

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. 76

October 2, 1928

No. 40

## The Two Ways

C. A. Russell

There are two roads to travel, my brother,  
Just two roads to travel to-day;  
But travel you must, my brother,  
As you journey along life's way.

There are just two masters, my brother,  
Two masters to serve to-day;  
'Tis one or the other, my brother.  
Oh, which will you choose, I pray?

Yes, two roads to travel, my brother,  
Just two roads to travel to-day;  
Oh, shun the broad road, my brother,  
And enter the narrow way.

There are two destinations, my brother,  
Just two destinations, I say;  
'Tis heaven or death, my brother,  
The choice you must make some day.



# LET'S TALK IT OVER

## PERSONAL TOUCH

We were browsing around in the very fascinating interior of the Academy of Science, one of the "sights" no visitor to our national capital purposely misses. In the whole building there is no "Hands Off" warning; quite the contrary, printed directions are posted above, or below, or by the side of every intriguing machine, telling just how it is to be turned on and off, and each person does his own investigating.

Here was a complicated-looking apparatus which the sign claimed would enable one to see his own voice, if he would but touch this switch, pull down that lever, and talk!

"As if any sensible person would believe such nonsense!" observed my practical friend. But she stood still before it, lost in critical contemplation, while I strolled on into another room filled with wonders not electrical. In the course of fifteen minutes a familiar voice at my elbow advised:

"If you are interested in seeing something really marvelous, just go back there and turn on that voice machine."

"Did you try it?"

"Certainly, and saw my voice too, just as promised."

Again I stepped into the semidarkened alcove; again I read the directions, clearly stated and plainly printed and posted, but still—! Once, in the far-off days of an eventful childhood, I had experimented with electricity and sparks, as concerned the fur of our dignified and venerable black cat—much to our mutual sorrow. Vivid memories still lingered!

"Suppose you turn on the current and operate the lever, while I talk and look."

"But you see it doesn't work *that way*," she earnestly explained. "You have to connect the switch *yourself* before you can get results. This is a case where the personal touch is an absolute necessity!"

It was indeed, as I proved at last to my entire satisfaction. And, really, this matter of personal touch is well worth considering in other than its concrete application to such inanimate things as—well, an electric switch, for it is not only a highly important factor in all our human contacts, but "an absolute necessity" in gaining and maintaining a close relationship with the Master Himself.

One of the busiest days that Jesus spent here on earth during all His ministry, was that just following the miracle of feeding the five thousand, when, like wild fire, His fame spread abroad, and he arrived at Gennesaret the next morning to face a great multitude of people gathered from "that whole region round about," who "began to carry about in beds those that were sick, where they heard He was. And whithersoever He entered, into villages, or cities, or country, they laid the sick in the streets, and besought Him that they might touch if it were but the border of His garment: and"—now note this next phrase carefully—"as many as touched Him were made whole."

It was the touch that brought the healing; and it was not enough that these sick folk come in contact with one of the disciples—they must touch Jesus. It would have done them no good at all merely to believe what they heard about this divine Healer; they must believe in Him. It would have availed no one of them anything had he simply been carried where

he could see Jesus, but not near enough for the all-important touch of faith.

And wonder of wonders, the Carpenter of Nazareth, the Redeemer of the world, He who walked the sands of blue Galilee, traveled the stony Judean highways with His chosen twelve, and taught the lessons of His coming kingdom on her green-clad hills and in her scattered villages, as well as in her teeming cities, nineteen hundred years ago, is with us still—the very same "yesterday, and to-day, and forever." Body-sick, sin-sick, heart-sick, whatever our need, whatever our circumstances, wherever we may be, He is waiting to do His part in the healing, if we will only do ours. It seems queer that any of us should hesitate to come close enough to touch Him, doesn't it! Especially when the directions are so plainly given in the Guidebook!

"Lose touch with wealth, it is but dross.

Lose touch with fame, 'tis little loss.

Lose touch with friends, their help is small.

Lose touch with joy, it is not all.

Lose touch with all things on earth's sod;

But, O do not lose touch with God.

For touch with God means all things great."

And more wonderful than all else is the fact that when we have approached near enough to Jesus to really touch Him, He is near enough to touch us—and He does! It is a companionship sweeter, more lasting, and far more satisfying than the closest of human ties; for He—having been "in all points tempted like as we are"—can enter sympathetically into every experience with us.

Are you discouraged, downhearted? Listen!

"There are days so dark that I seek in vain

For the face of my Friend divine;

But though darkness hide, He is there to guide

By the touch of His hand on mine!"

Are you sorely tempted to turn aside from the narrow way? Does the world call you with insistent voice? Do her pleasures, her honors, her opportunities for wealth and fame, seem attractive? Listen!

"There are times, when tired of the toilsome road,

That for ways of the world I pine;

But He draws me back to the upward track

By the touch of His hand on mine!"

Are you disappointed, troubled? Listen!

"When the way is dim, and I cannot see

Through the mist of His wise design,

How my glad heart yearns and my faith returns

By the touch of His hand on mine!"

Yes, friend, it pays, it *always* pays, to keep constantly—every moment of every day—in close personal touch with Jesus. Then whatever experience may come—be it glad or sad—we can be assured of divine help, for, just as in that far-off olden time, every one who reaches out to Him with the touch of faith, will be made whole. And, truly, there is no real joy, or peace, or pleasure, or satisfaction outside of or away from Jesus.

"Oh, the touch of His hand on mine!

Oh, the touch of His hand on mine!

There is grace and power, in the trying hour,

In the touch of His hand on mine!"

This relationship with our Master is a wonderful privilege. Are you enjoying it? If not, why not?

*Lora E. Clement*



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VOL. 76

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., OCTOBER 2, 1928

No. 40

## An Over-the-Fence Discussion

SPALDING, I couldn't belong to your church," said my neighbor who lives on the big south hill up the road. "Oh, yes, you *could*," I replied, with a smile. "No, I don't reckon I could," he persisted; "too much reform. Too much going ag'in the world, the flesh, and the devil. You've got to keep Saturday instead of Sunday, and you've got to stop smoking, and you've got to stop eating meat, and you've got to throw away your jewelry, and you've got to stop going to pictures, and you've got to pay tithe, and—bless my soul, if you ain't got to be everything you ain't and nothing you be."

"Well, that's quite a list, surely," I said. "But what makes you think, Gardner, that you have to do all that?"

"Well, *you* do, don't you?"

"I don't have to," I replied.

"You don't have to!" he exploded. "Then why on earth do you do it?"

"Because I can't help it," I said.

He looked at me quizzically. "Same reason I smoke tobacco," he grinned.

"Exactly."

"Well, I get you," said Gardner somberly, "you're one kind of man, and I'm another. And that proves what I said to you, that I can't join your church. And I don't want to. I'll let you go to heaven your way, and I'll go mine."

"It's not a matter of getting to heaven," I observed.

"What! Ain't you trying to get to heaven?"

"No; that's all over. I'll let the Lord see to getting me into His kingdom of glory, since He's succeeded in getting me into His kingdom of grace. What I'm

concerned about now is helping my neighbors and getting them to help others. And that's why I'm glad that I have a message of reform which has put me in better shape to help anybody who wants help."

"Well, Spalding," said my neighbor, "I lied to you just now when I said I didn't want to join your church. It ain't joining the church, exactly, that I want, neither. But look here: I've belonged to a Christian church ever since I was seventeen years old. I got religion then, got saved, I reckon. And I've always kinder hankered after heaven. But I ain't never been satisfied exactly that I was goin' to get there. Seemed like something was lacking. I'd get into a revival, and I'd get happy—more so years ago than now. But after I come out, it'd wear off, and I didn't seem no nearer heaven than before, nor so near."

"Then I met some of your people, and they told me if I wanted to get to heaven, I had to keep the law, and that meant changing Sabbath from Sunday

ARTHUR W. SPALDING

to Saturday. And they told my wife she'd have to lay off her rings and her feathers. And they told me I couldn't eat pork, and some of 'em, like you, said no meat at all. And they said I'd have to pay tithe and offerings, and I dunno what else. Leastways that's how I understood 'em.

"Well, I give up some things when I got religion. I don't cuss no more, unless I get real mad. And I give up drinkin'. And I give up gamblin', unless you count puttin' a little on my favorite horse. But I'll be — if I can give up everything and be a saint."

We were standing out in my little orchard at the back of the house, under the apple trees. Down the hill a way were some old crab apple trees, running a race with one another toward extinction. I put my hand on the bole of the tree under which we stood, and—

"Gardner," I said, "do you know why this tree hasn't any crab apples on it?"

My neighbor looked up into the tree. "Ain't that kind," he said; "this here's a russet."

"It couldn't bear crab apples if it tried to," I commented, "unless it were changed into a crab apple tree. And a crab apple tree or a thorn apple tree couldn't bear russets if it tried to, unless it were changed into a regular apple tree. Tying russets on its twigs wouldn't make it a russet tree; its nature is to bear russets, and it can't help it."

"And that," I said, "is what I meant when I told you I couldn't help doing these things you're looking at. They're the fruit of my religion. I don't mean that I'm a saint, that I'm perfect, that I never sin. I haven't got beyond all sinning yet, but I've got beyond the desire to sin certain sins, and

so I don't sin them. And in the grace of Christ, I'm going up against the remaining sins to conquer.

"Now," I went on, "you aren't a different man from me. We both get saved in the same way; that is, by accepting Jesus Christ as our Saviour. And no man can get saved any other way. If any one tells you you must keep the Sabbath, or stop eating meat, or pay tithe, or do any other thing, in order to get to heaven, he isn't telling you the truth. That's tying russet leaves and flowers and fruit on a thorn apple tree. You could cover it all over with them, and it would still be a thorn apple tree. And pretty soon its false fruit would rot, right on the tree."

"But," I said, "when a man really is converted, his nature is changed. It's a miracle, just as much as changing a crab apple into a russet would be a miracle. It comes by getting the mind of Christ put into us in the place of our own mind. It's new fiber and a new nature. And then it will be our nature



"He who guides into the gorge will guide through it."



to keep the law, which includes the Sabbath and every other right thing. And it will mean, by Bible study and prayer and service, to keep the life of God flowing through us, like the sap in the tree, feeding our new nature, so that we will bear fruit for God.

