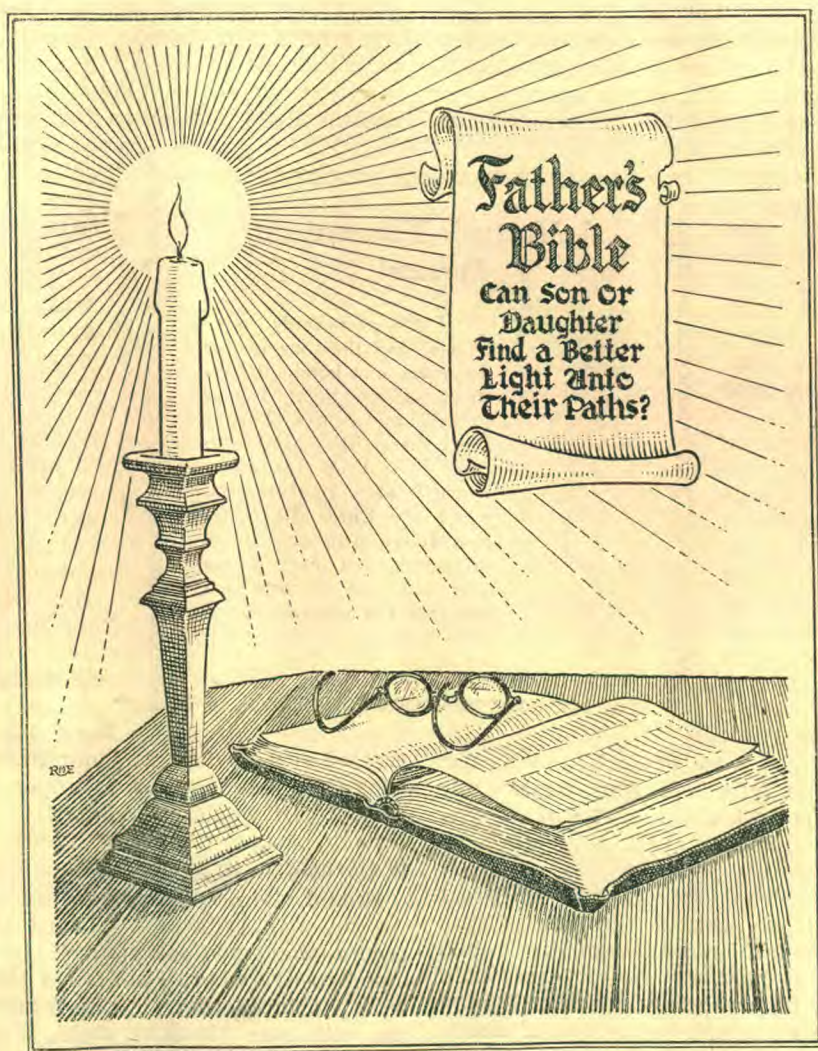


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 52



LET'S TALK IT OVER

"I HAVE KEPT THE FAITH"

THESE words echo down to us through more than 1800 years. They come from the grated window of a miserable dark, dank dungeon—one of the "solitary cells" of an old Roman prison on the banks of the Tiber.

The speaker is a man with lined face, stooped shoulders, and snow-white hair. He is in feeble strength, for he has endured scourging, and stoning, and shipwreck; he has been in perils oft, as he has traveled, not only through the length and breadth of Judea, but literally into "the uttermost part of the earth," witnessing by precept and example for his Saviour, Jesus Christ. He has faced persecution and abuse, not only at the hands of superstitious heathen, but from his own countrymen and false brethren. But "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness," he has pressed on, "preaching the word."

Yet to-day he stands, the light of a steadfast hope shining in his dim eyes, and the voice we hear is clear and steady. 'Tis Paul who speaks—the mighty apostle to the Gentiles—as he faces a martyr's death.

And what does he say? Listen! "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand." Undismayed and unafraid, he looks into the future. And why is this possible? Because he has in his heart a consciousness of duty well done. "I have fought a good fight," is his testimony. "I have finished my course, *I have kept the faith.*"

Just what does it mean to keep "the faith"? We may profitably consider the question squarely in a personal way, for we all stand face to face with the end of life every moment of every hour of every day. Not one of us has any mortgage on the future. And are we keeping faith? It had been a daily, hourly, moment-by-moment matter with Paul.

And so it must be with us, if we would live as he did.

Are you keeping "the faith" in your relationship to Jesus? The year is just closing. Think it over seriously as you take inventory and list "stock on hand."

How about prayer? That is one of the great essentials to an experience such as the apostle Paul maintained. For prayer is "the ballast of life" when temptation's storms beat highest. Prayer eases pain and suffering that may be beyond the reach of human help; prayer takes the sting and agony out of disappointments; prayer overcomes difficulties; prayer, and prayer alone, brings God into the life. It pays, pays high dividends, to take time to come "out of the rush of life, into the hush of prayer." Oh, we must pray—really pray—if we would keep "the faith."

There's Bible study. Are you keeping faith with the Author of the Book by giving the time to its study that you promised and purposed to spend in this way when you made your new resolves at the beginning of 1928?

It is impossible for a Christian to maintain strength or grow in grace without a day-by-day careful, prayerful study of the word of God. Often in our shortsightedness—

"We search the world for truth; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all the flower fields of the soul;
And, weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from the quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read."

So, Friend o' Mine, read the Bible. Don't skim it; study it, every word of it, Old Testament and New—not just your favorite chapters. And in studying it, be sure to take it for what it really is—the revelation of the thoughts of God. Without this help you cannot hope to keep "the faith."

And how does your life check up in such practical details as Sabbath keeping, your amusements, your social and business relationships? Are you keeping "the faith" in these? Honestly now? Talk it over with yourself as the last minutes of the old year tick away into eternity. For you know, really, religion

doesn't mean a thing to you, to me, to anybody else, unless it enters in a concrete, helpful way into the everyday living. It isn't necessary for one to go about with a solemn, sanctimonious countenance, eyes uplifted and hands folded piously, walking the narrow way with stately tread and always intent on spiritual things, in order to keep "the faith." The misguided individual who tries this plan will miss all the joy of living here, as well as in the hereafter. For that's not religion at all; it's only conceited self-righteousness.

But real faith—the faith Paul had kept—means consistent, conscientious golden rule living, as related to God and to our fellow travelers along life's highway. If we

treated our Saviour and our associates as we would that they should treat us under all circumstances—why, earth wouldn't be earth at all. It would be heaven, because we would "have kept the faith." That is a truth worth remembering.

Friend, the new year waits just across the threshold. As you pause for a backward glance over the old record, won't you ask yourself, in all seriousness, If I stood to-day where Paul stood 1800 years ago, facing what he faced there in the Roman dungeon, could I say with him, "It is all right, I am ready to give up my life for the Master. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith"?

Is the answer No or Yes? and what will you resolve in regard to faith keeping for 1929?

A Martyr's Triumphant Farewell



"I AM now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing." 2 Tim. 4:6-8.

Lora E. Clement

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

VOL. 76

TAKOMA PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 25, 1928

No. 52

HERE'S wishing you all
a happy new year!
But I can only wish it
—I cannot give it to

you. Your own conduct will make it happy or otherwise. The responsibility rests with you. Come soon, come late, you will at last appreciate the means of true success, and can understand some of the causes of life's failures in this world. Fortunate the lad and lass who learn to measure wisely the soul's responsibilities in early life. Young people should make an honest study of their natural aptitudes and powers, and not despise the counsel of their elders.

As time adds another year to your life, you become in a greater measure your own counselor; it must be so, necessarily. What will you now do with yourself? What will you do with the instruction of the past? Will you continue to reverence your parents, or will you begin to regard them as "old fogies"—too slow and behind the times? Will the tastes of your heart change, and cause you to listen to evil counsels and fall under the power of evil associates? Again, I say, God alone knows.

If thus far you have been carefully trained in your home, let nothing enter your life during this new year that will mar the refinement of your character. Be always true to your conscience. Be true to your sense of duty. Seek to become more conscientious, more refined in your conduct, more discreet, more ladylike, more gentlemanly, in all your association with others. That is the key to all advancement in heart culture, the avenue that leads to soul refinement.

If I were in your place,—twelve to twenty years of age,—I should begin this new year by adopting certain principles to govern my life. First, I would not shape my habits or conduct by the example of others unless my conscience and common sense approved. Our companions often urge, "Everybody does so." What if everybody does? Everybody may be wrong. I want to be right. I must act from reason rather than precedent. I must follow a higher standard than public sentiment or public conduct. I would not follow the crowd nor imitate the masses. I would stand alone in the right.

The New Year

J. D. SNIDER

I would be clean in life, body, soul, and spirit. I would endeavor to dwell in a pure atmosphere, the purer the better. I would keep my tongue pure. I would not use slang, nor profanity, nor impure speech of any kind. Think of the debasing influence of foul speech! Think of the uncleanness of the mind that will employ the tongue in vile speech! I would, therefore, keep a clean mind. What disasters result in this life from low thinking!

I would read the best books I could find. The love of good books is a strong defense against temptation. Nothing else in Dickens' works is so touching as the picture of his own child life, which he portrays in "David Copperfield." He shows us how easily he might have gone wrong had it not been for one great power and influence that cast a spell over him—the love of books. In his dismal and solitary attic he was not alone, for he had the companionship of his book friends, and they kept him pure in thought, shrewd in intellect, and right in life, even in the midst of a

crowded city with all its dangers and temptations.

What books did for Charles Dickens they will do for you and me. The apostle Paul never gave Timothy better advice than when he urged him to "give attendance to reading." I would therefore seek for the noblest type of books that my mind could entertain. I would feed on them. I would read the best of poetry and the best of literature in general, but above all I would feast upon the rich suggestions that fell from the lips of Jesus Christ.

I would keep my heart pure. I would do that at any cost. I would have a heart free from selfishness, godless ambitions, and worldly aspirations. It was Christ the great Master who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." I would want to see God more than all else, and as little of the devil as possible. I would not look upon evil to gratify morbid curiosity. I would not seek the slums, except to cure the slums. I would seek to behold only that which is pure and good in all of God's creation.

