

the YOUTHFUL

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A Harbinger of Spring

REACHING UP AND OUT

What It Costs



HERE was no more zealous Mohammedan in all the great city of Kabul than Abdallah, a young officer in the court of Zeman Shah, ruler of Afghanistan. But one day an Armenian friend lent him a book, written in Arabic, and in it he read the life story of a Man who he realized was infinitely greater than Mohammed — our Lord Jesus Christ.

"I worship Him," said Abdallah in his heart. And being brave, he faced the future bravely, fully realizing that as soon as it was known that he had become a follower of the Christ, every Moslem would be duty bound to kill him. The temptation came to serve this new-found Master in secret, and say nothing about it, but he did not yield; and in a few weeks he was a baptized Christian.

Then the storm broke. To save his life, Abdallah fled westward to Bokhara. But the news of his changed religious belief soon followed him, and before many days he was betrayed by a former friend, and brought, securely bound, into the presence of Morad Shah, the king.

"You shall be given your life and set free," he was told, "if you will spit on the cross, renounce Christ, and say, 'There is no God but Allah.'"

"I refuse," answered Abdallah.

A guard stepped forward and unsheathed his sword. Abdallah was ordered to stretch out his right arm; the sword flashed, and his hand, cut clean off, fell to the ground.

"Your life will still be spared if you renounce Christ and proclaim Allah as God."

"Abdallah made no answer," says an eyewitness (who afterward himself became a Christian), in describing the scene, "but looked up steadfastly toward heaven, like Stephen, the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears."

His other arm was stretched out. Again the sword flashed. His left hand dropped to the ground.

"Renounce the Christ; say, 'There is no God but Allah,' and you shall live!"

Bleeding and handless, Abdallah "looked at his judges with the countenance of forgiveness," and answered, "I cannot!"

At a command he bowed his head. His neck was bared to the sword. Once more the shining blade flashed.

Abdallah had been "faithful unto death."

In the days when Alexander Mackay was pioneering for missions in Uganda, three of his mission boys were taken prisoners and threatened with being burned to death if they would not give up Christianity. The eldest was fifteen, the youngest twelve.

When they steadfastly refused, they were surrounded by a howling mob. Some of the men carried wood; others built a scaffolding under which a slow fire was lighted; and others cut off the arms of the boys so that they could not struggle.

"Oh, you know Isa Masiya (Jesus Christ)," they shouted. "You believe you will rise from the dead. We shall burn you, and you will see if this is so."

Seruwanga, the bravest, refused to utter a cry as he was cut to pieces; Kakumba pleaded for mercy, but they had no mercy; and the youngest, Lugalama, cried, "Oh, do not cut off my arms. I will not struggle, I will not fight — only throw me into the fire, for I cannot deny Jesus!" But no one gave him heed.

Suddenly a strange sound from the framework over the fire brought silence, and the mob listened with awed amazement as the lads raised their voices in a much loved hymn which the teacher had translated into their own language:

"Daily, daily sing to Jesus,
Sing, my soul, His praises due;
All He does deserves our praises,
And our deep devotion too.
For in deep humiliation
He for us did live below;
Died on Calvary's cross of torture,
Rose to save —"

And then came silence. Those dark-skinned African boys had made the supreme sacrifice. Yes, witnessing costs.

It was a delightful September morning in 1871, when Bishop John Coleridge Patteson, veteran missionary in Melanesia, ordered his small boat lowered from the mission steamer, "Southern Cross," and approached the tiny island of Nukapu, a little palm-fringed dot in the ocean, with a fan-shaped coral reef spreading out around it.

Six native canoes came out to meet the white man, and when one of them offered to take him aboard, he agreed. The mission boys, who had been rowing him, rested on their oars, and watched the islanders and the bishop as they crossed the smooth water within the reef, walked up the white beach, and disappeared among the trees.

Half an hour passed. Then suddenly a man stood up in one of the drifting canoes.

"Have you anything like this?" he cried, and an arrow whizzed through the air. Fierce shouts went up, and with each cry came the twang of a bow, and the hiss of the deadly arrows, each claiming a victim.

Somehow the boys managed to get back to the steamer, their own suffering forgotten for the moment in the realization that their beloved teacher was dead.

That same afternoon, as they looked across the reef, they saw two canoes put out from shore; when they had reached the open sea, one was cut loose. Across the blue water it drifted toward the ship, and, as a yell went up from the savages on the beach, the watchers guessed only too well what a precious burden it was bringing. Unwrapping the native mats which were around the body, they gazed once more upon the kindly, peaceful face of the bishop, whose life had been taken by the very men to whom he had come to tell the story of redeeming love.

Oh, yes, the service of the Master costs! *Would you be willing to pay such a price for your faith?*

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 12

A Reverie

EDWARD J. URQUHART

TWO years ago it was my privilege to spend several months on the Mohave Desert. Upon that first summer day, as I drove my car farther and farther into its depths of blistering sand, the dread and the fear of it gripped my heart. But months of close contact with it — its summer heat, its winter's bracing air, its greasewood, its desert holly, its sagebrush, its sheet of wild flowers in the spring, and withal its whisperings of the Infinite — gave me new visions, taught me new truths, and broadened my understanding. It even created within me a sympathy for its loneliness which in a decided and peculiar way calls to my spirit, till I have a longing to fly across the thousands of miles that separate us, to rest again upon its bosom in order to grasp anew its lessons. Its cloudless skies speak of the Infinite, and its every mood and complex seems to whisper of higher visions, of greater things, of paths that lead across its whiteness to abodes of peace, and of Him whose power and greatness can be comprehended in the fullest sense only when nature throws some appalling spectacle across the path of man, and he, puny thing that he is, sinks into nothingness by comparison.

I stood upon its lava ledges, and gazed out across its seas of shimmering sand, broad valleys of sage, broken by barren hills of phantastic shape and grotesque design. Then I thought upon its history when, years ago, the red man dared its solitudes, unequally fought its oppositions, and braved its thirst for human sacrifices. That such happened is attested by Indian writing on the face of every cliff. I thought, too, of its later history as the early white man, equally bold, slowly conquered its awfulness or left his bones bleaching upon its merciless sands.

I pictured those early pioneers, in their thirst for gold or liberty, approaching the rim of the desert

waste. I saw them with ox teams, or mules, or saddled horses, take what water and food they could carry and start out across the sand and sagebrush, not knowing where the next spring would be found, or what lay beyond the far-distant ridge. I saw them go out across the waste alone, in pairs, or in companies, with sometimes a week of relentless summer's heat and no water. I saw some of these, unfamiliar with

the desert as they were, follow the allurements of the mirage, to find it an elusive hope, and to perish at last under the scanty shade of some yucca tree.

I could, in imagery, see others, after their water was exhausted, half crazed, creep up to some trickling spring to slack their thirst, only to die of the poisoned waters that are so often found in the desert. Later I saw those who sensed its dreadfulness, knew its thirst and its dangers, and set out determinedly to subdue it. They sought out its good springs, they posted its poisoned ones, they made trails across its sands, and dug for the gold that lay beneath its floor. They endured hardships, they sacrificed their horses, they even gave their lives, but they conquered. The ingenuity of man has tamed the vastness of the desert, narrowed its distances, and set at naught its ferocity, for sixty miles, or even a hundred miles, with-

out water means nothing to the automobile traveler.

Well might we seize upon this desert to represent life. Unknown and untasted, it reaches out before us. The blistering sands are there to conquer us, the mirage is there to lead our unsuspecting feet upon pleasant dreams to destruction, and the poisoned springs are there, too, to destroy the soul and body when we turn in desperation to their false promises. We travel days over blistering sands, amid prostrating heat; we seek to allay our thirst with living water, and are offered only the poisoned springs of the desert — the false theories and fancies of men.

The Desert's Voice

EDWARD J. URQUHART

ONE day I stood on the desert's rim,
And gazed on the mighty waste lands,
As they swept away in the distance dim,
With their sage and their burning sands.

The spell of their grandeur gripped my soul,
And it carried my thoughts away,
Out through the years where the ages roll
In the light of the endless day.

And leading out there were paths of life
That wind o'er the desert's floor,
Where the burning suns of stress are rife
And the waters flow no more.

I thought of the souls that faint and fail
On the desert's broad expanse;
Whose bones bleach white beside the trail
Where the wild winds whirl and dance.

Then I thought of the One who stands as guide
For those who would wish it so,
Who longs to walk by the pilgrim's side
And share in his every woe;

Whose hand will lead them all the way,
In spite of the desert's sand,
To its utmost rim, where the endless day
Smiles o'er the flower-filled land.

Seoul, Korea.