"Now," I said, "you started on the same road I did. I have been over your ground. I know what it is. You gave up cursing and drinking and gambling because the love of God in you cast them out. But you didn't keep it up. If you had, you'd have come along the road as far as I have, and farther. You'd be all apple now, with no taste of crab. And you wouldn't be trying to get to heaven by doing good deeds, but you would be doing good deeds because you'd have heaven in you."

"Sounds like good old gospel, brother," agreed my neighbor. "But what I'd like to know is how you connect up all this health business and dress business and money business and pleasure business with the fruits of the gospel. Folks have been saved, I reckon, who smoked tobacco and wore earrings and danced all night."

"There's a bigger question than just our being saved," I answered, "and that's the question of our giving service. I wouldn't think much of myself, and I don't believe the Lord would think much of me, if the single and sole result of His saving me was just to plant me in a certain place in heaven's orchard and point me out as something saved but without any fruit, something people could look at from every side, and say, 'He's a good man.' Good! Good for what? Nobody is good unless he is some good, good for something. If I can lift a burden of my neighbor's, if I can make him happier by healing him of disease, or by helping him through sorrow, or by making his daily tasks lighter, or by lifting his mind and soul to the beauty and the glory of God his Father, then there's been some sense in saving me."

"But I don't believe," I said, "that God is going to take a dirty, low-minded, crooked, selfish sinner, and say to him: 'You're saved! Go right on being dirty and evil and narrow and selfish, and expect all eternity to enjoy yourself in.' In the first place, a man can't be dirty and selfish and incompetent, and be happy. The coming of Christ into him is the taking out of him all his meanness and laziness and uselessness, and making him serve along with Christ in blessing his fellow men. That's bearing fruit."

"Now, then, when I discover, either by the word of God or by science, that any kind of diet or other physical habit is defiling my body, sapping my strength, and beclouding my mind, the Spirit of Christ in me makes me get rid of it; and He gives me the power to get rid of it. That's why we have a reform in health—so that we shall have more perfect physical and

mental strength to give help to those about us. Proper dress is a part of that; but also, in the matter of display, it touches the pride of mind. We have something bigger to occupy our attention than dressing up in peacock's feathers and barbarian's rings. If any of us haven't, of course you'll see us backsliding."

"Likewise the pictures don't attract us, unless we have lost Christ. I would rather hear a lark or blackbird sing than any jazz band in a down-town movie. And as for the cinema itself, why, it's sickening after

you've become used to the pageantry of nature and the romance of actual life going on all about you as well as in history. I get more enjoyment out of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" than out of a movie; I've more interest in Hughes' new baby than in the antics of Charlie Chaplin.

"More than that, Gardner—well, I suppose," I broke off, "that you think I'm launched on a regular sermon."

"Go ahead," said Gardner; "sounds int'resting."

"Just this," I said: "This reform program of ours isn't all 'Don'ts.' It's first and foremost, 'Do.' 'Don't' is the back side of 'Do.' When you go ahead, you get 'Do;' when you are backing up, it's 'Don't.' But the positive side of this reform makes an educational system for us. The world in general is backing down now in Christianity. It's taking the old pagan idea of evolution, and it's cutting out of its schools and out of its magazines, and books, and for the most part out of its pulpits, belief in the Bible and what it teaches: creation, fall of man, atonement of Christ, divine salvation, and redemption. Our reform involves the making and maintenance of schools which teach Christianity, Bible Christianity, and which produce men and women, from childhood up, who believe in the gospel every whit. We have a world-wide message to give, a message of reform, first in the personal life, and then in society, so far as personal Christianity can reach it."

"Naturally this involves the use of money, both for schools and for active field work in home and foreign lands. God's plan for supporting this work, as He reveals it in the Bible, is through tithes and offerings. It's our belief that the man who is saved—saved not only for eternity, but right now—wants to do all he can, by the use of his money as well as by personal efforts, to save and teach others. And that's the basis of our financial system of tithes and offerings. Tithing not only helps to send the gospel to others, but it helps the tither, makes him think about his income and his outgo, makes him thrifty, foresighted, and generous in a proper way. The tithe is not a tax, nor is an offering a tax; it's a fruit of righteousness."

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"Many a good ship has gone down through a small flaw in her timbers."

## Devotion

"Lord, Thou knowest all things;  
Thou knowest that I love Thee."

IF I had met in Galilee  
The Man of sweet humility,  
And He had turned and looked on me  
And called me to His side,  
What would have been my answering word?  
Should I have said, "My Saviour, Lord,  
Thou art beyond all else adored,  
Be Thou my Friend and Guide"?

If He had led me, day by day,  
In burning heat, 'neath shadows gray,  
By dusty path, through tortuous way,  
And asked me to be true,  
What would have been my choosing then?  
Should I have followed on, e'en when  
He took me, from loved home and men,  
To scenes I never knew?

If He had gone before me till  
My days were done, and night's cold chill  
Had fallen, with its startling thrill,  
Upon my weary soul;  
If He had asked me then to lie  
In some dread place, 'neath starless sky,  
And there, alone, to suffer, die,  
Would He have had control?

Yea, if I'd seen this as my lot,  
Knowing my name would be forgot  
And my dead body left to rot,  
I should have followed on,  
If only, in sweet charity,  
My Friend and Guide had stayed with me  
And granted me His face to see  
Till life's hard toil had gone:

For love does what the Lover saith,  
For love transcends the fear of death,  
For love loves on till latest breath,  
And I do love my Friend.  
Then lead me on, my Master-Guide,  
Lead where Thou wilt, Thou Crucified;  
Since Thou art mine, whate'er betide,  
I'll follow to the end!

— Henry W. Frost.



# STRUGGLE AND SURRENDER

## Part II. When the Storm Clouds Gathered

WHEN we found ourselves in India, what joy we had in planning our home — and a year later in establishing it! Our cup of happiness was very full. The next year God gave, and then took away, a dear little life. A few words tell the story, but, oh, the pain!

When we were in our home again I for the first time joined my husband in prayer that, at any cost, on any condition, God would fill us with His Holy Spirit. And as we would rise from our knees I would say, "But, oh, I am afraid of the cost!"

What a happy winter that was! My husband often said, "I scarcely see how we can be happier in heaven." I had been ambitious to attain knowledge. My husband was ambitious to please God. His first thought always seemed to be, not, "What will others think?" but, "Is it pleasing God; is it God's plan?" I thought he had sacrificed much. He insisted that there was no sacrifice. The books which he loved, A. J. Gordon's, Robert E. Speer's, and Dr. Pierson's, meant more to me that winter than ever before. We often read aloud as we were driving from one camping place to another.

That winter we pressed on to the regions beyond, in the northern part of the district, and my husband had the great joy of preaching the gospel where it had never before been preached. Our first year in India he wrote in a friend's guest book, "*To me to live is Christ.*" And truly to him to live was Christ. Having prayed for the fullness of the Holy Spirit on any condition, he laid his life upon God's altar in absolute, unconditional surrender, and Christ possessed his life. Although I prayed that on any condition God would fill me with the Holy Spirit (I knew that it meant unconditional surrender of everything), I would hesitate. How could I yield my husband!

It was the spring after that precious winter, our third year in India. The days had been very full of work. Time usually devoted to exercise was in those days often devoted to talking with educated young men, who were free to come in the evening. Suddenly my husband's strong young life was attacked with fever.

How I pleaded with God, "Take our unborn child, take me, any one, but do not touch my husband." But God's plan was otherwise. He was ill only ten days. He was so strong and so young, only twenty-nine. In the beginning of his illness he called me to his bedside. He had had a vision. He would not recover. He had asked to come back to me for a little while. I thought the little while would mean months, if not years. He said, no, only a few days. He asked me if I would stay in India after he was gone, and then would not let me answer, saying I should not bind myself with a promise.

I pleaded with God, promise after promise; finally,

in my blindness, I commanded God to restore him to health. But God had called him, and no power on earth could keep him. The day came when he fell asleep in death. In blind, unreasoning faith, I even believed God would raise him from the dead.

A few days later a dear friend asked if she might read me something from the Bible. I scarcely heard what she read. I seemed oblivious of everything save my unutterable loss. Had I not prayed for my loved one's restoration, pleading God's own promises?

Quickly Satan took advantage, and planted the seed of doubt. Many were praying for me, yet I doubt if many knew how very great was my need.

A few weeks later our little girl was born. I had thought I might be taken then, but I lived. I decided to stay in the mission field, principally because I knew my husband had hoped I would remain. But I postponed facing the awful doubt that was creeping into my life. Was there a God? Was the Bible His word? Why, then, had He not answered and restored my husband to health? Some day, when not so weary, I would face these questions.

That autumn I was given charge of a school. I threw myself into the work. I must work, work, work, and not have time to think. I was almost afraid to love my baby girl.

In those times when we grow cold and indifferent, bruised and numb with suffering, how gently our Lord bears with us, and would woo us into the sunshine of His love! All that year, through the loving ministry of human friends, He helped me to live. Like the disciples on their way to Emmaus, my eyes were holden. I did not know Him. I thought the messages were from friends, a poem, a book, or a letter, and did not realize that it was Christ Himself thus touching my life.

It was a year of great darkness, with only gleams of light. At times there was great rebellion against accepting God's will. Although I knew I must believe that my loved one was gone, yet my whole being would cry out against accepting it. It could not be, it must not be. The very inevitableness of the fact and my utter helplessness aroused all my opposition. During that year of deep shadow the heavenly Father was bringing me to the place where He could reveal Himself to the soul that so sorely needed Him.

Many of us were cognizant of failure in our lives. We gave the glad tidings of salvation to Hindus and Mohammedans, but they were not convicted; very, very few cared to know how they might be saved. I knew why my words had no power. I was not giving the Holy Spirit the opportunity to fill me and speak through me. And among His own people the Lord was

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### Every Man Can —

MAKE friends by being friendly.

Increase the world's happiness by refusing to repeat scandal.

Begin life all over each morning.

Own millions of dollars' worth of landscapes.

Enjoy life by making every day a great one.

Be rich by keeping on good terms with his conscience.

Be open minded and close mouthed.

— Roy Smith.



