



# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## *A True Friend*

BY RUTH UNDERWOOD

If discouraged and lonely, you faint 'neath the load,  
And it seems to you nobody cares,  
You will find in the Saviour a Friend that is true,  
And each burden He willingly shares.

While He tenderly speaks words of comfort and hope,  
He will bind up the poor broken heart;  
And His love like the sunshine will banish the night,  
And bid every storm cloud depart.

If you'll cling to the Saviour through tempest or calm,  
Safely over life's perilous sea  
He will guide your wee craft to that heavenly shore,  
Where the Father is waiting for thee.



## LET'S TALK IT OVER

"DON'T," exploded Roger throwing down the morning paper in disgust, "have any faith any more in anything or anybody anywhere!"

"So?" questioned Uncle John. And he picked up the discarded news sheet to read for himself the disturbing details of a nation-wide bank holiday. Fifteen minutes later he joined his nephew for the morning drive "down town." At the corner Roger stopped to drop a letter in the mail box.

"I thought you'd lost all your faith," remarked Uncle John.

"I have—every atom!"

"Then why trouble to post that letter?"

"What's *that* got to do with *faith*?" Roger demanded in surprise.

"Everything. I judge you expect it to reach its destination?"

"Certainly."

"Then you must have faith—absolute faith—in Uncle Sam's postal and transportation system?"

"Well—yes, I suppose I have."

AND at that moment they joined the stream of traffic which crosses and recrosses the wide Potomac on the Francis Scott Key Memorial span.

"I'm surprised that you're risking the bridge this morning," observed Uncle John.

"*'Risking'*? What do you mean?" Again Roger was surprised.

"How do you *know* it will hold up under all this weight of freight and passengers and automobiles?"

The young man looked at his passenger pityingly. "Why, because *it's a perfectly safe bridge*," he stated emphatically.

"Faith again!" And this time Uncle John chuckled.

Twenty minutes later they entered the tall office building where the older man spends his working days. Roger was to do an errand for him before he went about his own affairs, and the papers were in a safe nine floors above the street.

"I presume you'll be *walking* up?" his uncle questioned.

"Walk? Me? *Why*?"

"Well, since you haven't 'any faith any more in anything or anybody anywhere,' I just wondered. You know you can't ride in an elevator without exercising faith in the power that runs it, and in the operator who controls that power and sends the car up and down the shaft."

"I've faith enough left for *that*,"

laughed Roger. "I'm *not* walking up *nine* flights of stairs—not even if every bank in the United States is closed."

✎

THEY'LL *never* open," remarked Uncle John quietly, "unless somebody exercises faith in somebody else. Remember, lad, that above and beyond any special political faith you may have, you are an American. And the patriotism of a *real* American—or a *real* citizen of any country in this troubled old world—is far above politics. Let's have faith in the men who stand at the helm of the ship of state. What they need in this time of crisis is not criticism but co-operation. The confidence of those of us who make up the rank and file will do a great deal toward helping them to weather the storm. It is my privilege to *believe* that they are doing their level best—and I choose to exercise that privilege."

"Well, things are in a *pretty* mud-dle," gloomed Roger.

"When the outlook is dark, there's the uplook, you know. That's always bright. Our heavenly Father is Governor in Chief of the affairs of the world. It takes faith to trust Him, of course,"—Uncle John unlocked his office door and turned to place a friendly hand upon the young man's arm,—*"but faith is the warp upon which the web of life is woven. It is the key to a thousand doors, the very mainspring of not only things religious, but common-ordinary—everyday existence. We simply can't manage to live without it. Really, lad, faith is a very wonderful talent that God has intrusted to every human being. Let's take care—you and me—lest we prove unreliable stewards of this wonderful gift."*

"You should be a preacher instead of a lawyer, Uncle John," laughed Roger. "But it's been a *good* sermon. I'll admit this is a new angle on faith. Thank's for the tip."

And a moment later he was in the elevator again and on his way—thinking! Thinking calmer thoughts!