"He who has a divine Friend need not fear human foes."

It is in such a place, amid such fears, with such unsatisfying journeyings and such desolate prospects, that many pass their days. Perhaps tonight they pitch their tent under the green trees of the oasis and fill their thirsty souls with water, yet on the morrow the desert's thirst engulfs them.

It thus betides that God goes to such places in search of men. He finds them in desert lands, in waste, howling wildernesses. Yet, gracious truth, in the wilderness He causes waters to break out and springs in the desert. As Israel, in their desert experiences, drank of that Rock that followed them, so today, in our desert experiences, may we drink of the living waters from the wells of salvation.

Not only may we drink of the waters of life and salvation, but we may become almoners, passing them out to other thirsty travelers. This is our mission while in the desert of life, and "blessed is the man" "who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well." This is not an impossibility, for He who is the Saviour of men stands and cries today through His representatives, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me," and "take the water of life freely."

But, friend, are you partaking of this living water?

or are you satisfied with the mirages? or perchance killing your spiritual existence by the poisoned waters of Modernism, or evolution, or some other present-day "ism"? Are the mystifying phantasies, or the unsatisfying philosophies, or the destroying falsities, or the damning theories of this day of ultrafreedom, slowly but surely wasting your soul upon life's desert, to leave your spiritual carcass there for the suns of eternity to whiten and the sands of time to bury?

Better the satisfying spring by the well-beaten trail of life than some ethereal mirage of lakes, grassy slopes, and waving trees of beauty that soothes the soul with dreams and lifts it with hope, only to leave it a spiritual corpse at last. And better that same little spring by the wayside than the poisoned waters of some vain human philosophy.

Honor and glory await not those who perish in the desert. The prize is for those who will march across its borders with Him at the head who leads the pilgrims of this world over the desert of life, into eternity. There they will grasp, in all its ravishing beauty and satisfying reality, the worth of that land, and possess it forever. God grant that you and I may be among that happy company.

Words to the Young

MRS. E. G. WHITE



WITHHOLD not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth continually preserve me."

Those who in sincerity present this prayer to our heavenly Father will not pray in vain. As we see our great need of help from God, we may look up and away from ourselves. As we seek the Lord, not with lip service, but with our whole hearts, we shall be brought in contact with Christ. We can afford to renounce every evil thing for Christ's sake, that we may say that we have renounced the hidden things of dishonesty, that we walk not in craftiness, or handle the word of God deceitfully, but by manifestation of the truth commend ourselves to every man's conscience. The religion of Christ will uplift the life to an elevated standard. The inward work of the Spirit of God humbles human pride, by causing us to understand something of the tender mercies and loving-kindness of God.

My young friends, have you been seeking to obtain righteousness by your own good works? Have you been comforting yourselves in the thought of your own merits? You can never find true consolation in thus doing. When you discover your own inefficiency, and look to the source of your strength, with yearning entreaty, saying, "Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let Thy loving-kindness and Thy truth continually preserve me," you will obtain light. If you believe the word of God, relying upon His pledged word, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and comfort and peace and hope will come. If you are sincere in your prayers, you will act in accordance with them. You will diligently study the Scriptures that you may understand what is truth, that you may co-operate with God, and not work at cross-purposes with your own prayer.

The youth have many temptations, but there would be hundreds of youth, where now there is one, in the King's service, if from childhood they obeyed their parents in the Lord. The youth desire to be free from

restraint, and be left without counsel and admonition, and Satan finds ready access to the mind. Divine agencies draw them through the faithful instruction of parents and through the ministry of the word, and light from heaven shines upon their minds and hearts, and the tender cords of the love of Jesus draw them; yet if these heavenly influences are resisted, they will all be in vain. But why not give the heart to Jesus? The smallest and the weakest may place themselves under the very best influences, and receive strength and obtain right impressions, and be able to shun the society of those whom they know they cannot benefit, and who will tempt them to do evil.

You cannot have faith that the Lord will keep you by His loving-kindness, and by His truth continually preserve you, when you do not place yourselves in the channel of light. Then shun bad companions, and choose the good. The seed of truth sown in the heart must receive the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness in order to grow. The seeds of truth which do not spring up and grow, soon lose their power to germinate, and they perish. But weeds of evil habits will spring up and flourish. The precious plants of love, joy, patience, courtesy, meekness, and humility, need to be carefully cultivated if they grow and improve.

Do not be content with a superficial piety, but, young friends, grow in grace and the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Are you making advancement? Is the plant of grace waxing into a tree, or withering away? Present yourselves humbly and often at the throne of grace, and tell Jesus your every want, and do not think anything is too small for Him to notice. The Lord loves to have you seek Him, and tell Him your trials, as a child would talk with his parent. When you pray, believe Jesus hears you, and will do the things you ask of Him. Show that you have perfect trust in Jesus, and ever seek to do those things that you know will please Him, and you will have peace in Christ.

"God's notes need no indorsing."

How the Zoo Is Fed

ELIZABETH ANN LINDSAY

NO small task confronts the caterer to the varied appetites of the mammals, reptiles, and birds, in a large zoological park. He must devise menus that will keep all his boarders satisfied, for while dried mosquitoes may seem a delicacy to the birds, Bruin demands a nice apple as the finish to his meal, and the python prefers a pig for his *pièce de résistance*. And each one cannot understand *why* he should not have what he likes! When he was in his forest home, he could forage for himself; but now that he has to live in a cage and be stared at by impolitely curious humans, the least he can demand is to be indulged in the matter of food. He is captious about it, too, and if he cannot have what he wants, he is very likely to retaliate by dying.

There are more than 5,000 animals in the New York Zoo, and their food is grown on a six-acre farm, scientifically operated, for besides supplying the demands of the long-toothed meat eaters and serpents, who sulk unless they are fed the choicest chickens, rabbits, guinea pigs, and pigeons, it also supplies "the highbrow vegetarians of the jungle, whose palates can be tickled only by serving them lettuce, cabbage, corn, carrots, beets, and even strawberries and raspberries."

"From our 200 hens we manage to get about 2,000 chickens each year," says Ernest Costain, who has had charge of this department of the park for years. "We also raise about 1,400 rabbits yearly, and about 1,000 guinea pigs. A few of these we keep; but the great majority are sent over to the reptile cage, and are placed on the menu of the alligators and serpents.

"When the guinea pigs, rabbits, and chickens are from four to eight weeks old, they have seen about all they ever will see of this world. Rudolph Bell, over the animals' kitchen, then takes charge of them, and prepares them for the reptiles. Those reptiles whose palates run to such choice and appetizing dishes then dispose of them. The reptiles have the privilege of enjoying such a feed about twice a week. In between they are fed mice and rats, some of which we raise, but most of which we manage to catch in the environs of the park.

"The problem of feeding many of the animals is met to a great extent by the great amount of mangels which we raise on our farm. In one year we raise about thirty-five tons of this variety of beet, which serves in addition to meat as food for most the mammals. The monkeys especially thrive on mangels, and

are also very fond of carrots and lettuce. In a year we raise about 3,000 bunches of the former and 5,000 heads of the latter. The buffalo and deer make a particular diet of cabbage, of which we produce annually about 3,000 heads exclusively for them.

"Besides the chickens and rabbits, pigs also are raised at the farm. They are fed to the huge python, the enormous monarch of the reptile house, which is one of the principal attractions at the park. The python eats one whole pig about every twelve days. It is very timid, however, and will not eat, no matter how hungry it is, as long as there are visitors about.

"Although this farm does its work well in the matter of filling up the daily bill of fare, the feeding of the many animals at the park necessitates some outside assistance. We buy yearly from fifty to sixty thousand pounds of horseflesh, most of which is fed to the lions, tigers, and other members of the cat family. At one time all the animals used to receive beef, but, like every one else, they had to suffer because of the high living cost, and now have to be satisfied with horseflesh. There are a few animals, however, that will not eat horseflesh, and these particular ones are fed beef. They are the smaller members of the cat family, and they can easily distinguish between horseflesh and the real thing.

"Much of the horseflesh comes from the park's own slaughterhouse, which is the recipient of a great many old and decrepit horses each year. Before being killed, all these horses are carefully inspected.

"Large quantities of hay, clover, and alfalfa are used in the feeding of the hoofed animals, a great deal of this coming from the park farm.

"Before the cost of living took such a jump, we supplied some of our more particular boarders with a great many apples and bananas. The monkeys and some of the other small mammals are very fond of the latter, and we find it necessary still to supply them with this form of luxury, although in no such degree as they received in other years. In a year we purchase about 250 bunches of bananas.