I WAS a guest at the university when the Nationalist army captured the city of Nanking in the spring of 1927. From my bedroom I could see the smoke from the burning buildings at the seminary. Little groups of soldiers were rushing about the university campus. Every few minutes there was a shot or two.

My host called me to come downstairs, and exclaimed as I entered his study: "Dr. Williams has just been killed, and we must all get over to Severance Hall. If we stay together, I think the Chinese professors can take care of us. At least, the dean has promised to do all he can to persuade the generals to station a guard there."

Just then a squad of well-dressed soldiers came up the steps, and we went out to meet them. They demanded our valuables. I passed over my watch and two silver dollars—all I had with me. My host gave them his watch and ten dollars in silver. "We must have more," they growled. "*Shi er qui chien buh geo* [twelve dollars is not enough]. Hurry up about it. We want more."

Bang! bang! they fired a rifle just over our heads. My host went into the house and brought out twenty dollars from his desk. I declared I had no more—though really before coming down I had hidden thirty dollars in the old bamboo basket in which I kept my bedding for use when I traveled through the country.

"A fat foreign pig, and you have only two dollars!" This to me as they went through my pockets. They took off my coat and vest and ripped open my shirt in their search. Next they stuck a shiny bayonet against my stomach in a very businesslike way. I was sure they had used that blade on their own "fat pigs." It felt terribly shivery, and the point pierced my skin like a needle. Some of those Chinese bayonets are exceedingly sharp.

"Find more money. Bring it all. We have no time to waste," they hurled at me as I went through the door.

I decided it was time to surrender. So I brought all I had to them. They believed me this time and went along.

Then we started for the Administration Building, to which the women had gone earlier in the day. There were several companies of soldiers between us and Severance Hall. We did not care to encounter any more. We darted this way and that to avoid them, for we had no money and no watches to appease them. Soon we got separated. I lost my way dodging along the little paths. I stopped a minute to consider which was the best way to go. As I stood there in front of a little shack of cornstalks, thatched with rice straw, a kindly old farmer stepped out and said:

"American teacher, come in and hide here. The paths and streets are all blocked. This is a poor, dirty place, I know. It is a vile abode for so honorable a guest. I am unworthy to share it with you, but you are most welcome to come in. I think no one will look here for a foreigner. You will be perfectly safe."

He looked so honest and was so gracious as he stood there in his simple dignity that I accepted his invitation without a question. I had accepted, many times,

## A Cup of Cold Water

the hospitality of viceroys and *tuchuns*, but never had I entered a palace with such eagerness and

joy as I entered his home that day.

Inside of the thatch I could scarcely see across the room. There was no window. What little light there was came in at the door and filtered through the cornstalks that made the four walls. There was a tiny kitchen in the rear. In the main room—about ten feet square—was a simple pine table, a chair, two *ban dens*, and a sort of cupboard affair. There was no floor except the pounded earth, but that had been swept clean and smooth.

As I went in, the farmer's wife gave the usual greeting, "It is early, teacher." The little son, perhaps nine years old, made a profound bow, but said nothing.

"I will move the *kwei ds*, teacher, and you can squeeze in behind that. No one will find you there," said the farmer. So I edged myself in between the cupboard and the stalks.

Meanwhile Lao-da, the son, had boiled some water on the little earthen stove. He put a pinch of tea leaves in the cup, poured on the water, and, with the dignity of a prince, holding the cup in both his hands, gave it to me. "Please, teacher, drink some tea."

Just as he handed it to me a soldier peered in at the door. "Where is that foreigner?" he asked.

"There is no foreigner here," said the farmer. "You can see there are only we three."

"But I saw a foreigner turn down this lane. He is in none of the other houses. What was the boy doing behind the *kwei ds*?"

"He wasn't doing anything," was the reply.

"Let me see," demanded the man with the gun.

He strode over like a giant, six-footer that he was, pulled aside the cupboard—and there I stood.

"You foreign devil! What are you doing here?" And his voice rose in his anger to a high falsetto: "Come outside quickly. I want your money. All the other soldiers have found money to-day. My luck has been bad. I know you have money. I want *yin ds* [silver]. Do you hear? No worthless paper."

I kept my wits pretty well and walked out calmly, though, truth to tell, I was quaking a bit inside, for

this fellow was an "ugly looker." When I had stepped forth into the full light my captor looked me straight in the face. He stepped back and eyed me. He was perfectly silent, as if pondering whether to shoot me at once or whether it might be well to give me a chance to pay up. Then he dropped his gun to the ground very suddenly and said: "*Ai ya*, Tang Shien-shen! Is Tang your honorable name? Aren't you Mr. Tang, of Kweifu?"

"Yes," I replied in a dazed sort of way, "my unworthy name is Tang,

and I formerly lived in Kweifu."

"I am so glad to see you, my *lao pung yiu*. You are my good friend. The money is not important after all. Go back behind the *kwei ds*. I will guard this house."

I gladly scuttled back to my pen, wondering who this man was and just what would happen next. I stood there a long, long time. The farmer shut the door, and we all kept very quiet. I could hear the

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WE live in deeds, not years, in  
thoughts, not breaths,  
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.  
We should count time by heart-  
beats. He most lives  
Who thinks most, feels the no-  
blest, acts the best.

—Bailey.

"Nobody ever added up the value of a smile."



## OUR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS AT WORK

Notes Furnished by the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department

### *Honor to Manchuria!*

BECAUSE the Missionary Volunteers of the Manchurian Mission have broken all records and reached the mark of 107.2 per cent reporting members. This is occasioned, of course, by the fact that not only do they report 100 per cent within their societies, but they have interested other young people to join them in their missionary work and to report the same.

### *"The Finest"*

The Malaysian Union Seminary, Singapore, Straits Settlements, has "the finest young people's society that could be imagined," according to the report of the principal, V. E. Hendershot. "The Bible Year, prayer bands, Reading Courses, literature and correspondence bands," he says, "are all in operation. The programs are especially good. Our young people are going out into the prisons, hospitals, leper asylums, and homes where there are sick ones, helping them, and then singing and praying with them. You will look a long time before you can find a better society."

### *A Sewing Circle in Australia*

A group of Missionary Volunteer girls in the Victorian Conference, Australia, have banded themselves together for the purpose of making clothing to sell for missions. At the camp meeting season they dispose of the articles made during the year. Last year this "circle" netted \$365 profit for their work—a dollar a day for missions. This is indeed a worth-while sewing circle.

### *Increases in the Far Eastern Division*

Our latest report from the Far Eastern Division lists seventeen items of missionary work and Missionary Volunteer activity, each showing a marked increase for the first quarter of 1928 over the same period of 1927. An excellent record!

### *Greece Also Has the Reading Course Plan*

The leader of our Missionary Volunteers in Greece reports that the young people there have long been faithful in their Morning Watch devotions and in the Bible Year, and now they have decided upon a real Missionary Volunteer Reading Course. This year the books will be only two in number, "Steps to Christ" and "Pilgrim's Progress." Welcome, Greece, to our Reading Course circle!

### *Goal Reached First Sabbath*

Almost they did it! This refers to the Missionary Volunteer Society in the Sao Paulo Conference, Brazil, which set for its foreign missions goal this year 2:650-\$000 (\$331.25). Following a talk by A. N. Allen about the Indian work on the Araguayá River the very first Sabbath of the year, 2:500\$000 (\$312.50) was raised in cash and pledges. Now they plan to at least double their goal.

### *A Monument in Egypt—Not a Pyramid*

But a young native woman, who is standing stanchly by her vows in becoming a Seventh-day Adventist. She learned about the third angel's message through the efforts of Missionary Volunteers in the city of Cairo, and is the first Egyptian girl who has dared to take her stand for present truth, independent of her parents. This is the type of monument needed in the land of the pyramids, and we are glad that our Missionary Volunteers helped in erecting it.

### *Harvest Ingathering in Arabic*

"The lack of printed material and periodicals is always a problem in Arabia," so writes our Missionary Volunteer leader in that land. But in spite of the fact that the material for every Missionary Volunteer Society program must be laboriously translated from some other language, the young people enjoy their meetings immensely. Just now their pre-eminent desire is to be able to do more in the Harvest Ingathering. If only they could have a special paper in the Arabic language! Papers in English, German, French, Yiddish, and Italian will be used, but we hope that soon they may have one of their very own.

### *"Misioni Vashakari"*

That's the way to say Missionary Volunteers in dialect at the Suji Mission, Tanganyika, in the heart of Africa. Miss Winifred Clifford writes that their title literally means, "The Soldiers of the Mission." Their membership already numbers ninety, thirty-six of whom are Juniors. These are Missionary Volunteers of the finest quality, too, as evidenced by the fact that they are busy making missionary visits, writing missionary letters, and doing Christian help work. And it is real work they do, such as helping build the new church by carrying almost two thousand large rocks for quite a distance.

### *Six Won*

This is the result of Bible studies given by the Covert Missionary Volunteer Society (West Michigan). "A father and mother, two sons and their wives, are greatly interested. They attend Sabbath school and church, and are about ready to take their stand for the third angel's message.

### *Faithfulness and a Reading Rack*

Again the combination of the two, faithfulness and a reading rack, has been the means of saving a soul for Christ. The faithful Missionary Volunteers who kept the reading rack filled week after week are members of the San José society (California). The incident is this: "A discouraged man, a graduate from Princeton University, with the means in his pocket with which to commit suicide, took from the reading rack a *Signs of the Times*. He recognized it as a paper his mother used to read, and the arrow of conviction pierced his heart." He is now rejoicing that he has found his Father.

### *Solomon Islanders Helped by Morning Watch*

"The Morning Watch Calendar is a great help to the people here," writes Missionary G. Peacock, superintendent of the Solomon Islands Mission. "Every morning it is used at all our mission stations in morning worship. We translate the doctrinal studies, and they are a real blessing, for the people commit these passages to memory, and by so doing they are a power in the hands of God in sending the message farther on to those who sit in darkness." Are we as faithful as the Solomon Islanders?

### *Good Report from Colorado Springs*

Only fifty Missionary Volunteers in the Colorado Springs society, but they are wide-awake. They raised \$132 during the first quarter of this year for mission work among the "Davis" Indians. Other qualities of excellence are that thirty-one are reading the Bible

(Concluded on page 12)

"A friend is one who walks in when the rest of the world walks out."



