presented to Lord Shaftesbury. He accepted with thanks, appreciating the love and respect these humble people had shown him.

When he died, all England went into mourning for "one whose life was consecrated to Christ as found in the person of the poor." And so his country honored him as one of the greatest, and great he truly was, for he had lived to serve his fellow men.



## An Answered Prayer



UTH lived out on the frontier in the days when hardy pioneers were pushing their way into the prairies and making them yield a living for their families. Ruth's father was a minister, the only one within miles. If there was sickness, if there was trouble, it was Ruth's father who brought comfort and courage and faith in God's promises. Every week he preached to scattered groups of settlers who listened to him eagerly and learned the way of life.

But in spite of the work he did for others, there was little money in the family purse. His salary came irregularly, and it was small. The settlers were having trouble in caring for their own families, and often the minister's family suffered. It was difficult to keep warm when the cold winds blew and the air rushed through cracks in the floor. None in the family were warmly enough clad. The good father's coat was hardly warm enough for October, Ruth's dress was thin and worn. And many a meal consisted of corn porridge alone.

There was something else that Ruth wanted, oh, so badly. All her life mother had made her rag dolls, which she had played with contentedly. But now she was getting older, and she wanted a real doll, like the pictures that she saw in books. She wanted one with real hair and a china face that looked like a baby's. When she asked mother to get her one for Christmas, mother only sighed. Ruth knew only too well what that sad little sigh meant. The ice had become thick and smooth. She had heard her brothers ask mother for some skates, and the same sad sigh had come from mother's lips. Then a thought came to her, "Why not ask Jesus?" Of course, all the skates and the dolls in the world really belonged to Him. Jesus would send her one and He would send the skates for her brothers. And so every evening as she knelt to say her prayers, Ruth asked the heavenly Father to supply their needs and to send them the special gifts they so much wanted.

It was a long, cold, and early winter. Father often suffered as he went about his trips in helping others. At last the day before Christmas arrived. There was

"Wisdom stays where she is made welcome."



little food in the house and little fuel for the stove. Father had gone a long distance to visit a sick man. The early evening came, and mother called the children to tuck them in bed. There were tears in her eyes, and as Ruth knelt again, asking for help from the Father, she felt mother tremble. After the requests had been made, she looked up confidently, and said, "Mother, the things will be here tomorrow morning." Little did she dream that her mother burst into tears after leaving her that night. Little did she realize how hopeless seemed the outlook to the mother that had kept up so bravely. And then father came in. It was late and he was cold and tired and hungry. As he drew up to the stove, his face settled into discouraged lines. Mother looked at him, and knew that he too was hopeless. There seemed no way out of their misery. Almost it seemed as if God had not heard their earnest prayers.

And then there came a sound of bells, a sudden stop, and a loud knock at the door. Father sprang up to open it, and there stood Deacon White. "A box came for you by express just before dark," he said. "I brought it around as soon as I could get away. Reckoned it might be for Christmas; at any rate, I said to myself, 'They shall have it tonight.' Here are a sack of potatoes and a bag of flour that belong to you, and here is a basket of stuff that my wife asked me to fetch along. I guess it's something for a Christmas dinner." And with that, the good man was gone.

Father found a hammer, and started opening the great box. The very first thing that appeared was a great warm red blanket. Underneath they could see that the box was filled with clothing. Father sat down and covered his face with his hands. "I can't touch them," he said, "not until I have made it right with God. I have been discouraged, wondering if after all God did care." "Father," said mother, "I am to blame because I could not see through. Let us ask His forgiveness." For an hour they knelt and prayed and praised Him, and then with the peace of God in their hearts, they rose and unpacked the box. It was a wonderful box, and the night was half gone before all its secrets were discovered. There was an overcoat that fitted father and a cloak for mother. There was a suit or a dress for each, besides a suit each for the boys and a pretty red dress for Ruth. There were warm socks and stockings, mittens and underwear, and right in the middle of the box was the doll that Ruth had prayed for. Father wept for joy as he saw the answer to his little girl's prayers. And then close behind it came the skates. It was almost too much. There were scarfs and hoods, aprons, needles and thread, and actually a muff, and at last an envelope containing a ten-dollar gold piece.

How the children danced for joy in the morning! Ruth caught up her doll, and hugged it tightly without a word; then she went into her room and knelt by her bed. When she came back, she whispered to mother: "I knew it would be here, mamma, but I wanted to thank God, you know."