"Our bears have a great liking for apples, and we are able to get quite a few speckled ones at reasonable rates. Besides, we have to purchase considerable quantities of condensed and sour milk, in addition to about 2,000 quarts of fluid milk every year. High prices have made it necessary to cut down on our supply of potatoes that we have to purchase in addition to those raised on the farm.

(Continued on page 13)



© Harris & Ewing

"The Monkeys Are Very Fond of Lettuce and Carrots."

Ada's Resolve

LYDIA J. STICKLE



HY, here you are, Chrystelle! I've been looking for you ever since supper time. Where have you been? and what are you doing here all alone?"

Thus spoke Ada, as she stepped onto one of the wide sanitarium verandas, where she found her friend.

"I've just come off duty, and have been sitting here a few minutes thinking about that little nervous patient of mine. You remember the pretty girl who came with her mother last Tuesday, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, that girl with the auburn hair and big brown, dreamy eyes. Is she your patient? How fortunate you are, Chrystelle! I wish I had her in place of that cranky old woman who is never pleased with anything one can do for her. Just think, it's almost a year since we came to take the nurses' course, and I've had only two or three patients who were not disagreeable. But tell me about your 'special,' and why you have been thinking about her."

Chrystelle's eyes were turned toward the ocean inlet, where the full moon made a silvery path across the waters, and the moonbeams played with the tiny ripples on the shore. Ada's eyes followed her friend's gaze, and her tired nerves began to feel rested by the peaceful scene.

"It is a sad story," began Chrystelle, without lifting her gaze from the fascinating scene before them, "a sad story. She is only sixteen, and here she is—a nervous wreck, one of the most critical cases in the sanitarium. She might be enjoying perfect health if it were not for one thing."

"And what is that?" asked Ada, eagerly.

"It is her fondness for exciting stories. She knows it, and has told me about her experience. Her mother is a great lover of fiction, and placed sensational stories in the hands of her daughter when she was just a slip of a girl. The more she read, the more she wanted. Night after night she would read until midnight, or even later, to finish some fascinating novel. During the day she frequently neglected her work for reading. Her mother reprimanded her for it, but the habit was formed. During the summer of her fifteenth year, she read *sixty* books. By racing through exciting stories in this way, she has crippled her mental strength, and taxed her nervous system so severely that the doctor fears it may result in paralysis. She *lives* her stories, and he says that when the mind has been kept under such constant excitement, the delicate machinery of the brain becomes so weakened that it cannot act."

"Isn't that dreadful!" Ada exclaimed, with a shudder. "And do you really think, Chrystelle, that this is the result of her novel reading?"

"Yes, I know it is. Her reading is at the bottom of it all. It has produced in her a false, unhealthy excitement; it has fevered her imagination, and she has been living in an unreal world. I have noticed that even at her best she is restless or dreamy, and is unable to talk about anything but the most commonplace subjects. I believe she once had a bright mind, but she has thought upon trivial matters for so long that her mind has become confused and enfeebled."

Ada made no reply; she was peering into the distance, evidently thinking, until Chrystelle quietly asked, "Why so quiet, Ada?"

"Oh, I was just thinking about some experiences of my own," came the reply. "You know, Chrystelle, that I was brought up in a Christian home. My parents never encouraged me to read sensational stories, but periodicals and newspapers containing continued stories came to our home. I began to read some of these, and my taste for fiction grew until I could scarcely wait for the next paper to come. When father and mother found that I was reading the stories, they tried to keep them from me, but I managed to read them on the sly."

"Later I went to boarding school. Novels were forbidden there, but whenever any of the students secured this forbidden reading matter, I usually shared the secret pleasure."

"Uncle Angus visited me occasionally, and somehow he discovered my mania for love stories. We had a long, serious talk together, and when he asked me to promise not to read another novel before his next visit, I readily agreed. For his sake I kept my word, for I would not have disappointed him for anything. But when that time expired and I no longer felt bound to my promise, I fell back into the old habits again. I was more temperate, however, for Uncle Angus had shown me something of the harmfulness of such reading, and I was honestly trying to reform."

"But, Chrystelle, I have found it as hard to control my appetite for exciting reading as the drunkard has to control his appetite for intoxicating drink. And, do you know, even now I cannot always keep my hands off such reading matter when I see it in a patient's room. But after what you have told me tonight, I feel more determined than ever before to leave harmful books and magazines alone."

"I am glad you feel that way, Ada," replied Chrystelle. "Let me tell you my experience. I, too, early in life, got a taste of sensational stories, and soon craved more and more. The scenes described in these novels I lived over and over again."

"My sister, who is my senior by four years, was aware of what I was doing, and she knew, perhaps from her own experience, that there would never come a better time for me to stop. She talked to me about it one day, and then handed me a pledge card to sign. I signed it, promising that I would, with God's help, refrain from perusing harmful reading matter. I have kept the promise. I am so glad that my sister believed in total abstinence, for in this has been my safety. Oh, if people could only realize how many unhappy homes, how many lifelong invalids, and how many inmates of our insane asylums, are but the result of a long indulgence in novel reading!"

"Chrystelle," and Ada's voice was firm, "I am resolved from this night on, by the help of God, to be a total abstainer along with you. And I am so glad I found you here this evening. I have a novel in my room now which I began to read today, and I want you to come along with me while I get it and take it and two or three others down to the powerhouse."

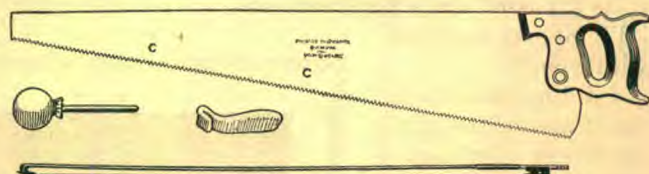
In a few minutes four worthless volumes were being eagerly devoured by the hungry flames of the big sanitarium furnace.

"Poor men want some things, rich men more things, covetous men all things."

Learn the Saw

L. M. SPEAR

IT is a fine art, as we go through life, to be able to "tune out" the harsh, disagreeable sounds that are always present in this world of strife, and "tune in" on the music we may find everywhere. There is music in brooks and trees; even the majestic Niagara roars to the music of a harmonious key. The purpose of this article is to tell how a common, everyday, mechanical tool may be transformed into a delightful musical instrument. In fact, the saw is becoming more popular every day,



Tools of the Trade

and bids fair to become a common entertainer, played and enjoyed by music lovers, rather than simply a musical novelty.

The wonderful possibilities of this unique instrument are as yet only beginning to be known, but we hope these few hints may start on the right road to success those readers who wish to learn its secrets of melody.

A good ear for music, coupled with perseverance, is essential as a foundation for successful saw playing, and while the saw is quite mechanical as a *tool*, the person who plays an instrument *mechanically* would probably not succeed very well on the saw. There are no open strings, as on the violin, and the accuracy of every note depends entirely on the good ear of the performer. If you can whistle or hum a tune accurately, you can learn to play the saw.

Let us first consider the saw itself. It should be straight on both edges, of good steel, and rather flexible, as a stiff saw is tiresome to play. A twenty-six inch saw is about right. A violin bow may be bought at any music store, and should be about medium in weight. A small wooden mallet covered with felt is sometimes used with good effect. A piece of good-quality rosin and a saw player (see note), as shown in illustration, and the outfit is complete.

Remove any bur from the teeth of the saw, if a new one, with a piece of fine emery cloth, as the best tones are produced on that edge, although the back may be used. Keep your saw clean and bright, and do not use it as a tool. Allow the fingers to touch the saw only as you are obliged to handle the tip end. Handling the edge of the saw or the bow hinders the production of a good tone.

There are three essentials to be thoroughly learned before proceeding farther,—*pressure*, *bend*, and *position*. The study of these is the most important part of saw playing. *Pressure* is a short bend of the saw at the tip end. Without this there would be no vibration. The *bend* is the bending of the body of the saw while still carefully holding the *pressure*. The bend determines the pitch of the note produced. *Position* is the position of the bow on the saw. High notes are produced where the saw is narrow, low notes where the saw is wide. Good results are largely dependent on the careful combination of these three

essentials, keeping all three in mind while playing.

Having carefully studied these essentials, take your position as shown in the illustration. Holding the saw handle between the knees, place the metal saw player on the end of the saw with the left hand, as shown. Bend the body of the saw a little, and at the same time press down gently but firmly with the thumb of the left hand on the player. Now with the right hand draw the bow (which should be well rosined) gently up a little above the center of the saw. Do not be surprised if the first time this is tried only a squeak, groan, or wail is heard, or perhaps no sound at all. *Too much* or *too little* pressure or a wrong position of the bow may spoil the tone. Experiment until you get a good, clear, flutelike tone that will continue to ring after the bow is lifted. As soon as a good tone can be produced, proceed to bend the body of the saw up and down slowly, following with the bow until the notes of the scale can be played. Sitting within reach of a piano will be a great help.