[These are personal letters, and not written for publication; but we are taking the liberty of sharing them with you in the belief that you will appreciate the vivid word picture they give of life as the traveling worker meets it, and help you to pray more earnestly and intelligently for the cause of truth in the fields afar.]

SOMO SOMO, TAVEUNI,

May 21, 1928

HERE we are on one of the Fiji Islands and in a regular primitive mission. I have always wanted to see real wild native life in one of our missions, but this is the first time I have had the opportunity to do so, and I will try to tell you about it.

We reached Suva, Fiji, early one morning after a week's sailing from Honolulu. It was a lovely voyage, perfect weather, a fine steamer, good food, and all the rest that makes for comfort. The ship does not usually get to Suva until evening, but this time it made a record trip, and we were pulling into the harbor at daylight. The ship from Australia, bringing Pastors W. W. Fletcher and A. W. Anderson, arrived a few hours later, and we spent the day very pleasantly with these friends.

It had been arranged for us to continue our trip by steamer to another island, where the general meeting was to be held, and from dark that evening until noon the next day we were en route. There were also about thirty or forty Seventh-day Adventist natives aboard, coming to the boso (conference) [pronounced bassú], besides a number of missionaries. When we got near the shore a rowboat came out and took us off, and when we got still closer to the shore, the natives carried us to land one by one, four of them making a chair by crossing hands. That was Friday, and the meeting began that evening and will continue for about ten days, as there is not another steamer going back to Suva until that time.

As we walked up from the water, I saw one wooden house, and of course hoped we might occupy that place, but it proved to be the government house, or offices, and we were taken on to a native straw house. There was not a stick of furniture in it save a table and a chair, but our kind friends at once brought in mattresses and other things for us to use, so we are quite comfortable, but are living in a primitive way. I am enjoying the adventure, however, for a few days. Everything is very clean. We have a dirt floor covered with new straw mats. The house is about forty feet long and twenty-five wide, with spaces for three doors and four windows, all wide open. However, the natives are all so honest and reliable that they say there is no danger of their troubling us in any way.

The scenery is lovely. Such beautiful trees! And a creek runs right by our house, coming down from the mountains behind the village. The water is soft and clean, and a lot better water than we have in most of our cities in America. We also get plenty to eat, as there is a grocery here, where all kinds of canned fruits and vegetables are kept, and a bakery too, where they make rather good bread. We also have taro and bananas and eggs. One thing I miss, and that is milk. I would not mind that so much if we could get canned milk, but only the condensed sweetened milk is obtainable, and while that is better than none at all, it does



# TRAVEL

BY ME

not take the place of evaporated or fresh milk. But they say we can get plenty of both when we get back to Suva, and that will be in five or six days from now.

There are about a dozen missionaries here attending this boso, and to our surprise we found that some of them were our grandchildren in the third angel's message. Among them is Elva Edwards, a teacher in one of our schools on another island. Her mother accepted this message at the first course of lectures we held in New Zealand forty-two years ago, when this daughter was a tiny girl. Then there is a nice young man here who has charge of our Indian work in these islands, whose father and grandfather and grandmother stepped out into the light at this same time. Others here have heard the glad story from those we won to the truth in those early days, and it surely did our poor old hearts good to see the fruits of our labors so many years ago, carrying abroad this gospel of the kingdom, faithful and earnest in service.

I had a good laugh at the expense of the missionaries here. They had it in their minds that I was sick and old and feeble, and they wondered that I should attempt the journey to Australia; and when they found I was on my way from Suva to this island, they were in consternation because they thought they would have a feeble, old woman to care for. Miss Edwards was appointed cook for and wait on us, but I always prefer to do my cooking when it is permissible, and after the first day of the other older missionaries came into our house their meals, and Miss Edwards and I cooked for all of them and we served good meals, too, considering what we had to work with. For two days we only had my little kerosene stove to cook on for six or seven of us, and it was rather difficult to get a good dinner with that little thing, but I did the best we could, and later on they were able to use a fine primus stove, so now we have satisfactory meals, and to-day for dinner, when they were remarking about how they enjoyed their dinner, they told us of their fears about my coming, and remarked that now instead of their taking care of me, *I was taking care of them!* I had a good laugh over it. Sometimes we have seven of the missionaries in for meals, and sometimes only four.

The natives have been discussing how old we are. One of the missionaries told us. They could manage to guess Mr. Daniells' age, but were puzzled about mine. She said they thought I was thirty-five, and others thought I was older, and finally they came to the conclusion that I was not more than fifty anyway. We seem to be a wonder to them in many ways. The other day a nice-looking woman came in and sat down on the mat, and told Miss Edwards that this was her house, that she moved out here to let us have it. She was not an Adventist.

Of course, we greatly appreciated her generosity, and talked to her through Miss Edwards, and told her how much we appreciated her kindness. While she was talking to us another young woman came in, sat down on the floor for a minute, and then got up and hurried away. The first visitor told us she was frightened by our spectacles. The little children run when they see us coming. On



Elder and native



The visitors and workers opening boxes of supplies sent by friends in America



# LETTERS

NIELLS



the missionaries tells me that they frighten their children when they are naughty by telling them that if they are not good, they will give them away to the white man, just as some of our American mothers tell their children they will give them away to a black man. They used to discipline their children by cutting off a toe or a finger when they were disobedient. I have noticed some of the older men with only four toes, and wondered at it.

You will remember seeing Ratu Meli when he was over in America. His name means "Melchisedec" in his own language. When he was traveling in Australia, the European who was taking him around told him he must always use the butter knife, instead of his own knife, when he took butter. He was taking dinner at one home, and the lady did not put a butter knife on the butter plate, so he asked: "Mrs. Cole, where is your butter knife?" Well, Ratu Meli is here, and is the same jolly, laughing old native, but he is so very much stouter that he can scarcely walk. He really waddles! He seems to enjoy the meetings very much.

This district, which comprises several islands, is ruled over by a native appointed by the British government.

governor is a fine-looking man, much above the average in looks and intelligence, and his wife is the granddaughter of the last king. They have a wooden house up a high hill overlooking the ocean, and such a lovely island of coconut and palm trees. The road leading up there is like the letter S, as it is too steep to go straight. Last evening he sent for us to come and call on them, we went up, with Ratu Meli to interpret for us, although the governor speaks fairly good English.

We visited awhile, and then they presented us with a gift of a whale's tooth and some very attractive hand-painted chains. This is the fourth whale's tooth that has been sent to us, and the presentation is always quite a ceremony. All sit on the floor, and the one who presents it makes a speech, and his assistant gives a groan or a squeal every minute or so, and after quite a speech they hand the present to us, and after we have said *Venaka* (Thank you) hand it back to the assistant, and he holds it a time for us. We feel we are getting along well with the language, we can say *Venaka*, and *Sambula* (How do you do?). A whale's tooth here is valued like gold at home, and if they were offered a tooth or some gold money, they would quickly lose the tooth.

They have a wonderful choir here. I never heard more interesting music, and they are all untrained singers, but the harmony seems to fairly flow out of them. They have a portable organ at the meeting, and the natives call it the box that cries. It does have a kind of whining sound. The leader of the choir plays it, and to me it sounds as well as any playing I have ever heard, but no one taught me to play. It just seems natural for him, and he does not know one note from another. They sing all of the tunes to the music, and such wonderful bass! Really, this has been one of the most interesting events in my life, and I am so glad I could come!

Miss Edwards tells me that at her school (on a neighbor-

ing island, where it is intensely warm) one day she sighed, "O for a breath of cool air from my native land!" A little girl standing by said, "Look not back into Egypt, teacher." One of our missionaries was trying to build a house, and remarked that he would have had it done before, if he could have used tools such as are available in his country. A little native boy twelve years old remarked, "Remember Lot's wife."

June 3, 1928.

Greetings from Suva! Primitive native life is very interesting, and we have enjoyed it in a way, yet we appreciate getting back to civilization once more.

Fiji has a population of about 140,000 people, and about 60,000 of these are Indians, but they do not intermarry nor mix at all.

The natives here are very intelligent, kind, polite, honest, but before the missionaries came, about a hundred years ago, they were among the most cruel, savage people ever known. They practically lived on human flesh, and would cut out a man's tongue, and take off his ears and cook them before his eyes and eat them; also cut off his limbs while he was alive and cook them before him, and even offer him some of the meat.

When the missionaries first arrived, they could not stand the smell of cooking human flesh all the time, so they settled down the coast about fifteen miles, and came back and forth to teach the natives. The last king died about forty years ago. Whenever he had a feast he would have hundreds of the natives killed and cooked to eat. When they built their houses in those old days, they dug deep holes for the corner posts, and then forced four natives to get down into each hole and hold the post up. The dirt was filled in around them, and they were buried alive. The skeletons of these men are now found when old houses are taken down. The last king crucified his own brother because of a difference between them in political matters, but before he died he ceded the government over to Great Britain, and Fiji has had no king since.

We sail day after to-morrow for Australia.

ON THE OCEAN, June 14.

Someway I feel like visiting with the friends at home to-day, although the sea is rough and this small boat rocks fearfully, the clouds hang low, and the rain is pouring down. We shall be very glad to land at last in Australia.

We are now coming into winter, while you folks at home are having nice summer weather. We have all of our flannels on and are cold too, but Australia has about the same climate as California, so we will not suffer there with the cold.

The day before we left Suva, Prof. Lynn Wood arrived from Australia on his way to the United States, so we went for a long drive in the mission auto. The scenery was wonderful. Our driver was a young Indian who looked about sixteen, but of course he must have been older. He was surely a skilled driver, and a fine, intelligent fellow.

We left on Sabbath afternoon, but before the boat sailed we attended church at Suva Vou, a suburb of Suva about



Ratu Meli welcomes a friend from the United States to his home island



three miles out. Our mission there is on top of a steep hill, and the view of the ocean and tropical forests is wonderful. We have a comfortable little church there, and about fifty native converts were at the meeting. They sang their native music, and it surely was interesting. Mr. Daniells spoke, one of our missionaries interpreting for him, and the natives seemed to understand and enjoy it as much as did the Europeans. After the meeting we visited some of the people in their native houses. They were clean and comfortable looking, and some of them are really artistic too. We were introduced to a full-blooded native young man who has been attending our college at Avondale, Australia, and they told us that he stood at the head in all his classes, and was the finest student in the college. But he contracted tuberculosis, and now is at home, hoping to recover in that more favorable climate.