That would be the ambition of my heart, if I were facing a new year in youth, as you,

(Concluded on page 13)



A New Year's Prayer

LOW at the threshold of this white new
year

I kneel in prayer;
Lord, may it be
A temple unto Thee,
Wherein each rounded day may stand
A column grand;
Grant that the walls may be
Of work for Thee,
With faith for buttress firm;
And for the shadowing arch above,
Oh, roof it with Thy love,
And on the spire of hope
The cross of courage set.
Lord, this were yet
An empty temple and barren year;
Oh, be Thou present on the altar there,
And may the incense of unceasing prayer
Make sweet the air.
Thou, O Lord, the builder and inmate be,
I but the mason under Thee,
My house the blocks to raise
A temple to Thy praise.

— Exchange.

"Not beginning at all is far worse than failing now and then."

Whence Comes the Strength?

YOUTH is a synonym for strength! for power! for progress! Every forward movement avails itself of the dynamic force pent up in the young people within its ranks. To Seventh-day Adventist young people there has come the mightiest challenge ever flung upon youthful ardor—the finishing of a world-wide task. The strength of every young man and every young woman in the denominational ranks must be put to the farthest stretch. Yet how many are the forces and circumstances that daily exhaust our strength!

How can we maintain strength for the stupendous task before us? How can we have the victory in our daily lives that will insure against defeat? From whence comes the power to live a life clean, noble, courageous, victorious, and full of service for others? Are these the questions that surge through your subconscious mind as you look out upon the vast expanse and the mighty task for 1929?

One of the greatest prophets of old was chosen of the Lord for a mighty task. Recognizing it as his, he rushed upon it with all his youthful zeal and ardor. But the strength had not come from the proper source, and the result was that the work was delayed forty years, while the chosen leader was trained for service. And where did the Lord take him for this training? It was to the solitude of the shepherd's occupation. Here, by His still small voice, God was able to teach His child the lessons of patience and courage and stability and trust that were needful for the great work ahead.

But how, some one asks, am I to know the plan of God for my life? Where can I obtain wisdom and strength for the duties of the hour? Let us follow Moses a step farther. When the Lord was about to deliver to him the plan of progress for ancient and modern Israel, He said to His servant, "Come up in the morning unto Mt. Sinai, and present thyself there to Me in the top of the mount. And no man shall come up with thee." And the record says that "Moses rose up early in the morning, and went up unto Mt. Sinai, as the Lord had commanded him, and took in his hand the two tables of stone." Again and again Moses was called up into the mount to receive instruction from the Lord, until his own face shone with the glory reflected from the Master, and the people knew that he had been with the Lord, and was qualified to bear a message to them.

Even so would God have the young people, to whom He has commissioned a task even greater in scope than that assigned to Moses, take time to "come up into the mount" alone to commune with Him and receive from Him instructions for their tasks.

We can learn a lesson from the little mountain stream as

EMMA E. HOWELL

apparently it loiters on its way. The silvery stars at night and the golden sunbeams by day mirror themselves in its crystal waters. Why tarry you, little stream? Do you not know that there are mighty wheels of industry waiting in the valley for the motive power which you can supply? The fields of the farmers are athirst. Men, women, and little children are holding their cups for a cooling draught of your sparkling waters. Why do you tarry in the mountain, when the demands for your services in the lowlands are so great?

If the mountain stream could speak, would it not make reply: What a babbling brook would I be were it not for my source here in the solitary heights of the mountain? True, the children would enjoy wading in my shallow waters. The ducks would wash their muddy feet and quack and splash in my spray. But what mighty service would I be able to render to man? It is here in the heights that I am enlarged by the streamlets that flow into my bosom. It is by the rocky ledges I must leap and the yawning chasms I must span that I gain momentum. Thus am I able to thunder down with the force of many waters to the waiting tasks below.

Yet another young person I hear speaking: "Yes, I know the Source of true strength, and I know that the power is given when sought; but my problem is how to maintain a daily connection with that Source of strength."

There is only one answer that can be given. We must form the *habit* of having a definite time and place where we daily get our bearings. Christ Himself found it necessary to seek a solitary place for communion with His Father. If He, the Sinless One, felt this need, how much more essential it is for us to adopt this life-expanding practice! But this habit cannot be formed without definiteness and persistence. Immediately when we resolve to set apart such a time, Satan will be on the ground to frustrate every plan or fill the time so full, even with serving, that the day will slip by before we have taken time to renew our strength and receive our instructions from the Guide. It was this very fact that led the Saviour out away from the

multitudes in the early morning hours. And it is this that makes the *Morning Watch* habit a factor so essential in the life of every Christian.

And what does it mean to form the Morning Watch habit, you ask? It means, first of all, that we shall have some time *alone*, preferably before any other duties have crowded upon our minds. "Solitude is the mother country of the strong," declared that godly man, F. B. Meyer. It may mean in some homes that arrangements will need to be made for this little time. The great General Gordon placed a white handkerchief in front of his tent, that his men might know that

(Concluded on page 13)



The Threshold of the Year

WE are standing on the threshold, we are in the opened door.
We are treading on the borderland we have never trod before;
Another year is opening, and another year is gone;
We have passed the darkness of the night, we are in the early
morn;
We have left the fields behind us o'er which we scattered seed;
We pass into the future, which none of us can read.

The corn among the weeds, the stones, the surface mold,
May yield a partial harvest; we hope for sixtyfold.
Then hasten to fresh labor, to thresh and reap and sow;
Then bid the new year welcome, and let the old year go;
Then gather all your vigor, press forward in the fight,
And let this be your motto, "For God and for the right."

— Selected.

"The law of self-sacrifice is the law of self-preservation."

WITH OUR MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS

Furnished by the General Conference Missionary
Volunteer Department

"Have You Found the Heavenly Light?"

"PASS it on!" The Missionary Volunteers of a recently organized society in Ohio believe in this good doctrine. With nearly all of their seventeen members new in the truth, this society set its Harvest Ingathering goal at \$12 a member. But before the close of the official six weeks' campaign they had totaled \$337.03, practically \$20 per capita.

Rewarded for Faithfulness

An Adventist boy attending the state high school in New Zealand has often stood up for his faith in refusing to enter into athletic games which took place on the Sabbath. For several weeks each Friday he was selected to play in the school football contest to be held on Saturday. Each time he explained to the teacher and the school that he could not be chosen, because that was his day of rest. It took courage, but now he has reaped some measure of reward. The department of education announced that they would pay the expenses of one high school representative at a celebration in a town some two or three hundred miles away. The teacher asked the assembled students whom they chose to send. Unanimously they voted for the Adventist boy, saying that since he had missed the Saturday sports, owing to his religious convictions, he was entitled to this.

A Junior Witness for Jesus

"And for what do you want this money?" asked a burly Mexican of a little California Harvest Ingatherer. "For Jesus, sir," replied the small lad. "Oh," retorted the Mexican, "He's dead and gone long ago." The loyal little witness, looking straight at the big man, said convincingly, "Yes, but He lives again!" And the Mexican gave him a donation for Jesus.

Courtesy Plus Prayer

Here is a Junior incident in Winnipeg. A little girl had canvassed a man on the street, and had received an uncourteous reply. The child ignored the remark, and stopped a moment quietly to ask the Lord for His help and blessing. As soon as the prayer was spoken, she saw the man coming back to give both an apology and an offering.

Time Improved 125 Per Cent

A young man of the Chillan Training School (Chile, South America) finished his Harvest Ingathering territory two hours earlier than he had expected. Having been a colporteur, he now produced his prospectus, and improved the time by taking thirty orders, amounting to 2,200 pesos, or more than enough for a year's scholarship. He delivered 125 per cent.

Things Heard

By California Missionary Volunteers out in the Harvest Ingathering:

"The Lord surely sent you here. We have just moved to this city, and wondered where we could find the Adventist church. Oh, no, we are not Seventh-day Adventists, but we want to attend your church because we know you have the truth."

"Seventh-day Adventists are certainly a busy people. You work all day, then come out to do this work in the evening. You are doing a good work."

"Can you give me some tracts that I may pass on to friends? I have read the one which you gave me, and I think it is wonderful."

A Conference Prayer Band Circle

Western Washington has a conference prayer band circle which was organized during the last camp meeting. The praying young people who were members of the evening prayer circle on the camp ground desired to keep their organization intact throughout the year. The conference Missionary Volunteer secretary issues a monthly typewritten sheet called the

Prayer Circle, which is the connecting link of the group, and special requests for prayer will thus be kept before them. Great results are expected from this prayer group of young people in the Western Washington Conference. We wish there were such a group in every conference, who would be uniting their hearts in definite requests to God.

Why the Summer Slump Failed

The Boise (Idaho) Missionary Volunteer Society reports that the summer slump was a complete failure in their society last summer. Why? The secretary reveals the secret in her report of the band work. She says that most excellent work was done by the Christian help band and the literature band during the entire summer, and that the prayer and personal workers' band met every week. A similar program will prevent slacks or slumps in every Missionary Volunteer Society both summer and winter. Try it!

Reaping Where Others Have Sown

The results of literature previously distributed in the territory where the Union Springs Academy young people solicited in the Harvest Ingathering this year are revealed in the following comments from persons solicited:

One woman said, "You are a peculiar people; you talk differently; you dress differently. I think you must be right about the Bible."

A doctor produced a copy of *Present Truth*, sent to him by the academy literature band, and thanked the young man solicitor for sending it. He said, "I like it very much."

"My husband wants some one to talk with him and baptize him. He is convinced of the Sabbath," remarked a woman whose husband had been carefully reading *Present Truth*.

Is It Worth Everything?

Yes, this precious truth is. A woman who had been receiving *Present Truth* from a Missionary Volunteer, remarked to the Harvest Ingatherer who called at her door, that she would be willing to go without anything if she could just enjoy the religion that seemed to be possessed by the one who gave her that paper. This reminds us of the college president in the Middle West who sent for one of his soul-winning students and said to him: "John, I would give all that I am and possess to have what you have." The young man

"None preaches better than the ant — and she says nothing."



replied, "Then, sir, you may have it; that is just what it cost me."

