

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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H. T. ELLIOTT

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEERS, twenty-five years of illustrious progress in organized society endeavor challenge you to greater things for the future. The call now, as twenty-five years ago, is for the ardent zeal of youth to bear the banner of Christ before the world. Our opportunities for service are unlimited. Consecrated Christian young people are the most powerful influence in the church to win other youth. Heroic Christian apostleship should characterize every Missionary Volunteer.

Our great need is not new plans, but new power. The present conditions confronting youth require more than ordinary Christian courage. The world demands a convincing and attractive demonstration of the power of Christ in the life. There are new heights of consecration and sacrifice to be reached. Youth must meet the problems of today in the strength gained from communion with God. In the secret place of prayer we must meet our Lord, and then go forth to reveal Him to the world.

May this Twenty-fifth Anniversary Year serve to kindle new fervor and increased faith in the hearts of the advent youth. Let us, like the pioneers of the message, set forth in a valiant crusade to win others to Christ. May we give new life and meaning to the purpose of our pledge, "doing what we can to help others and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

The future is before you, Missionary Volunteers. What this young people's movement shall achieve is in large measure dependent on your zeal and vision. The Lord give you grace and strength to march forward to triumph in His name.

LET'S TALK IT OVER

FORGIVE me!

The hardest words to pronounce in all our English language!

Simple words they are, and not at all difficult to say separately; but together, somehow they make an almost impossible combination.

Forgive me!

Only two words, but it takes more courage to say them than it does all the hundreds of thousands which fill the pages of Webster's Unabridged.

Short words they are,—just nine letters all told,—but sometimes it takes days, weeks, months, years, a lifetime, yes, an eternity, to speak them.

Forgive me!

Sweetest words that tongue can tell when they fall upon the ears of a fellow traveler along life's road who is shrinking and wincing as he tastes the bitter draught of gossip, of criticism, of untruth.

Healingest words they are by lips e'er spoken, as they fall upon a bruised, an aching, a broken heart.

Forgive me!

Do you—*can* you say it?

'Tis a mark of real greatness to be able to speak, sincerely and contritely, these two big-little words.



FAMOUS old Professor Blackie of Edinburgh, on one occasion, ordered all the students in a certain class to hold up their notebooks in their right hands. One young man put up his left hand. The professor repeated the order in a stern voice, keen eyes fixed on the culprit, but still he held up his left hand. Then calling the lad by name, he once more repeated his demand in tones of anger. The boy slowly lifted the stump of an amputated arm, and quietly said: "Sir, I have no right hand." A storm of hisses burst from the class that even the authority of the professor could not restrain. But suddenly quiet reigned as they saw this dignified man step down from his desk platform and swiftly pass down the aisle. Bending over the young man, his own strong right arm thrown around the thin shoulders, Professor Blackie said softly, tenderly, and with tears in his eyes, "Forgive me, lad. I was overrough. I wouldn't have hurt you for the world. I did not know." And then there burst from those same students a storm of cheers, as emphatic as had been their former expression of disapproval. Their revered instructor had proved himself to be what he really was—a great man!



IT was almost time for evening service, and the camp ground crowds were converging at the pavilion. A well-dressed stranger drove up, parked his car, walked over to the bulletin board, and studied it a moment, then turned and made his way with others to "the big tent." There he took a back seat, and looked about with interest. The song service he seemed to enjoy—even took some part—and he listened carefully to the announcements and the quartet special. But when the speaker of the evening took his place and began his discourse, the stranger made his way outside. A friendly watcher joined him as he walked toward the parking space. "We're sorry you cannot stay for the lecture tonight," he ventured. "But you'll come again?"

"Perhaps," came the hesitant answer. They visited for several minutes, and then the stranger said: "I used to be a Seventh-day Adventist. I was planning to be a minister—once! But when I was a senior in Belmont College a hundred dollars was lost in the business office, where I was helper. The bookkeeper accused me of taking it—of stealing! It was a false charge, of course! The money was *never* in my hands. But I couldn't prove it. Finally my work, my credit, my reputation, were all gone, and I was forced to leave school. The missing money was found weeks later, tucked away in an odd corner of the old safe, where the bookkeeper himself had put it! But did he let it be known? Apologize? Make an effort to right the wrong he had done me? No, indeed! The assistant who took my place told me of the discovery, and of the vow of silence he demanded from the few who knew, lest his precious 'dignity' be hurt. And," the stranger laughed shortly, "I haven't had any use for Seventh-day Adventists since!"

"Now that's surely too bad," mused the friendly friend. "You've suffered much, and needlessly. I'm sorry. But why judge us all by this one misguided individual? I don't know who he is,—don't care to know,—but will you, my brother, allow me to ask your forgiveness in his stead?"

The speaker held out his hand. The stranger took it, after a moment of hesitation, and said in a breaking voice, "For fifteen years my heart has been bruised, bleeding, bitter. I do not know the whereabouts of the man myself, but the word 'forgive' you speak in his behalf makes everything all right."

"Shall we walk back and hear the sermon?" suggested the balm bringer softly.

"Yes," the stranger agreed. "I think I can listen now. I've been hungry to hear a Seventh-day Adventist sermon, but—the preacher was—he was our Bible teacher, and—he believed in me—and the sight of him brought it all back. But—now—it's—different." And two men were back in the lighted circle, listening to the story of the Great Forgiver.



FORGIVE me!

Oh, let's be big enough to say it. We are all human. Everybody makes mistakes, says and does things which bring regret at thinking-over time. But it will never in the world make a wronged friend think less of you if you are brave enough, courageous enough, frankly to acknowledge your fault and ask pardon.

"I was wrong, won't you forgive me?" "I shouldn't have said what I did. I'm sorry." "I treated you shabbily. I was angry, but that's no excuse. Please forgive and forget." It won't hurt your dignity nor mine—not a bit—to say any or all of these words. Hard? Yes, oh, yes, but think of the heart healing they will bring; and really, they will make you feel a lot more comfortable yourself. Just try it and see!

Have you knowingly hurt any one today? Check over each entry carefully before you turn the ledger record page. Tomorrow may be too late to pour on the oil of healing. And rest assured of this: there are few who will scorn a sincere "Forgive me, please."

Do you—*can* you say it?

Lora E. Clement

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No. 25

Why the Missionary Volunteer Movement?

THE bewitching, tropical moon was smiling down upon us through the graceful, waving palm fronds, smiling so brightly that the stars had veiled their faces, as we took our usual walk before retiring. Just over the brow of the hill, two young men, apparently high school boys, passed us, hurrying on toward Panama City, a few hundred yards distant. "You see it is this way," one was saying to the other, "we are young only once, and I say get as big a 'kick' out of life as you can."

We paused a moment near the city limits where the boys disappeared amid the dazzling lights of saloons and cabarets. That was where they had gone in search of a "kick." What a contrast between the message of the wayward youth and that of the glorious heavens above! One pointed to the confused multitudes thronging the road to perdition. The other spoke of unsullied purity, of lasting joy, and of the keeping power of God. The boy's speech stayed with me as we retraced our steps. Not that it was an unusual sentiment; but rather because it was so sadly typical of these perilous days of which we long have read and now are experiencing. A limp feeling seized me as I thought of the superhuman problem before the remnant church of saving her children and youth in such a time as this.

Multiplied thousands of Christian young people are losing their vision of, and love for, the best things in life. The January issue of the *Missionary Review of the World* gives a snapshot of this serious condition:

"There are quite a number of colleges and universities, which two or three decades ago had strong groups of Student Volunteers, where today there are no students preparing to be missionaries. Among these are some which were founded as Christian institutions, which still are officially such, and which have a long and honorable history as sources of personnel for foreign work of the church. On one such campus, for instance, from which have gone forth in the past some of the most distinguished leaders in the missionary enterprise and which was founded and nurtured by one of our great denominations, so far as the Christian Association knows, there is not one undergraduate who is planning to be a missionary."

With this writer, we deeply deplore the loss of interest in soul-winning work. And our regret deepens as we realize that among these multiplied thousands of young people who have drifted so far away from God that they neither realize their own need of Him nor their need of making Him known to others, are hundreds who once pledged their loyalty to the remnant church. As the years go by, many sad reminders come to our notice. We meet these one-time Seventh-day Adventist youth in the homes about us, in business circles, and in other positions of public trust. Almost every year when the fleet visits the Canal Zone, there come to our division headquarters a number of navy boys who belong to Seventh-day Adventist

MATILDA ERICKSON ANDROSS

homes and have perhaps spent a few years in one of our denominational schools. Always we make them welcome, and are thankful for the spark of interest that remains to guide them to our compound.

But why have they drifted away? That is what I have asked myself many times. Doubtless the same question is in your mind. We can see why young people in the schools of the world lose their grip on God.

And we marvel not. We realize that this is but the harvest of seed sown through the past in so-called Christian homes and Christian institutions where "the form of godliness" has been substituted for "the power thereof." But the young people of the remnant church have been called to a *special service* for the King of kings. They have been sent forth to help give a life and death message to the world. While we thank God for the hosts of them who are faithful to their pledge of loyalty, we do stand face to face with the question, Why are so many

drifting out into the world?

One thing is certain: The losses we sustain can in no way be attributed to God's failure to do His part in caring for our youth. As I turn the pages of our denominational history and look back through the decades since the remnant church was called into existence, my heart overflows with gratitude for God's wonderful plan for His people. Little by little He revealed it to the founders of our church. As they stepped out by faith, He could begin to uncover other parts of His great plan before their eager eyes. Just as Jesus knew that the disciples could not grasp *all* He had to teach them during His brief sojourn with them, so the same Master patiently waited for His disciples down here in the close of time to see and accept little by little His great plan for the remnant church—a plan framed by infinite wisdom and born of unfailing love.