All of our European missionaries and native workers were at the wharf to see us off. After the whistle blew for visitors to go ashore it was about a half hour before the boat pulled away, and they stood on the pier and sang. At last, but in the native language, came, "God be with you till we meet again," and, "What a gathering of the faithful that will be." Then the boat began to move, and soon we were out of sight of all those dear friends.

The voyage these four days has been pleasant, for there are six in our party, all old friends. It has not been stormy until to-day, although we have had very little sunshine. This morning we passed Lord Howe Island. We were not near enough to see anything but a high hill running up out of the ocean, but it was interesting to see land anyway. I understand there are only 150 inhabitants on the island, and they are all Europeans. Among these we have a few believers in the third angel's message. It is about five hundred miles from Australia, and is quite a tourist resort. The only way the people have of making money is by raising Kentia palms. These are table palms, which they ship to the different countries in the Pacific. The island is three or four miles long, and has a fine climate.

SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA, June 18.

When I wrote the last word on the boat, it was rainy and cloudy. But that night we were awakened in the

middle of the night by a wave striking our side of the ship. It seemed almost as if an iceberg had hit us. We at once got up and dressed and took our bags and clothes where they would not get wet, as the water was coming in around the double windows of our cabin. Then when we had made everything as secure as we could, we had prayer and asked the Lord to take care of us, as we saw we were in for a bad storm. Then we went to bed again, for there was nothing else to do, and the beds were dry. The storm kept getting worse until, when daylight came, the waves looked like mountains, and every time one struck our ship it seemed that it would surely sink.

We stayed in our cabin until about ten o'clock, and then felt we would be more comfortable in the dining saloon, so we tried to go there. We had to pass through a passage a little more than two feet wide that was open to the weather, and it took two men to get me over that, for the wind was so strong it would have blown me clear out and onto the deck and overboard. As we went into the dining room we clung to tables and chairs to steady ourselves.

As we sat there in the dining room, the captain came in for something to eat, and I asked him if we were in any danger from the storm. Of course, he told me we were not. I was sure he would say that, no matter how serious things were, but it kind of comforted me.

I have crossed the Pacific in whole and in part twelve times, but I had never seen anything like this storm. The papers the next morning said it was the worst in thirty years, and the wind blew eighty miles an hour. They called it a cyclone.

Many old friends met us at the landing. They brought us out to the sanitarium, about twenty miles from Sydney. We are very comfortable here, and very much enjoy being in Australia once more. All seem so glad to see us.

At the end of this week we begin a ministerial institute, and then in two weeks more we start on our journey to the different colonies, where we are to hold an institute in each one. Then come the camp meetings, which take us up to March, when we hope to start back home. The time passes so fast that a month seems as a week, so we shall soon be back with our children and the dear friends in America. We love Australia, but home is home, no matter where it is.

## The Study of Words

GRENVILLE KLEISER

ONE of the most fascinating hobbies is the study of words. The English language is marvelously rich and varied in its vocabulary. Infinite shades of thought and feeling can be expressed by means of words of comparatively simple character. It is interesting and instructive to study such words and to note their vital effect upon our everyday life.

Some words transport us to the skies, others plunge us into abysmal gloom; some hold undisputed sway like absolute sovereigns, others do only menial service; some stab as with a rapier, others soothe like a mother's caress; some have the ingratiating modesty of a highborn maiden, others intrude like an unbidden guest; some sing in the memory like the lingering notes of a nightingale, others haunt the mind like an ominous decree; some are like living personalities, others like dim memories of bygone days; some are like the dance of animated sunbeams, others like the sigh of mournful pines; some are like a beacon light, others like a flickering candle; some are like a quivering image on water, others set as a face of flint; some are like a symphony of the stars, others like jangling notes out of tune; some are hot as a fiery volcano, others cold as a winter blast; some are as soft as a whispering breeze, others loud as a cannon peal; some are as gay as a troubadour, others somber as a starless night; some are as lustrous as a jewel, others dull as a brooding sky; some are as nimble as dancing water, others heavy as a weary footstep; some are as beautiful as the rosy flush of dawn, others ugly as a venomous toad; some are as definite as the glance of a child, others vague as a fitful dream; some are as picturesque as a fairy pageant, others plain as a desolate moor; some are as sonorous as organ notes, others faint as a dying wind; some are as leisurely as an aristocrat, others impulsive as youth; some are as pompous as a court official, others humble as a penitent; some are as joyous as the trill of a lark, others sad as a tender requiem; some are as quiet as the hush of night, others turbulent as a mountain torrent; some are as ethereal as moonbeams, others heavy as the tramp of armed men; some are as swift as a winged arrow, others slow as a funeral dirge; some are as frank as the call of a bird, others subtle as a creeping tiger; some are as gentle as falling dew, others harsh as avenging fate; some are as efficacious as a healing balm, others fatal as a serpent's sting; some are as refreshing as a summer shower, others oppressive as desert heat; some are as majestic as the mountains, others insignificant as dust; some are as exquisite as celestial music, others raucous as a vender's cry; some are as delicate as a spider's web, others firm as adamant; some are as enduring as the everlasting hills, others evanescent as air-built castles; some are as mellow as a cathedral chime, others ominous as a doomsday knell.

"Joy consorts with him who scatters it."



## 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.

EVER dip your canoe paddle into the quiet, sheltered waters of the Pacific shore line when the morning sun was glowing rosy red upon the horizon waters? Perhaps only a few of you have seen the miles of ocean expanse. If you have, you know how it works upon one's fancy. But most of you have paddled a canoe or tugged with all your might and main on the oars of a rowboat. You've heard the *slap-slap*, the *swish-swish*, of the oar and the *blub-blub* of the bow as it rode from one crest to the next. Fascinating, isn't it?

Then come with me for an early morning row in the inlet waters of Vancouver Island.

The southern end of the Strait of Georgia is dotted in places with many remarkably beautiful islands. The narrow passes of water, between these little specks of tree and flower covered rock soil, are sheltered from the big ocean waves. They are the hiding places of different types of fish and water animals. Many kinds of water birds make their nests along the shores of these rocky passes. In these nooks of quiet, bluish-green ocean water you see some very strange forms of life. There you see animals that look like plants; houses that have no openings; eyeless fish with leglike fins. Along the irregular bottom are shells of every form and shape. Beautiful shells! Some are white, some varicolored; some lie quiet, some stir with life. Here and there along the ridges of gravel, shell, and rock you see starfish,—starfish of all colors and sizes, purple, gray, red, orange, four-pointed, and many-pointed, whole communities of them. You see crabs, jellyfish, minnows, until in excitement you almost forget you are in a canoe.

Boys and girls like to picnic among these islands. To spend a day here chances an acquaintance with a multitude of strange things.

There is one thing, however, picnickers and week-end holiday boaters among these islands soon learn. They learn to look ahead. If they edge near the shore with either motor launch, rowboat, or canoe, some one is always on the lookout for rocks ahead. Uncertain paths, here, are very dangerous. For

## Look Ahead

THEO. G. WEIS

that matter, boys and girls, all untraveled paths are dangerous to a degree. Perhaps only a few inches of sparkling, glittering, surface water hide the deadly fingers of a jagged rock. Perhaps only a few yards ahead the piercing edge of a water-soaked log drifts, almost invisible even to the trained eye. These, if run upon, may damage the craft.

Do you enjoy picnics? Do you enjoy Missionary Volunteer meeting and Sabbath school? Do you enjoy work? Are you looking ahead? Perhaps the beautiful things of life—the flowers about you, the skies overhead, the song of the birds, the mysterious whispers of unfamiliar winds and ocean breezes—have caught your fancy, and you are absorbing it all. Perhaps you are looking into the great ocean *to-morrow*, and you see strange formations. You see shells you wish you had. You see dresses you'd like to wear, automobiles in which you'd like to ride, work you'd like to do, money you'd like to earn, companions you'd like to join. So many remarkable things you have never realized could exist, fall within your line of vision. Perhaps you want to be a musician, a poet, a painter, an orator, a great preacher, a doctor, a nurse, a powerful foreign missionary; or perhaps you want to be a business man, a draftsman, an electrical engineer, a radio and wireless expert. You become so interested you almost lean too far, and upset your present happiness.

*Look ahead!* Don't forget the rocks and water-soaked logs. As life widens like a mysterious ocean to you and you edge near the shore upon which you wish to spend your future days in usefulness, you'll have

need of looking ahead. The most dangerous rock is neglect of moral dignity. You have in your mind the type of boy or girl you'd like to be—the type of man or woman you hope to be. There are certain things that you think beneath your dignity to do or even to think about. Don't stoop to them. Don't lower your standards. Some one may fascinatingly picture wrong to you. If you follow the temptation, if you stoop to the thing you thought was beneath you, if you



## Signals

"IT was well you stopped when the red light flashed," she said, as we drove along;

"For an officer stood at the corner there in charge of the traffic throng."

And I smiled as I said to my daughter fair, as we waited on the spot,

"I always stop when the light is red, be an officer there or not."

Then she sat in thought as we drove along, and suddenly this she said:

"There ought to be lights for us all through life, the amber, the green, the red.

What a help 'twould be if a red light flashed when danger and shame were near.

And we all might wait till the green light came to show that the road was clear!"

"My dear," said I, "we have tried to light life's road for your feet to fare; And we pray you'll stop when the red light shows, though none of us may be there.

We have tried to teach you the signs of wrong and the way to a life serene; So stop when your conscience post shows red, and go when its flashes green."

—Edgar A. Guest.

"Sentiment is good when there is sense to it."



join the wrong set, you've struck a rock. *Watch out!* There are many rocks, but this rock, lack-of-moral-standards, is the most dangerous. Avoid it!

Most driftwood logs that half float have worm-eaten centers. There are companions you'll meet that have worm-eaten lives. They look all right, dress all right, even bob up and down on the joy waves of life. They even show a sort of moral edge when things are too rough and unclean. But they can't really float. The most useful part of their lives has been eaten away. To edge in too close to them will be a menace to you. It will sink your craft. Boys and girls, you can't afford to become altogether lost in the rainbow colors of the early morning sun on this ocean that you are now beginning. For your own *good* and the *safety* of others, learn each day to look carefully ahead.