And so the lesson of faith which Ruth taught helped them all to trust Him through every hardship.—*Selected.*

\* \* \*

"BE a helper; push instead of rolling stones in front of the wheels."

\* \* \*

"PERSONS of a forgiving temper seldom have much to be forgiven."

## "In Journeys Often"

(Concluded from page 7)

ness of lightning. I saw that the men were becoming exhausted, as their compressed lips were bloodless, so I shouted words of encouragement to them as we all fought together, and just as it seemed we could not hold out another minute, we came to a sharp turn in the river where the current had lost its power. We sank down in the canoe, utterly exhausted.

It was then that I began to suspect I had been given a canoe poorly manned on purpose, by the slave trader, and I afterward found this was true. No one ever attempts to go up this river with less than six men, but God had supplied our lack. These two men stayed with me to the end of my journey by water, and when I offered to pay them, they said: "We know about the work in the Perené for our people, and we want to help all we can."

These are only two of the many instances of how our heavenly Father provided needed help. We know that the work of God will soon be finished, for He is now searching out and preparing the hearts of the people who live in these dark, silent, far-away jungles. Soon He will come to take His faithful children home to be with Him. "Even so come, Lord Jesus."

\* \* \*

## A Passion for Service

(Concluded from page 6)

"While we have had our own children grow up around us, yet somehow we have loved all the children of the valley for all these years, so that they seem almost like our very own. When their little feet pattered off to school for the first time, they came by for our blessing. How we loved them! When they finished the district school and went away to college, we followed them with our prayers and interest. As they have come and gone through the years, we have tried to encourage and advise them. We have tried to cheer and help them. And now, stranger, they are the men and women of power in many a community. Some have become famous. Some stand in halls of Congress. Father and I have been but humble people, but we are proud of the children of the valley. We feel we have helped a little.

"But some years ago, I found father by the fireside weeping. 'Mother,' he said, 'we are getting old.' 'Yes,' I said, 'I know, but why do you weep?' 'I was thinking of the past,' he said, 'of how happy we have been; but the weight of years is growing heavier, and soon we shall be on the shelf.' We wept together.

"A few more years slipped by, when one evening we wept again out of sheer hunger to be helpful as we had been in other days. Finally father said: 'Mother, I am so hungry to be a blessing to some one; we must do something. Can't you make a sign that will point strangers to the spring? I can build a rustic seat and cut a path. So we put up the sign as best we could, and father cut out the path and put up the seat. When all was done, father said, 'Can't we do something more?' and we thought of the apples.

"You see, friend, it was all because we were so hungry to be in the valley what Jesus would have been had He lived where we do. So, humble as we are, we have tried to live in this house by the side of the road and be a friend to man."

The stranger, deeply impressed with this sweet passion for service, went forth with this precious story and gave it to the world.—*Selected.*

\* \* \*

"Wealth makes friends; poverty proves them."



## A Picture Gallery of Heroes

(Concluded from page 4)

live according to their faith, and so they crossed the sea and "endured, as seeing Him who is invisible," except to the eye of faith.

Those whose faith in God is weak may learn a lesson from a poor colored woman who earned a moderate living by washing. One day one of those anxious Christians said to her: "Ah, Nancy, it's well enough to be happy now, but I should think your thoughts of the future would make you sober. Suppose, for instance, you should be taken sick, or suppose your employers should move away, or suppose —"

"Stop!" cried Nancy. "I neber supposes. De Lord is my shepherd, and I knows I shall not want. And, honey, it is all dem s'poses as is makin' you so mis'able. You orter give dem all up and jes' trust in de Lord."—*John T. Faris.*

## Our Counsel Corner

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

*How may we know what is desirable or objectionable in music?*

J. B. J.

We use the following quotation from "Music Versus Jazz," by C. M. Merica (*Musical Courier*), which perfectly sets forth the spirit and character of good and bad music:

"Music originates in the souls of men and women striving to rise above the material and sensual into a fuller comprehension of eternal beauty, harmony, and goodness. It is the universal medium of spiritual expression.

"Ragtime and jazz, as generally heard, originate in the sensuous emotion and usually in places of questionable character, and they are expressions of discord and degeneracy seeking worldly pleasure in sensuality."