Learning to Live by Principle

The sixteen church school Junior societies in Minnesota this year are working enthusiastically on the Junior Progressive plans, learning to live the fine principles represented by the Friend and Companion pins.

Prayer Wins

Two Canadian girls were canvassing on the street, and having no success. Every one passed them by without noticing them at all. Finally, they withdrew to a little space under a tree, knelt down and asked the Lord to help them, and from that moment on they met with good success.

A Double Record

Such a record was registered by Oak Park Academy at Nevada, Iowa, this year, in the Harvest Ingathering. Over \$1,000 was raised, the highest amount in their history, because the young people manifested the greatest interest ever in the campaign. The first was a result of the second. The field day would have been unanimous had not a few been compelled to "stay by the stuff."

\$1,000 Multiplied by Three

Three academies report that they have gone over the \$1,000 mark, and this before the close of the six weeks' Harvest Ingathering campaign. The schools that made these star records are Adelpian Academy (Holly, Michigan), Union Springs Academy (New York State), and Oak Park Academy (Nevada, Iowa). At Adelpian twelve students raised \$20 or more each, one raised \$90, and two went over the \$100 mark.

Police Impressed by Junior Ingatherers

The Juniors of Winnipeg were making fine progress in their Harvest Ingathering work, when they were called to the police station to render an account. On the way a little girl whispered to the chaperon, "The Lord will help us out this, won't He?" and He did. The police were so impressed by the sincerity of the little workers that they not only dismissed them, but took them to their various homes in a private car, and wished them success in their work in the future. Needless to say, the Juniors were anxious to be up and at it the next day. And this was the vim that took the Winnipeg Juniors "over the top" ahead of other workers in that conference.

Villages Won by Missionary Volunteer "Preachers"

It pays for young people to hold gospel meeting services. Over in India our Missionary Volunteers are realizing this as they see the fruit of their labors. Mrs. Blue writes that almost every vernacular society goes out and holds special meetings in near-by villages. The Lasalgaon society has been "preaching" until there are two Mahar villages so interested that they are about to accept the truth in a body.

Onward March in Inter-America

The first six months of 1928 in Inter-America show an increase in Missionary Volunteer work over the same period in 1927 as follows:

	Gains
Periodicals distributed	5,317
Tracts	829
Scripture cards	989
Missionary visits	10,710
Meetings held	2,732
Persons taken to S. S.	603
Hours of Christian help work.....	7,181
Treatments given	587

Missionary Volunteer Work in Malaysia

M. E. KERN

THE view which was given the Lord's messenger years ago of jets of light springing up all over the dark world is surely being fulfilled to-day in Malaysia. A letter from Elder L. V. Finster says:

"I just returned from Borneo a short time ago. Last year they were able to baptize only six persons, but the first seven months of this year they have baptized sixty. Surely, showers of blessing are falling on darkened Borneo. Here in Singapore, where they have baptized between fifteen and twenty-five from year to year, thus far this year we have baptized seventy-eight. Good reports are coming in from the Celebes and from the Java fields, so I expect that our baptisms will run far over five hundred this year. A large number are coming from Mohammedanism. We have also baptized some from a new tribe called 'Dyaks,' of east Borneo."

Elder Finster sends the accompanying picture of the Senior and Junior societies at the Malaysian Seminary — more than two hundred strong. In spite of the fact

that the Missionary Volunteer secretary for the union, Mrs. Finster, has been detained in this country on account of ill health, the report of the first quarter from Malaysia is one of the best we have had. With a membership of 399, they report an average attendance of 388, with 176 reporting members, and 133 observing the Morning Watch. Practically every column of the report has a good figure in it. Those 176 reporting members made 448 missionary visits, held 419 Bible readings and gospel meetings, gave 2,156 hours to Christian help work, distributed 3,903 periodicals and over 2,000 tracts, and took more than 2,600 subscriptions to periodicals. I was especially interested in the 390 missionary letters written and the 349 replies received — nearly 90 per cent. Can any society, conference, or mission equal that percentage?

Congratulation to our Malaysian Missionary Volunteers! Elder Finster says: "Amid all the many troubles and perplexities that we have to meet from day to day, God's work still marches on, and it is growing in size and momentum from year to year."



Senior and Junior Missionary Volunteers of the Malaysian Union Seminary

IF any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Those who have set

before them in clear lines the self-sacrifice and self-denial of Jesus, His life of shame and suffering, His reproach, rejection, and crucifixion, and yet refuse to open their hearts to Him, although He says, "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me," commit great sin. How great is the magnitude of sin of those who have had Jesus set before them, who have been warned and entreated, and yet pass on their way, following the imagination of their own hearts, and saying, "I will wait for a more convenient season to exercise repentance toward God and faith toward the Lord Jesus Christ"!

I am deeply moved in behalf of those who are putting off the time of surrender to Jesus, and yet I know that my interest is very feeble in comparison with His who knows the value of your souls, for He paid the price of the soul's redemption with His own blood. In earnest love for your soul, He is waiting for you to decide to throw off the yoke of Satan, and take His yoke, which is easy, and His burden, which is light. There is nothing too precious for us to give to Jesus. Jesus has purchased wife, husband, and children at infinite cost, and though it is right for us to love those whom God has given us, yet God is ever to hold our supreme affection. Your attitude toward God and the truth has a decided influence upon your family, and the atmosphere which surrounds your soul will affect them in every way. If you are bestowing your affections upon the things of this world, the atmosphere which surrounds your soul will be of a malarious character, that will be death to spirituality, and will weaken hope and faith in God. Satan will cast his hellish shadow over your soul, and lead you captive at his will, unless you give yourself without reserve to Christ.

Christ has purchased all your capabilities and talents. Why not give Him that which is His own? Your intellect is God's property, made to be used for His service and glory. Your affections belong to God, and He demands them as His right. Give Him your talents, your best and sharpest thoughts; for they are the purchase of His own blood. He has intrusted them to you as His children. Give all back to Him. Seek in earnest prayer for His blessing upon them, and surrender to Him husband, wife, children, and your all. Dedicate yourself to His service in a precious offering; and as you give all to Jesus, your heaven will begin upon earth; for as long as you keep all on the altar, Christ is yours, heaven is yours, eternal life is yours. All things are yours, and ye are Christ's and Christ is God's. Surely the God of heaven could give no greater proof that He longs for your salvation than the proof He has

Why Not Decide?

MRS. E. G. WHITE

given in the gift of His only begotten Son.

The free gift of grace is yours; will you by faith accept it? Your surrender to

God must be as free and complete as has the offering of Christ been free and complete for you. Then you will be accepted of God in every work you do, in every prayer you offer. Hesitate no longer. "How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." In the face of present and acknowledged duty, make no delay to meet the demand of God; for if you do, the light you have will become darkness. The mind and judgment will become perverted; for when precious opportunities are neglected, blessings unappreciated and unimproved, all good purposes become weakened, and there is less strength to resist temptation to commit presumptuous sins. The ties of worldly influence are subtle and strong, and can be severed only through the power of the grace of Christ. Make it your purpose to break away from every influence and habit, and give up every practice that weakens spirituality, and sunder every tie that binds you to satanic agencies.

Christ says: "Follow Me;" "I am the way, the truth, and the life." "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

The word of God should be your study, and if your heart is susceptible to the influence of the truth, you will find in the Bible, instruction that will be a sure guide to your soul from darkness to light, from unbelief to faith. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? and what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? and what agreement hath the temple of God with idols? for ye are the temple of the living God; as God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people.

Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be My sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

The more our faith fastens and holds to Christ, the more peace we shall have. Faith grows by exercise, and God's rule is one day at a time. Day by day we are to go on, doing the work for each day, conscious that we are working in the sight of angels, cherubim, and seraphim, in the sight of God and of Jesus Christ. Ye are a spectacle unto the world, to angels, and to men. We should pray, "Give us this day our daily bread." As our day is, so our strength will be. We are to be constantly looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, and if we live thus in dependence upon Him, the Holy Spirit will bring to our remembrance all things whatsoever

(Concluded on page 13)

An Opportunity



ROBERT HARE

THE New Year turns its page unsullied, for our pen
To write God's message to our fellow men;
In weal or woe, alike in darkness as in light,
The page divine is loaned, and we must write,
Joy-crowned, in love's sweet rhythm or life's bitter
sigh,

For the great record ever fixed on high!

Each day, for all, a page of purity unfolds,
And we must write, for all the future holds
Will answer to the page in truth or falsehood given;
We write on earth with pen that reaches heaven!

O Spirit, trace with watchful thought and anxious
care

The record angel hands, in trust, must bear!
Life is too sweet to blot with sin or careless hand,
Too holy to despise its Lord's command!
Keep the page clean, for angels and our fellow men
Must read the record of our living pen!

"Christ did not say, 'Think about Me.' He said, 'Follow Me.'"

*I*T'S old-fashioned — New Year calling," comforted Peter. He meant comfort, anyway. But Mrs. Peter only continued her dreary stargazing from the stranger window, without comment. They seemed stranger stars! Could they be the same ones that had shone above the dear home left behind?

What they were shining down upon now was this dreary, impossible little Nowhere a thousand miles from that beloved home. Look at the huddle of little all-alike houses in a row! Did anybody need to be told what sort of people — huddled?

"Sylvia — dear — aren't you taking it a little *too* hard? We're not the first couple that's been sent out into the wilderness on our job — there, dear, come away from that window and look at me. I'm the same view I always was!"

Peter Bent laughed his same old home laugh. In spite of herself, Sylvia, who was Mrs. Peter, laughed too, but rather drearily. Anyhow, he had her away from the window. She slid down on the arm of his chair.

"Peter — dear — aren't you taking it a little *too* easily?" she mocked. It was so manlike and *Peterish* to take it this way, with a laugh, as if they had come to a pleasant and habitable Somewhere! Not apparently seeing the dreariness and huddledness at all, and not in the very least dismayed.

Sylvia Bent was so very dismayed.

"We had Thanksgiving and Christmas at home — ought to reckon that among our assets," ran on the cheerful man voice. This big Peter person was determined upon cheer.