## A Faithful Chinese Girl

M. C. WARREN

**P**EN HWA LIEN (Pun Hwa Lien) and Helen, the missionary's little girl, are playmates and very dear friends. Pen Hwa Lien loves to listen to Bible stories, and one of her greatest joys is the Sabbath school. Several months ago, when her mother was taking her for a visit to her grandparents, to be gone for some time, she came over to the mission compound early the morning she left, to give us her Sabbath school offering for the several weeks she could not be present.

Recently this Chinese girl decided that she was going to be a real, true Christian, and having observed that



Helen and Pen Hwa Lien at the Right

the missionaries did not eat swine's flesh, told her father that she was not going to eat any more pork. This made him very angry, and he threatened to punish her, but Pen Hwa Lien prepared to receive the punishment rather than violate her conscience. The next morning after she made her decision, her father put the pork on her plate, and pointing with his chopsticks, he ordered her to eat. The girl acknowledged hearing the command with an "Uh," but ate only her rice and greens, and slipped away from the table unnoticed.

However, her disobedience could not always be treated so lightly, and a few afternoons later Pen Hwa Lien came to Helen, much distressed. "Big sister," she said, "I am to be punished to-morrow night. You know that is the night of the midautumn festival, when the Chinese people worship the moon. I have refused to worship the moon, and my father says that either I shall worship with the rest of the family at the festival or he will beat me. I am going to take the beating."

"Brave little girl!" said Helen's father when his daughter told him of it, and added, "We are now on our way up to the attic to pray. I just stopped to tell you about it first."

This prayer season lasted a long time, and at its close, Pen Hwa Lien said earnestly, "Helen, I feel that I want to be baptized."

There are many boys and girls in good Christian homes, with parents who pray with them and encourage them in the Jesus way, who are tempted by Satan to feel that it is hard to give up a few things that stand between them and a life of victory. What would they think if they were in a heathen home—in Pen Hwa Lien's place? But I know there are many also who appreciate their good homes and the help which the Lord has provided for them. I hope that you will all pray for this little girl, and pray for her parents, that they may be converted. It may seem a long way from America to the western edge of China, but it will take no longer for the answer of your prayers to come down from heaven to this heathen home than to the aid of one kneeling beside you.

I am sending a picture of Helen and two of her little playmates, who have expressed their desire to be Christians. The one at Helen's left is Pen Hwa Lien. The old lady is the mother of the larger Chinese girl. She is now studying the Bible, and has made great progress in giving up heathen practices. Her daughter had been coming here to play for several months, and had learned a great deal about Jesus and His love. The girl must have told her mother, for one day the old mother came to learn if there was any hope that Jesus would forgive her sins.

The Lord is gathering out honest followers in poor old China. It is a real joy to have the privilege of helping them come to Jesus. If you give yourself to Him for service, He may call you some day to come out to this needy field to help us search for just such jewels as Pen Hwa Lien. There are many, many of them, and we need your help.

## Our Missionary Volunteers at Work

(Concluded from page 7)

through, and every member belongs to an active band within the society. Their interest and enthusiasm are contagious, for the average attendance at their weekly meeting exceeds their membership.

### Bible Study is Conducive to Good Scholarship

Twelve Missionary Volunteers of the Houston Intermediate School (Texas) read the Bible through this year, and had their requests for Bible Year certificates in during the month of May. The union Missionary Volunteer secretary thought there must be a mistake in calling for 1928 Bible Year certificates so early; but upon inquiry he learned that all twelve had read the Book through *this* year, and also, that each one stood high in scholastic credits. Fourteen Reading Course certificates were also requested by pupils of this school on the same date.

### Junior Soul Winners

Six Junior boys on the Manitoba (Canada) camp ground met a boy from the vicinity, who was smoking a cigarette. They began talking with him about how harmful it is to smoke, how it would affect his body and his mind, and they told him that the Lord is not pleased with those who smoke. The boy threw his cigarette away, and accepted an invitation to come with them to Junior meeting. After meeting they gave him some literature, and had a talk about which day is the right day to keep. The stranger among them said, "You have the wrong day—you are keeping Saturday instead of Sunday." The boys led him over to the bookstand and got a tract on the Sabbath question to give to him. This the boy took home and read with his parents. He attended several of the meetings, and finally told the boys that his father was also interested in the tract and had said, "If this is the right Sabbath, then we ought to keep it."

"Notion, or even emotion without motion, does not carry."



## A Cup of Cold Water

(Concluded from page 6)

soldier pacing up and down. He did not seem to know what to do. Occasionally he spoke to one of his fellows as he passed: "Did you get any money? Are we to kill all the foreigners, or shall we merely harass them and let them go?" Often there was no reply.

One man replied: "I think we shall kill them to-night. How else shall we be rid of the unequal treaties and these battleships, anchored right here at Nanking and for hundreds of miles farther up the Yangtze? They are imperialists—all of them. Truly, they are foreign devils. They treat us like dogs. I have been kicked by them more than once. Why not slaughter them as we slaughter pigs, dirty swine that they are?"

The hours dragged by. It was late afternoon and black as an ink slab inside the house. Then up came the captain of this fellow's company: "Yang, what are you doing here? Report at once to the *Da Miao ds* [great temple] on the main street."

"Grant me one word," said my guard. "An old friend of mine, Mr. Tang of Kweifu, a missionary, is hiding here. Please allow me to stay here to protect him through the night."

"You devil, curses on your ancestors! What are these words? Protect a foreigner? When did you become a slave?"

It was hard to hear the reply, for Yang talked in a low tone and the wind was rustling the cornstalk walls.

"My story is short, but here it is," said Yang: "Three years ago I was a chair coolie in Kweifu. I often carried Mr. Tang out into the country to visit the schools and churches. One day I 'got a disease.' Dysentery hit me hard. I grew weak. I hired a bystander to carry my end of the chair. I could scarcely walk. As I staggered in a half hour after the others had arrived, I said, 'Mr. Tang, have you any medicine for dysentery?' (He always carried medicines with him.) 'Certainly,' he replied, and he called his servant. 'Give Yang Haoran some of this medicine every three hours. You attend to it. Do not allow him to eat rice or vegetables. Cook an egg for him. Take good care of him.'"

"We waited a day, and I grew better. The next day the 'breath of the sky' was full of strength, and we were off at dawn. I carried the chair for the first hour, but it was no use. I simply could not make it. *Ai ya!* I was so weak. I said, 'Tang Shien-shen, I cannot go on. I will stop here and come on later.' And Captain Lo, what do you suppose the teacher did? He put me in his sedan chair and he walked. I protested, but he would not listen. He walked ten miles, and then he put me to bed and himself nursed me for three days. He cured me. He saved my life. Please, captain, allow me to stay here to-night."

"*Hao hao,*" I heard the captain say as he hurried on. "That is fine. You may stay. I once knew a very good foreigner myself."

When it was black as tar in shack and alley, Yang came in and lit the little wick, soaking in the vegetable oil in a saucer. "Now, Teacher Tang, we had better go to the college. You will be safer there. The streets are clear. We shall meet no one on the way. Taps sounded long ago."

He stood aside and compelled me, as his guest, to go out of the door before him. As we started up the street I urged him to go ahead, but he would not think of it: "You are my guest from abroad and my very good friend. I am unworthy to go first. Please, teacher, permit me to follow."

We fumbled along in the walled-in darkness. The path had been paved once, but only a few stones remained—literal stumblingblocks. In about ten minutes we reached Severance Hall.

Yang saluted the sergeant in charge and said, "Please allow the foreigner to enter."

Then, just before I went through the door, he drew me aside and said: "Mr. Tang, your money is gone. It may be some days before you can get any more. I think all of your friends have been robbed. You may need a few cents for food."

Without another word of farewell he put a silver dollar in my hand and disappeared.—*James M. Yard.*

\* \* \*

## Struggle and Surrender

(Concluded from page 5)

not sanctified. Sin was rampant. We, His people, were not holy. And again I realized that my life had not been so yielded that the Holy Spirit possessing me could cause rivers of living water to flow from within, so that He could cleanse and purify and bear witness and do His mighty work through me.

The winter passed, and in the spring God sent a messenger, through whom He revealed what He desired to be to each of His children—their all in all, the chiefest among ten thousand, their heart friend. Christ possessed this man's life. Christ was to him all that the dearest earthly friend could be, and infinitely more. Not only was his life centered in Christ—Christ was his life. He communed with Him as with a friend, spending hours with Him. His inmost being was made radiant by Christ's abiding presence, and wherever he went Christ was revealed.

There came to my heart again the remembrance of all that Christ was to my husband. Could it be true? Could He be all this to me? If so, by my unbelief I was shutting out of my life great joy and peace.

Just one year after the Father had taken my beloved companion, alone in my study I faced things. "Was there a God? Was Christ His Son? Was the Bible the word of God?" These are some of the questions that were decided that night. I cannot tell the way God revealed Himself, but I know that He was present with me, and I know that Christ in all His wondrous power drew me to Himself.

In a written consecration I gave myself, my child, all I had and all I ever would have to the Lord to be His forever. It was an unconditional surrender, and the Holy Spirit entered in His fullness and began to lead me into the love and joy and peace—a knowledge surpassing love and joy and peace—for which I had long been yearning. There came to my heart a deep quietness. The word of God opened up in marvelous richness, becoming food to the soul.

In the years which have followed I have again and again been brought to places where two ways opened: one the way of the ordinary Christian life, the other the way upon which one seemed to see the blood-stained marks of the Saviour's footsteps; and He called me to follow Him, the slain Lamb. It has meant the way of the cross; but it has also meant fellowship with Christ.

\* \* \*

## An Over-the-Fence Discussion

(Concluded from page 4)

"Mind now, finally," I said, "you don't have to do anything to be saved except to believe in Jesus Christ. After you have received Christ, you have the nature to do everything that's right, and that's all there is to reform. And then very soon," I finished, "the Lord Jesus Christ is coming in glory, and after that there will not be anybody but the reformed."

"You think," said Gardner slowly, "that I'd be of some use to God and more use to my fellow men if I didn't smoke?"