Music is like some kinds of people we know. In the presence of some we feel the influence of their endeavor to lift and inspire us, and there is something about them that imparts a satisfying joy. Then there are others who seem ever bent on shocking and astonishing us by their reckless disregard for good form and modest behavior. One notes the genteel person by his quiet voice and his freedom from physical awkwardness, whereas the harsh voice and the awkward behavior betray coarseness of soul.

It is easy to note these same earmarks in music. In the strident, irregular chords, and the awkward, broken rhythm (ragtime), neither rhythm nor melody following the conventional idiom of music expression, we recognize at once the popular music of the day in its reckless attempt to break over all conventions that it may produce a startling and sensational effect. But how different is the effect produced by music whose melody flows along in smooth phrases, and whose rhythm is subdued, following the normal expectations of the measure.

A cheap song is easily known by its text, and a cheap instrumental number can be told by its rowdiness, riotous rhythm. Since rhythm is the basic element in music, it may easily descend to the coarse. The music of the unclothed savage is mainly rhythm. Art music endeavors to clothe this element with a smooth-flowing melodic idea, supported by a rich harmonic foundation. Modern jazz makes its appeal to the coarse taste by unclothing and projecting the rhythm. It further increases the sensuous effect by making the rhythm do all sorts of grotesque, if not immodest antics.

Choose your music by the same standards that you use in selecting your friends. A man is known by the company he keeps, and good music is known by the rhythm it embodies.

J. W. OSBORN.

"The best learning is wisdom; the best wisdom is goodness."

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### XII — The Fruitless Fig Tree; Jesus and the Pharisees

(March 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21: 17-32.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 11: 12-14, 20-23; Luke 20: 1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 13: 3.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 581-588, 593-595; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 272-283.

#### Questions

##### The Withered Fig Tree

1. Where did Jesus stay overnight after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Matt. 21: 17.
2. When He returned to the city in the morning, what was His natural feeling? Verse 18.
3. What did He see which caused Him to think He might find food? How was His expectation defeated? What did He say to the fig tree? Verse 19. Note 1.
4. The next morning as they passed by, what excited the wonder of the disciples? Which one of them called the attention of Jesus to the tree? Verse 20: Mark 11: 20, 21.
5. If they exercised faith, what did Jesus say they could do? Matt. 21: 21.
6. What promise is made to those who pray in faith? Verse 22.

##### Christ's Authority Challenged

7. Who came to Jesus as He was teaching in the temple? What did they ask Him? How did He reply? Verses 23, 24.
8. What question did He ask concerning the baptism of John? How did they reason about the question? Verses 25, 26. Note 2.
9. What did they fear from the people if their reply offended them? Luke 20: 6.
10. How did they evade a direct answer? What did Jesus then say? Matt. 21: 27.
11. In the parable which Jesus spake, what response did the two sons make to their father's request? Verses 28-30. Note 3.
12. What question did Jesus ask? How did the chief priests reply? Because of their unbelief, who would enter the kingdom before them? Verse 31.
13. What reasons did Jesus give why this was true? Verse 32.

#### Notes

1. "Along the road from Bethany to Jerusalem was a fig tree, whose leaves were a promise of fruit, since the fruit comes with the leaves or even before; but when Christ approached it, being hungry, He found no fruit on it. He passed sentence upon it, that it should henceforth bear no fruit, and soon the barren tree withered away. Thus Christ not only showed His authority over nature, but He pointed the moral of the Jewish nation, whose rulers, like the fig tree, made hypocritical pretense of fruit bearing, but were really barren and dead spiritually."—*Peloubet.*

2. The Jewish leaders "did not accept the teachings of John. If they had done so they could not have rejected Jesus, of whom John prophesied. But they had deceived the people by assuming to believe in the ministry of John; and now they dared not, in answer to the Saviour's question, declare that John's mission was divine lest Jesus should demand their reason for not receiving the prophet's testimony concerning Him. He might have said, If John was from heaven, so am I; My ministry and work is so closely connected with his that they cannot be separated.

"The people were listening with bated breath to hear what answer the priests and rulers would make to the direct question of Jesus, as to the baptism of John, whether it was from heaven or of men. They expected them to acknowledge that John was sent of God; but, after conferring secretly among themselves, the priests decided to be as wary as possible; 'and they answered, that they could not tell whence it was. And Jesus said unto them, Neither tell I you by what authority I do these things.' Scribes, priests, and rulers stood confused and disappointed before the people, whose respect they had lost in a great degree by their cowardice and indecision."—"Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, pp. 29, 30.