Nor did He forget to include in His wonderful plan the young people of that remnant church. All along the way He watched tenderly over them, and when "the fullness of the time was come," He led in a special organization for their protection from the enemy of souls and for their training for the special work to which they have been appointed. Let us notice briefly the unfolding of His plan. The family altar, which has formed a first line of defense around Christian youth in all ages, was built right into the foundation of the remnant church, and it must ever be a part of the Christian home. The home that calls itself Christian, but fails to erect this fortification, is inviting the enemy to enter and lead its youth astray.

As our denominational work grew, God rolled upon its leaders a burden to build other lines of defense around the children and youth. That day long ago when James White sat by the side of the road and wrote the first Sabbath school lessons, there was a burden upon his heart for the entire church membership, but he felt that young people were in special



"There is no rest so long as you resist Him."

need of such help as he was endeavoring to prepare. Later the Master Builder called for His workmen to establish Christian schools where the children and youth might be safeguarded. And what a blessing these institutions have been to thousands of young men and women who, having begun their education there, have gone forth to take further training as active ministers, teachers, Bible workers, colporteurs, or laborers in other avenues of service.

But God's plan for shielding and training the youth, whom He has called to be His helping hand in the finishing of His great work on earth, was not yet complete. As the end of all things drew near and nearer, and the perils of the last days began to thicken around us, God called upon the leaders in His remnant church to build still another line of defense, directing their attention in a special way to the younger members of the flock. "Very much has been lost to the cause of God by lack of attention to the young," said one of those Heaven-sent messages; and another, "The work that lies next to our church members is to become interested in our youth."

But with our Father's messages of rebuke, came messages of cheer and encouragement. He not only pointed out the failures of the past, but gave the wonderfully inspiring assurance that "with such an army of workers as our youth, rightly trained, might furnish, how soon the message of a crucified, risen, and soon-coming Saviour might be carried to the whole world!" So in the youth lay the solution of the problem for finishing speedily the work that demanded haste! That point He made clear. But He did more than that. He gave His people the blue prints of His plan for giving these youth additional protection and additional help in filling their important mission. And out of those Heaven-sent blue prints came the Missionary Volunteer movement that today encircles the world.

Truly, it has "come to the kingdom for such a time as this," and as I look back through the quarter of a century that it has been functioning, I realize more and more fully the real purpose for which it was called into existence. As re-enforcements brought in the critical hour into the Battle of Waterloo meant victory to the British lines, so God has sent the Missionary Volunteer organization to help inspire the youth to loyalty to the Master as He leads His forces through the final crisis on to everlasting victory.

For twenty-five years that organization has been tested, and today the blessed results are an uncontrovertible evidence of its divine origin. As predicted in the early days by a worker now sleeping in Jesus, this young people's work has gone around the world, carrying blessings in its train. Only eternity will reveal how effectual has been this eleventh-hour line of defense. Perhaps we can see a bit more clearly the value of this organization in lands where fewer visible blessings are showered upon our young people. "I have surely come to appreciate the Missionary Volunteer work since I came to Mexico," writes one of our secretaries there; and a mission field superintendent gives this testimony:

"I appreciate the Missionary Volunteer organization for its high purpose and its excellent plans. They are so carefully arranged that, if followed, they cannot fail to develop strong, intelligent Christians. The emphasis that is laid on morning prayer, on the reading of the Bible and a careful, detailed study of its truths, the reading of especially selected books, together with active service in the field of missionary endeavor, is

exactly what is needed to develop a love for eternal things and to prepare our characters for joyful service here and for higher joy and wider service in the world to come. Also, as I follow the program outlined for our young people, I feel my own Christian experience growing brighter and stronger."

True, through the testing years not a few societies organized for this high and holy purpose have drifted into merely entertainment clubs, and hundreds of Missionary Volunteers have broken their pledges. But instead of these deeply regretted losses proving weak places in the plan, they are only reminders of the solemn fact that the life and efficacy of this youth's movement lie, not in its numbers or equipment, much as we prize both, but in the guiding and impelling presence of the Holy Spirit, so that "the form of godliness" may always be supported by "the power thereof."

What we need today as Missionary Volunteers is to test our own loyalty to the great purpose of our movement. With that purpose there has been "no variableness, neither shadow of turning" since God appointed the youth in the remnant church to be His helping hand. We need have no fear so long as we follow the divine pattern. We must learn from the experiences of the past that every departure from that pattern leaves a breach in the fortification through which the destroyer enters the fold, while the shepherd is busy here and there with plans of human devising.

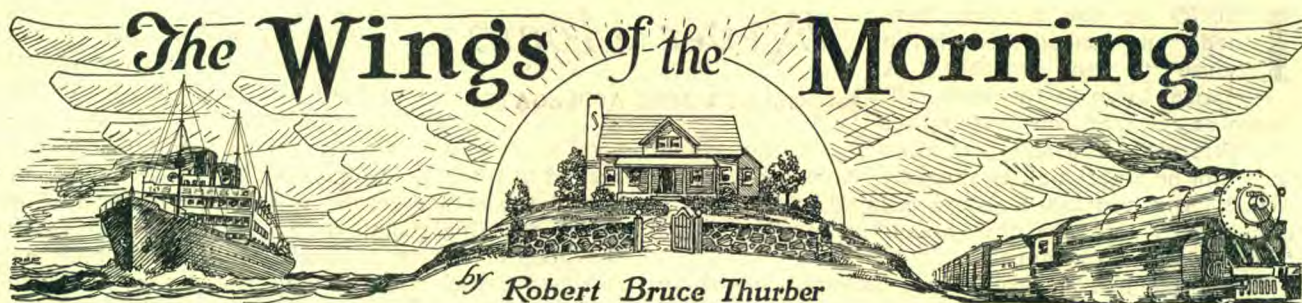
From all lands come voices of gratitude for the holding power of this Missionary Volunteer organization. Many men and women today

in homeland and over-sea service for the Master point to it as the bulwark of their lives when the siren calls of worldly pleasures and other allurements threatened to draw their inexperienced feet from the path of their choice. Nor will it ever fail in its mission if we will be true to its great purpose. God will do His part if we will do our part, and let Him lead us until that happy day when the remnant church shall be able to present her youth "without fault" before His throne.

PAUL tells us, in his second letter to the Corinthians, that we are to examine ourselves to see whether we be in the faith. We are now in God's great examination time, and our examination papers must be handed in very soon. When our papers are handed in, we shall have no chance to make corrections. These papers are a test of our standing for all eternity. If you are getting ready for some position here in this world, how anxious you are to pass properly. I wonder if we appreciate what it will mean to pass in this great examination? Or not to pass? This getting ready for our examination is something definite. If we fail, we shall have no opportunity to take the test over again. Our standing must be perfect. We must pass one hundred per cent in all subjects. A ninety-nine per cent mark will mean failure—failure for all eternity. If our young people could understand this, they would not have any time for cheap talk, second-class reading, or anything of little importance. They need to make sure that they have all the required studies that are needed to pass into the great school above, where the redeemed will study throughout the ceaseless ages of eternity. Not only do we want to pass this final earthly examination, but we want to help others to pass. We must hurry. There is only a short time to prepare for this greatest of all tests.—*Luther Warren.*



The First Morning Watch Calendar



A ROTUND, important-looking man, dark-complexioned and hard of face, stood there taking in the money and making change. How Ben longed to avoid him, but he had no notion of being dishonest. Timing his approach so that he would be alone when he reached the critical moment, he leaned over toward the august personage and with pale face and shaky voice said,

"Look here, mister; I haven't got the money to pay for this, but I'll work."

"What's that you say?" snapped the money changer.

"I'm out of money, boss, but I'll work for this sixty cents' worth I ate. Don't you need—?"

"We don't need nothin' but the sixty cents for the eats, young feller. So slip me the money."

"But I told you I haven't got any money, I—"

"Then what did you come in here and eat for?" the proprietor raised his voice in angry denunciation, and every one in the crowded restaurant stopped eating and talking to concentrate attention on the vicinity of the cash register. "What do yuh think we're running here, a free lunch? Where was yuh brought up, that yuh don't know yuh gotta pay for yur vittles?" He was losing all his usual suavity of speech and lapsing into the language of the street. "I know yur sort, yuh slick bum, loafin' around and livin' off hard-workin' people. Yuh ain't the first pie eater that's tried that game here, but yur goin' to be th' last. Now pay fer yur eats, or I'll have a cop in here in a minute, and have you slapped in th' jug."

Ben stood weak and trembling during this tirade, not trying to say anything in return, for he could think of nothing to say. There was a painful silence for a minute, punctuated by some laughing remarks from the men at the counter and the tables. A passing drama for their entertainment as they ate.

"Come on, you dead-beat, pay up and get outa here, I'm busy," almost shouted the irate proprietor, reaching over the glass case and grabbing Ben by the arm. When the penniless customer made no move, the man stepped to the door and looked up and down the street. Seeing the object of his desire some distance away, he called an urchin, gave him a coin and some instruction, and returned to his place behind the cigar case.

"Stand over there outa the way till the cop comes," he commanded Ben.

The door was close at hand, no one was in the way, and Ben could easily have escaped now. And what fat foreigner or burly policeman could catch him? But no, it wouldn't do. He had not intended to steal a meal, and he wouldn't run from punishment now.

Presently the officer came in, a giant Irishman calmly swinging his club, and with a face that seemed to find it difficult to assume the stern expression thought to be in keeping with a minion of the law.

"What's the trouble now, Tony?" he asked, grinning genially and looking around the establishment with an air of easily settling anything or anybody who might presume to disturb the peace.

"Nothin' much, Mike," said Tony, "only this kid here tried to work the dishwashin' gag on me. Stuffed him-

self, and then says he'll work for it. I don't need no dishwashers, and I want th' money. Thought I'd let him go, to save trouble when I'm busy; but I'm gettin' sick of these loafers eatin' off of me. I say, Search him; an' if he ain't got any money, put him in the work-house to work it out, and not here in my kitchen. It'll learn 'im not to try that game again."

The patrolman's keen blue eyes surveyed Ben for a moment. The latter looked into those eyes without flinching. Mike looked more like a possible friend than Tony.

"Come along with me, kid," and the bluecoat led Ben toward the door.