Too much importance cannot be attached to the mastering of these first principles, and also the scales. After this the road to success will be an easy and very interesting one. Relieve the monotony of scale practice by trying some of the good old hymns, such as "Rock of Ages," "Old Black Joe" and "Suwanee River" are good for practice, also.

Another suggestion will be helpful. After becoming somewhat familiar with your saw, find the exact spot where middle C can be played with the most

(Concluded on page 13)



In Position for Playing

"A widow's mites outweigh a rich man's treasures."

FOR many years I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and at last I went to live in California. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived with my husband and little boys.

I heard of a man over the hills who was dying of consumption, and they said, "He is so vile that no one can stay with him, so the men place some food near him and leave him for twenty-four hours. They will find him dead sometime, and the sooner the better."

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get some one to go to see him and to find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me, "Why don't you yourself go? Here's missionary work, if you want it."

At last, one day, I went over the hills to the little abode. It was a mud cabin, and contained just one room. The door stood open, and there in one corner, on some straw and colored blankets, I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath. I stepped forward a little, and there came another oath.

"Don't speak so, my friend," I said.

"I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said.

"Well, I am yours, and"—but the oaths came quickly, and he said,

"You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and I don't want any now."

I reached out at arm's length the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway, I asked if he remembered his mother, hoping to find a tender place in his heart, but he cursed her. I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and he cursed Him. I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths, and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use." The next day I went again, and every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude of a dog. At the end of that time I said, "I am not going any more." That night, as I was putting my little boy to bed, I did not pray for the miner. My little Charlie noticed it, and said:

"Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man."

"No," I answered with a sigh.

"Have you given him up, mamma?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up till God does?"

That night I could not sleep. That man dying, and so vile, with no one to care! I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment my knees touched the floor I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been in my prayers. I had no faith, and I had not really cared beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. I had not claimed his soul for God. O the shame, the shame of such missionary zeal! I cried, "O Christ, give me a little glimpse of the worth of a human soul!" I saw my Lord as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there till the answer came.

As I went back to my room, my husband said, "How about your miner?"

"He is going to be saved."

"THE MAN THA

"How are you going to do it?" he asked.

"The Lord is going to save him, and I do not know that shall do anything about it," I replied.

The next morning, the moment my little boys went off to school I left my work, and hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but to win a soul. I was afraid the man might die before I reached him.

As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin, and said "I'll go over the hills with you."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I.

She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin, she said, "I'll wait out here."

I do not know what I expected, but the man greeted me with an awful oath; still it did not hurt, for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel at the bedside, things which I had done every day, and which he had used but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air.

"What's that?" said the man, eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside, waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door, I beckoned to her, and then, taking her by the hand, said: "Come in and see the sick man, Mamie."

She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm afraid," but I assured her with, "Poor sick man, he can't get up, and he wants to see you."



Johannes Adam Simon Oertel, the berg, Bavaria, Nov. 2, 1823. When served his adopted country as a soldier for as an Episcopal clergyman. The great agled to carry out the plan — was to p mankind. To do this it was necessary in various ways, and he qualified as a designer, artist, and sculptor, even making paintings was finally finished in 1902. University of the South, at Sewanee, the one pictured above. The first sketch in a stormy sea, was drawn in pencil in of the study, which he presented to a to Augustus Storrs of New York City. become as well known as the great hym flaws in the copyright, the artist lived spent in a small suburban village across Church of the Incarnation of that city a are well worth seeing.

DIED FOR ME"

She looked like an angel, her bright face framed in golden locks, and her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hands she held flowers she had picked off the purple sage, and bending toward him, she said, "I am sorry for 'ou, sick man, will 'ou e a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump forehead of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes as he said: "I had a little girl once. Her name was Mamie. She cared

for me. Nobody else did. I'd have been different if she had lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew at once I had the key to the man's heart, and I said, "When I spoke of your mother and your wife, you cursed them; I know now that they were not good women, or you could not have done it."

"Good women! Oh, you don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of woman. You can't think what they was!"

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?"

He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine, he cried, "Oh, no!"

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said, "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did, so He took her away. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burned alive a thousand times over if I could just see my little girl once more, my little Mamie."

O friends, you know what a blessed story I had to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest! The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing his breath. Then clutching me, he said, "What's that, woman, you said t'other day 'bout talking to Somebody out o' sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"Pray now, quick. Tell Him I want my little girl again. Tell Him anything you want to!"

Dropping on my knees, I prayed for the man who had lost his little Mamie, and wanted to see her again. Heaven seemed to open before us. There stood One with the prints of the nails in His hands, and the wound in His side.

And the man kept saying, "Tell Him more about it, tell Him everything; but, oh! you don't know." Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for One who was close to us at that hour.

By and by the poor man grasped the strong Hand. It was the third day when the poor, tired soul turned from everything on earth to Him,—“the Man that died for me.”

He lived on for weeks, as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting, and he said, "I'd like to go to a meetin' once."

So we planned a meeting, and the men from the mills and the mines came and filled the room.

"Now, boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells about that Man that died for me."

I had been brought up to believe that a woman shouldn't speak in meeting, but I found myself talking, and I tried to tell the simple story of the cross. After a while he said, "O' boys, you don't half believe it, or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Raise me up. I'd like to tell it once."

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing, he told the story. He had to use the language he knew.

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes, and carries off the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me just like that; it carried off about everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. O boys, can't you love Him?"

One morning the door was closed, and I found two of the men sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead, and I looked on the face which seemed to have come back nearer to the image of God.

Kneeling there, with my hands over those poor, cold ones that had been stained with human blood, I asked the Master to help me come to understand more and more the worth of a human soul, and to draw me into a deeper sympathy with His yearning compassion, "not willing that any should perish."—*Mrs. J. K. Barney.*



"God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. For God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved."



"Rock of Ages," was born in Nuremberg. He came to the United States, and, before entering the gospel ministry, was a life — and for fifty years he struggled with the redemption of the world. He made money above his regular income as an architect, musician, bank-note engraver, and painter. The series of paintings illustrating the redemption of the world. Perhaps the best known of these is "The Rock of Ages," a young woman clinging to a cross. Mr. Oertel made a small painting of the Rock of Ages, and later it was put on canvas and sold as a reproduction of the picture has the same title; but because of technical details, it was not a reproduction of the original. His later years were spent in Washington, D. C., and in the painting and wood carvings which

OUR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS



IS said to mean "Missionary Volunteer," but from observing our Western Canadian Missionary Volunteers, one might think it meant "Much Vigor." They seem to be everywhere, distributing literature, placing magazines in various business houses, helping the needy, and thus making sunshine. When an "M. V." hears the "Master's Voice," he gets a "Main View" of the work, and goes with a "Mighty Velocity" to help finish a "More Vast" field of labor than his own little sphere might indicate.

Seven Normal Productions in the Missionary Volunteer Work

There are seven normal productions in the Missionary Volunteer work, according to Mr. Ralph Pearson, leader of the Senior Missionary Volunteer Society at Walla Walla College: First, the society gives young people something to do; second, through it workers are trained for various lines of church work; third, it trains in the essentials of our spiritual life; fourth, it wins converts that the church is unable to reach; fifth, it keeps young people from worldly associations; sixth, it unites our young people around the world; seventh, it is in existence under the divine guidance of God.

Broadview College Activities During 1925

"During the year, not including the summer months, 310 personal visits were made by members of the Missionary Volunteer Society," says a recent report. "We do not know how many people were reached with the message through the 149 Bible readings and gospel meetings held, neither can we estimate the good done by the four anti-tobacco pledges signed, nor by the sixteen persons taken to Sabbath school and other services. Approximately ten days, or 227 hours, were spent in doing good, helping those unable to help themselves. Although only fifteen treatments were reported, we feel that many others were given of which we have no record. Realizing the truth of Christ's saying that the poor are always with us, busy hands gathered 347 articles of clothing and distributed them, while liberal purses gave \$14.27 toward food and fuel. To cheer those who were not permitted to enjoy nature because of sickness, 35 bouquets were distributed.