"From the way it seems to be on your mind," I replied, "I'm of the opinion that's the first crab you'll drop."

Gardner chewed on an apple twig for a long minute. "Got to get in my hay," he said at last, casting a weather eye aloft; "I'll be thinkin'."

"The purchase price of a friend is to be one."



## Our Counsel Corner

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column each week by those who have had long and successful experience. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your perplexities. Each inquiry will receive careful attention. Those writing are requested to sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to Our Counsel Corner, in care of Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C.

### Is it wrong to cut finger nails on the Sabbath?

Surely the nature and purpose of the Sabbath would demand that we should have our bodies and our clothing cleansed before the holy hours of the Sabbath begin. The manicuring of the finger nails would usually be included with the bath, but it would surely be proper to clean them during the day if they needed it. Let us be careful not to lose sight of the real meaning of the Sabbath by covering it up with little restrictions as did the Jews.

M. E. KERN.

*If a person is working in the office of one who is not a Seventh-day Adventist and gets the Sabbath off, is it wrong for him to work until five o'clock on Friday evenings when the sun sets at 4:45 or thereabouts? Is it all right to work those few minutes extra, for a few weeks, since to ask for them off would seem cheeky, when one gets the whole Sabbath day off?*

The first few minutes of the Sabbath, following the setting of the sun Friday evening, are just as much a part of the Sabbath as any similar period later in the day, and should be as sacredly observed. "You should not rob God of one hour of holy time. . . . When the Sabbath commences we should place a guard upon ourselves, upon our acts and our words, lest we rob God by appropriating to our own use that time which is strictly the Lord's."—"Testimonies," Vol. II, p. 702. If your employer has granted you the Sabbath off, he will no doubt respect you more highly on finding that you are unwilling to compromise regarding the first few minutes of it. Many have been brought face to face with this same issue, and have found that it always pays to serve God with all the heart. To compromise dishonors God, and brings perplexity to the one who does so.

C. LESTER BOND.

### Is it wrong to buy the Sabbath School Quarterly and pay for subscriptions to our papers on Sabbath?

We suggest that Sabbath school expense money be gathered during the quarter with which to buy all the supplies. The members generally will contribute to this expense fund, and in turn they will be furnished, free of charge, the supplies which they need. We also advise the following of this plan in regard to the Sabbath School Worker, Children's Color Sets, "Sunshine Songs for Boys and Girls," and any other necessary supplies. We advise that these be furnished to the proper persons and paid for out of the expense money, to which the whole school contributes. The envelope plan for handling all orders for books and subscriptions for periodicals is very satisfactory, and it eliminates the transaction of business on the Sabbath. A few of the order envelopes should be kept on hand by the members so that the order can be made out, and the money placed in the envelope before the Sabbath. As the offering is received Sabbath morning, the envelope is dropped in the basket, and is later turned over to the missionary secretary of the church, who looks after all orders after the Sabbath is past. The envelopes are provided by the church missionary secretary.

JOHN C. THOMPSON.

### Is there a Seventh-day Adventist institution in or near Chicago where one could take up nursing?

Yes, the Hinsdale Sanitarium, at Hinsdale, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago. In making application, address the superintendent of nurses, Miss Jessie Tupper, Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Illinois. This sanitarium is about a half hour's ride from the Union Station on the Burlington suburban line.

EMMA E. HOWELL.

### Do Adventist pastors charge a fee for baptism or marriage?

Adventist pastors make no charge for any religious rite or ceremony. I have never known of a case of their accepting any remuneration for baptism. In the case of marriage, the pastor will usually accept the customary gift from the bridegroom.

H. T. ELLIOTT.

"Usefulness is the rent we are asked to pay for room on earth."

## The Sabbath School

### Young People's Lesson

#### II — Jehovah's Challenge to False Gods

(October 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Isaiah 41.

MEMORY VERSE: Isa. 41:10.

#### Questions

##### God Reasons With His People

1. What does God say to the islands and the people? Isa. 41:1. Note 1.
2. What questions does He ask? What would the "man from the east" do? Verses 2, 3. Note 2.
3. Who brought this about? What is said of the Lord? Verses 4, 5. Note 3.
4. In what spirit did the builders of idols work together? Verses 6, 7.
5. How does God speak of His people? From where were they brought? Verses 8, 9.

##### Precious Promises

6. What promises does God make? What will be the experience of those who oppose His people? Verses 10-12.
7. What further promises does God give? By what two names is He called? Verses 13, 14. Note 4.
8. What will God make of His people? What will they be able to do to the mountains and hills? Verses 15, 16. Note 5.
9. Of what does God assure the poor and needy? What will be opened for them? Verses 17, 18.
10. What will He plant in the wilderness and in the desert? For what purpose does God do this? Verses 19, 20.

##### A Challenge to Idols

11. How does God challenge the idols of the nations? Verses 21, 22.
12. What further demand does He make of them? What does He say they are? Verses 23, 24. Note 6.
13. From where has God raised up one? What will he do to princes? Verse 25. Note 7.
14. What questions are again asked about idols? What will God give to Jerusalem? Verses 26, 27.
15. What could He not find among the idols? What are they said to be? Verses 28, 29. Note 8.

#### Notes

1. God is "represented as summoning the earth, as far as the remote isles of the west, to determine once and forever who is the true God; whether He, or the idols and oracles, of which there were myriads worshiped and believed in by every nation under heaven. The test proposed is a very simple one. The gods of the nations were to predict events in the near future, or to show that they had a clear understanding of the events of former days. (Verses 21, 22.) On the other hand, the servant of Jehovah was prepared to show how fast-sealed prophecies, committed to the custody of his race, had been precisely verified in the event, and to utter minute predictions about Cyrus, 'the one from the east,' which should be fulfilled before that generation had passed away."—"Christ in Isaiah," Meyer, pp. 31, 32.

2. Though the man in verse 2 is unnamed, he is without doubt Cyrus, mentioned by name first in Isaiah 44:28 and 45:1, many years before he was born.

3. Notice that it does not say in verse 4 that God is the first and the last, but that He is "with the last." To the end of time, God will be with His people.

In verse 5, "the isles see and fear; the ends of the earth tremble; they draw near and come to the judgment seat. On their way thither each bids the other take courage. There is an industrious furbishing up of the dilapidated idols, and manufacturing of new ones. The carpenter encourages the goldsmith, and he that smooths with the hammer him that smites the anvil. They examine the soldering to see if it will stand, and drive great nails to render the idols steadfast. The universal desire is to make a strong set of gods who will be able to meet the divine challenge."—"Christ in Isaiah," Meyer, p. 32.

4. "It was in hours of solitary prayer that Jesus in His earth-life received wisdom and power. Let the youth follow His example in finding at dawn and twilight a quiet season for communion with their Father in heaven. And throughout the day let them lift up their hearts to God. At every step of our way He says, 'I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand; . . . fear not; I will help thee.' Could our children learn these lessons in the morning of their years, what freshness and power, what joy and sweetness, would be brought into their lives!"—"Education," p. 259.

5. The time is coming when God's people, instead of being ruled, shall themselves be the rulers under the Lord. In that day God's people shall rule, not over the nations of



sinful, dying men and women, but over the nations of the saved. Rev. 21:24. This is the meaning of our Lord's promise recorded in Matthew 19:28.

6. God's challenge in verse 23, is definite. God's idea of these idols is well expressed in the margin of verse 24, "worse than nothing," "worse than of a viper."

7. Cyrus is here again introduced. He "was a native of Persia, which lies to the east of Babylon, but he was brought up in Media, which is to the northeast." In point of fact, therefore, he came from the northeast.

8. Moffatt's translation of verses 28 and 29 makes the sense a little clearer: "As for your idols, I see no one, not a prophet in their midst, to answer My inquiries! They are all an empty nothing, all they do is utterly inane, their metal images are futile and vain."

## Junior Lesson

### II — The Giving of the Law

(October 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: EXODUS 20.

MEMORY VERSE: "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Ps. 19:7.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 305-310 (new edition, pp. 307-313).

#### Memory Gem

"When God confirmed His law to men,  
Through Israel's waiting flock,  
He spake aloud His precepts ten,  
And graved them in the rock.

"Within the tent's most holy place  
That sacred law was brought,  
Nor can the hand of man efface  
What great Jehovah wrought.

"In heaven the tabernacle true,  
Pitched not by hands of men,  
The sacred law is kept in view,  
The holy precepts ten."

#### Questions

1. How did the Lord introduce Himself to the people when He began speaking His law from Mt. Sinai? Ex. 20: 1, 2. Note 1.
2. What is the first commandment? In what ways are we tempted to break it? Verse 3. Note 2.
3. Against what was the second commandment given? How does the Lord deal with those who hate Him? What does He show unto those who love Him? Verses 4-6. Note 3.
4. Repeat the third commandment. How is this commandment often thoughtlessly broken? Verse 7. Note 4.
5. What does the fourth commandment require us to remember? To whom does the seventh day belong? Why was the seventh day set apart as the Sabbath? Verses 8-11. Note 5.
6. What is the fifth commandment? What promise is associated with it? Verse 12. Note 6.
7. Repeat the sixth commandment. What will hinder one from obeying this commandment? Verse 13. Note 7.
8. Repeat the seventh commandment. Verse 14. Note 8.
9. What sin is forbidden by the eighth commandment? Verse 15. Note 9.
10. Repeat the ninth commandment. In what ways may one bear false witness? Verse 16. Note 10.
11. What does the tenth commandment forbid? What does "covet" mean? Verse 17. Note 11.
12. How many of these commandments speak especially of our duty to God? Verses 3-11.
13. How does Jesus combine these into one? Matt. 22: 37, 38.
14. What short commandment includes the last six of the ten? Verse 39.
15. What is said of the character of the law? What will it do? Memory verse.
16. What did all the people see and hear? What request did they make? Ex. 20:18, 19.

#### Notes

1. "The law was not spoken at this time exclusively for the benefit of the Hebrews. God honored them by making them the guardians and keepers of His law, but it was to be held as a sacred trust for the whole world. The precepts of the decalogue are adapted to all mankind, and they were given for the instruction and government of all. Ten precepts, brief, comprehensive, and authoritative, cover the duty of man to God and to his fellow man; and all based upon the great fundamental principle of love. 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.' In the ten commandments these

principles are carried out in detail, and made applicable to the condition and circumstances of man."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 305.