"Be ready to appear before the judge on this tomorrow at ten, Tony," he called back as he and Ben reached the street.

Ben shook a little under the policeman's firm grasp on the shoulder of his coat. But he walked on with as firm a step as he could muster. He was in for it now, and all he could do was to hope for the best. A crowd of boys gathered behind them and followed. Passers-by stopped to look, with the curiosity that always centers on crime and criminals. The officer turned down a side street, waved his club threateningly at the gang behind, and drew his charge into a small fruit store and on toward the rear. The Italian in the place took their entrance as a matter of course, and went out to drive the crowd away. Mike, the policeman, squared Ben around before him and looked him over again sharply.

"Ever been arrested before, son?" he asked, kindly.

"Never," answered his prisoner.

"I thought so; you don't look like the rest of 'em. Where'd you come from, and what's your trouble anyway? Tell me the truth, kid."

Ben began with his running away from home because he didn't like the way he was treated, and told all his experience since. The big policeman tapped the floor with his foot and listened attentively. When the boy had finished, he took him by the shoulder again.

"Listen, son," he said, "don't try that eatin' and then payin' in work game again. Maybe it looks all right to you, but these hash-slinger Johnnies don't like it one little bit. Now, I don't want to arrest you. It's your first offense. It doesn't help a kid to send him to jail. You look honest enough to me. Now, if

I take you back and fix this thing up with Tony, will you promise to walk straight from now on? What say, kid?"

"I'll promise," answered Ben, his face lighting up. "All I want is work, so I can earn my eats. Just let me prove that I'm no loafer and cheat, as he called me."

"All right; come on. You walk ahead a ways, and I'll follow. No tryin' to get away now. I'm givin' you a chance. Show me you want to do the right thing."

Ben walked boldly and happily out to the street and back to the restaurant, not once looking back to see if the bluecoat was following. They went in together to the now almost empty eating place, and Mike held

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"Sympathy is always in season."



I HUNG up the receiver hurriedly and dashed through the house to find mother. A chance to go to the snow will excite any normal son or daughter of California. And this was unusual, too, for would there not be a national ski-jumping contest at Wrightwood? And had not I always enjoyed winter sports immensely? And then the "bunch" were all students from the school I attended.

There was just one thing that bothered me—there would be no chaperon. In the past I had always had chaperons, because my parents had wished it, and it was also a school regulation. I had not minded, for the chaperons were always good sports. But this was different. There would be six of us; and though there was plenty of room for six, there really wasn't room for a seventh. And, incidentally, wasn't a chaperon a trifle "out of date"? Of course there was the possibility that "something *might* happen." But I dismissed the thought, convinced that nothing like that ever occurred outside of storybooks, anyway.

When I found mother I pleaded my cause eagerly, stressing the opportunity it offered of watching famous ski jumpers. I reasoned that we would be back early, and that lack of a chaperon wouldn't really matter "*this once*." After much persuasion she reluctantly consented.

It was a glorious morning, and driving over the country toward the majestic San Bernardino range was delightful. The absence of a chaperon gave me secret satisfaction. I felt independent, self-reliant, and free. The road through Cajon Pass is picturesque and fascinating. After we were some distance in the canyon, we discovered that there had been a landslide two days before, but as a detour had been made, it did not stop traffic. That detour was rough and rocky, with even a small stream to ford; but we did not mind, for what was a little matter like that, when we had the fresh mountain air to breathe and the enchantment of California hills to entertain us?

The day flew by as though on wings. There was ski jumping, a fascinating and thrilling sport, with long tramps in the snow, and best of all a hot, steaming lunch near a large open fire.

When we returned to our car, it made us think of Whittier's "Snow-Bound," for it seemed nearly covered with a soft, white blanket of snow. The trip down gave promise of being even more beautiful than the ascent, for the snow that had fallen during the day had transformed the landscape into a glittering fairyland. From the tall, stately pines hung long, silvery icicles. The smaller shrubs and bushes lay buried, with only a few dark-green leaves peeping through to distinguish them from the large rocks that were practically covered. The sunbeams, playing upon the scene, sparkled and glistened, making a fascinating display of jade and silver.

We could not enjoy the scene long, however, for the clouds soon thickened, bringing with them more snow and sleet. This made progress downhill much slower, and the ice froze on the windshield—"unusual" for California!

When a little more than halfway down the canyon, we found that all traffic had been halted. As far as we could see, there were two long rows of cars—waiting. Naturally we stopped, wondering what was causing the delay, but no one near by had any idea. After some twenty or thirty minutes of uneventful waiting, we concluded that the most logical thing to do would be to walk to the scene of the disturbance, even though it was raining.

Never Again

GALETA MAE APPLEGATE

We trudged around a few bends of the road, only to find the cars still stretching on in what appeared to be a never-ending line. It was quite puzzling, but we continued until we reached a tiny roadside store, into which we dashed in hope of finding a stove. Other tourists had sought the shelter before us; consequently there was barely standing room. To our pleas for information the man in charge informed us that the stream in the detour had risen so high that it was impossible to cross, and the landslide still covered the road. Traffic had been stopped in the early afternoon, and we might expect to get through in two hours if it stopped raining. A pessimistic soul standing by the window consoled us with, "Two hours! It's quite likely. Do you know that they've expected to have that landslide cleared off 'in an hour or two' ever since three this afternoon?"

Two hours! We stood and looked at each other. This was something we had not planned for, at all. I sighed and thought of mother. With that thought came the realization that I would *have* to let her know that we were delayed, so she would not worry about me. But how? Finally the busy clerk hesitated long enough to direct me "around a turn in the road" to the camp of a construction gang, where I would find a telephone "in the first 'bunk house' on the right." Thankfully we hurried to the only telephone on

the hill, and finally got in touch with home. I explained our predicament to a worried little mother, and tried to assure her that everything would turn out all right. Then we tramped back to the store to wait.

As the two hours slowly passed, we grew uneasy, for we realized that the rain was increasing steadily, and gave promise of developing into a typical mountain storm.

Finally, a man came from the scene of the disturbance. We relaxed at sight of him, for we were confident that it would not be long now until we would be home once more. He leaned against the door, surveyed us calmly, and then announced, "The men can't accomplish anything in this storm; so they've quit until tomorrow morning. However, they've vacated most of the 'bunk houses,' so that some of you can pile up in them until morning." Then he was gone.

Once more the six of us assembled and stared at one another blankly. One thing we were sure of—we simply *could not* stay all night. We simply *had* to get home. Only—there was no way! Then we all talked at once, fast and furiously, discussing impossible "ways and means," until we were exhausted.

Slowly the truth dawned. Yes—we *would* stay until morning, because we *couldn't* do anything else.

Another long-distance call was put through, and our unhappy plight was sorrowfully announced. Then we walked down the row of "bunk houses" until we came to number nine, where we had been told that there was room for a few more. The people inside welcomed us cheerfully, though it meant just that much less space for them. The one small room contained two cots, a little oil stove, and one box. There were only two tiny windows, and they were shut to exclude the driving rain. The water dripped slowly from the center of the roof where the galvanized iron sheeting was joined, and some blew under the door. The children, for there were five of them, were given the beds, and we contented ourselves, sitting on the floor and the one box.

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From Bethlehem to the Throne

W. W. Prescott

Crucified, Risen, Ascended

THE Son of God entered into human history, being born of a woman the same as the other members of the human family. God "loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins." At the close of His ministry He "bare our sins in His body upon the tree," and as He hung on the cross He said, "It is finished," and then He yielded up His spirit.

On the third day He came forth from the tomb, made Himself known to His former associates, and spent about six weeks with them, "speaking the things concerning the kingdom of God." Then He was received up into heaven, and sat down at the right hand of God, being glorified with the glory which He had with the Father "before the world was." It is now almost exactly nineteen hundred years since these things happened. During all these centuries Jesus, the crucified and risen Saviour, has occupied the throne of grace as our great High Priest who "ever liveth to make intercession" for us. During the same period the third person of the Godhead, the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, has made His abode in the hearts of believers, thus making effective in them the work which Jesus had done for them. The victory which was won on Calvary has been appropriated by millions through their acceptance of the Victor as the Lord of their lives, and peace and joy have thus come to many hearts.

But we are still in a world of sin. The suffering and the dying are on every side. There are wars and rumors of wars. Almost every day brings to us the record of some tragic disaster with its toll of lives, while the wave of crime has become a full tide, threatening to engulf the innocent with the guilty. Unemployment and financial distress have become a world-wide problem, and as an inevitable result not only individuals, but corporations, municipalities, and even national governments find it difficult to meet their obligations. In spite of all this, fabulous sums are being spent every year in maintaining armies and navies, and another world conflict in the near future is positively predicted. How long must this continue? Is there either prospect or promise of a change for the better?

A few years ago one of the submarines of the United States Navy was accidentally sunk, and the crew were shut up in their iron prison with only a limited supply of air to breathe. In the efforts for their rescue divers succeeded in approaching the outside of the submarine and making their presence there known to the surviving members of the crew. Then followed this touching incident. Using a hammer on the inside some one, applying the telegraphic code, pounded out the despairing inquiry, IS THERE ANY HOPE? Today I ask the same question. What is the answer?

Yes, there is a well-grounded hope. It rests upon a person, "Christ Jesus our hope." And so the prophet of old cried out, "O Thou hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in the time of trouble." The apostle Paul spoke of "the hope of Israel," and of "the hope of

the promise made of God unto our fathers." Christianity is the religion of hope, not of despair.

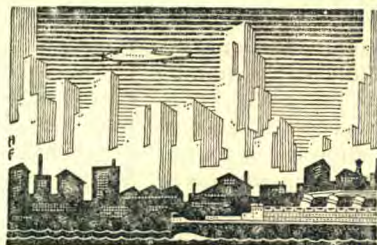
In the beginning man, created in the image of God, was a king, crowned with glory and honor, who had dominion over the earth; but by the willful rejection of God as his own king, man lost the image of God, and with it lost his dominion and became the slave of the god of this world. But God did not leave man without hope. "When the fullness of the time came, God sent forth His Son, born of a woman, born under the law, that He might redeem them that were under the law, that we might receive the adoption of sons." Not only were we redeemed, but the inheritance was redeemed, and there came the promise, "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former things shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." But when will this be realized?