"We are admonished to scatter our literature like leaves of autumn. The carrying out of this suggestion resulted in the distribution of 20,622 papers and magazines, 1,153 tracts, and 716 books. In addition, sixteen subscriptions were taken for our periodicals. Thirty little folks were cheered with Scripture cards given to them by members of the Missionary Volunteer Society. Mail time is a happy time for all who receive letters from loved ones and friends, those who are interested in their welfare. Some of the faithful students remembered and wrote 193 missionary letters, to which 38 replies were received. Busy feet carried 1,500 announcements to the homes of the people in and around Chicago. Besides the figures given above, there are many who are doing personal work not reported on the Missionary Volunteer slips. The prayer lists kept by faithful students, the observance of the Morning Watch in the wee small hours of dawn, the

systematic reading of the Bible, the Reading Course, all these bring results which will not be revealed to us now; but in that day when all shall have been made plain and we shall see 'face to face,' we shall know."

Better Things in Santiago de Chile

"Better things await us in Santiago de Chile. In the new church buildings the Lord was pleased to signally bless our humble, youthful efforts," writes H. B. Lundquist, Sabbath school, educational, and Missionary Volunteer secretary of the Austral Union, South America. "Let me explain our procedure: We decided to hold a series of meetings. I preached one night, and Andres Ascione, Missionary Volunteer and home missionary secretary of the Chile Conference, the next. He took up the problem of sin from a carnal standpoint, and I took up the life of victory. From the first night we divided the congregation of some sixty to seventy persons, into prayer bands of from six to ten persons each. We met with these prayer band leaders before the evening service, instructing and counseling with them. As a natural result, many unconverted persons were caught in this gospel net. Before the close of the week every person in those prayer bands was praying. Some prayed their first prayer, and many found their blessed Saviour on their knees. Seventeen were finally added to the church as a result of this one effort."

New Missionary Volunteer Society Does Soul-Winning Work

The newly organized Missionary Volunteer Society of the Morristown (Tennessee) church is doing aggressive soul-winning work. The members are distributing fifteen Family Bible Teacher sets, and doing Christian help work. There is a live interest also in the Standard of Attainment class.

Earnest Sacrifice at Pacific Union College

"The Spirit of the Lord is working in South Hall, or these things would never be," says Miss Alma J. Graf, preceptress, speaking of the acts of real self-denial among the girls under her care since the call came for more mission funds in needy lands. More than \$300 in cash has been given by these young women. The spirit of sacrifice which prompted the gifts is the true spirit of Christian discipleship.

Church School Children Hold Harvest Ingathering Record

A small girl in the church school of Tampa, Florida, holds the record in the amount raised by the children in that conference. Using the mission box almost entirely, she received \$507.75. Another little girl gathered \$45 on the street in one and a half hours with her box. Seven girls raised a total of \$1,364.24. In all, the young people have more than reached their goal of \$4,000 for Harvest Ingathering.

From Southwestern Junior College

The members of the Seminar at Southwestern Junior College are giving six Bible readings each week in Cleburne, Texas. They also have charge of the teachers' meetings in the junior division of the Sabbath school.

(Concluded on page 14)

"God's wise men are the world's fools."

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.

The Story of a Pledged Word

IN 1877 a tribe of Indians attacked a little frontier settlement on White Bird Creek, in western Idaho. A settler named James Manuel was warned in time to catch his horses, put his wife and baby on one, while he and his little girl, Maggie, a child of eight, mounted the other.

They were overtaken after going a few miles, and fired upon. The parents and baby were killed, and Maggie was wounded, and fell from the horse. The little girl rolled down the hillside, and hid herself in the tall grass.

She lay for three days among the willows, beside a stream to which she had crept. She had been shot through the arm with an arrow, and the shaft was still in the wound. On the third day Patrick Brice, an Irish miner, passed by, and hearing the sound of moaning, soon found the child, who in her terror mistook him for an Indian and attempted to escape. Weak from her wounds and exhausted from hunger, she reeled a few steps and fell.

The miner lifted her tenderly, and carried her back to her home, now only a heap of smoldering ashes. A few chickens remained, which had escaped the sight of the Indians. Brice killed one of these, and roasted it over the fire. He fed the child and himself, and then set about devising means to take her fifty miles over the rough mountain trail to Mount Idaho, the nearest settlement. An old chair back made a comfortable seat for the child, whom he fastened on with some straps from the harness.

As the moon rose, he put his burden on his back, and set out up the winding trail. All night he trudged along, stopping only at a spring to bathe her wounds and allay her feverish thirst.

At sunrise he hid in a dense clump of bushes. Several times bands of Indians passed near without discovering them. As Pat at length caught sight of the little town in the distance, he was congratulating himself that he should reach it in safety, when his heart sank at the sight of fifty mounted Indians charging down upon him.

Brice spread his arms in the peace sign. When they were close, the chief, Mox Mox, rode ahead and spoke to him. Brice could speak a little of the Indian tongue. "What do you want?" he asked.

"We want you," the chief replied.

"Well, here I am. Come and get me," Brice said.

"Throw down that revolver," was the command.

To hesitate was to court death. Brice threw the weapon in front of him. An Indian dismounted and greedily secured it.

"Now," said Mox Mox, "we are going to kill you."

"You can kill me, if you wish; but, I entreat you, spare this child."

"No, we will not only kill you, but the girl as well."

"Then," replied Brice, "if you must kill me, shoot me right here."

As he said this, he tore open his rough shirt, and displayed a blood-red cross tattooed upon his breast.

The Indians fell back in amazement. They were not Christian Indians, but they had reverence for the emblem of Christianity, and dared not shoot. A gleam of hope came to Brice.

"If you will allow me to take this child into Mount Idaho, where she can be cared for, I will return to your camp, wherever it is, and give myself up. You

can then do with me as you will. By this cross I swear it."

The Indians consulted together, then Mox Mox said:

"All right. You go, but if you do not come back in two sleeps, we will ride into Mount Idaho, and when we ride out, there will be no white person alive."

Brice went on his journey. He delivered his charge into kind hands, rested for a day, and then deliberately walked back into the Indian camp. "Here I am," he said. "What are you going to do with me?"

"Do with you?" the chief replied. "Why, nothing. We do not want you. We are not making war on people who do not make war on us. It is the long knives we are fighting. Eat, sleep, then go your way."

Brice went back to his mine, without dreaming that his act was anything out of the common. He lived to an old age, and died, never realizing that he was a hero, and that his brave act would be recorded in

The Lark

MINERVA WAMMACK

THE ground was white with new-fallen snow;
Dark March clouds were hanging low.
A traveler was trudging along the way,
Wondering how to brighten the day.

When "Peter, peter, porter!" reached his ear,
Sounded in tones both sweet and clear.
"Peter, peter, porter!" again was heard
To come from the throat of a happy bird.

And there he sat on a tall fence post,
Cheerily giving a morning toast.
Drawn into a bunch and shivering with cold,
Abroad to the world his message he told.

In a quiet gray coat the bird was dressed;
And he wore the brightest yellow vest,
Trimmed with a rich black satin tie.
His cheerfulness none would dare deny.

His was the song of the meadow lark,
Cheerfully given on a day so dark.
May I a lesson from him learn,
And gloomy hours to sunshine turn.



Little Lois Locke, who lives with her parents at a mission station in New Guinea, fell and broke her right arm. Her father set the fractured bone and put her arm in splints, but after several days it became necessary to take her to a doctor. The nearest one was sixty miles away! The road was only a narrow trail through tropical jungles, across rivers, and over mountains. Lois is only four and a half years old, so she could not walk very far. How do you suppose she made the journey? On the stretcher made of some poles and a piece of canvas, as you see it in the picture. The carriers are native friends.

history as an admonition on the importance of keeping one's word.

Little Maggie grew to womanhood and married. She lived on the Camas Prairie, in northern Idaho, happy, save for the dark shadow cast upon her life that spring day.—*Century Magazine.*



Jake's Adventures

ESTHER ALLEN

EARLY one morning, while we were living in Mexico, my father left the house, saying he was going to a little town called Santa Maria. We didn't dream of what he was going to do. About noon he returned, bearing in his arms a much-frightened monkey. Jake, for that was the monkey's name, appeared very nervous, scratching his head violently, blinking his eyes, and uttering a noise peculiar to his race, which sounds like "Ha-u-u-u-u." If you say this very fast, it will sound just like the monkey.

Mother and I decided at once that we did not want him. He had a round head with short hair and a crooked nose which made me think of a criminal. His glassy black eyes took in everything at a glance, and his long arms and tail served equally to attain whatever he wished. But my little brother and sister fell in love with him at once, and my father also wanted him. The majority won, and we kept the monkey.

Of course the first thing that came into my mind was that he needed some clothes to wear, and so that afternoon was spent in devising a pattern and making a pair of rompers. I soon learned that if I could have everything quiet and talk to him kindly, it was no trouble at all to get his permission to let me dress him. He would keep the clothes on as long as I was around, but as soon as I turned my back, he would begin to tear them off with his teeth. Many a merry chase we had with him when he was all dressed up.