✎

IT'S worth our while, now and then, to take a bit of time to get better acquainted with the apostle Paul. His was a colorful, vivid life, filled with action. But from the day when on the Damascus road he caught his first glimpse of Jesus, and suddenly right-about faced, his faith never

wavered, he never once faltered or turned back.

Remember the night when he and Silas were in jail in Philippi? Their backs were sore and bleeding; their feet were fast in the stocks; they were cold and hungry and altogether uncomfortable. Did they weep and bemoan their lot? Not Paul and Silas! Imagine the surprise it must have caused when instead of groans and cursings there rang out from the dark, dank torture dungeon—songs! Songs of "praise to God"! The keepers snapped to attention, and every one within hearing distance listened and wondered.

Then "suddenly there was a great earthquake." The very foundations of the old prison were shaken, and bars and bolts and chains were loosed. Wakened from his sleep, the warden, seeing the doors wide open, thought that his prisoners had surely escaped, and was about to take his own life. But—hark! From the inner dungeon a voice shouts the reassurance: "We are all here."

Then amazed and trembling still, the jailer called for a light. He made his way through the debris, and fell down beside these two strange men whom a few hours before he had cruelly beaten, crying: "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

And you remember Paul's answer? It wasn't long, nor complicated, nor mysterious; but every one of its six words is full of meaning: "Believe."—just "believe," he said—"on the Lord Jesus Christ."

✎

THE selfsame assuring word comes to each one of us today. Would you have "the peace . . . which passeth all understanding," as you trudge along life's dusty, hilly highway? Would you be fearless in a world filled to the brim with trouble and perplexity and sin and suffering? Then just *believe*—have faith—in your fellow men, even as you expect them to have faith in you; and have faith above all else in your God who sits on the throne of the universe.

Remember, faith is the hand by which you may reach up right now—today—this moment—and grasp heaven. Faith is *believing* what you cannot see, and its final reward is *seeing* what you cannot believe!

Lora E. Clement



# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## Whistle Your Best

By

THEO. G. WEIS

**BEST!!!**

And not only piccolo players either. No, this article does not concern itself with masters of woodwind instruments, reed whistles, or even bird-call imitators. Profession, occupation, caste, color line, age, wealth, or fame shall not bound the scope of its purpose.

Here is a story! On a dusty road hard by Westminster Chapel in London, where sleep the kings and queens as well as many nobles and statesmen, heroes and poets, of the British Empire, a sparkling, sun-tanned lad in half-torn pantaloons met a jovial old man who was every day of sixty. The man was leisurely sauntering along, his mind on the far-off hills of yesterdays. He was whistling.

"I can whistle better than that," said the boy, and he set an example by whistling like a lintie.

"But you know," said the Scotchman, his face beaming down at his enthusiastic young competitor, "I wasna whistlin' my best that time," and he gave a more vigorous specimen of his powers.

"I wasna whistlin' my best either," cried the lad, so he wet his lips, squared his shoulders, and put all his little soul's determination into the whistle. Not to be beaten, the gray-haired man gave a rival performance, which far outdid his two previous efforts.

"I'll say, man," said the boy at the close, "if you can whistle like that, why did you whistle like yon?"

The reason why the name of Joyce Kilmer has been tabulated so high in the long list of contemporaries is not because rare opportunities gave him special advantages, or because fond friends bestowed rich and repeated favors, but because he looked for the very best and the very sincerest in the commonest things of his everyday drudgery. He saw beauty in the trifles we let slip. Because he looked a little more carefully than the rest of us, he was awarded with a greater satisfaction. His song is sweeter because he was a doer of little things, and so learned

to touch the vital element in what is so common.

Whether it is writing a poem, tuning a violin, directing an orchestra, firing a railroad engine, painting a bridge, patching an automobile tire, designing a dress pattern, or polishing the living room floor, each common daily duty asks of us the "best whistle" for the occasion, not a haphazard, thoughtless performance.