"I know," nodded Sylvia. "I'm thankful for the blessings I've *had*, but they're all used up — there aren't any left! Peter, will you look at that ridiculous small creature perched up on the fence post out there? And the thermometer —"

"Small boys don't have thermometers," laughed Peter. "Handsome youngster, isn't he? Foreign."

"Of course, foreign!" retorted his wife. "Every living soul here but us."

Peter Bent laid a gentle arm across her slender shoulders. "Oh, come now, Sylvia, *we're* foreigners to them. Couldn't you manage to — er — see double, dear?"

"There, I've stopped! — being cross and grumbly. Time I looked *in* the window, not out! You're in — I like this view! Peter, I'm on the job, too, now."

It was a big job that had called Peter Bent out into this wilderness place. The man who had begun it had not succeeded to the satisfaction of those still higher up in the enterprise, and Peter had been called from his lovely little home — his and Sylvia's — to carry on. They had come a long way, and apparently left loveliness behind them. Only this rather overornate great house of the "boss" that they were rattling round in, as Sylvia said, this snowy morning — only this and the huddle of little shanty houses and the job. That was their world now. And it was New Year's morning. In spite of herself Sylvia harked back to that over their breakfast next morning.

"Old-fashioned!" scoffed she. "What if it *is*, to make lovely little calls on each other to start a new year? It's the dearest way! Old Judge Wright used to come to breakfast! There wasn't a single stiff, 'fashionable' *inch* to our kind of New Year calls, and you know it, Peter!"

Oh, Peter knew it. He was a little homesick himself. But he got up and disappeared for a brief time, to reappear in his overcoat with his silk hat (where had Peter routed out that hat so soon?) in his hand.

"Happy New Year, Mrs. Bent! I've come to breakfast."

"Peter! You sound exactly like the old judge! Sit here, Judge, the waffles are all hot!"

But after breakfast, when Peter was gone and the day was drearily under way, Mrs. Peter found herself back at the window pitying herself. And if there wasn't that funny bit of a boy on the fence post still —

What? *Waving?*

Mrs. Peter could not help waving back, and at the little



A NEW

sign of friendliness, down scrambled the funny bit and scuttling up the path. In a man's coat, terribly immodest and a man's clittery-clattery shoes.

Mrs. Peter let him in. He was alive, anyway, and needed something alive in her somber landscape of to-day.

"Hap' N'year!" greeted the child, grinning adorably. It was a wonder child for great black eyes and curls. He said it by me, so I could to find out what day it is! N'year Day, *he* said! I'm Morry, an' the res' o' me's Spence. I don't needs I shall have *two* names. You're Miss Sylvia."

Sylvia smiled as she acknowledged the introduction.

"Happy New Year, Morry — just one name will do. You live in one of those little houses in that row there?"

"All of 'em," nodded Morry, smilingly.

"All of —"

"I don't needs I shall live in one house," the adoring little grin rippling into a laugh. Sylvia regarded the

FACING

If Thou wilt walk, O Father, by my side
Along the climbing pathway of the year,
In lowland mist, through forest gloom, on radiant heights,
I will not fear!

I will be wise.
I am life's pupil. Earth's my schoolroom. Babe
And sage shall be my teachers, thrush's song
And glint of star my mood; yon cliff, rose, brook, my bliss,
I will be wise!

I will be strong.
Burdens are muscle makers; tests wake powers,
And weariness well won brings happy balm.
'Tis fretful, coward weakness saps our strength and life,
I will be strong!

I will be calm.
The age's worry never stirred a leaf.
I'll drown mine deep, then, in a sea of trust,
On which my care-freed soul shall sail in quietness.
I will be calm!

creature in wonder not unmixed with admiration. He was such a baby size, and his eyes were bigger than he was!

"But your mother —" Sylvia tried again. "Does she ever have you sit on posts when it is as cold as this?"

"They don't have any fraids over it!" laughed the child.

"They —" cried Mrs. Boss.

"Yiss, mine mudders — all o' mine mudders."

"All!"

The laugh rippled again.

"Yiss. Me — I don't needs I shall have one mudder, I shall have all! They got kind feelin's over me when they're too busy. Then they lick me," finished the bewildering boy, in pure American. Sylvia gave it up temporarily. She pointed to the table. It must be huddled work sitting on posts in the cold.

"Sit down and I'll bring you something to eat. There's waffles left, but they are cold —"



R STORY



"Oh, it's cold things I eats, yiss! I needs I shall eat cold es—those fer-hot things might make sickness mit me. ways," added Morry simply, "it is cold things." And Sylvia Bent experienced a sudden contraction of her throat. She looked down rather mistily at this small, smiling creature whom many "mudders" loved or licked, as they had me, and kept alive in this dreary world with cold things, ways cold things.

Sylvia brought in, a little later, hot things. "Mine fader what brings me over oceans died," chattered Morry over the beautiful warm mouthfuls. "I ain't never enow how it was bad the way he lost him his job dyin'! An'," mournfully, "the way it takes me so long to grow up! I n't never seen!"

"Oh—don't!" breathed Mrs. Boss. It was hard to bear. The advent just then of another caller was distinctly welcomed.

"How-do!" the new caller beamed, out of the wreathings a striped shawl and above the tiny wabbling head of a

NEW YEAR

I will be glad —
Glad of the whole of life. Bitter rue
And fragrant thyme are good. Serpent and dove
Thou madest. Let me drink life's cup, not sip its foam!
I will be glad!

I will be great;
Not in the littleness, nor in the mouth
Of men, but in my work and spirit. Must
I fret if fame doffs not its cap? Use me, O God!
I will be great!

I will? I — dust?
Nay, I said, if! And yet there is no if
With God. All's mine if I will take. The if's
With me. I can do all, be all, attain the Christ!
I will with God!

Then walk, O Father, daily by my side
Along the climbing pathway of the year;
For so I will clasp hands with Love and Power,
And shall not fear!

— Henry Hallam Tweedy.

breathed and swaddled baby. "My lan', you here, Morris pitsky! If that boy ain't everywhere—here, you take the baby, Morry; you can eat with the other hand. I came over, thinkin' you might be feelin' lonesome, ma'am. That's what I said to my man—lonesome, I says, I'm goin' over. Likely you come from a bigger place 'n this?" with cheerful upward inflection.

"Oh—yes. Yes, it was a bigger place," murmured Sylvia. But she liked the new caller's face. It was friendly, out of the striped shawl. "I was lonesome. At home on New Year's day—this is New Year's, you know—"

"My lan', so it is! An' none o' us rememberin'. If 'twas holiday at the Works, now—we remember holidays!"

"It is a holiday at home. They are making calls on each other—just the friendliest calls!" sighed Mrs. Boss, seeing other faces and other rooms, for the minute forgetting her stranger guests.

"My lan', an' me here callin' on you this minute—me an' Morry! An' never knew it was a New Year's call! Why! why, you poor thing, you're most cryin'! Why, ma'am!" Very gently a rough red hand came forth from the enveloping shawl and touched Mrs. Peter's shoulder. "There, there, ma'am! I ain't ever had time to be lonesome, but I know—some way I know! We'll be good to ye, ma'am—won't we, Morry? Maybe if you was to hear the baby laugh—tickle him, Morry. Hear that? He's the laughin'est little un! I tell my man the Lord makes up to us, creatin' babies' laughs. There, ma'am, I told you that'd make you feel better!"

The mother and the baby went away after a little, but Morry lingered.

"Have I got to go?" he pleaded. It was curious how sometimes he dropped into pure American, but always dropped back. He dropped back now. "It makes all things what is so warm in here! I could to stay fer always," laughing his mischief laugh up at Sylvia.

"Are you a baby?" she laughed back, "or are you a little old man?"

"Seven," briefly and curiously sobered. "Ain't it bad how long it takes to grow up? I needs," dropping back, "I needs so I shall grow up!"

Others came calling on Mrs. Boss. It was as if the first "mudder" of Morry's had gone back to her huddled little row and explained to all the others, so that in turn they had wreathed themselves in their gay striped shawls and come to do their best for the poor lady who was mourning for friendly New Year's calls. All of them, in various kind, shy ways, tried to comfort.

All of them comforted.

"Peter," when he came home at night, "Peter, I've had nine New Year's calls! Not counting the babies nor Morry—this is Morry, Peter."

"Hap' N'year!"

"Happy New Year," gravely from the boss.

"You could to said it biffore to me!" grinned the boy. He had never before in seven years been quite so warm or anywhere near so fed as now, and it was exceedingly becoming to Morry. His beauty made an impression on Peter, but it was not his beauty but his little shabby appealingness that made an impression on Peter's wife, Sylvia, and the impression was on her heart.

"It dents my heart," she thought with something so much like a sob that it required actual laughter to drown it. Peter glanced up, curious at the sound of it. Anyway, Sylvia could laugh if it did have a strange little quirk in it.

"Now which 'mudder' do you suppose he'll have to-night?" Sylvia said, as, later on, the child had torn himself away and they listened to the clat-clat of the man shoes going down the walk. "Peter, I let him play with that little play violin of—Petey's," the dear name very soft indeed. "It dropped out of the box of books I was trying to unpack—he played on it, Peter, not with it. Music—you wouldn't believe it possible! And his little face playing!"

"Those Russians are full of music," Peter nodded. "His father was a Russian. Killed in an accident; they told me about it. Poor little chap!"

"Oh, yes, poor little—chap!" Sylvia's mind was on the unbelievably sweet tune the little chap had been able to evolve from the play violin of Petey's.

Petey had been dead six years, and he had been alive only six. The wound was still raw and bleeding. Fair-haired little Petey—not much like this black little waif. Yet they persisted in her mind together. Petey had only played with the little violin; it had never sung to him.

"I ain't never seen how bad it was for mine fader to die biffore," the boy had sighed as he fiddled.

"'Biffore'?" she had queried.

"Yiss. I needs he should have waited to get me a little



feedle." And she had scarcely resisted the impulse to give him this one of Petey's. But she had resisted. She was almost being sorry now.