3. "The first son in the parable represented the publicans and harlots who at first refused obedience to the teachings of John, but afterward repented and were converted. The second son represented the Jews who professed obedience and superior virtue, but insulted God by rejecting the gift of His Son. By their wicked works they forfeited the favor of heaven. They despised the mercies of God. The most thoughtless and abandoned are represented by Jesus as occupying a more favorable position before God than the haughty and self-righteous priests and rulers."—*Id.*, p. 32.

#### Topics for Round-Table Discussion

1. What Jesus expects from those who profess to be Christians.
2. What adds to the value of words?
3. The evidence of true repentance.
4. How does Christ test our loyalty or disloyalty?

#### Harmony of the Gospels

Continue with chart outline as suggested in previous lessons.

## Junior Lesson

### XII — The Fruitless Fig Tree; Jesus and the Pharisees

(March 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21:17-32.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 11:12-14, 20-23; Luke 20:1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "Except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." Luke 13:3.

LESSON HELPS: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 580-588; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 272-283.

PLACES: On the way from Bethany to Jerusalem; in the temple.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; chief priests and rulers of the Jews.

#### Setting of the Lesson

After the triumphal ride of Jesus into the city of Jerusalem, He, with His disciples, returned to Bethany for the night. Jesus spent the entire night in prayer, and in the morning came again to the temple.

#### Questions

1. Where did Jesus go in the evening after His triumphal entry into Jerusalem? Matt. 21:17.
2. To what place did He return next morning? What physical weakness, such as we have, did Jesus experience? Verse 18. Note 1.
3. How did He think to find food? How was He disappointed? Verse 19, first part. Note 2.
4. What curse did Jesus pronounce upon the barren fig tree? Verse 19, last part.
5. What astonished the disciples? What did they exclaim? Verse 20.
6. What did Jesus say to them? What, however, was absolutely necessary? Verse 21.
7. What assurance is given to those who pray in faith? Verse 22. Note 3.
8. What was the purpose of Jesus in cursing the fig tree? Note 4.
9. When Jesus came into the temple, what did the chief priests and elders ask Him? Verse 23.
10. On what condition did He say He would answer the question? Verse 24.
11. What question did He ask them? Before they dared to answer, how did they reason among themselves? Verses 25, 26.
12. What did they finally answer? What did Jesus say in reply? Verse 27.
13. In the parable which Jesus then spoke, what did the father ask of his elder son? Verse 28.
14. How did the son answer? What did he afterward do? Verse 29.
15. How did the second son answer his father? What did he afterward do? Verse 30.
16. What question did Jesus then ask the chief priests? What answer did they give? Verse 31, first part.
17. How did Jesus point out that in answering rightly, they had condemned themselves? Verses 31, 32.
18. What was the lesson to the Pharisees? What is the lesson to us? Note 5.
19. What is said of people in all time who will not repent and receive Jesus? Memory verse.

#### For Thoughtful Pupils

What connection is there between the cursing of the fig tree and the parable recorded in Luke 13:6-9?

Although Jesus expects fruit in the lives of His people, are we saved by our works?

What reasons can you give why prayers are not answered?

#### Notes

1. Like men, Jesus felt hunger. Like men, He at times did not have food to satisfy His hunger, and was obliged to search for it.

2. "In the orchard to which Jesus came, one tree appeared to be in advance of all the others. It was already covered with leaves. It is the nature of the fig tree that before the leaves open, the growing fruit appears. Therefore this tree in full leaf gave promise of well-developed fruit. But its appearance was deceptive. Upon searching its branches, from the lowest bough to the topmost twig, Jesus found 'nothing but leaves.' It was a mass of pretentious foliage, nothing more."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 581.

3. One thing is absolutely necessary—faith. But a youth who does not know his father's will, cannot feel sure that his father will give him a certain thing, even if he does ask for it. If, however, the father says, "James, if you are a good boy, I will give you a dollar tomorrow, when you come and ask me for it," he can have faith in his father's promise. He can then go to his father with perfect confidence, expecting that he will receive that which he knows his father is willing to give, because he has already promised it. In like manner, the child of God cannot have absolute faith that his heavenly Father will do some definite thing for him until he has found his heavenly Father's promise to do that certain thing for him. When he has the promise, then he can go to Him without a doubt, and observing the conditions, obtain that for which he asks. 1 John 5:14, 15; Ps. 66:18.