One day, just before dinner, father had the monkey in the house for a little while. On his way out he had to pass the dining-room table. Jake passed by, apparently not seeing a thing on the table, but his tail was reaching back to get a banana, and the first

thing father knew, Jake was giving his notes of joy—"Hi-i-eee"—and peeling his banana.

We also had a small puppy. It was so small that I could put it in my pocket. Jake would pick it up, rock it back and forth, and look at it very tenderly. Then all of a sudden he would bite its ears to make it squeal. Sometimes he would coil the end of his tail around its foot, and then climb up on the fence and sit there as unconcerned as if there wasn't a single little doglet in the world that was crying as if its heart would break.

One day while I was out playing with Jake, he climbed to my shoulder and put his arms around me. Suddenly I noticed that he was loose. I screamed, and ran as fast as I could to the place where father was, the monkey following after me on all four, and his tail curled over him in a most comical manner. He saw that I was frightened, and he was looking for some fun. But father came out in time to save me, and chained Jake up again.

In the town where we lived, there was a little boy named Loho who would take a short board and make holes in it, stick them full of all-day suckers, and sell them. One day Jake decided that the one sucker which Loho always gave him was not enough. When the boy was not watching, he flung his tail out and grabbed the board, but as Loho would not let go his hold, Jake changed his position, stretched his hands out, grabbed the board, and then put his tail around the boy. With his strong arms and tail he soon had him near enough so that he could take possession of the board with his feet. He then leisurely chose the sucker he considered best, and let the boy go.

We also had a pet macaw which was brimful of mischief. It would run up to the monkey, making as little noise as possible, and suddenly bite his tail. Then putting the round of his bill on the ground, he would push away as fast as he could, chuckling to himself. But he seldom escaped without losing a feather, and Jake usually managed to take his longest and generally his prettiest tail feather, so of course the tail was pretty well thinned out. But in spite of it all, the macaw would persist in this sport. I didn't blame the monkey for his part of the fun.

Jake lived with us for more than two years. I shall have to admit that I changed my mind about him later, and felt just as sad as the others when we had to part with him, because we were leaving for the United States.



The Secret of Happiness

A Parable



ONCE upon a time there was a prince who was very sad. He had pennies to spend, toys with which to play, books to read, and everything he wanted to eat and drink and wear. His father, the king, and his mother, the queen, were kind to him, and so was every one else. Then why unhappy? He did not know.

One day he went to the king. "Father," he asked, "tell me, please, why you always are in good spirits and I am not."

"Oh, me, oh, my!" said the king. "Boys do ask such queer questions! I guess it is because I am so busy being king that I have no time for anything else."

"Work, that must be the secret," said the prince. "Busy people are happy."

So he got his rake and hoe and worked in his garden

"From the cobwebs of idleness grow the chains of sloth."

from dawn till dark. But he only made himself tired.

Then he went to the High Keeper of the Royal Purse. "High Keeper," he asked, "tell me, please, why it is you are always full of cheer and I am not?"

"Oh, me, oh, my!" said the High Keeper, "you little boys do ask such queer questions. 'I guess it is because I am a saver of money. If I did not look out, the High Spender would use it all up in a day.'"

"Saving, that must be the secret," said the prince. "Those who save money are certain to be happy."

So, for a whole month he did not spend a single cent, and yet he was as sad as ever.

Next he went to the High Spender of the Royal Cash. "High Spender," he asked, "tell me, please, why you are gay and I am not?"

"Oh, me, oh, my!" replied the High Spender, "little boys do ask such queer questions. I guess it is because I am always spending money. If I didn't get rid of it, the High Keeper would lock it up."

"Spending, that must be the secret," said the prince. "Folks who spend money are sure to be happy."

So he got out all the pennies in every one of his banks, and put in all his time buying things. Still joy did not come to him.

All he could do now was to look without the palace. So, when no one was watching, he slipped through one of the big gateways and strolled along the city streets. At length he came to a small boy who was crying.

Before the prince could ask him what was the matter, a big boy came to where they were.

"What is wrong, sonny?" he asked.

"Why, my kite will not fly. Every time I get it up in the air, it spins around and then darts down and bumps into the ground."

"It has not enough tail," said the big boy. "Let me show you."

The big boy fastened some wads of paper to the tail of the kite. Then he held it as high as he could against the wind; the little boy grabbed the string and ran as fast as he could; and presto, there the kite was, way up in the air. It held itself as steady as if it were painted against the sky.

The big boy grinned a broad grin.

"Tell me, please," asked the prince, "why it is you are so jolly and I am not?"

"Oh, me, oh, my!" answered the big boy. "You do ask such queer questions! The happy people are those who spend the most time trying to make others happy. Try it yourself."

The prince went back to the castle, and did as the big boy had told him. Instead of fussing and bothering to make himself happy, he tried to think of ways in which to make others happy. In a short time he was so light of heart that ever after he was known throughout all the land as Prince Joyful.—*Elbridge H. Sabin.*

Learn the Saw

(Concluded from page 7)

clearness and ease. Taking a piece of chalk, mark the spot, as shown in the illustration. You will find that each note has a radius of vibration of two or three inches, and that the tone is most clear in the center of this. On most saws middle C is near the middle of the saw. Find the C an octave higher, and mark that also. These marks will help you, and serve as a guide to locate the correct position of other notes. For instance, F will be about halfway between these two C's, and so on. It will soon be easy

to strike any note wanted by its position relative to C.

Concerning the use of the bow and the elimination of the squeak that always bothers at first, there is no hard-and-fast rule. By care and practice it can largely be overcome. Just relax every muscle, and let the frown caused by over-anxiety to conquer the sometimes balky instrument, fade from your forehead, and you will be delighted to see how easy it is to *play the saw*.

Sometimes the question is asked, "Of course, you play by ear, do you not?" You need not necessarily play by ear any more than you must sing by ear. You may play by note, as on any other instrument. Just as in singing, you must *think* the tone and stretch your vocal chords accordingly, so in saw playing your skilled hand must obey in producing the tone desired.

As far as possible, use the down stroke, or pull, of the bow on accented notes. The *vibrato* is also very effective at times, and may be produced by a slight movement of the right foot or by a careful trembling movement of the left hand. Do not allow the slur to be too prominent as you bend the saw from one note to another, although a little slur may sometimes help in bringing out the expression, and is quite pleasing, resembling the Hawaiian guitar.

Put your whole soul into mastering the art if you are interested in learning the saw, and do all to the glory of God, and not to glorify self, and help to make the world a more harmonious and better place in which to live.

NOTE.—The saw player mentioned in this article may be obtained from the author, addressed in care of this paper.



How the Zoo Is Fed

(Continued from page 5)

"In feeding our birds, we use great quantities of dried mosquitoes, flies, and weevils, which cost us 50 cents, 75 cents, and \$1 a pound, respectively."

With animals, as with men, bread is the staff of life, and it is on the bill of fare for all of them; but extras are always in demand. For instance, "monkeys, in addition to being fond of bananas, dote on dates, onions, pineapples, raisins, watermelons, shredded wheat, milk, tea, and cocoa," Mr. Costain says. "The bear's favorite dessert is apples. The beaver is not content unless he has corn on the ear raised on the farm. The sea lions are addicted to butterfish; the birds like sour milk and tangerines and grapes. The hoofed stock, in addition to mangels, cabbage, carrots, and lettuce, all raised on the farm, have a partiality to oatmeal as their breakfast cereal."

Many peculiar and interesting facts are brought to light regarding animals while they are being fed. "A job which would not be to the liking of the ordinary individual is that of feeding reptiles," Mr. Costain declares. "This is done after sundown, and it is necessary that the men who feed them go into the reptile house very cautiously. These serpents positively refuse to eat while there is a large gathering about. Besides, it is better policy to feed them after hours. Of course there is only one chance in a thousand that any of them will get out of their cages while being fed, but we don't wish to take that chance. The cages are often cleaned while the public is present, but at that time the occupants are not on the same edge as when they are about to be fed. Some of the snakes will accept food during the day, but others, especially the poisonous specimens, prefer being fed

"God loves open hands and close mouths."

at night. They are limited to only one meal a day.

"The larger mammals are fed twice a day, usually from nine to ten o'clock in the morning and from about one to three o'clock in the afternoon. The lions and tigers are rather particular, and turn up their nose at any sign of gristle or fat. They must have the choicest cuts. They generally know when the dinner gong should sound, and for several minutes previous to being fed emit roars that can be heard all over the park. But after disposing of about twelve pounds of meat each, they quiet down and take an afternoon siesta.