They sat in front of the stranger fire for a long time without further talk, Peter thinking of his big job, Mrs. Peter of a child who had been six and a child who was seven.

Six's and seven's. The tug of them both pulled at the strings of her heart.

And then it was bedtime. Peter hustled about with the fire and the window locks, then the doors.

"Hold on! What's this?" he called at the front door, which he had opened a minute to look out at the weather.

"What's what?" Sylvia came out to him in the hall. "Peter! it's that little Morry child!"

Drifted over lightly with new snow, asleep on the step outside. The little Morry child was hugging a play violin. He opened great dark wells of eyes at the sound of their voices. He leaped upright on the terrible man shoes.

"Yiss! Yiss, I brought it back! I on'y stole it as far's the gate—I could to be ashamed! I—I got feelin's over Mis' Boss. I got sorries!" all the little jumble of tongues, the dark wells running over. A strange little stranger at their gates.

"O Peter! Morry!" she had him in her arms.

"On'y to the gate—on'y as far as that! That couldn't to be *much* stealin'. I—I got awful sorries over it. It was such a nice little feedle! I—I'm cold."

"Peter!"

Peter led the way to the fire, remaking it and fussing noisily with the irons. He cleared his throat loudly.

"Hold him, Peter, while I get hot things. And there's a little bed upstairs—I found it. The other 'boss' had children. It's cold outdoors, Peter—*snowing!*" And she hustled busily away to make something warm for the nearly frozen waif.

When she had carried the hot drink in for Peter to administer to his drowsy armful, she was off again to find bedding for the little bed and a nightgown—Peter's were so big!

But Petey's were little.

Among her baggage, where she always carried them, were small pink "pajams" that Petey had loved. She had always her vision of him in the first pair of all, hands deep in the side plackets for pockets, shrill little voice triumphant.

"Now I got on pants like Papa Peter's!"

This little cold waif downstairs on Peter's knee was seven old, but only six big. Small pink pajams would fit. She found them and carried them down. Morry was once more fast asleep, innocent of the sin of stealing "on'y as far's the front gate"—a lovely Morry on Peter's knee.

"We'll carry him up now—no, don't take the violin away from him! See how he hugs it, Peter!"

And together they tucked the little wanderer in.

"Peter, listen!" They were back once more before the fire.

"I'm listening, dear."

"Well, it's this: I want to keep him. I—I want him to have hot things instead of always cold, and—and one mother, Peter. Peter, are you listening?"

Quiet in the stranger room.

"He said they were all his mother when they had time. Good to him unless they were too busy, and then they 'licked him'—his patient little smile when he said it, Peter! I want to keep him—"

The fire brightened into a beautiful blaze, and filled the room with dancing lights and shadows.

"It's a nice place, Peter. I've had a happy New Year Day, with my calls. Everybody was so *friendly*. And now we have Morry—"

"Yes," nodded Peter, "now we have him, let's keep him."

And so they did.—Annie Hamilton Donnell.



THIS is what life means to me: a place where a Father above deals differently unto His children, but with all in love; a place where true joys do not hang on material pegs, and where all the time the fact that God our Father is on His throne lines every cloud with gold.—W. T. Grenfell.

ONE beautiful afternoon of last fall, twelve of us girls met in the cozy

living room of a friend's

home. We were there for the last time as a complete circle. The next day the jolliest of our number would be speeding on her way across the continent, to where her future home awaited its mistress. As a parting token, each was to contribute some bit of writing by which she might remember those last few hours spent together. Many wrote train letters, others composed poems, but the most original was a recipe for a friendship cake. I will give it to you as I remember it.

"The cake," the speaker said, "is the product of experience, and the richer the experience, the richer grows the cake. The ingredients are a culmination of each individual's contact with the world and its occupants. Incorporate three cups of the sugar of trust with one cup of the compound of good nature, moistening it with three cups of the milk of love. Sift in lightly four cups of the flour of gentleness to which have been added two tablespoons of the rising powder of optimism. Season this batter with twelve drops of the essence of sacrifice, two cups of the spice of patience, and two cups of the currants of thoughtfulness. Mix these combined ingredients thoroughly together in the bowl of contentment, using the spoon of personality. Butter the pans of common sense, and try a portion in the oven of jealousy."

The ingredients of this cake are found in all parts

The Friendship Cake

BEATRICE HOLQUIST

of the world. The sugar of trust was sold by a good neighbor, while the milk of love was brought by a missionary from China.

The compound of good nature was made and sold by a little woman who is an invalid for life. She makes it strictly fresh each new day. The twelve drops of the essence of sacrifice are strong and pure. They come from a little woman in the eastern part of Pennsylvania, who endeavors to send her only son through school by her labors. Its strength has never been known to weaken. The spice of patience can be obtained from a little girl across the way, who is suffering from repeated floggings by her brutal father, who forsook her because she persisted in being a Christian.

The currants of thoughtfulness are a well-ripened fruit from the borders of Tibet. A missionary who for years has served others before himself, can supply you with them. The flour of gentleness is milled by a man whose wife is a life sufferer. His mien toward her is beautiful with gentleness. He never fails to lift the burdens from her weaker shoulders, and never murmurs at her invalidism. This flour never fails to give a fine-textured cake. The rising powder of optimism can be ordered from a widow who just recently has been left with six little children. She has bravely, hopefully, and cheerfully done her part to "keep the home fires burning."

This cake, like other foods, is a product of all the world, and like fruit cake, improves with age.

"We can never bring back yesterday and never grasp to-morrow."

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.

Marion's New Year's Resolution

MARION WILCOX had made just one New Year's resolution this time, and had written it in very large letters on the first page of her new diary for 1918. It read like this:

"I AM RESOLVED THAT I WILL NOT ALLOW MY TEMPER TO GET THE BEST OF ME ONCE THIS YEAR. Marion Wilcox."

On previous New Year's Days she had usually written down at least a dozen resolutions, and when there were so many it was easy to excuse oneself for forgetting; but there would be no excuse for forgetting when there was only one, she decided. She felt so sure of herself that she even held her diary open before the eyes of her roommate, Beth Agnew, that she too might read and admire.

"What made you write it in those big capital letters?" inquired Beth.

"Why," explained Marion, "they look so much more important than little letters. I just felt it would make more of an impression on me, somehow."

Several times during the day Marion opened the little diary to glance at the bold lettering of her resolution, and each time she felt more sure that there would be no excuse for breaking it.

Two days later found her lying face down on her bed, crying as if her heart would break, while Beth sat beside her, gently stroking her friend's clenched little fist. After a time the sobbing grew less, then a muffled voice wailed:

"O Beth, whatever am I going to do? Here I have broken my resolution already, and let my horrid temper get me into trouble again. Miss Perry has been so dear and good to me in a thousand ways, and I was impudent to her simply because she spoke to me about my poor recitations. She will never respect or love me again, and I might as well be dead." Whereupon the sobs began again with renewed vigor.

"Oh, I think Miss Perry will overlook it, Marion," said Beth in a comforting tone. "She knows you can't help being quick tempered, and will make allowances."

"But I ought to help it," wailed the muffled voice. "I call myself a Christian, and every night when I say my prayers I pray for God to help me to overcome my temper, but it doesn't seem to do one bit of good."

"Well," argued easy-going

Beth, bent on consolation, "your temper was born with you; so you are not to blame. Once I heard my uncle say of a man, 'That fellow can't be a Christian; he is too wide between the eyes.' I couldn't understand what his eyes had to do with his not being a Christian, but anyway he was born with them that way; so he couldn't help it."

"Why, Beth Agnew!" exclaimed Marion, sitting up with sudden vigor and turning red and reproachful eyes on her friend. "You talk like a heathen, and so did your uncle. If the gospel isn't able to save the very worst sinner on this earth, it isn't any good at all. I know God can help me overcome my temper, but I just don't yet understand the way well enough. Come on, let's go and see the preceptress."

In a few minutes the two girls were in Mrs. Smith's quiet room, and Marion, seated on a footstool close beside her teacher, was pouring forth the tale of her woes. At the end, with a pathetic little catch in her voice, she said:

"I've prayed, and I've cried, and I've tried as hard as I know how, yet my temper just goes on getting the best of me nearly every day of my life, and I'm perfectly discouraged."

During this recital Mrs. Smith had placed her hand lovingly over the tense little hand resting on her knee, but her eyes still sought the pages of the Bible she had been reading when the girls entered. Now she looked at Marion with a smile and asked, "Have you studied your Sabbath school lesson for this week?"

The question was such a complete surprise that for an instant Marion hesitated, then answered:

"No, Mrs. Smith, I have not — yet." And both girls blushed uncomfortably, for the students of Holden Academy had been urged many times to avail themselves of the help and strength to be derived from the daily lesson study.

"I believe this lesson would be a great help to you in understanding just how that troublesome temper may be overcome," continued the preceptress, quietly.

"What is it about?" asked the girl eagerly, then added apologetically, "of course we have our new Quarterlies, but with New Year's and all, we haven't looked at them yet."

"The subject is, 'The One Mediator,' meaning, of course,

The Months

JANUARY brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

Hot July brings thundershowers,
Apricots, and gillyflowers.

August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

Warm September brings the fruit,
Nature strings her sylvan lute.

Brown October brings the pheasant;
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

Dull November brings the blast —
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat.

— London Tid-Bits.

Jesus Christ. It speaks first of how every created thing was made through and by Him. Then in Hebrews 1:3, we learn that He upholds all things by the word of His power.

"Turning to Genesis 1:27, we find that man was created in the image of God; but after Adam sinned the curse of death entered his body, and Genesis 5:3 says he begat a son in his *own* image and likeness. Ever since that time, man has been born with the sinful, or carnal, nature that came to Adam when he disobeyed, and 'all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God' as a result.

"Your temper is a part of this carnal nature; all selfishness, laziness, or inclination to indulge in anything sinful, is a part of it. We are all born with this carnal nature."

Beth now leaned forward with sudden interest — she had always felt very sorry for that man who had been born with his eyes too wide apart.

"Could every one on earth be saved if he wanted to be?" she asked.

Mrs. Smith held out her Bible with the words, "Read Romans 1:16, Beth."