All through the Old Testament is held out the hope of the restoration of man and his kingdom. "Whatsoever things were written aforetime were written for our learning, that through patience and through comfort of the Scriptures we might have hope." We live "in hope of eternal life, which God, who cannot lie, promised before times eternal." The whole work of Christ when here upon the earth and since His return to heaven has been carried on with reference to the restoration of all things. The time may seem long to us, but to Him who regards "a thousand years as one day," it is less than a week since sin entered into the world. Just before the cross, the resurrection, and the ascension, in that night interview with His disciples, Jesus said to them: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me. In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and will receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." Those who heard these words did not understand them clearly. Their religious leaders had taught them that their long-expected Messiah would take the throne of David in Jerusalem, and they hoped for prominent positions with Him. Even after His resurrection they asked

Him, "Lord, dost Thou at this time restore the kingdom to Israel?" But He opened their minds "that they might understand the Scriptures; and He said unto them, Thus it is written, that the Christ [the Messiah] should suffer, and rise again from the dead the third day; and that repentance and remission of sins should be preached in His name unto all the nations, beginning from Jerusalem."

The gospel of the cross, the gospel of the resurrection, the gospel of forgiveness of sins, the gospel of the kingdom, must be made known to all the world. A new era of good tidings was introduced by the revelation of the grace of God in the person of His Son, and this message was to be preached to Israel in the fullness of power before they were finally rejected and the kingdom given to others. That was done before

(Concluded on page 14)



"The jealous cannot be joyous."



M. E. Kern was the first secretary of the Missionary Volunteer Department, and served in that capacity for twenty-three years. To his unselfish, untiring effort we owe a lasting debt of gratitude.



TWO years ago I stood with a group of Missionary Volunteer secretaries from Southern Europe in an open space on the beautiful grounds of the Gland (Switzerland) Sanitarium, on the shore of Lake Geneva. On this very spot, May 15, 1907, there was held in a tent the General Conference Committee Council which decided to organize "the young people's work" as a separate department of the General Conference. And the young people of today are celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of that event.

W. A. Spicer, secretary of the General Conference at that time, reported that the decision to organize the department was inspired by the divine call to bring *every resource* into service for the closing work; and that the representatives present testified that Seventh-day Adventist youth in all the world were being moved by one common impulse to offer themselves for service.

The writer was called from Union College and the Central Union Conference to take the leadership of the newly organized department, in which position he continued to serve until 1930, and Matilda Erickson (Mrs. E. E. Andross), who is now so well known to our young people through her work and her writings, was chosen as assistant.

In July, two months after the General Conference Council in Switzerland, a Sabbath school and young people's convention was held at Mount Vernon, Ohio, and the new department was fully organized and launched. After considerable discussion the new organization was christened "Seventh-day Adventist Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers."

In 1917 Elder Meade MacGuire, who for years was closely connected with the Missionary Volunteer Department as field secretary, had this to say about the name which was adopted at Mount Vernon:

"Looking back over ten years of progress, it seems apparent that no mistake was made in choosing a name for this mighty movement. In ever-increasing numbers our young people are responding to the appeal of this name, and volunteering for mission service at home and abroad. To thousands of our young people it is a blessed name, for it represents to them new and deeper consecration, new ideals, and new aspirations. To our homes and conferences it represents a great co-operative and dynamic agency for the salvation and training of all our children. To the heathen it means that new recruits will be added to the ever-widening army of messengers bearing the gospel to those who sit in darkness. May it be a blessed name in the great hereafter, when all whose names may be enrolled on its records come bringing their sheaves with them."

TWENTY-

By M

The Mount Vernon convention laid the foundation broad and deep. It set forth the primary object of Missionary Volunteer Societies as "the salvation and development of our youth by means of prayer, Bible study, and personal missionary effort." It adopted the aim, motto, and pledge, developed a unified form of society organization, recognized the need of Junior work, and provided for a society for the isolated youth in each conference. The needs of the young were carefully studied and plans laid for a threefold training—devotional, educational, and missionary. A temperance pledge was prepared, and a crusade against harmful reading recommended. A yearly Missionary Volunteer Day in all the churches was requested. Twenty-five years' building on the superstructure has proved that the pioneers of this young people's movement had divine help in building a solid foundation.

The response of the young people of the advent movement to the new organization was spontaneous. The results of the new activity on the part of the young people were immediately reflected in the statistics of the work done. Not only was there a healthy growth in membership, but there was a still more rapid growth in the amount of missionary work per capita. For instance, in the quadrennial term, 1913-17, the amount of personal soul-winning work for each young person was five times the amount done during the preceding six years. The number of periodicals distributed was four times as great for each individual, and the money given to foreign missions was ten times as much. From the time of the first reports of young people's work to the General Conference in 1904 down to 1922, a period of seventeen years, the missionary activities and gifts to missions far outstripped the growth in society membership. The increase in membership was excellent, however, for while the denominational membership had increased 162 per cent during those years, the Missionary Volunteer membership had increased 1,900 per cent.

Our last quadrennial term shows that the trend is still upward. In 1930, while the Missionary Volunteer membership was equal to 24 per cent of the church membership, the Missionary Volunteers did 29 per cent of the reported missionary work of the entire church. This is the more remarkable when we take into consideration that about half of our Missionary Volunteers are children.

Perhaps it will help us to visualize the volume of missionary activities to say that the number of hours of Christian help work reported by the young people from 1904 to 1932 would equal 3,000 years of full-time service for one person, and it would take the time of one person more than 4,000 years to accomplish the 9,750,000 missionary visits, Bible readings and cottage meetings which the Missionary Volunteers have reported during this time. During this period the young people have also distributed the enormous sum of 65,325,000 periodicals, tracts, and books, and have writ-



D. A. Ochs, Associate Secretary

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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1,860,000 missionary letters. How wonderfully do such facts verify that first testimony regarding the organization of the young people, that "we have an army of youth today who can do much if they are properly directed and encouraged."

The membership of our Missionary Volunteer Societies all the world as given at the close of 1931, is 78,000. The number of young people baptized and added to the church each year is now more than 7,000. This is almost equal to the entire membership of the church in 1875. In North America almost 50 per cent of those who are baptized and added to the church each year are young people, and the Missionary Volunteer Department, we know, is one influential factor in bringing about these results.

It is evident that in building up a work of this nature there must be careful study and co-ordination. To this end there have been held a number of important councils and conventions during these twenty-five years. The next general convention after Mount Vernon was at Helena, California, in 1915—a joint educational and Missionary Volunteer convention. This was the year of the death of Mrs. E. G. White, whose interest in the children and youth, and messages regarding the work of our young people, have always been an inspiration to our leaders. The organization and principal features of the movement were carefully reviewed and strengthened at that time. Eight years later another educational and Missionary Volunteer convention was held at Colorado Springs, Colorado. Perhaps the outstanding feature at Colorado Springs was a careful review and study of the enlarged Junior plans which had been developed by the department and recommended by the General Conference Committee, including the Progressive Class work and the Junior Pledge and Law.

Aside from these general conventions there have been department meetings in connection with every

General Conference session. These meetings and the Missionary Volunteer exhibits in connection with the sessions have served as a distinct educational feature, and the discussions of the workers on these occasions have always been crystallized into definite policies for the guidance of the department. At our last General Conference session, in 1930, the Missionary Volunteer workers had a council for some days preceding the general session, at which special attention was given to soul-winning endeavor for young people by the church and by youth for youth.

There have also been Missionary Volunteer secretaries' councils in practically all the division conferences between the sessions of the General Conference. At the council held in connection with the Autumn Council of the General Conference Committee at Chattanooga, Tennessee, in 1927, a statement of Christian standards was prepared which was passed by the council which followed. This statement was printed in pamphlet form, and more than fifty thousand

H. T. Elliott, who connected with the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference as associate secretary some years ago, is now leader for our youth in the great world field.



copies were distributed to the Adventist homes throughout North America. This effort has done much to clarify the thinking of our young people regarding standards of Christian conduct in a time when standards generally are being lowered or discarded. There have been two series of regional councils in North America, making it possible for all the local conference leaders to attend. In 1915 there were six such meetings for educational and Missionary Volunteer workers, and in 1928 four Missionary Volunteer councils.

Aside from these conventions and councils, largely of workers, there have been some outstanding young people's conventions. In 1925 the Scandinavian Union took the lead in holding a union conference young people's convention. H. T. Elliott was present from the General Conference. Similar meetings have been held in other places. From a meeting of this nature in the state of Sao Paulo, Brazil, came the following message to the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department: "As an army of Missionary Volunteers in Brazil, we rejoice to tell you that during our congress we have renewed our vows of loyalty to our Master and have anew placed our lives on the altar of service."

In July, 1928, the largest gathering of Seventh-day Adventist youth which has ever been held was convened at Chemnitz, Germany, under the leadership of Steen Rasmussen, Missionary Volunteer secretary of the European Division. There were delegates from all the different countries of Europe, from Norway to Algiers, from England to Soviet Russia. There were also a few representatives from outside of Europe—Manchuria, China, India, Abyssinia, Brazil, the United States, and Canada. It was truly an international gathering, fitly representing the international character of the advent message. Aside from other results it is estimated that there were as many as two hundred young people converted as a direct result of this great gathering.

The Missionary Volunteer Department is one of the agencies of the church for the enlistment and training of its young people for the greatest task in the history of Christianity—the giving of the advent message to all the world in this generation. It is a recruiting and drilling agency for the Lord's army. Its primary task is to give the youth of the denomination an elementary training in Christian service. This involves an educational program. Such plans as the Morning Watch, Standard of Attainment, Bible Year, and Reading Courses have been greatly blessed of God in developing the devotional life of the young people, molding their ideals, and strengthening their purposes.