4. "Christ's act in cursing the fig tree had astonished the disciples. It seemed to them unlike His ways and works. . . . The cursing of the fig tree was an acted parable. That barren tree, flaunting its pretentious foliage in the very face of Christ, was a symbol of the Jewish nation. The Saviour desired to make plain to His disciples the cause and the certainty of Israel's doom."—*"The Desire of Ages,"* p. 582.

"In the sentence pronounced on the fig tree Christ demonstrates how hateful in His eyes is this vain pretense. He declares that the open sinner is less guilty than is he who professes to serve God, but who bears no fruit to His glory."—*Id.*, p. 584.

5. "The priests and elders of Israel spent their lives in religious ceremonies, which they regarded as too sacred to be connected with secular business. Therefore their lives were supposed to be wholly religious. But they performed their ceremonies to be seen by men, that they might be thought by the world to be pious and devoted. While professing to obey, they refused to render obedience to God. They were not doers of the truth which they professed to teach. . . . God called them to be coworkers with Him in blessing the world; but while in profession they accepted the call, in action they refused obedience. They trusted to self, and prided themselves on their goodness; but they set the commands of God at defiance."—*"Christ's Object Lessons,"* pp. 278, 279.

"Many today claim to obey the commandments of God, but they have not the love of God in their hearts to flow forth to others. Christ calls them to unite with Him in His work for the saving of the world, but they content themselves with saying, 'I go, sir.' They do not go. They do not co-operate with those who are doing God's service. They are idlers. Like the unfaithful son, they make false promises to God."—*Id.*, p. 279.

"Good works do not purchase the love of God, but they reveal that we possess that love."—*Id.*, p. 283.



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"Never say you cannot do what is asked of you."





RUDYARD KIPLING, famous English writer, is convalescing from a serious illness on a Mediterranean cruise.

At the age of fifteen years, Barbara Hutton, granddaughter of the late Frank W. Woolworth, with \$30,000,000 in her own right, is considered the richest young girl in the United States.

The first British gypsy school has just been opened in a Surrey birchwood, England. Geography, history, woodwork, and botany are among the required subjects. There are eighty pupils enrolled. Children over fourteen attend night school where shoemaking is the main craft taught.

It is stated that Americans will be given a chance to purchase part or all of the 900-piece dinner set of finest rock crystal formerly used by the czars of the Russian Empire when royalty were guests. The smallest wine glass is valued at \$15. The whole set, filling six big cupboards, originally cost \$50,000.

OFFICIALS of the United States Treasury Department report that the "Conscience Fund" for 1925 was larger than that of any year since the World War. This speaks well for the honesty of the citizens of this Republic, as the amount has grown from \$250 received in 1811 to \$5,241 which came in during the last fiscal year.

For the first time since the World War, Germany was able to show a monthly trade balance at the end of December. Her imports totaled 746,600,000 marks, while the exports amounted to 798,300,000 marks. It was stated that the favorable balance was secured more by restricting imports than by increasing exports, though exports of wheat and rye were greatly increased.

A COPY of the Gutenberg Bible, known as the Melk copy, the first Bible printed with movable type, and one of the most coveted bibliographical treasures in the world, was recently sold at auction in New York City. This may be the last perfect copy of the Gutenberg Bible that will ever come on the market, according to authorities. The book is said to be four times as rare as the first folio of Shakespeare.

THE Blarney Stone has changed owners. Sir George Colthurst, who had owned the famous old Blarney Castle for many decades, is dead, and his elder son, who now becomes Sir George, has taken over the historic ruin. The new owner will make his home on his ancestral property. The castle is open daily to visitors, and hundreds of tourists every month are lowered by their heels to kiss the ancient and renowned Blarney Stone.

ON his recent departure from Chile for the United States for a "temporary absence," Gen. John J. Pershing issued a public statement at Arica, appealing to both Chileans and Peruvians for fair play, tolerance, and justice in holding the plebiscite for which he has been working many months. Pleading for a "square deal" and a "sportsmanlike" attitude, he urged the educated and refined to teach that spirit to the "less fortunate." "Do unto others," he said in conclusion, "as you would have them do unto you, and on this firm foundation build securely an edifice of peace." General Lassiter is left in his place.