Finding the place, the girl read, "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."

"You see it says 'every one that believeth,' dear. It is harder for some to have faith than it is for others; but every one who earnestly and honestly *wants* to believe will be enabled to do so.

"Now," she continued, "if we are all born with this carnal nature that makes it natural and easy for us to do wrong, there would have to be some great change in us, would there not, before God would dare trust us with eternal life?"

"Yes, there would," exclaimed Marion earnestly. "And Jesus tells us about it in the third chapter of John. He said if we want to have eternal life, we must be born again; but that is the part I don't quite understand — *how* can I be born again?"

"I am glad you girls see the need of a change in our natures; I am glad you understand how impossible it would be for God to take any one to heaven who *enjoyed* doing wrong, for then heaven would be no better than this earth. Now we will try to find out how we can have this carnal nature that loves to do wrong changed to a spiritual nature that loves to do right. Jesus never told us to do anything that it is impossible to do; just remember that whenever you are tempted to feel discouraged.

"In 2 Corinthians 5:17 we read, 'Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.'

"But how is it done?" asked both girls together.

"God gives the new nature, the new birth," said Mrs. Smith, reverently. "But there is something for us to do before He can give it. Jeremiah 29:13 says we shall find Jesus when we search with 'all our heart,' so a very earnest desire is one of the first things neces-

sary. If you want a thing with all your heart, you will be willing to work hard to obtain it. How were the heavens and the earth made in the beginning?"

"God spoke, and they were," answered Marion.

"Yes, it was by the word of God that this earth and all it contains came into existence. Now read 1 Peter 1:23."

Beth turned and read, "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the word of God, that liveth and abideth forever."

"You see," said their teacher, "that the same word that created this world is used to create us new creatures in Christ Jesus. What is the 'word of God' to us?"

"Why, it is the Bible, isn't it?" questioned Beth.

"Yes, the Bible is the word of God, sent to us through the holy prophets. And if we really want to get rid of our sinful, carnal natures, and be born again new creatures in Christ Jesus, what will we be willing to do?"

"Read a great deal of God's word and think about it and believe it," answered Marion.

"That is right, dear. If we read and think and believe God's words, there is a living power in them that changes us. As we think much on the perfect life of Christ, our own life will become perfect like His, and we will begin to hate sin. It is very wonderful, and we cannot explain just how this change comes about, but it is true, and any one who is willing to try it honestly, may prove its truth."

"I'm beginning to see why I cannot control my temper," announced Marion, looking bravely into her teacher's eyes. "I've been so busy with my own work and pleasure that I have spent very little time studying and thinking on the words of God; no wonder I am not like Christ."

"I think Marion and I understand why we need the daily lesson study now, and will be more faithful," remarked Beth.

Mrs. Smith picked up her Morning Watch Calendar lying near.

"Have you girls read the Morning Watch text for to-day?" she asked.

"No; we have neglected that too," said Marion contritely.

"It is in Psalms 86:5. Will you please read it, Beth?"

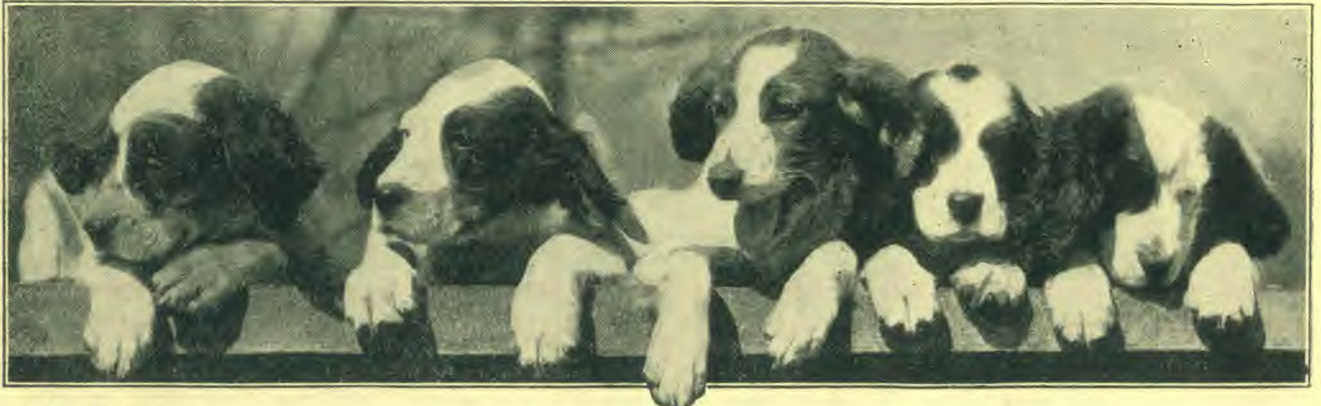
Finding the text, Beth read, "For Thou, Lord, art good, and ready to forgive; and plenteous in mercy unto all them that call upon Thee."

"Why, that sounds as if you yourself had picked it out for us; isn't it queer that it happened to be the text for this particular day?" exclaimed Marion, leaning over to look at the calendar.

"You see, it is really the text for January 3," said Mrs. Smith, smiling. "I think that if you are faithful in studying your Morning Watch texts, you will find that they very often just exactly fit your need."

"I *will* be faithful in studying them," said Marion, with decision.

"The Lord helping," supplemented Mrs. Smith softly.



H. A. Roberts

You can write your own title for this picture. We would entitle it: *Canine Contentment.*

"Prayer and the Morning Watch in the morning, prayer and the daily lesson study at night, will work a transformation in any life.

"Remember, dear girls, there is still creative power in the words of God, and if we will use them as He has directed, we shall become 'new creatures in Christ Jesus,' according to the promise."

Good nights were now said, and the girls started down the hall. The preceptress stood watching them until they reached the foot of the stairs, then she heard Marion say:

"Go on up, Beth; I want to see Miss Perry a minute, then I shall come."

"God bless the child," whispered the watching teacher, softly. "She is beginning with confession and she will end with victory, please God."—*Elizabeth J. Roberts.*

Whence Comes the Strength?

(Concluded from page 4)

this was his time of meditation alone with God.

The Morning Watch includes prayer—talking with our Best Friend. There is nothing hid from Him, but He delights to have us bring to Him our joys, our sorrows, our hopes, our problems, our victories, and our defeats. He wants us to seek for wisdom, for strength, for guidance. Humbly and simply as a little child we can present everything to Him, assured of a sympathetic audience. But not for ourselves alone should we come. Lest we forget, it is well to keep a written list of those for whom we carry special petitions from day to day.

Then Bible study cannot be separated from prayer. Never should we come to the pages of the Sacred Book without prayer for enlightenment in its study. It may mean that we shall read a consecutive portion each morning, but we should also *memorize* some thought which will go with us through the day. The Morning Watch text is an excellent guide for these memory gems, but our study should not stop with one verse. Rather, the one should serve as a guide to other precious truths in God's word.

Last of all, the Morning Watch must include meditation, which some one, in this day when so little time is given to meditative thinking, has termed the "lost art." During the moments set aside for devotional exercise, we should shut out the world and think—think about our loving Father in heaven, thus becoming better acquainted with Him; think about the message which we have read from His word, and its relation to the day before us; think about the place which God has for us to fill, and open the way for Him to direct.

Shall we not, as young people in this great movement, young people who need power and strength in our lives and in our service, consecrate ourselves at the very beginning of 1929 to the Morning Watch habit? not that we may be able to say at the close of the year that we have spent ten, twenty, or thirty minutes in prayer and Bible study each day, but that we may have that living connection with God which comes only from daily communion with Him.

Why Not Decide?

(Concluded from page 7)

ever He has spoken unto us, and will sanctify every faculty, and keep us reminded of our daily and hourly dependence upon our heavenly Father's care, wisdom, love, and guardianship. When we are thus minded, we have the spirit of a little child, the spirit that Jesus said His followers must possess in order to enter His kingdom. As a little child we are to trust in our heavenly Father. When this is our spirit, we can more easily discern the temptations of Satan; for we are

constantly drawing nigh to God. The feeling of self-sufficiency, that works the ruin of so many souls, has no atmosphere in which to flourish.

"Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you." This precious promise is from One who means every word He speaks. Then why are we fearful, distrustful, unbelieving? Let us go on, doing our duty with an eye single to His glory, filling up our time, working out God's plan as in the sight of an invisible world.

The New Year

(Concluded from page 3)

my readers, are. I should thus be elevated and purified and cleansed so that I might be always happy and never ashamed in the society of good men and women. I would thereby first fit myself for that select company which will enter heaven and join the society of the pure and holy angels. That would be the spirit and purpose of my new resolves at the beginning of this new year, for the soul of all improvement is the improvement of the soul. I would make the plans of my earthly career secondary, and trust a kindly Providence to swing wide open the gates of opportunity, and invite me to some field of action commensurate with my ability, fidelity, and consecration.

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.

Does Mrs. E. G. White say anything in her writings forbidding novels or untrue stories?

Yes—so much that it cannot be reprinted here. Look up in the index the word "novel-reading" in "Testimonies for the Church," Volumes II, III, IV, V, and VII. Also read "The Ministry of Healing," pages 444-447.

EMMA E. HOWELL.

Is there any difference between wearing a class pin and a class ring?

As insignia the pin and the ring both represent the fact that the owner is a member of a certain class, or perhaps some other organization. However, the pin is a long-established custom for the displaying of emblems. So much is this the common practice that pins worn in the coat lapels, etc., suggest first of all membership in some organization. The wearing of the ring, on the other hand, is not a clear indication of such membership. Rings are worn largely for adornment's sake. They are not as readily noted as emblems, and are, therefore, confused with the prevailing custom of wearing jewelry. Hence, the wearer's influence may easily be cast in the wrong direction. Others looking at the ring and failing to note it as an emblem, may be confirmed in their own desire to wear such jewelry. Christians are not to wear ornaments for show or to satisfy pride. In this question it seems to me that the wearing of the pin is the conservative and safe practice. Of course, it goes without saying, that even pins for this purpose should be inexpensive. Extravagance in class emblems is as much wrong as extravagance in any other matter. Indicative of the desires of the leaders of Seventh-day Adventist schools is the following action, passed at the council of college presidents in 1928, and adopted by the Autumn Council of the General Conference Committee in the same year: "We unite in endeavoring to maintain dignity, simplicity, and economy in our commencement exercises. To this end we recommend that our classes be urged to refrain from needless expense in such items as caps, pins, chevrons, pictures, etc., and that only needed, plain, and serviceable garments be purchased."