The Morning Watch Calendar, which began in 1908



Lester Bond, Associate Secretary

with an edition of 6,000, today has a circulation of 100,000 in North America alone, with editions from a few hundred to several thousands in at least twenty-five other countries. This little booklet has been greatly blessed of God as an aid in the devotional life. And the call which the department made to the young people to reach a mark of efficiency in Bible doctrines and denominational history (the Standard of Attainment) has met a hearty response in the hearts of thousands who have thus prepared themselves to give a reason for the hope that is within them.

The department has made untiring efforts to develop in our young people the habit of good reading, and has each year since 1907 offered well-selected Reading Courses, including books of devotion, nature, biography, missions, and culture. We estimate that in the twenty-five years of effort no less than 350,000 books have been circulated in this way. This would make a stack of books four and a half miles high. Thousands have caught their ideals from these books. Many missionaries on the field today received the inspiration for their life work from the Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses.

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR has been a mighty ally in this educational effort for our youth. It has carried the Missionary Volunteer ideals to our coming men

what Mrs. E. G. White wrote for youth through the years of her ministry.

The twofold objective of the Missionary Volunteer Department was well expressed in the motto displayed at the 1926 General Conference session: "To save from sin and guide in service." There are 150,000 children and young people in this denomination; 73,500 are children between six and fourteen who are not yet members of the church, and 27,000 are unconverted young people between fifteen and twenty-five. These constitute a mighty challenge to the spiritual forces of the church.

The Missionary Volunteer Department has sought to develop a corps of workers with special ability in working for young people. Attention has been given to the content of our message to the youth, and to methods of winning them to Christ. In secretarial councils our camp meeting work is always studied, and the plans developed for special programs including personal work of youth for youth during the meeting have borne a rich harvest of souls. The observance of a definite evangelistic work for young people—Missionary Volunteer Week—has enlisted the ministry in a special effort for the youth once a year, and has been very productive in definite decisions for Christ. The Missionary Volunteer secretary for South-



The National Costumes Group Attending the European Missionary Volunteer Congress at Chemnitz, Germany, in the Summer of 1928

and women, and has materially helped them to solve their problems. And for the last ten years the department has co-operated with the *Review and Herald* in reaching the older young people through its department for young men and women.

One of the strongest educational features of the department is the *Church Officers' Gazette*, established in 1914, which furnishes month by month outlines and material for Senior and Junior Society programs on a carefully planned yearly schedule of subjects. The department has also published a series of leaflets on vital young people's problems.

Aside from books on the Christian life, which different members of the department's staff have written, several books have been officially prepared by the department. We may mention "Missionary Volunteers and Their Work" (the Senior manual), published in 1919, after twelve years of study and experience in developing the plans of the department; the Junior Manual, in 1918 and 1924; "Social Plans for Missionary Volunteers," in 1919; "The Story of the Advent Movement," in 1926; the Junior Handbook, in 1928; "Messages to Young People," in 1930. Duplicates or abbreviations of some of these books have been issued in Europe and mission lands. These books are outstanding achievements of the department in producing a guiding literature. Especially has it done a lasting favor for the young people of the church in the compilation of "Messages"—the very cream of

ern Asia, where the constituency is quite small, writes that in their first observance of Missionary Volunteer Week fifty workers engaged in revival work, and that thirty-eight young people surrendered, while fifteen were reclaimed. The results in some larger conferences in North America have been as high as 100 converts and an equal number reclaimed from backsliding.

From the beginning of our organized young people's work an effort has been made to enlist the young people in soul-winning effort for others, and especially for other youth. It has been a youth-for-youth movement all the way through. The original policy, as laid down at Mount Vernon, emphasized a change of heart and the reception of the Holy Spirit as fundamental in soul winning, and the basis of all lines of Christian endeavor. It is a very hopeful sign of advancement that this evangelism for and personal evangelism by young people is receiving special emphasis at this time. Many illustrations might be given. In the old State of Michigan, where the first Seventh-day Adventist young people's society was organized in 1879, a society reports an evangelistic effort in a country church ten miles away, with a full house every Sunday evening. Three young men of the society have charge of the speaking, with other members in charge of the music, ushering, distribution of literature, etc. The secretary says, "Our prayer bands have been pray-

(Concluded on page 12)

"Many a day's woe comes from a moment's wandering."

JUNIORS

The High Cost of Disobedience

IN the New England States, once upon a time there lived a little girl named Janet, about whom this true story is written.

Janet was an enthusiastic Junior Missionary Volunteer. She took part in the society meetings and went to Junior camp. At the last camp she had worked hard and long to finish the requirements for a Friend's pin, so that she might receive it at the Investiture service. Sure enough, when the time came for the service, Janet had completed the requirements. How happy and, sad to say, rather proud she was as she stood by her little fire and repeated with the other girls the Junior Pledge and Law.

Soon it was time for her part on the program, which was to explain the portion of the law which reads, "Be courteous and obedient." She stood up straight and tall, and with the light of the camp fire on her face and a light of determination in her eyes, said, "I will be courteous and obedient, first to God, then to parents, and then to teachers and officers. This will I do willingly and at all times."

After this service, Janet's parents found a change in her. She had not always been obedient, but now it seemed that she really was trying to do her very best.

One day later in the summer, Janet and her mother and father decided to go to visit her grandparents in Canada. Janet always enjoyed visits at her grandfather's, but this year she was especially anxious to go, because her cousin John, who was just about her age, was to be there also. As Janet was an only child, this meant much to her. She thought of the other summers when she had seen John, and of the good times they had had together, even though he was a great tease.

Soon everything was in readiness for the trip, and Janet and her mother and father climbed into their car and started off for the journey of several days' length. As they neared the familiar little village, Janet strained her eyes for a first glimpse of the house. "There it is! There it is!" she cried; and before the car had fairly stopped, she was out and running up the steps. Grandmother was in the kitchen, busy making good things for her expected visitors, and grandpa was down at the barn, milking.

As the girl opened the door, John came running out.

"O Janet, you ought to see the little calves," he exclaimed. "Let's go down to the barn and look at them right away now."

After Janet had kissed grandmother, she and John went down to the barn.

"Well, well, if it isn't Janet," said grandpa as the two children ran up to greet him.

"Yes, I want to see the calves," said Janet.

"Why, of course, to be sure. I'll show them to you," said grandpa, leading the way to the stable.

There stood two of the prettiest little calves Janet had ever seen. One was all brown and the other black, with a white face.

AUDREY SAUNDERS

"Well, I must be getting up to the house," said grandpa. "But before I go, I must warn you that whatever you do, don't either of you touch this machine. If you do, you are liable to get hurt."

The two children promised, and then went to see the kind old horses, Dobbin and Rose, and Biddy's little chicks.

"Now Janet," said John, "look in this hole under the hay and tell me what you see."

"Oh," she exclaimed, "I see a whole lot of little shiny eyes! Is it kittens, John?"

John reached a hand under the hay and drew out a little ball of fur. The tiny thing was just old enough to have its eyes open. Then he pulled out another one.

"One is for you and one for me, Janet. Which do you want?" he asked.

"Oh, the white one!"

"Well, we'll put them back for now. And what would you like to do next?"

"Let's go and look at that grinding machine," suggested Janet. "I want to see how it works."

"All right," he agreed, "grandpa didn't say we mustn't look at it."

"This is the way it works," he explained when they reached the machine. "The grain is put in here at the top and comes out at the side, when you turn this handle."

"Oh, let me turn it," begged Janet.

"But grandpa said not to touch it," John reminded her.

"Oh, he wouldn't mind if I turn this handle *just a little bit*," pouted Janet. "It won't hurt his old machine." And then her eyes brightened. "Wouldn't it be fun if we had some real grain to put in it?" she cried.

"I know where there is some," said her cousin. "In here, in this grain bin."

He took a little pail, and filling it with grain, handed it to Janet.

"You can drop it in by handfuls while I turn the handle," he suggested.

"All right," agreed Janet eagerly.

She dropped in a handful of the grain while John turned. What fun it was to see it come out of the side of the machine, all ground up!

Faster and faster dropped the grain, and faster and faster whirled the machine.

Suddenly Janet screamed. "Oh, my hand! Oh, I've hurt it, my poor little finger!"

She rushed frantically up to the house, and to her mother.

"O mother, my hand!" she sobbed.

"Why, what is it?" asked mother. "How did this ever happen?"

"Oh, I don't want to tell you," Janet sobbed still harder. "Grandpa told me not to play with the grain machine, and I did and—and—"

"It was just as much my fault as hers, auntie," broke in John.



"Mr. Facing-both-ways cannot take a step forward."

"No, it wasn't either," insisted Janet. "I wanted to, and you just did it to please me."

"My!" said grandmother, looking at Janet's hand, "it surely looks as if her little finger is broken. I think we had better go over to Dr. Brown's right now and see what he says about it."

Dinner was just ready, but no one seemed to care about it, for they all got into the car to go to the doctor's.

Janet was scared. She had never been to a doctor before. But she didn't cry, because she knew the hurt hand was all her own fault.

"Well," said the young man who came to the door, "what can I do for you?"

"Is the doctor in?" asked grandma.

"No, he isn't," replied the young man, "but I am his son. Maybe I can help you."

"This little girl has had an accident," explained mother. "Is her finger broken?"

"Come in and I'll look at it," invited the young man.

He led the way into a pleasant, sunny room, and seated himself beside Janet.

"Let's see now," he said. "Yes, this is a clean break, but I'll soon have it set for you."

In a few minutes it was over, and they were on their way back to grandpa's, for their late dinner.

"O mother," whispered Janet on the way home, "I'm so sorry; I really didn't mean to disobey. Oh," she exclaimed, "disobey! I disobeyed! I didn't realize it before. Mother, will I have to give back my Friend's pin?" And the tears came again.

"Well," said mother and daddy together, "it seems to us that you have had enough punishment. Perhaps you have learned your lesson. We'll wait and see."