2. "Man is forbidden to give to any other object the first place in his affections or his service. Whatever we cherish that tends to lessen our love for God or to interfere with the service due Him, of that do we make a god."—*Ibid.*

3. "It is inevitable that children should suffer from the consequences of parental wrong-doing, but they are not punished for the parents' guilt, except as they participate in their sins."—*Id.*, p. 306.

4. "This commandment not only prohibits false oaths and common swearing, but it forbids us to use the name of God in a light or careless manner, without regard to its awful significance. By the thoughtless mention of God in common conversation, by appeals to Him in trivial matters, and by the frequent and thoughtless repetition of His name, we dishonor Him."—*Id.*, pp. 306, 307. "Holy and reverend is His name." Ps. 111:9.

5. "God has given men six days wherein to labor, and He requires that their own work be done in the six working days. Acts of necessity and mercy are permitted on the Sabbath, the sick and suffering are at all times to be cared for; but unnecessary labor is to be strictly avoided. . . . Those who discuss business matters or lay plans on the Sabbath, are regarded by God as though engaged in the actual transaction of business. To keep the Sabbath holy, we should not even allow our minds to dwell upon things of a worldly character."—*Id.*, p. 307.

6. "Parents are entitled to a degree of love and respect which is due to no other person. . . . He who rejects the rightful authority of his parents, is rejecting the authority of God. The fifth commandment requires children not only to yield respect, submission, and obedience to their parents, but also to give them love and tenderness, to lighten their cares, to guard their reputation, and to succor and comfort them in old age. It also enjoins respect for ministers and rulers, and for all others to whom God has delegated authority."—*Id.*, p. 308.

7. This commandment is broken by those who cherish in their hearts anger, or hatred, or a desire for revenge upon those who have injured them. (See Matt. 5:21, 22.)

8. "Purity is demanded not only in the outward life, but in the secret intents and emotions of the heart. Christ, who taught the far-reaching obligation of the law of God, declared the evil thought or look to be as truly sin as is the unlawful deed."—*Id.*, p. 308.

9. The eighth commandment "condemns theft and robbery. It demands strict integrity in the minutest details of the affairs of life. It forbids overreaching in trade, and requires the payment of just debts or wages. It declares that every attempt to advantage oneself by the ignorance, weakness, or misfortune of another, is registered as fraud in the books of heaven."—*Id.*, p. 309.

10. "False speaking in any matter, every attempt or purpose to deceive our neighbor, is here included. An intention to deceive is what constitutes falsehood. By a glance of the eye, a motion of the hand, an expression of the countenance, a falsehood may be told as effectually as by words. All intentional overstatement, every hint or insinuation calculated to convey an erroneous or exaggerated impression, even the statement of facts in such a manner as to mislead, is falsehood. This precept forbids every effort to injure our neighbor's reputation by misrepresentation or evil surmising, by slander or talebearing. Even the intentional suppression of truth, by which injury may result to others, is a violation of the ninth commandment."—*Ibid.*

11. "The tenth commandment strikes at the very root of all sins, prohibiting the selfish desire, from which springs the sinful act. He who in obedience to God's law refrains from indulging even a sinful desire for that which belongs to another, will not be guilty of an act of wrong toward his fellow creatures."—*Ibid.*



Issued by

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION  
Takoma Park, Washington, D. C.

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"The hands are for the hardness of toil; the heart is for tenderness."



## WHAT'S THE NEWS?

THE Jews of New York recently laid the corner stone of a new temple which will represent an outlay of \$7,955,000.

THE two branches of the Quakers, or Friends, who split a hundred years ago, one taking the name of Hicksite and the other Orthodox, met in a five-day session at the Hicksite meeting house, New York City, several weeks ago. There is no thought of union between them, but it was an expression of friendship.

SICKNESS costs the people of the United States over fifteen billion dollars every year, 93 per cent of which is borne by the patients and their families, according to Homer Folks, LL. D., of New York. And yet the country is spending only about \$76,000,000 a year for the prevention of illness. The first figures include not only the money paid out, but the loss of earnings during sickness. He says that 99.5 per cent of this vast sum goes for the care of the sick and for lost earnings and only one half of 1 per cent for the prevention of sickness.

THE New York Times, in a somewhat comprehensive discussion of the cost of prohibition during the last eight years to the United States as a nation, arrives at a grand total of \$177,716,860. This figure includes certain capital charges for the benefit of the Coast Guard. No account is taken of direct offsets. But Professor Fisher, of Yale, says that indirectly prohibition has saved and added more than \$6,000,000,000 annually to the national wealth. This estimate, multiplied by eight, gives the nation a profit of \$48,000,000,000 for its expenditure of \$177,716,860 in prohibition enforcement. Which is quite a profit, even if we do not take into account the even greater moral and social gains.

MEDICAL science in these times is pointing out that over-stressed eyes, like bad teeth, may account for serious maladies. The latter contribute infections to the blood channels and the former interfere with the fine adjustments of the control muscles of the organs. Eyestrain is caused by overuse of the eyes, or the use of them in bad lights, or by forcing the eyes to work when the bodily system is run down. The excessive demand upon any of the muscles of the functional organs is apt to cause distress. So closely interrelated are the nerves which govern the focusing of the muscles of the eyes and those that govern the heart and the intestinal tract, according to an eminent specialist, that many diseases in these bodily centers may be traced directly to the eyes.

THE United States Government's greatest and most important post-war activity, the rehabilitation of disabled World War veterans, came to an end recently when the last of the 128,500 men became self-supporting and received diplomas signifying that fact. This splendid work has cost the Government more than \$600,000,000. Applicants for admission to these training schools numbered 334,494. Of these, 216,421 were rated as entitled to full courses. Of these, 58,873 dropped out. The rest graduated. Besides paying for tuition and books, the Government provided \$100 a month for single men and \$135 for married men, with additional allowance for dependents. All with 10 per cent disability were permitted to choose the calling for which they would be educated. Some were blind, some crippled, some gassed, but all were prepared to earn a good livelihood.

ONE of the first acts of the new Nationalist government of China is to provide for a Chinese research institute, modeled upon the ideals of the Smithsonian. Its object is to promote researches in geology, paleontology, zoology, and botany. The investigation will be carried on in the various provinces, and will supplement the beginnings of such research as have been made by scholars who find in China a rich field for exploration. Seeking to prevent further violation of tombs, which has threatened to reach proportions such as marked the nineteenth century in Greece, the Chinese will be careful as to the auspices under which archeological enterprise is carried on. Dr. Chi Li, the first scientist to be appointed to the new research body, expresses himself as especially interested in the discoveries of an antiquity for the Chinese nation even beyond that which is commonly attributed to it.

THE walking champion of the world is Dan O'Leary, eighty-nine years of age. In June of this year he walked from Richmond, Virginia, to Washington, D. C., a distance of 112 miles, in 26 hours. In 1864 he won the walking championship of Ireland. In 1865 he captured the world title in London. He has walked in Ireland, Scotland, France, Australia, and all over the United States, and has covered 300,000 miles in his travels. He goes to bed at 8 o'clock and gets up at 4 or 5 in the morning. He eats very sparingly. In a recent interview he said: "In the morning I have two cups of coffee. Into them I drop three ounces of butter, and then put in a slice of whole-wheat bread. I eat that every morning, never vary my diet, and always enjoy it." In the afternoon at 4 or 5 o'clock he eats a bowl of soup, a dish of spinach, and a glass of milk. That is his daily fare. He says he has never been sick, with the exception of a slight cold. Mr. O'Leary does not wear glasses, and his eyes are bright as a child's. He says the body is a machine, and that if we take care of it at the start, it will last a long time. There is no finer exercise than walking. In this machine age there is danger that our legs atrophy through lack of use. He who walks a few miles every day will soon be walking in the road of health. The man who walks sees God's world with new eyes. He comes into new understanding of, and new intimacies with, trees and flowers, birds and stars, and folks he meets along the road.

A VERY considerable number of the 1,000,000 young men and women enrolled in the colleges and universities of the United States are self-supporting. In many instances earnings gained by clerking, waiting upon table, or tending furnaces supplement remittances received from home. Not infrequently such individuals are outstanding students, despite the fact that their opportunities for study are more or less restricted. As a rule the student who has stuck through four years of working and studying goes out into the world far better equipped to meet life's problems than the student who has been supported by unlimited funds from home. Sometimes, on the other hand, the self-supporting student breaks under the strain. The Oberlin College Health Service has been studying the self-supporting student. It finds that he suffers from a 36 per cent higher incidence of illness than his financially care-free colleague. It is only natural that a student, with time for rest and recreation limited, should feel the strain of work and fatigue, and that such strain should have a bearing upon his general physical condition. The dangers that the self-supporting student faces in respect to illness and disease, however, are as nothing in comparison with the moral dangers faced by the individual who has too much easy money while in college.

CONSOLIDATION of the Capital Terminal of New York and the newly organized American Motor Transportation Company to form what is believed to be the first coast-to-coast bus transportation system, was recently announced. New York, under the consolidation, becomes the main Eastern terminal, with lines radiating to Far Western cities and others to be established to Boston, Washington, and Baltimore. The unit will be known as the Yellowway Pioneer System, Inc. W. E. Travis, president of this \$7,500,000 consolidated system, says that more than 150 small companies now are part of the system, and that when additions are completed the company's lines will operate over approximately 70,000 miles daily. Joint tariff arrangements have been made with other lines, so that it will be possible to buy tickets for transportation between practically any two points in the country, the president added.

THE idea seems to prevail that the lands remaining in the possession of the Government, either surveyed or unsurveyed, are of little worth. The figures prepared by the Land Office do not carry out this idea. So far from being valueless, the value placed upon the public lands is not less than \$26,000,000,000. In addition the Government is custodian of mineral rights to other lands which have been granted to individuals with reservations. The magnitude of the land endowment of the nation may be gleaned from the single fact that the lands still unsurveyed equal in area the States of Texas, California, Montana, New Mexico, and Arizona. In a word, there are still 500,000,000 acres of such land. In addition, in continental United States there are 200,000 acres of land that have been surveyed but have not passed into private possession.

"It is surely better to pardon too much than to condemn too much."