How would you like to be chosen, by honor of public opinion, the best citizen of a city of 60,000? Mrs. R. Pim Butchart, of Victoria, British Columbia, was accorded that signal honor. What is more, the only other freeman of Victoria—or of Canada, for that matter, as this is the only city outside Great Britain and Ireland

which has been granted this high honor—is the Earl of Willingdon, the present viceroy of India, who accepted this distinction on the occasion of his visit here after he had been appointed governor-general of Canada.

Tens of thousands of people from all parts of the world have visited Benvenuto, or "Butchart's Gardens," just a few miles from the city of Victoria on Vancouver Island. There are few private gardens in the world which enjoy the popularity of this twenty-acre spot of beauty. Too, few give their guests such warm-hearted freedom, none are presided over by so generous a hostess. Here a visitor may wander at leisure without encountering "Do Not Pick the Flowers" or "Keep Off the Grass" signs, where there is no police supervision, no red tape—no wonder it has become the Mecca for tourists and all lovers of flowers.

But here is what interests us at this moment. Mrs. Butchart left her home in Ontario to live very humbly at Owen Sound. At first she regretted the move. When cement works became her husband's main interest, there were more shiftings, the last of which was to Todd Inlet with its abundance of lime rock. So wild it was that the deer would come right up to her three-room cottage door. Certain parts of Todd Inlet are not beautiful; to bury her loneliness and keep alive her love for flowers, she started a little garden. That was fifteen years ago. Today Benvenuto sends a cloud of fragrance from the bosom of denuded lime rock. In the ruggedness of that ugly quarry is a sunken garden, a Japanese garden, an Italian garden, a rose garden, rock gardens, waterfalls, fountains, ponds with goldfish, summerhouses, tables and chairs under huge umbrellas, swings for children, a tea house, and an aviary.

There is no end to its surprises. I know, for I have wandered those side paths whole afternoons at a time. What natural wealth! Over and again the thought impresses itself, "All this out of an ugly cement



*Trees*

JOYCE KILMER

I THINK that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree—

A tree whose hungry mouth is prest  
Against the earth's sweet flowing  
breast;

A tree that looks at God all day,  
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;

A tree that may in summer wear  
A nest of robins in her hair;

Upon whose bosom snow has lain,  
Who intimately lives with rain.

Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only God can make a tree.



quarry? Impossible!" Of course this is *only* an old deserted quarry, these are ugly rocks, these replanted trees, these just flowers, just birds, just bees. But could common things be more beautifully arranged, could humble work be more enthusiastically done? *Only* a limestone quarry, yet sixty thousand people praise the transformation, and with added zest the "lady of the garden," for so children call her, goes about trimming her roses. If your path ever leads you to Todd Inlet, you will admit, with me, that as far as gardens go or making the homely beautiful, this is the "best whistle."

You have often heard it said: "Like father, like son." If your father were a dirt farmer, would you be one? or would you aim to be a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, a professor, or a something else? Mind you, I am not insinuating that that would be a wrong goal. There is no limit to a beginner's possibilities, if properly guided. When, however, they say of you, "Oh, well, his father wasn't much of a farmer; that young fellow will be just a dirt farmer," you are faced with a challenge (provided you want to farm) that will put some muscle on your shoulders or else knock all the "push and get" out of you. The young fellow I am speaking of—why bother mentioning a name—was just in such a predicament. We were salmon fishing, had raised and lowered our spoon and line all afternoon and caught only six average-size fish, when he reverted to the question we so often talked about,—what a young fellow ought to do in life, especially, perhaps, a Seventh-day Adventist young man. There is one thing I remember he said. He said it so sincerely and with so much emphasis of expectant approval that it clings to me as if it occurred yesterday.

"If I *do* it the very best, I'm bound to *be* the best, ain't I?" He wanted to be a farmer, but he studied art when I was with him. Of course I saw textbooks on agriculture on his bookshelf, but they didn't appeal to me. He made paintings, pen sketches, water color tints. He drew house plans and lawn plans. With pencil, square, brush, and ink he could make some of his ideas look positively real. Now, in his spare time, he illustrates books, does covers for magazines, and sells them too!