H. T. ELLIOTT.

"Some are born good, and others make good."

Is it good to eat sweets?

Sweets are usually highly concentrated foods, and should be eaten in small quantities and in connection with a regular meal.

M. E. KERN.

I was reared in a Seventh-day Adventist home, and have always been taught the evil of the moving picture shows. We as a people talk against these in our churches, warning our young people against attending such places. The thing that perplexes me is how we are to lead our associates to see the evil of the "movies" when in our colleges and other institutions motion pictures are shown. Of course, they choose educational pictures, but sometimes I question the value of what is shown.

Not long ago I was visiting a church, and one of the young women who has been given to attending "shows" was talking to me about the college, and she said, "I hear you have movies up there." What was I to say? I had talked with her before about going to the picture shows, and she told me she did not go to just any show, but she chose "good" shows. Are our inexperienced young people capable of choosing "good" shows, and are there such things in the moving picture theater to-day? I understand that as given in such places even educational films are intermixed with burlesque and sentimentalism.

To my mind, the moving picture has a history something like the violin in certain sections. Where I was brought up, the "fiddle" was almost synonymous with the dance, and it would have been next to blasphemy to bring a violin into the church; and in that community at that time I should say it would have been wrong to desecrate the religious convictions of those people by insisting on bringing a violin into the church, even though, in itself, there was no possible wrong in the instrument or the music that might have been played.

Now the moving picture has been so universally prostituted to the portrayal of themes involving vice and the risque that it rightly has had a bad odor among earnest Christians. But any one knows that there could not possibly be evil in a picture simply because it moves, if the same kind of picture projected on the screen as a still picture is perfectly proper. It is what is shown that constitutes the evil.

The moving picture has become so universal and is so generally used in schools and by lecturers as educational equipment that some of our schools have made use of it. That it is a marvelous instrument for the dissemination of knowledge is unquestioned. We take pictures in the mission fields and have them made into stereopticon slides in order to help our people visualize the work of God in these fields, but I believe that if we could bring home moving pictures of these same scenes, they would be more impressive.

I realize that in using moving picture photography in this way we might violate the conscientious scruples of some. It hardly seems to me, however, that our young people will really be injured by such use of the moving picture machine. True, some will facetiously talk about the "movies" in our schools, and others will make that an excuse for going to the theater, but everybody knows that there is just as much difference between a proper educational film and a reel of burlesque or drama as between a book of history and a novel. We do not refuse to read good books because there are bad ones, nor to sing wholesome songs because the world is filled with jazz.

I do think, however, that too little thought has been given to the kind of moving pictures that it would be proper to display. Some have thought that such subjects as the Passion Play would be all right. But to my mind there is something about the whole drama business that leads the wrong way. This artificial, make-believe profession seems to demoralize the actors and the audience. Religious drama, it seems to me, is a desecration of sacred things, and is more objectionable in some respects than secular drama. I would eliminate the drama entirely and use only photographs of natural life or mechanical pictures to illustrate scientific subjects.

I realize that there is a danger in a school entering on a program of showing moving pictures unless the utmost care is taken to scrutinize very thoroughly every film that is offered, for many so-called educational films are objectionable. As the remnant people of God, we must be a peculiar people in that our standards of all the activities of life shall be higher than the standards of the world about us. In music and reading, recreations, living, and service, we must strive to please Him who has called us out of darkness into His marvelous light. To my mind this involves staying away from the moving picture theaters entirely. It is almost impossible to overstate the evils of this institution. The facts are that there are no "good shows." It is true that so-called "educational films" are mixed in with cheap burlesque and questionable drama. There are good lectures on travel illustrated by moving pictures, and there are illustrated scientific lectures which are most enlightening; but it is true, as some one has stated, that in every moving picture theatrical performance there is some ignoble suggestion.

M. E. K.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I — The God of Comfort

(January 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Isaiah 54.

MEMORY VERSE: Isa. 54:10.

Questions

The Relation Between God and the Church

1. Who is to break forth into singing? Why are they to sing and cry aloud? Isa. 54:1. Note 1.
2. What instruction does the prophet Isaiah give? Verse 2.
3. Where will God's people break forth or increase? What will the seed inherit? What change will be seen in the desolate cities? Verse 3. Note 2.
4. What comforting message does God send? What experiences should not be remembered? Verse 4.
5. How is Christ mentioned in relation to the church? What three names are applied to Him? Verse 5. Note 3.

God's Protecting Care Over His People

6. How had Israel been called by the Lord? For a short time, what did God do? But what further did He do? Verses 6, 7. Note 4.
7. For a moment, what had God done? How did He show mercy? Verse 8.
8. To what is this likened? What had God sworn regarding the flood? What did He again swear? Verse 9.
9. What promise does God make to His people? Verse 10. Note 5.
10. What special promise is made to the afflicted? Verses 11, 12. Note 6.
11. By whom shall the children be taught? In what shall they be established? What will be removed from them? Verses 13, 14. Note 7.
12. What will be the experience of those who gather against God's people? Verse 15. Note 8.
13. By whom are the smith and the waster created? Verse 16. Note 9.
14. What shall fail to prosper against God's people? What shall be condemned? What is their heritage? Of whom is their righteousness? Verse 17.

Notes

1. The inspired commentary (Gal. 4:22-27) shows that this verse in Isaiah is an allusion to the experience of Sarah and Hagar. Thus we read: "It is written, that Abraham had two sons, the one by a bondmaid, the other by a freewoman. But he who was of the bondwoman was born after the flesh; but he of the freewoman was by promise. Which things are an allegory. . . For this Agar [Hagar] . . . answereth to Jerusalem which now is, and is in bondage with her children. But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all."

God promised Abraham that in him and his seed all families of the earth should be blessed. The "seed," says Paul in Galatians 3:16, is Christ, who is a lineal descendant, not of Ishmael, but of Isaac. And the apostle adds, "If ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." Verse 29.

Therefore, according to the allegory, the children of Sarah are they who truly follow the Lord Jesus. These constitute spiritual Israel. On the other hand, the children of Hagar include those who try by their own works but without Christ to become partakers of the heavenly inheritance. This chapter in Isaiah reveals that God intends to do wonderful things for His people.

2. In verses 2 and 3, the prophet brings to view the extension of the gospel in all the earth. As God's people increase, plans for enlargements are to be made. Those who are to be saved will be from all nations, and the Gentiles will be among them. The "desolate cities," or those without godly inhabitants, will hear the message, and many will accept it.

3. "In both the Old and the New Testament the marriage relation is employed to represent the tender and sacred union that exists between Christ and His people, the redeemed ones whom He has purchased at the cost of Calvary." — *Thoughts From the Mount of Blessing*, p. 100. Christ, the husband, is also the Maker.

4. This comment on verses 6-8, is made by F. B. Meyer: "Our Father chastens us for our profit, using as His rod the natural consequences of our sins. At such times God calls us back to Himself as a wife forsaken and grieved in spirit. He knows the disappointment and shame of the downcast soul. He waits to *gather* with great mercies, and to show mercy with everlasting kindness. Let us heed His call and return to Him, not allowing the sorrows and suffer-

"We must have reason for speech, but we need none for silence."

ings we endure to alienate us, but counting them as opportunities for claiming more of His aid."—*Christ in Isaiah*, page 207.

5. Mountains—high, rocky, immense—are apparently the hardest objects in the world to move, but God says they "shall depart." Rev. 6:14. But God's kindness and His covenant of peace shall never be removed. (See Matt. 24:35.)

6. The promises in these two verses are for the afflicted, tossed with tempests and not comforted. While these words indeed may have a local application, we are safe in applying them to any one in like circumstances. The prophet sees Jerusalem in difficulty, afflicted. Then suddenly he sees Jerusalem as it shall be, a description that reminds one of Revelation 21:19 and on. Jerusalem may go down, will go down, but the New Jerusalem will remain.

7. Human teachers may be learned and eloquent, and it may at times be a great blessing to sit at their feet, but the true child of God will look beyond any human instrumentality to the true and only teacher, God.

"In righteousness," or rather, "through righteousness." It is only through righteousness that there can be any lasting success. Evil men may prosper for a time, but enduring prosperity is built on righteousness.

8. This is a promise of support in time of trouble, of assault. A promise of this kind will become more and more precious as we enter into the trials and perplexities of the last days. Already our missionaries in many lands have experienced the blessedness of the Lord's special protection. Such occurrences will become more common as we draw near the end.

9. This verse should be of comfort to God's people in the face of danger. It matters not that the fire is hot, for even if we should be cast into it, there is One who goes with us, and He is "like the Son of God." Dan. 3:25.

Suggestive Topics for Discussion

1. God cared for Israel, even though He hid His face from them.
2. He cares for us, even though we may pass through trials and perplexities.
3. Blessed results come from trusting God fully.

Junior Lesson

I—The Fall of Jericho

(January 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 5:1, 10-15; 6.

MEMORY VERSE: "Through God we shall do valiantly: for He it is that shall tread down our enemies." Ps. 60:12.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 487-493 (new edition, pp. 501-506).

Memory Gem

"When pealed thy wild shout to the blue mantled sky,
The foreman shrunk back as he heard it pass by;
The torches grew pale in the halls of their mirth,
And turret and battlement crumbled to earth."