"These giants of the jungle have one fast day a week. The reason for this is that in their native state, before being captured, they often find it necessary to go without food for several days, and it helps to keep them in good condition."

Our Missionary Volunteers

(Concluded from page 10)

California Conference Goes Over the Goal

The California Conference sends the following good showing for the 1925 goals:

| | GOAL | RESULT |
|------------------------------|------------|------------|
| Standard of Attainment | 75 | 83 |
| Bible Year | 100 | 141 |
| Reading Courses | 400 | 636 |
| Mission Offerings | \$3,579.30 | \$7,409.62 |

Thirty-two Missionaries From Pacific Union College

The Mission Board office in Washington has received from Pacific Union College a neat card on which is printed a list of former students and teachers of Pacific Union College who have gone to foreign fields within the last year. The list represents thirty-two missionaries, and the showing thus made by this college is probably the best of any of our North American schools for the same twelve months.

Experience of Two Juniors of Columbus, Ohio

Two of the members of the Columbus (Ohio) Junior Society were doing Harvest Ingathering work. At one house where they called, the lady invited them in, and asked if they were Seventh-day Adventists. Upon receiving an affirmative reply, she said: "I was sure you must be Christian girls because of your long hair, and I have been watching you as you walked along. You acted like Christians." After visiting for a while, she invited the girls to call again and visit her thirteen-year-old daughter. This they did, and invited both mother and daughter to attend Sabbath school, as well as some special evangelistic meetings being held there at the church. Who knows but these two Juniors may have this mother and daughter as stars in their crowns as a result of faithfulness in the Harvest Ingathering work, and Christlike deportment?"

Missionary Volunteer Activities in Ohio

Mrs. A. E. King, Missionary Volunteer secretary of Ohio, reports that "one of the Mount Vernon Missionary Volunteer Societies, under the direction of C. C. Moxley, assistant leader, has been conducting an evangelistic effort in a rural district near Marengo. Every Sunday evening Mr. Moxley's truck is filled with young people who go with him and the chosen speaker, to assist with the music and in various ways. While the attendance is not large, the meeting place is well filled each Sunday night, and evidences are that if the interest grows as it has been during the last few

weeks, a larger meeting place will have to be secured.

"Members of the Ministerial Seminar of the Mount Vernon Academy Missionary Volunteer Society, received a blessing as well as practical experience in holding an evangelistic effort in Jelloway, a few miles from the school. The meetings were well attended, and the interest is growing."

Mexican School at Yancey

Educational superintendent and Missionary Volunteer secretary of South Texas, C. C. Wilcox, reports that the Mexican school at Yancey has an attendance during the day of fifty-seven pupils and classes at night that are attended by about thirty students. "It is interesting," he says, "to see how rapidly the children learn and how eager they are for the instruction of a Christian teacher."

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I — The Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen

(April 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21: 33-46.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 12: 1-12; Luke 20: 9-19.

MEMORY VERSE: 1 John 4: 9.

LESSON HELPS: "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 287-311, new edition; "The Desire of Ages," pp. 596-600.

Questions

The Householder's Care for the Vineyard

1. In a parable which Jesus spoke while in the temple, how did the householder care for his vineyard? To whom did he let it out? Where did he then go? Matt. 21: 33. Note 1.
2. What did the owner of the vineyard do when the time for gathering the fruit drew near? Verse 34.
3. How were the servants treated by the husbandmen? Verses 35, 36.

The Son Slain

4. Whom did the householder at last send to the husbandmen? Why did he send his son? Verse 37.
5. What did the husbandmen determine to do when they saw the son? How was their plan carried out? Verses 38, 39.
6. What question did Jesus ask the chief priests and Pharisees? What answer only were they able to make? Verses 40, 41. Note 2.

Christ the Head of the Corner

7. To what special scripture in the Psalms did Jesus refer? Verse 42. Note 3.
8. How did He apply the parable? Verse 43.
9. What will be the effect of falling on this corner-stone? What will be the effect of the stone's falling on any one? Verse 44. Note 4.
10. What is Christ declared to be by Isaiah? Isa. 8: 13-15.
11. How is He again referred to by the same prophet? Isa. 28: 16.
12. What did the priests and Pharisees now understand concerning the parable? Why did they not carry out their designs against Jesus? Matt. 21: 45, 46.

Notes

1. "The husbandman chooses a piece of land from the wilderness; he fences, clears, and tills it, and plants it with choice vines, expecting a rich harvest. This plot of ground, in its superiority to the uncultivated waste, he expects to do him honor by showing the results of his care and toil in its cultivation. So God had chosen a people from the world to be trained and educated by Christ. . . . Upon this people God had bestowed great privileges, blessing them richly from His abundant goodness. He looked for them to honor Him by yielding fruit. They were to reveal the principles of His kingdom. In the midst of a fallen, wicked world they were to represent the character of God."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 285.
2. "The design of asking them this question was that they might condemn themselves, and admit the justice of punishment that was soon to come upon them."—Barnes.

3. "Jesus, having led them to admit the justice of the great principle on which God was about to act toward them, proceeded to apply it by a text of Scripture, declaring that this very thing which they admitted to be proper in the case of the husbandmen had been predicted respecting themselves."—*Ibid.*

4. Notice the revised reading of this verse: "He that falleth on this stone shall be broken to pieces: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will scatter him as dust."

Topics for Round-Table Discussion

1. What was God's purpose through the Jewish nation? (See "Christ's Object Lessons," p. 289, new edition.)

2. The failure of the Jews in fulfilling God's purpose, and the consequence.

3. How Christ may be rejected in our lives.

4. Our obligation to demonstrate the truth of the gospel after acceptance of Christ.

A Harmony of the Gospels

| | Matt. | Mark | Luke | John |
|--|------------|-----------|-----------|------|
| A householder plants a vineyard | 21: 33, 34 | 12: 1, 2 | 20: 9, 10 | |
| Husbandmen's treatment of servants and son | 21: 35-41 | 12: 3-9 | 20: 11-16 | |
| Christ the head of the corner | 21: 42-46 | 12: 10-12 | 20: 17-19 | |

Junior Lesson

I — The Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen

(April 3)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 21: 33-46.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURES: Mark 12: 1-12; Luke 20: 9-19.

MEMORY VERSE: "God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him." 1 John 4: 9.

LESSON HELPS: "Christ's Object Lessons," old edition, pp. 284-306; new edition, pp. 287-311; "The Desire of Ages," pp. 596-600.

PERSONS: Jesus and His disciples; chief priests and rulers.

PLACE: In the temple at Jerusalem.

Setting of the Lesson

In the temple, in this last public teaching which Jesus did, He spoke the truth in parables to the chief priests and rulers. The scene is vividly described thus:

"The contrast between Jesus and the high priest as they talked together was marked. The proud dignitary of the temple was clothed in rich and costly garments. Upon his head was a glittering tiara. His bearing was majestic, his hair and his long flowing beard were silvered by age. His appearance awed the beholders. Before this august personage stood the Majesty of heaven, without adornment or display. His garments were travel stained; His face was pale, and expressed a patient sadness; yet written there were dignity and benevolence that contrasted strangely with the proud, self-confident, and angry air of the high priest. Many of those who witnessed the words and deeds of Jesus in the temple, from that time enshrined Him in their hearts as a prophet of God. But as the popular feeling turned in His favor, the hatred of the priests toward Jesus increased."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 594.

Questions

1. In another parable which Jesus spoke to the chief priests and rulers, what was a householder represented as doing? When the vineyard was ready for use, to whom was it rented? Where did the owner go? Matt. 21: 33. Note 1.

2. When the fruiting season drew near, what did the householder do? Verse 34. Note 2.

3. How did the husbandmen receive the servants? Verses 35, 36.

4. What additional details are given of their cruel treatment of the servants sent to them? Mark 12: 2-5. Note 3.

5. Whom did the householder send last of all? How many sons had he? Matt. 21: 37; Mark 12: 6.

6. When the husbandmen saw the son, what did they say? Matt. 21: 38. Note 4.

7. How far did they go in carrying out their plan? Verse 39. Note 5.

8. What question did Jesus then ask of the Jews? Verse 40.

9. How did they reply? Verse 41.

10. Of what scripture did Jesus remind them? Verse 42.

11. What solemn warning did Jesus then give to these leaders among the Jews? Verse 43.

12. What did He say of every one who would fall on this stone? What did He say of those upon whom the stone would fall? Verse 44. Note 6.

13. What did the priests and Pharisees at last understand? Verse 45.

14. Whose only begotten Son had been sent to them? Memory verse.

15. Instead of taking heed to the warning so tenderly given, how did the chief priests and Pharisees still further act the part of the wicked husbandmen? Verse 46.