Does he farm? To read his home town paper you would think so. He bought, at a bargain, one of the flattest, unlikeliest places, with ramshackle buildings, a foul-smelling well, rat-infested cellars, and leaking granaries that the Shaunavon district ever possessed. Out of that southern Saskatchewan dirt, with his own hands and ideas, he created a paradise—yes, a paradise of a farm on the prairies. Of course not in a day, not in a year!

He is still building on that farm and home of his, but he is already the best citizen of his municipality. He placed the house on a different foundation, added a wing, remodeled the roof. Then he drilled a well, put a house and windmill over it. He painted his barn. He has hedges, trees, flowers, fishponds, greenhouses, and machine sheds, all on that cold, barren prairie. The wiseacres of his youth pull their imaginary beards, and say, "Oh, well, we didn't know he was goin' to do like that. We thought he was just wantin' to be a plain farmer. He ain't no farmer at all." But he is; he grows wheat, oats, barley, flax, potatoes, onions. He milks cows, gathers eggs from his hennery, raises horses, weeds gardens. He does all this, and does it so well that he is honored by visits from persons of fame; and his neighbors say he "ain't what he is." He reads books!!! And here my story of him stops. Never mind his name, but—"whistle your best."

Next time you hear the name Ritchie, remember that other than designating the governor of the State of Maryland, it identifies one of the most

forceful international salesmen of the British Empire. He is the head of a mercantile concern that has penetrated to the remote corners of six continents. He is Harold F. Ritchie of Toronto. He travels on an average of 100,000 miles a year. In youth, because of his selling prowess, he became nicknamed "Car-load" Ritchie. As such he is known from Moscow to Buenos Aires and from London to Shanghai. Fifty-two years ago he started with a small commission agency business. Upon that foundation he built the present world-wide sales organization. These days, what is more common than a salesman? Yet here is a man who has made the concern international.

Lest you rebuke me by saying that I have chosen people who are doing in an unusual way what no one else can do, let me ask this: Will a student of piano practice as well and faithfully as a Paderewski? will a "ditty writer" labor over his poem like a Milton? will a gardener toil like a Mendel or a Burbank? will a nurse pursue her course like a Nightingale? will a man fight like a Samson even though he possess only the ass's jawbone of a broken opportunity for a weapon against the hoards of onrushing failure? If he will, then the laurel wreath of victory shall be his; and out of the carcass of the common, menial things he will pick the honeyed sweetness of a happiness not valued by standards of gold.

There once lived a Syrian leper of dignity and power—you know his name. He paused by the gateway of the humble dwelling of a prophet in Israel to seek a remedy for his plague. The prophet told his servant to tell the captain to go to the rumbling, restless, dirty little Jordan River, bathe himself seven times, and be clean. He did not like it. In fact, he almost decided to remain a leper instead of stooping seven times to so common a thing. But one of his servants advised him to heed the words of the man of God. Now isn't it strange, that this man of prowess and splendor who took orders only from kings and who advised others, would accept a footman's suggestion, and do a trivial thing seven times?

It seems that most of us would rather possess the leper spots of laziness and inaccuracy than to repeat that everyday humdrum task to the point of perfection. We expect God to do wonders with and for us, but we forget to fit into His plan. Jesus has promised to go with His children every step of the way, but He is usually left at the forks of a road leading over some trifle. Remember, the leper spots of failure will disappear when no detail has been neglected. And it may be well while you stoop seven times to do what you doubly dislike, to do it whistling your very level best instead of moping.



#### NEXT WEEK

The story, "Exiled," begins. It is told by Serpouhi Tavoukdjian, the Seventh-day Adventist young woman who actually had this experience. You will enjoy it yourself, but why not share this pleasure with one or more friends? Fifty cents will send the **INSTRUCTOR** for three months to any part of the United States.



# ROGER WILLIAMS

## *The First American*

By GWYNNE DALRYMPLE

*His memorial stands in  
Statuary Hall of the Cap-  
itol at Washington, D. C.*

THE days and weeks passed slowly by. The stanch "Lyon," bravely buffeting the not too gentle waves of the Atlantic, held her course westward. At last, more than two months after she had weighed anchor from Bristol, Old England, the watchers on her decks glimpsed land—not balmy and inviting land, but land solidly frozen under the dense packing of snow and ice which is the usual heritage of New England during the month of February.