A few weeks later, when Janet removed the splint, she discovered that her finger was crooked. The young man had not set it correctly, and to this day the little misshapen finger is a constant reminder to her that the way of disobedience is a hard, hard way, and that the cost of disobedience is very high indeed.

Twenty-Five Years

(Concluded from page 10)

ing earnestly for this project, and have received some wonderful answers to their petitions."

Over in Kenya, East Africa, the organization of the young people, so recently from raw heathenism, is known as "Soldiers of Jesus," and they are doing fine service. In one community a society of thirty was asked to make an effort to bring the heathen to the Sabbath services, and they brought 150. In far-away Singapore the Missionary Volunteer Society holds meetings and distributes literature in a leper colony. A Japanese society holds children's meetings in neighboring villages. In the Solomon Islands in one year 1,592 dark-skinned children just out of the wilds gave 22,528 Bible studies and made 8,066 missionary visits. And thus it is around the world. There is earnest work of youth for youth within the church and also for those not of our faith.

Having been connected with the Missionary Volunteer Department for so long and having such high ideals for its accomplishments, I keenly sense its shortcomings. I recognize very clearly, however, the leading hand of God in the plans that have been adopted from time to time, plans that have proved their worth and adaptability, not only in Europe and America, but in every land where the advent message has gone. Its failures have been the common failures of the church—the lack of spiritual power. Its success will be assured by a deeply spiritual leadership, upflaming interest on the part of the older members of the church, and the persevering prayers and efforts of a nucleus of spiritual young people.

Some one has well said that "no measuring rod has

ever been devised to measure adequately the influence of the Missionary Volunteer movement; only the clear light of the city of God will show what has been accomplished. The work sometimes seems a little intangible, and to show only small results; but after a time the fruit begins to appear in the form of mature Christians, men and women who are giving their entire time to the message of the present-day exodus movement."

Never Again

(Concluded from page 6)

We didn't talk much, for each of us was busy with his own thoughts. The storm raged outside, and the rain on that galvanized iron roof was deafening. Flashes of lightning and roars of thunder startled us, only to give way to the moaning of the wind.

I sat reflecting. Here I was with a miserable night to endure. The distress was not so much from physical discomfort, but from mental torture. If we had only taken a chaperon it would have been just an adventure! But this—it was quite different! I knew that the story of our trip would be a choice bit of gossip at school, as well as all over the neighborhood. No matter how much we explained, there would always be some people who would be doubtful, and it would most certainly hurt my reputation. The worst of the whole situation was that it was all my own fault. I had known that we should not go on such a trip without a chaperon, but I had considered kindly advice as not being "modern" enough. All I had read in articles and books on this point of conduct, I had considered "good admonition," but had never applied it to myself. Through the long, long hours of that night I had plenty of time to think. Long before morning came, my outlook on life had been altered, and I had made some very definite resolutions.

Dawn found us all with very solemn faces; also, they were slightly smudged by smoke from the little oil stove. The storm had died in the night, leaving in its place a cold wind. We drove to the detour, and found the water had gone down a great deal, and although it was not yet considered "safe," we attempted to cross—and succeeded. It was about the happiest moment of our lives when the car pulled out on dry ground on the far side of that swift mountain stream.

Then we headed for home—six weary but wiser young people.

The Wings of the Morning

(Continued from page 5)

a short consultation with Tony. Ben watched the latter's face closely, and despaired of any favorable impression being made. But the huge representative of the law laid down an argument that seemed to be convincing, for the trace of a smile crossed the dark countenance, and Tony nodded his head.

Mike stepped to the door, a pleased expression on his face, inspired by a job well done. He looked at Ben and waved his club toward the restaurant keeper. "Your new boss," he chuckled, and went out abruptly, swinging the symbol of his authority with jaunty indifference.

"Come 'ere. What's your name?" and Tony beckoned to the boy to come.

"Ben Ashley," returned our hero briskly.

"All right, Ben; git back there in the kitchen and do whatever the cook tells yuh to do. Sixty cents; you'll work the rest of today and all day tomorrow fer that, what with the eats I give yuh while yer doin' it. Go on; git where I can't see yuh."

Relieved at his new opportunity and escape from arrest, in spite of his dislike of the man, Ben made his way back through the swinging door to the rear re-

"The branch that bends the lowest bears the most fruit."

gions. The whole atmosphere of the place was distasteful to him now, but he had a reputation to make and a living to procure some way, and this was as good a start as he could hope to get.

The kitchen, with its unsavory odors, uncleanness, and cluttered-up appearance, made an even less favorable impression on him than the front had, but beggars couldn't be choosers. The cook, a ponderous, dirty-aproned, perspiring Negro, was beginning to take it easy after the noon rush. He greeted Ben affably enough, but opened his eyes and rolled them ludicrously when told that this white boy had hired out to be a kitchen helper. But he said nothing at the time. He handed Ben a torn apron in keeping with the looks of things generally, and pointed him to a cubby-hole where a small model of his big, black self was slinging dishes and pots and pans around with more than necessary violence. The colored lad turned toward him at his appearance, showed two rows of gleaming teeth in a smile that seemed to indicate that he had been expecting him, and tossed him a towel.

"Yas, suh, you dry 'em," he piped, "an' see ef you can keep ahead of me. I is the dishwashinest man you eva did see," and he began to pile out the steaming dishes on the drain board. Ben had dried dishes before for his mother, and he knew what technique there was to it; but he had something to learn in the way of speed. He pitched in with a will, however, and soon the clean dishes were piling up. He held no scruples about whom he worked with, class distinctions never having entered his head. While he wished his kitchen companions were a little more sanitary, they were good-natured; and their racial optimism did much to drive away his depression.

The black boy recalled to his mind what he had once read about how Booker T. Washington had swept and dusted his way into Hampton Institute. It helped him to do a good job on the dishes. When they were finished and put in their place, and the huge cook and the black boy retired to the back entry to snooze a little and later to shoot craps in the alley with other Negroes, Ben busied himself cleaning and tidying up the place. The cook's face took on a darker hue when he returned and saw what was done; but everything was in place, so after making a remark about the white boy working them all out of a job, he started in to get supper.

By way of the waiters, it wasn't long before the news of Ben's industry and cleanliness got to the proprietor up front. He was skeptical. It wouldn't last. He knew these slick bums. But his new hand for two days knew nothing about his doubt, and cared little, just so he did what he was expected to do, and got something to satisfy his appetite. He ate his supper in content, and had all he could hold at one time. He worked hard through the evening, and was rewarded by being given a pallet to sleep on and being carefully locked in the wash room. He slept soundly, and was awakened by the cook's opening the door in the morning.

"Some dishwasher you got back there," observed the head waiter to Tony during the morning. "You oughta keep him on. He does twice as much as any one else you ever had, and he wants to do more. Bright kid, I'll say."

"Maybe I will," answered the boss. "He's green, and he looks honest. Them's two big items in a little scheme I've been hatchin'. I think I can use him in my business, and it won't be dishwashin', either." With this, he winked knowingly at the waiter; and the latter seemed to understand, as he went back to the pie case, chuckling.

That night after the supper work was done, having finished a strenuous day's labor in which he had added to his duties the getting ready with greater dispatch the foods for the waiters at the rush hours, Ben went up front to face Tony for his discharge. It was not without a sense of pride and satisfaction that he con-

templated the last thirty-six hours. He had vindicated his honesty and proved his industry. He had earned his way, and had eaten his full. But this was tinctured with fear and apprehension. Another night was before him, and tomorrow there were meals to find. With the weight of life upon him, he felt as if he had lived a year since he left home.

Tony turned from a customer to eye him narrowly. His attitude had changed toward his victim, but Tony never apologized or gave a hint of it. But he often changed front.

"Well, I hear you made good," he said grudgingly. "I got what was comin' to me"—"and then some," he added to himself. "Now what you goin' a do?"

"I'm going to hunt a job tomorrow," replied Ben.

"Got a bed for tonight?"

"No, sir, I haven't; but I guess I can find a place to sleep."

"How about hookin' up with me here? I don't believe you can do better."

"You said you didn't need any help," observed Ben, as if disinterested.

"Never mind about that, kid; I got a job for you if you want it. Tell you what I'll do: Give you your eats and four dollars a week, if you work hard and do what I tell you. You can get a cheap room near here somewhere, and live pretty good. How about it?"

The restaurant keeper did not fail to note the light that came into Ben's face as he met the proposition, and he knew he had the boy. The uncertainty of anything better, the street wandering, the cold rebuffs, the hunger,—all flashed through the boy's mind as he stood there. The wage looked liberal to him in his inexperience. Anyway, it was a living. He gave no thought to his need of clothes and other things.

"I'll take it," he said.

That night one of the waiters helped him find a room. Small and dingy it was, and with no outlook, but he consoled himself that he would spend little time in it. Three dollars a week for that, and he would have a whole dollar left. When he went to work the next day, he found that the cheerful little Negro had been let go, and he was expected to take his work. Nothing had been said about this, but he had promised to work and do what he was told, and there was no comeback. During the day he learned that his predecessor had got six dollars a week and food. Well, he'd show them that he was no whiner or slouch. He buckled into the work as hard as he could, and decided to be content. This was a start.

Several weeks passed. As he was now sure of his food and lodging, and got a little ready cash besides, he thought of writing home and telling the folks where he was, and that as soon as he could earn enough, he would come back. But as he thought it over, he wondered what was the use. His father wouldn't miss him, and to all appearances when he left, his mother didn't care very much. This work was hard, and he had no leisure time. He longed for the privileges he had had. But after all, he was free, and beholden to no one. This was the life of a real man. He was having visions of getting ahead, and perhaps of going into the restaurant business himself sometime.

He would be a long time saving money enough to get home on at the rate he was earning wages now, and he resolved not to try to beat his way again. Something within him rose up against that. He'd never get anywhere in life by stealing. That was sure.

Before he wrote home he would earn enough to get some good clothes and car fare, and go home right or not at all. He wasn't going to run home like a whipped cur with its tail between its legs. No, sir! Then he would write and announce his coming, and everybody would sit up and take notice when he got there.