16. In what way is God now sending His servants to us, asking for the fruits of righteousness due Him? Note 7.

Can You Tell

Who some of the messengers were that were sent to Israel and were badly treated?

What were some of the fruits God had a right to expect from the Jewish nation?

Where the scripture quoted by Jesus in Matthew 21: 42 is found?

What lesson we may learn from this parable?

Notes

1. Symbols in the parable:

a. Householder represents God.

b. Vineyard represents the Jewish nation.

c. Hedge represents the divine law.

d. Tower represents the temple.

The tower in the parable was for the convenience of the watchmen. It is a fitting symbol of the work of the priests of the temple in their position as watchmen of the flock of God.

2. We are told that in the Orient six years is the time allowed a newly planted vineyard to grow before the grapes are allowed to ripen.

3. The "servants," meaning prophets and messengers, were raised up at particular times, as Jeremiah, having special missions. These servants had been in many instances cruelly treated, and some were put to death.

4. "This alludes to the Eastern custom, that if an owner is not to be found, and the occupier pays the taxes for six years, he can claim the property. The owner, in this case, was in a far country, and had sent servant after servant, but had not enforced his rights. When the legal heir appeared, they were alarmed for their tenure, and hoped that by killing him, unless his father came in person, the estate would become absolutely their own."—*Canon Tristram*.

5. This cruel act of the husbandmen, while refusing to render to their lord his own, brings out the terrible results of starting upon a course of evil. Probably when they maltreated the first servant, they did not purpose to go so far in wickedness. Their greed extended to seizing only upon the crop of the season. This greed indulged, the way soon opened for greater evil—they would seize upon the vineyard itself and make it their own possession. Crime against the servants hardened them for the greater crime of killing the son. So sin of any kind grows rapidly when allowed to come into the life in any degree.

6. To the sinner Christ is "a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offense, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient." 1 Peter 2: 8. If, in this life, he who stumbles upon that stone takes no heed, but continues in sin, he will find himself at last beneath its crushing weight. On the other hand, he who beholds Christ as the "chief corner-stone, elect, precious," will find rest and peace forever in the temple of the Lord." (See Psalms 24: 3, 4.)

7. "Every special call to love and serve God, every service at the church, every opportunity to do good, every providence of God, every season of revival, the voice of the Holy Spirit, the Sabbath, the Bible, the conscience,—all are servants whom God sends to us for the fruits that are due Him."—*Peloubet*.



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"The question is not, What have you given? but, What have you kept?"



CHICAGO is to have a new hotel, a \$5,000,000 structure 25 stories high, with 2,000 rooms, at the corner of Seventh Street and Wabash Avenue. It is to be named "The Coolidge."



THE metric system, established in France in 1799, spread at first gradually, and then more and more rapidly, until now it is in use generally, except in Australia, the British Commonwealth, and the United States.



NEW YORK CITY has a store which is only two feet wide. Customers cannot enter, and the merchant enters and leaves by a door that forms one of his walls. Business is transacted through a window in the front door, on which a sign hangs: "Keys made while you wait." The merchant is an electrician and mechanic.



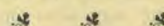
THE Great Northern Railroad is constructing a tunnel nearly eight miles long through the Cascade Mountains. According to Ralph Budd, president of the company, it is one of the greatest construction projects in the history of railroading. The tunnel, which will be completed in 1928, will cost \$8,000,000, according to estimates.



It is increasingly probable that a conference of the European nations looking to a limitation of armaments will be held this year under the auspices of the League of Nations. A committee to draw up the agenda for the conference will meet very shortly. An invitation to participate is sure to be extended to the United States.



THERE are three Congresswomen in Washington, drawing the regular \$10,000 a year and the prerequisites that go with that office. They are Mrs. Julius Kahn, of California; Mrs. Rogers, of Massachusetts; and Mrs. Norton, of New Jersey. Probably never again will the House of Representatives fail to have one or more women among its 435 members.



AN echo to the Belgian complaint that America has lost interest in its promised restoration of the famous Louvain University at Brussels is the announcement by Secretary of Commerce Hoover and Nicholas Murray Butler that persons in the United States have recently contributed \$1,000,000 to continue the work. This money was collected chiefly by school children.



THE premier of Ontario, Canada, announces that a deposit of helium has been discovered at Inglewood, about forty miles northwest of Toronto. "The province has taken over the helium rights at Inglewood," declared the premier, "and I am informed that they have the highest content of this gas of any in the British Empire. The wells have been turned over to the University of Toronto for research work." Secrecy respecting the discovery, the premier said, had been maintained "because of the tremendous importance of the find."



THE lowest rent in the world is probably the pfennig (about a quarter of a cent) that a tenant family of Schleswig-Holstein has paid annually for two hundred and fifty years to members of the noble house of Rantzau. As one might suspect, there is romance in the story. Two centuries and a half ago the Count Rantzau of that day was hunting, and rode into a swamp. The horse sank, and the count shouted for help. Rheinhard Brauer, a farmer, rescued him at the risk of his life. He would take no money reward, but when the count insisted on making some return, he said, "Well, if you must give me something, let me have the swamp." And so the rent was fixed at a pfennig, and the same family of tenants has paid it to the same family of landholders ever since.

SCIENTISTS of the University of Pennsylvania museum, headed by Dr. Alan Rowe, digging in the ruins of ancient Beth-Shan, in Palestine, have discovered not only the very walls upon which was hung the body and severed head of King Saul after he was slain by the Philistines, but also the temple of the goddess Ashtaroth, where his armor was displayed as a crowning insult to the Israelites. At the same time the excavators have found a quantity of jewelry and precious stones, tributes to the goddess by her worshipers, and some of the strangest objects ever unearthed in the Holy Land. These objects are made of clay and elaborately painted, and look like ingenious toys. They are in reality objects of great religious significance, and they will, when they have been thoroughly studied, throw an entirely new light upon the rites and ceremonies which went on in the temples of this great goddess, who was the Venus of the ancient enemies of Israel.



PROFESSOR REISNER, the head of the Harvard-Boston expedition in Egypt, is about to open a royal tomb which is in many respects more interesting than that of Tutankhamen. It is that of King Senefru, one of the very early rulers of Egypt, who, according to some authorities, lived about 4200 B. C.—almost as long before the time of King Tut as that was before the time of Shakespeare. The tomb lies under the shadow of the Great Pyramid, and its existence was not suspected until some excavations around the base of the pyramid disclosed it last year. Senefru's tomb can hardly bring to light such magnificent works of art as were found buried with Tutankhamen, for Egyptian civilization in his day was far more primitive. But it is not too much to expect that objects will be found which will throw a great deal of light on the mysterious beginnings of civilization on the banks of the Nile.



NURSES' training schools have been unknown in Peru, as well as other parts of South America, until very recently. Hospitals have existed in all the larger cities, but these have been in charge of Catholic nuns who were not trained nurses. The Nurse Training School in Lima, in connection with the British-American hospital, is the first successful school of its kind in Peru. At the present time there are twenty-five nurses in training. These come from all kinds of homes except the extremely wealthy. The majority of them have a limited amount of education, as higher education is not considered necessary for girls in that country. The instructors find them bright, happy, enthusiastic girls, and very good imitators. They learn readily, but do not always apply their knowledge to the best advantage. The course of study is taken from the standard curriculum used in the United States.



IN the dense blackness of night, a Martin bombing plane recently hovered over Rochester, New York, 3,000 feet in the air. Suddenly a flash appeared in the sky. There was a tremendous rumbling, and many windows broke from the vibration. In the bomber the shutters of seven cameras clicked, and a motion-picture camera took advantage of the brief glare. When the pictures were developed, it was found that this experiment in aerial photography at night was a complete success. Army officials point out that taking pictures at night would be of invaluable help in time of warfare.



TURKEY is hereafter to be primarily for the Turks. Under a new decree, only Turks or recognized citizens of the republic may serve as doctors, lawyers, pharmacists, and dentists. Those foreigners, however, who have been practising in Turkey under a government permit, will be allowed to continue.



A MONSTER organ was built some time ago at Los Angeles, California. The largest pipe is 32 feet long and three feet square at the "big end." The smallest is a pipe with a speaking length of not over three eighths of an inch and a diameter but a little larger than a straw.



DURING the year 1925, 428 treaties, conventions, and other international agreements were registered with the League of Nations. These, however, do not include the mass of treaties springing from the Locarno Conference, which brought the grand total to 1,043.



EIGHT hundred million dollars' worth of fabrics are sold annually in the United States.