WEST VIRGINIA was, until 1861, the western part of Virginia, but when the Civil War came, Virginia seceded from the Union. The people of western Virginia, however, were loyal to the North, and they voted to form a new State, which they called West Virginia. Now the State wants to change its name for something more distinctive. Many people think of West Virginia as a part of the State of Virginia. The name suggested is Kanawha, an Indian name. The State has a county, a river, and many city streets which bear the name Kanawha. The objection raised to giving the State this name is that its abbreviation would be Kan., the same as for Kansas.

DESPITE Sir Esme Howard's prediction that the "pother over rubber" will soon be forgotten, certain interests, acting on the suggestion of Secretary of Commerce Hoover of the United States, plan to cultivate their own rubber on an elaborate scale. The National Automobile Chamber of Commerce has asked more than 100 automobile companies to buy stock in the new American Motor Rubber Corporation, a \$10,000,000 concern formed to fight the British monopoly with its own weapon — production control. The organization is considering establishment of large plantations in the Dutch East Indies, Philippines, Cuba, Africa, and South America. A Dutch-American syndicate is reported to have acquired 400,000 acres in Sumatra. An American rubber company has added 6,000 acres to its Dutch East Indies holdings, and now has rubber growing there on 125,000 acres. About two thirds of the rubber used in the United States now comes from Brazil. That consumption of rubber has kept pace with development of the automobile is attested by the fact that today Americans use about twelve times as much rubber as twenty years ago. Seventy per cent of the world's rubber production is now marketed in the United States. The rise in rubber prices has not been without benefits more or less disguised. It has cut down waste and made factories more efficient. Manufacturers have reverted to the use of scrap. Last year 400,000,000 pounds of rubber were reclaimed. Chemists are busier than ever trying to discover a synthetic substitute. Many autoists are accepting Mr. Hoover's advice of patching, vulcanizing, and otherwise insuring longer life to tires, tubes, and other rubber goods.

OUR beautiful wild flowers are disappearing because careless people pull them up by the roots. A woman living in Boston has organized a society of seed scatterers. It has neither officers nor fees, and the cost is only ten cents a year. You promise to scatter a package of flower seeds every year along the roadside or on a neglected grave or in the open field, and at once you are a member. There are now five hundred thousand people who have promised to plant perennials in waste places, and the society is growing. This woman has traveled everywhere, and everywhere she has scattered flower seeds — the Holy Land, China, India, Mexico. Along the roadsides in her native New England there are stretches of beautiful phlox, petunias, pinks, and poppies. She has visited mining and construction camps, and in those desolate places she has sown her seeds of beauty.

THE age-old stones and weather-beaten oak beams of Warwick priory, historic English country house, were unloaded from a freighter at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, recently, for shipment to Richmond, Virginia, where it is planned to construct a reproduction of Sulgrave manor, the ancestral home of George Washington. The priory was purchased last year by Alexander Wilbourne Weddell, who plans to present it to the Virginia Historical Society for a museum. In addition to the great pile of old stones, tiles, and oak beams, all of which date back at least as far as the sixteenth century, there are more than fifty cases of leaded glass windows and as much of the intricately carved interior of the old priory as could be removed.

THE discovery of possibly the oldest known traces of civilization in Peru, dating back to 1,000 years before the Christian era, is just announced by Dr. William Montgomery McGovern of the London University, who, in company with the curator of the Peruvian Government Archaeological Museum, has just returned from an expedition to the peninsula of Paracas. An ancient city, which has been given the name of Cerro Colorado, has been partly excavated, and many rich and interesting treasures have been found.

AIR service by hydroplane has been decreed by Soviet Russia for those on their way to the loneliest place and the most dreaded prison in the world — the old monastery on Solovetskii Island in the middle of the frozen White Sea. Formerly prisoners were transported by sleighs during winter and by boats in summer.

A SEXTUPLE star was recently discovered by Dr. Vandenbos, of Leyden University, who has been conducting a search of the Southern Stellar Hemisphere for binary stars, from the observatory at Johannesburg. Since beginning study he has found 180 new double stars as well as a dozen or more elaborate systems.

NEW YORK CITY has 1,100 miles of streets, and the cost of clearing this area from snow is more than \$1,000,000.

"Never say, 'I'll try,' but, 'I will.'"