With that decided, he settled down to work harder than ever.

(To be continued)

"A brave man is never afraid to say, 'I was mistaken.'"

Crucified, Risen, Ascended

(Concluded from page 7)

70 A. D., the call was rejected, and then came the end of the Jewish nation. We face the same situation today. There is widespread apostasy; we are living in the judgment hour; the last phase of the mediatorial work in the sanctuary in heaven is now in progress; and in our time "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations; and then shall the end come."

The missionary in a far-off land, even though he is engaged in winning souls for the kingdom, sometimes has a heart longing to visit the homeland, that he may have the privilege of associating once more with those dear to him. Many a weary pilgrim on the way to the New Jerusalem, whose heart has been wounded by the last enemy, longs for the time to come when he shall be permitted to meet those who have been loved and lost awhile. This is simply love in action. Love desires personal fellowship.

So it is with our loving Lord. The goal of His redemptive work is that we might be restored to fellowship with Him and with the Father in the restored kingdom. Think of His own words in His prayer the night before the cross: "Father, I desire that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am, that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given Me." With this in view He left His place on the throne, came to this world, gave His life as the ransom price, returned to heaven "to appear before the face of God for us," and is now finishing His work as our High Priest in order that He may come again as "King of glory" and may take to the heavenly mansions already prepared for them those who have accepted His work in their behalf. This is not the mere dream of a weary heart. This is not a mere creed developed by sympathetic thinkers with the purpose of inspiring hope in those who are sighing for something better. Again I affirm that we have not followed "cunningly devised fables." We deal with actual facts. The Jesus who ascended to heaven will return to this earth, according to the word of the two "in white apparel" who comforted the disciples when their risen Lord was taken from them: "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye looking into heaven? this Jesus, who was received up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye beheld Him going into heaven." This is the good news which is to be carried to the ends of the earth.

"Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring;
Jesus is coming again!
Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing;
Jesus is coming again."

Any one who reads the New Testament with average attention will be convinced that the return of Jesus is strongly emphasized. Note the number of times that Jesus Himself refers to it, as recorded in the four Gospels. Observe that in the first epistle ever written to the churches it is the leading topic, being the climax of each chapter. Follow the theme through the different epistles, and you may be surprised to find it mentioned so frequently. In the last book the keynote is, "Behold, He cometh with the clouds," and the last words before the benediction are, "Yea: I come quickly. Amen: come, Lord Jesus." It is confidently stated that there are about three hundred direct references to the second advent in the New Testament. There is good reason for such emphasis, for apart from this crowning act the gospel would lack any climax. It is the triumphant note of the redemptive hymn. Only by the second coming of Christ in conquering glory can be fulfilled the announcement of the heavenly voices in the time of the seventh and last trumpet: "The kingdom of the world is become the kingdom of our Lord, and of His Christ: and He shall reign forever and ever." Shall we not pray day by day, "Thy kingdom come"?

Just a word of counsel. That which will create in the heart of every young man and every young woman a real longing for the coming of Jesus is intimate union and fellowship with Him day by day. To know Him intimately will mean to desire to see Him face to face. Those only will be prepared for His coming in the body of His glory to whom He has already come in the person of the Holy Spirit and taken up His abode in their hearts. This is the essential preparation for the glorious advent of Him who has loved us and given Himself for us. What a privilege it will be to say in that day, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us."

"Face to face with Christ my Saviour,
Face to face—what will it be?
When with rapture I behold Him,
Jesus Christ who died for me.
Face to face shall I behold Him,
Far beyond the starry sky;
Face to face in all His glory,
I shall see Him by and by."

His message for us today is, "Behold, I come quickly." Remember, "quickly!"

OUR COUNSEL CORNER

Is it all right to read on Sabbath a good denominational book that one is reading for book report?

Your question implies that the book is to be read for the purpose of meeting a requirement. Such a motive for reading even good books on Sabbath is not a good one. It will prompt young people to study and read on the Sabbath for the purpose of gaining time for other requirements in connection with school duties during the week. I would seriously question the motive for this kind of reading on the Sabbath day. Every effort should be made to guard ourselves against making the Lord's day common and ordinary. Only then shall we be assured of the special blessing promised in Isaiah 58:13, 14.

D. A. OCHS.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

I—Creation; Sons of God

(July 2)

MEMORY VERSE: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." Luke 10:27.

KEYNOTE: Love.

Questions

God's Eternal Existence

1. What must one possess that he may please God? What is God to those who seek Him? Heb. 11:6.
2. How is the true God distinguished from false gods? Jer. 10:10-12. Note 1.
3. What description is given of the eternal existence of God? Ps. 90:1, 2.

The Work of Creation

4. What does the psalmist say of the work of creation? Ps. 33:6, 9.
5. Who were associated together in the work of creation? Eph. 3:9, last clause; John 1:1-3, 14.
6. How is the work of creation preserved? Neh. 9:6. Note 2.

Sons of God

7. How are the unfallen angels and the intelligences of other worlds related to God? Job 38:7.
8. In whose form did God create man? Gen. 1:26, 27.
9. What did God rightfully command the man? Gen. 2:16, 17. Note 3.
10. What change took place in Adam's relation to God after he had disobeyed God's command? Gen. 3:22-24. Answer.—Adam lost his direct contact with God, and became "fallen" man, who was hopelessly lost without a redeemer.
11. What promise is made to mankind regarding adoption into the family of God? 1 John 3:1, 2.
12. By what principle will the true follower of Christ be actuated? Matt. 22:37. Note 4.
13. How should God's people relate themselves to all mankind? Lev. 19:18; Matt. 22:39. Note 5.

"A dark lighthouse is worse than none at all."

Notes

1. "God's claim to reverence and worship, above the gods of the heathen, is based upon the fact that He is the Creator, and that to Him all other beings owe their existence."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 336.

2. "The Lord is constantly employed in upholding and using as His servants the things that He has made."—*"Testimonies,"* Vol. VIII, p. 260.

"The hand of infinite power is perpetually at work guiding this planet. It is God's power momentarily exercised that keeps it in position in its rotation. The God of heaven is constantly at work. It is by His power that vegetation is caused to flourish, that every leaf appears, and every flower blooms. Every drop of rain or flake of snow, every spire of grass, every leaf and flower and shrub, testifies of God. These little things so common around us, teach the lesson that nothing is beneath the notice of the infinite God, nothing is too small for His attention."—*Ibid.*

3. "Our first parents, though created innocent and holy, were not placed beyond the possibility of wrong doing. God made them free moral agents, capable of appreciating the wisdom and benevolence of His character and the justice of His requirements, and with full liberty to yield or to withhold obedience. They were to enjoy communion with God and with holy angels; but before they could be rendered eternally secure, their loyalty must be tested. At the very beginning of man's existence a check was placed upon the desire for self-indulgence, the fatal passion that lay at the foundation of Satan's fall. The tree of knowledge, which stood near the tree of life in the midst of the garden, was to be a test of the obedience, faith, and love of our first parents. While permitted to eat freely of every other tree, they were forbidden to taste of this, on pain of death. They were also to be exposed to the temptations of Satan; but if they endured the trial, they would finally be placed beyond his power, to enjoy perpetual favor with God."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pp. 48, 49.

4. "To love Him, the Infinite, the Omniscient One, with the whole strength, and mind, and heart, means the highest development of every power. It means that in the whole being—the body, the mind, as well as the soul—the image of God is to be restored."—*"Education,"* p. 16.

5. "The law of love calls for the devotion of body, mind, and soul to the service of God and our fellow men. And this service, while making us a blessing to others, brings the greatest blessing to ourselves. Unselfishness underlies all true development. Through unselfish service we receive the highest culture of every faculty. More and more fully do we become partakers of the divine nature. We are fitted for heaven; for we receive heaven into our hearts."—*Ibid.*

Junior Lesson

I—The Beginning and the End of Sin

(July 2)

MEMORY VERSE: "He that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new." Rev. 21:5.

LESSON HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 33-43, 52-62; "Daniel and the Revelation," chapter 21; "The Great Controversy," pp. 676-678.

Questions

1. Who besides God the Father, Jesus the Son, and the Holy Spirit belong to the family in heaven? Rev. 5:11. Note 1.

2. What is said of one angel whom God exalted to a high position? What caused this angel to sin? Eze. 28:14, 15, 17.

3. What was the name of this angel? What did he say in his heart? Whom did he say he would be like? Isa. 14:12-14. Note 2.

4. What finally took place in heaven? Who took part in this war? Which side "prevailed not"? Rev. 12:7, 8. Note 3.

5. What names are now given to the one called Lucifer? Where was he cast? Who were cast out with him? Verse 9.

6. Where did Satan appear in the guise of a serpent when he was cast out of heaven? What did he lead Adam and Eve to do? Gen. 3:1-6.

7. By disobeying God, what did Adam and Eve lose? Verses 22-24.

8. After man had sinned, how did God show His love, and His willingness to forgive? John 3:16.

9. To what wild beast is Satan compared? 1 Peter 5:8.

10. Why do we not need to fear his power? James 4:7.

11. To what time is the earth in its present condition reserved? What will be the result of the fire? 2 Peter 3:7, 10, 12.

12. Notwithstanding the destruction of the earth by fire, for what may we look, according to God's promise? Verse 13.

13. What will the inhabitants of the new earth do? Isa. 65:21.

14. What will be done for the afflicted and unfortunate? Isa. 35:5, 6.

15. What information is given concerning the capital city of the new earth? measurements? wall? gates? gatekeepers? Rev. 21:10-21. Note 4.

16. Of what will the city have no need? Verse 23. Rev. 22:5.

17. What did John see flowing through the city? What was on either side of the river? Rev. 22:1, 2.

18. Who will be permitted to enter the city? Verse 14.

Notes

1. "From the scriptures cited, we learn not only who compose the family in heaven, but also that this heavenly family has order, arrangement, and degrees of responsibility. Such terms as 'seraphim,' 'cherubim,' 'anointed cherub,' 'covering cherub,' etc., indicate that some among the angels are of higher rank than others, and the work they are appointed to do is of a higher order than that which is given to others."—*"The Ministry of Angels,"* I. H. Evans, p. 15.