Questions

1. When the people of Canaan heard how "the Lord had dried up the waters of Jordan from before the children of Israel," what effect did this news have upon them? Joshua 5:1.
2. What religious feast did the Israelites observe before they left Jericho? What food did they then have? What ceased the next day? Verses 10-12.
3. What experience did Joshua have when he went near Jericho alone? Verses 13-15. Note 1.
4. What new obstacle confronted the Israelites as soon as they had crossed the Jordan? Joshua 6:1. Note 2.
5. What encouraging words did the Lord speak to Joshua? In what remarkable manner was Joshua to take the city? Verses 2-5.
6. In what order did the people march? What was carried in the midst of them? Verses 6-9. Note 3.
7. What did Joshua command the people not to do? What was the program for the first day? For how long a time was this continued? Verses 10, 11, 14. Note 4.
8. What change was made on the seventh day? After marching around the city seven times, what order did Joshua give to the people? Verses 15, 16. Note 5.
9. What came to pass when the seventh circuit was completed, and the people shouted? Verse 20. Note 6.
10. What instruction had the Lord given concerning the people, the city, and the things in the city? Verses 17-19.
11. How strictly was this command obeyed? Verses 21, 24.
12. Who only of the people living in Jericho were saved alive? Why was this exception made? Verses 17, 23, 25.
13. What curse was pronounced upon even the site of the city? Verse 26.
14. What part did the people act in obtaining this victory? What was the Lord's part in it?

"Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so."

Things to Remember

What the Passover feast commemorated.

An experience in the life of Moses which was similar to that of Joshua when he was near Jericho.

Whose presence the ark indicated.

How Rahab's house was marked so that she and her family escaped death.

Notes

1. "The 'Captain of the Lord's host' was Christ, the Commander of the armies of heaven, the Angel who, hidden from their view in the pillar of cloud, had directed all the movements of Israel from the day they left Egypt until that time. 1 Cor. 10:1-4; Isa. 63:8-10."—*Bible Lessons*, McKibbin, Book One, p. 255.

2. "Jericho was one of the principal seats of idol worship, being especially devoted to Ashtaroah, the goddess of the moon. Here centered all that was vilest and most degrading in the religion of the Canaanites. . . . To reduce Jericho was seen by Joshua to be the first step in the conquest of Canaan."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 487.

3. "First came the warriors, a body of chosen men, not now to conquer by their own skill and prowess, but by obedience to the directions given them from God. Seven priests with trumpets followed. Then the ark of God, surrounded by a halo of divine glory, was borne by priests clad in the dress denoting their sacred office. The army of Israel followed, each tribe under its standard. Such was the procession that compassed the doomed city. No sound was heard but the tread of that mighty host and the solemn peal of the trumpets, echoing among the hills, and resounding through the streets of Jericho. The circuit completed, the army returned in silence to their tents, and the ark was restored to its place in the tabernacle."—*Id.*, p. 488.

4. "With wonder and alarm the watchmen of the city marked every move, and reported to those in authority. They knew not the meaning of all this display; but when they beheld that mighty host marching around their city once each day, with the sacred ark and the attendant priests, the mystery of the scene struck terror to the hearts of priest and people. Again they would inspect their strong defenses, feeling certain they could successfully resist the most powerful attack. Many ridiculed the thought that any harm could come to them through these singular demonstrations. Others were awed as they beheld the procession that each day wound about the city. They remembered that the Red Sea had once parted before this people, and that a passage had just been opened for them through the river Jordan. They knew not what further wonders God might work for them. For six days the host of Israel made the circuit of the city. The seventh day came, and with the first dawn of light, Joshua marshaled the armies of the Lord. Now they were directed to march seven times around Jericho, and at a mighty peal from the trumpets to shout with a loud voice, for God had given them the city."—*Ibid.*

5. In 1909 Dr. Sellin, a German explorer and excavator, reported that he had found the ancient site of Jericho, and he estimates the distance around it to be less than three fourths of a mile. Possibly the Israelites marched in a somewhat wider circuit, keeping beyond the reach of missiles from the walls.

The ram's horn gave forth a loud, piercing note, and was used to summon the people to attention, for making signals, and to aid the marchers in keeping step.

6. "The watchers on the walls looked on with rising fear, as, the first circuit ended, there followed a second, then a third, a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. What could be the object of these mysterious movements? What mighty event was impending? They had not long to wait. As the seventh circuit was completed, the long procession paused. The trumpets, which for an interval had been silent, now broke forth in a blast that shook the very earth. The walls of solid stone, with their massive towers and battlements, tottered and heaved from their foundations, and with a crash fell in ruin to the earth."—*Id.*, p. 491.



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WHAT'S THE NEWS?

A MACHINE has recently been placed on the market in Germany which can do in one hour a task that would take a man four hours. This device opens letters, counts and sorts coins and coupons, and records totals in a book.



THREE billion seven hundred million dollars is the amount which Representative Daniel R. Anthony, Jr., of Kansas, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, declares will be used to run the government next year.



AN experiment was made recently at a Pittsburgh flying field by the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, which, it is believed, will prove of great aid to night flying. The aviator, on nearing the flying field at night, merely turns on a small siren. Sound waves from the siren are picked up by an electric ear on the ground, and transmitted to an apparatus which turns on the flood lights over the field, thus enabling the aviator to land on a lighted field.



FOUR and a half miles long, seventy feet wide, and to be constructed at a cost of \$300,000 per mile: this is a description of the new elevated motor highway which is being planned for New York City. There will be driveways leading up to this highway from important streets. These will be arranged so that the entrance of vehicles from the intersections will not impede the rapid traffic. The construction is to be such that a second deck can be superimposed at any time the volume of traffic demands it.



AN English locomotive, the "Flying Scotsman," recently made a nonstop run of four hundred miles, from London to Edinburgh, thus exceeding any previous records by almost a hundred miles. Up to this time, locomotives have been able to run only as long as the engine crew could work. By making a few changes in the arrangement of the coal space in the engine, it was possible to connect the engine with the leading cab by a corridor, thus permitting a change of crew in transit. Several similar engines are now under construction for nonstop service between London and Scotland.



WHEN the battleship "Maryland," upon which Herbert Hoover is now touring, started to send radio messages to the Navy radio station, NPL, San Diego, it was found that the boat had floated into an air pocket, and that messages sent from them were not being received at the station in San Diego. However, the Navy radio station NAA, in Washington, D. C., picked up the signals, and signaled back for the operator on board the "Maryland" to continue. More than 2,000 words were hurled into the ether, and made their way 3,000 miles from the battleship off the coast of Lower California, to the station in Washington, D. C.



ESKIMOS are practically immune to colds until they come in contact with the outside world, says Dr. Peter Heinbecker, a member of the Greenland expedition of the American Museum of Natural History in 1926, and of the Putman Baffin Island expedition last year. However, he goes on to say that in about seventy-two hours after a settlement of Eskimos has come in contact with any one from the outside world, whether the newcomer has an acute respiratory infection or not, nearly every Eskimo is sneezing and coughing. The epidemic soon subsides, and does not reappear until another contact is made with the outside world.



DOLLS speak a universal language in the world of little girls, so the custom has become established for Junior Red Cross members of different countries to exchange dolls dressed in the native costume of the land from which they came. "Miss America," a bisque doll, dressed and equipped with a complete wardrobe, down to a vanity case and brush and comb, by the children of a junior high school in Washington, D. C., has just been started on her long journey to Rumania. Dolls representing John Alden, Priscilla, Miles Standish, and Quaker and Indian maids, have also been sent to different countries as ambassadors of good will. From Rumania, there will soon arrive on our shores twenty dolls, and later, dolls of other nationalities.

THE new president of China, Chiang Kai-shek, has appointed Mrs. Chiang to sit on the Committee of Yuans, which may be likened to a cabinet of provincial governors. Mrs. Chiang is a graduate of Wellesley College, in the United States. She comes from a very aristocratic family of China to-day: her brother is minister of finance, one of her brothers-in-law is the seventy-fifth lineal descendant of Confucius, and another was the late Dr. Sun Yat Sen, leader of the Nationalist party, which now dominates China.



MANY and varied are the uses of electricity. Noticing that mushrooms grow best immediately after a storm, enterprising mushroom growers in Pennsylvania create electrical thunderstorms in their mushroom cellars. A sure way to dispose of bugs in a peach orchard, we are told, is by electrocuting the pests. Electricity is used to remove superfluous hair, and also, by some Latin American barbers, to grow hair on bald heads.



AMERICAN tourists will spend \$900,000,000 during 1928, predicts Dr. Ray Hall, of the Department of Commerce. This will be an increase of \$100,000,000 over the sum expended in 1927. This computation was made on the basis of 2,500 questionnaires submitted to American tourists overseas and in Canada.



IN commemoration of the first successful flight of the Wright brothers twenty-five years ago, the Post Office Department is issuing special two-and-one-half-cent stamps. These were first issued at the time of the International Civil Aeronautical Conference, held in Washington, December 12-14.



A \$3,500 bale of cotton has no right to be outside of a glass case. At least that seems to be what the Bremen Cotton Exchange thought, for they presented it to the Bremen Museum recently. This bale of cotton was part of the Graf Zeppelin's cargo, and is the first bale to cross the Atlantic by air.



DURING the past year, two hens have made a record by laying 399 eggs each, which is forty pounds of eggs apiece, or more than ten times the body weight of the hens. Both these hens were white Leghorns, one owned by a man living in Winterville, Georgia, and the other owned by a California man.



A GIFT of a tract of land on the Mount of Olives, facing Jerusalem, was recently made to the Travel Institute of Bible Research. This is to be made into a Garden of Prayer, and eventually, it is planned to make a Protestant Bible study center there.



HOPE is being revived that the ancient schism between the Roman Catholic Church and the Eastern or Greek Catholic Church may be healed. The Greek Church has now no spiritual head, and it is hoped that this condition will prove favorable for the reunion.



DRINKING among college students is becoming less common, according to Prof. L. O. Dawson, who cites as an illustration of this the fact that there was more drinking among the 125 students of Howard College when he went to school than there is in the present student body of 900.



A DEPARTMENT store in Berlin has recently opened a canine restaurant. Now, while their fond mistresses are eating lunch, the pet dogs are taken to a dining room where waiters supply them with food and drink in shallow bowls.



AN airplane which rises practically vertically has been invented by a young Belgian. This machine is almost tailless, and is fitted out with a new type of wing ailerons. It is driven by a small, two-cylinder engine.

"Constant success shows us but one side of the world."