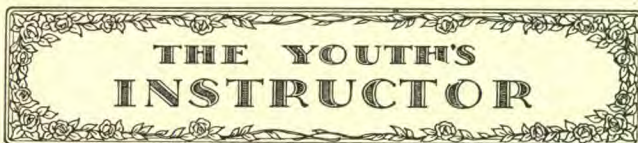
2. "Sin originated with him, who, next to Christ, had been most honored of God, and was highest in power and glory among the inhabitants of heaven. Lucifer, 'son of the morning,' was first of the covering cherubs, holy and undefiled. He stood in the presence of the great Creator, and the ceaseless beams of glory enshrouding the eternal God, rested upon him."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 35.

"When God said to His Son, 'Let us make man in our image,' Satan was jealous of Jesus. He wished to be consulted concerning the formation of man, and because he was not, he was filled with envy, jealousy, and hatred. He desired to receive the highest honors in heaven next to God."—*"Early Writings,"* p. 145.

"Leaving his place in the immediate presence of the Father, Lucifer went forth to diffuse the spirit of discontent among the angels. . . . The spirit of dissatisfaction, thus kindled, was doing its baleful work. While there was no open outbreak, division of feeling imperceptibly grew up among the angels. There were some who looked with favor upon Lucifer's insinuations against the government of God. . . . These stood ready to second Lucifer's demand for equal authority with the Son of God."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* pp. 37, 38.

3. "God, in His great mercy, bore long with Lucifer. He was not immediately degraded from his exalted station when he first indulged the spirit of discontent, nor even when he began to present his false claims before the loyal angels. Long was he retained in heaven. Again and again he was offered pardon, on condition of repentance and submission. Such efforts as only infinite love and wisdom could devise, were made to convince him of his error. The spirit of discontent had never before been known in heaven. Lucifer himself did not at first see whither he was drifting; he did not understand the real nature of his feelings. But as his dissatisfaction was proved to be without cause, Lucifer was convinced that he was in the wrong, that the divine claims were just, and that he ought to acknowledge them as such before all heaven. Had he done this, he might have saved himself and many angels. He had not at this time fully cast off his allegiance to God. Though he had forsaken his position as covering cherub, yet if he had been willing to return to God, acknowledging the Creator's wisdom, and satisfied to fill the place appointed him in God's great plan, he would have been reinstated in his office. But pride forbade him to submit. He persistently defended his own course, maintained that he had no need of repentance, and fully committed himself, in the great controversy, against his Maker."—*"The Great Controversy,"* pp. 495, 496.

4. "The measure around it, as the words 'length' and 'breadth' imply, and as was the early custom of measuring cities, is 12,000 furlongs. This is equal to 1,500 miles, 375 miles on each side, making a perfect square. The area of this city is therefore 140,625 square miles, or 90,000,000 acres, or 3,920,400,000,000 square feet. Allowing 100 square feet to each person, or a space ten feet square, the city would hold 39,204,000,000 persons, or twenty-six times the present population of the globe."—*"Bible Readings,"* p. 780.



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"Sin gives its slaves no holidays."

THE LISTENING POST

FROM Amman, Transjordan, comes the news that Bedouins are crossing the frontier ragged, gaunt, starving, in a state of really pitiable distress. "Bread," is the request made by all. For weeks these desperate visitors have been keeping themselves alive chiefly by eating edible roots. Some are bringing in their flocks of sheep and goats—the animals almost at their last gasp.

MOTORISTS in Helsingfors believe that it is better to use the brakes than the horn. For more than a year the Finnish capital has been practically honkless. Cars slow down for pedestrians and cross traffic; at night drivers signal their intentions by raising or lowering their lights. During the experimental period the number of accidents has not increased, and there has been welcome relief from noise.

THE original vine of the famous Concord grape is still growing in Concord, Massachusetts. Its discoverer was Ephraim Bull, and he has left the record (now inscribed beside the ancient vine) of how he sought among the wild grapes to find the best and earliest seedlings. "I sowed the seeds," he says, "in the autumn of 1853. Among them the Concord was the only one worth saving." The first fruit was borne six years later, and attracted much attention.

PLENNIE WINGO, the Texan who is trying to establish a record for walking around the world backward, had no trouble for the first 2,925 miles out of Fort Worth. But he ran into difficulties very promptly when he backed across the Turkish border. For Turkish regulations make no provisions for crablike entries into Ottoman territories, and the police immediately arrested the gentleman. He is in jail in Istanbul, broke, without a visé, and unable to get out either backward or forward.

SMOKING rooms for the officers and crew of the United States naval airship "Akron" will be ready when the ship leaves on its next flight. The gun room at the after end of the control car will be used for this purpose by the officers, and the crew will be permitted to smoke in the emergency control room in the stern of the ship. The two "smoking rooms" will be lined with a special fireproof sheathing. Similar provisions for smoking were made on the "Los Angeles" about a year ago.

DID you know that cows sometimes wear spectacles? And that there are dealers in Paris, Vienna, and London who carry on quite a trade in cow spectacles? In Russia and other northern countries, where deep snows abound in winter, the glare is blinding, and the poor cows suffer greatly without eye protection. Forty years ago it was discovered that when their eyes are shielded with blue glass, they are more healthy and give more milk. Therefore came the strange custom of cows—great herds of them—wearing spectacles securely fastened to their heads as they go out for their daily exercise and feeding.

IN these days of machine-made clothing and other wearing apparel, shoe cobblers have almost gone out of existence, yet in Holland, Michigan, there is a man engaged in the business of making wooden shoes. Before the World War, Fred Oldemulden, of Germany, made wooden shoes for a living. The dream of his life was to come to America, and five years after the war was over, he reached Holland, a settlement of people of Dutch birth or extraction. Some of the older residents had worn wooden shoes in their native land and still preferred them for outdoor wear. Therefore Fred Oldemulden found plenty of work. At first he carved the shoes by hand, but as orders came in faster, he set up a factory in his back yard, equipped with electrically operated machinery. Outside markets for his products are wide and varied. A man in Chicago ordered several pairs of huge wooden shoes for window boxes. A talkie studio in Hollywood, California, orders wooden shoes from Holland, Michigan. Actors wear them on the stage, and they are in demand for various types of amateur entertainments. Miniature shoes of wood sell readily as souvenirs to tourists who visit this quaint Dutch community.

"Adversity tries faith; prosperity tries fidelity."

FACT and fable are strangely mingled in the history of leap year. What would seem to be fable is revealed as founded on fact, and what has long been accepted as fact is often discovered to have a historical basis as slender as the estimable nursery tale of George Washington and his father's cherry tree. For an illustration of a leap year legend that would ordinarily be dismissed as pure fancy, take the traditional privilege of the fair sex to propose marriage during leap year. It will surprise most of us to find that this privilege is based on actual legislation, enacted into law by Scotland 650 years ago, in the year 1288. Here is the actual wording of the Scotch law: "It is statut and ordaint that during the rein of hir maist blissit Megeste, for ilk yeare knowne as lepe yeare, ilk mayden ladye of bothe highe and lowe estait shall hae liberte to bespeke ye man she likes." The facts of the origin of leap year are on record in the seven-foot chiseled surface of the Tanis or Canopus stone, a cast of which may be seen in the National Museum at Washington. This stone was discovered by Karl Lepsius, the celebrated Orientalist, at Tanis, Egypt, in 1866. It bears a long inscription in Egyptian and Greek, a decree under date of 238 B. C., establishing leap year in Egypt. The decree, freely translated, reads as follows: "In order that it may happen that the matters decreed to be done at each season of the year may be done in accordance with the position which the heavens have with reference to the things which have to be performed at the present time (so that occasion may not be given and the case may not arise that some of the winter festivals should be observed in the summer, in consequence of the rising of the calendar star Sirius advancing one day every four years); and on the other hand, in order that some of the summer festivals shall not in the future come to be celebrated in the winter (a thing which has actually happened in the past and would happen again if the year always consisted of 360 days and 5 additional days, according to current practice): It is commanded that from this time onward, one day—a festival of the good-doing gods—shall be added every four years, so that every man shall know that the small amount of time which was lacking in the arrangement of the seasons and of the year and in the rules which passed as laws for the knowledge of their movements, has been corrected, and that this correction has been supplied by the good-doing gods." This was precisely the leap year which was brought from Egypt to Rome by Sosigenes, the Alexandrian astronomer whom Caesar commissioned to draft the new calendar.

CANADIANS are disgusted with their radio programs, which are similar to those in the United States, and have taken the first step toward following Mother Britain, famed throughout the world for her able broadcasting. There is to be a gradual emancipation of Canada from United States radio influence by the setting up of a coast-to-coast chain of powerful stations under Dominion ownership. Also there is to be a sharp reduction in advertising—not more than 5 per cent of each program; supervision of Canadian broadcasts by a commission charged with improving the quality of programs; and gradual elimination by the high-power chain of present small Canadian stations now in operation.

IN the interest of national reform, the president of Turkey, Mustapha Kemal-Pasha Ghazi, has ordered a translation of the Koran to be used in religious services hereafter. At the last celebration of Ramadan, the most important Mohammedan fast, the translation was used. Never before had the service been read in anything but the traditional Arabic tongue of the great prophet. A few years ago such an innovation would have been impossible, and even today it is regarded by many devout Mohammedans as sacrilege.

SURPRISING, but a fact! Lath nails made by a certain manufacturer are sterilized for forty minutes at a temperature of 350° before being kegged. As they are made by machinery, the lather's hands are the first to touch them and transfer them to the mouth, where a lather invariably holds his nails.

HOUSES made of copper were exhibited at the recent International Building Exposition in Berlin. Such a house is made in sections in a factory, and can, so it is said, be screwed together in twenty-four hours.