The New England of 1631, however, was not the New England with which we are acquainted, full of populous cities and busy factories. It had been settled only a little more than a decade. The scattered villages of the pioneers, clinging precariously to the coast line, were threatened with dangers before which a modern cheek would pale. Life was hard. A living had to be wrested from an ungenerous soil, and constant and exhausting labor yielded but a scant return of comfort and leisure. The Indian was yet in the land, disposed to view with gnawing resentment the log cabins of the paleface, encroaching upon his primeval hunting grounds. It was a country and a mode of life which might well repel the timid, the indolent, and the careless.

Yet the land looked goodly enough to the anxious passengers of the "Lyon." For it was the New World—the world of hope and promise, the world where liberty and justice were to bless the persecuted people of God. If the shores of Nantasket were cold, the hearts of her inhabitants were warm, and the travelers were eagerly made welcome when their ship at last reached Boston.

Most prominent among the new arrivals was Roger Williams, who with his wife, Mary, had come to labor in New England. He was, as Governor Winthrop records, "a godly minister," and the deeply religious Puritans expected to hear his discourses with much edification. Although Mr. Williams was a young man, he was considered to have great promise. Indeed, soon after his arrival in Massachusetts he was invited to the assistant pastorate of Salem, one of the leading settlements in the colony.

But it was soon discovered that Mr. Williams held heretical views.

First, he asserted that the Boston clergy had not fully separated from the Church of England, and that they had permitted a dangerous conformity with the latter. To maintain this, of course, was bad enough. But he went farther, and promulgated what was considered a much more dangerous heresy—what Williams himself called "soul liberty." This doctrine was simply that while the magistrates had authority to punish men by fines, imprisonment, or death for offenses against the last six of the ten commandments, they had no authority to punish men for infraction of the first four commandments, which relate solely to religion and man's attitude toward God.

It may be imagined how views such as these affected the elders and magistrates of Boston, who seem to have considered themselves, in both doctrine and good works, a sufficient pattern for everybody. They hastened to denounce his views as wicked and heathenish; they worked to stir up prejudice against him; and they succeeded so well that after four months Roger Williams had to leave Salem.

He settled at Plymouth, the home of the Pilgrims, and quite the oldest settlement in New England. These people were more liberal, and had separated more fully from the Episcopalian communion. Though they had not invited Williams to come to them, they encouraged him to assist Mr. Ralph Smith, their own pastor; and though they could afford to pay no salary, they provided a house and land in exchange for the new-comer's ministerial work.

No doubt the hand of Providence permitted William's withdrawal to Plymouth, for here he formed that acquaintance with the Indians which afterward was an indispensable help to him. He earnestly desired to carry Christianity to them, and also some of the comforts of civilization. In order to learn their language he lodged "with them in their filthy smokeholes," and became a friend to Massasoit and Canonicus, the chieftains of the Wampanoags and the Narragansets.

In the fall of 1633, Williams returned to Salem, where the church members still favored him, the opposition of Boston notwithstanding. His general religious teaching was much appreciated, and he did a great



deal to help the struggling settlement both spiritually and materially.

But soon he brought forth two more heresies, which Boston considered worse than the former. The first was that the soil of Massachusetts belonged not to the king of England, but to the Indians; and therefore the colonists should pay the natives for whatever land they had occupied. It may be imagined how galling this view was to a people as sure of their own inerrancy as the New England Puritans. Then Williams went still farther, and asserted that "no human power had the right to intermeddle in matters of conscience; and that neither church nor state, neither bishop nor king, may prescribe the smallest iota of religious faith." This was quite the last straw, and in July, 1635, the general court at Boston summoned him to appear before them.

Williams came. The Puritan clergy came also, by the request of the magistrates, to uphold the doctrine that "the magistrate has the power to forbid all idolatrous and corrupt assemblies [meaning any meetings of which they did not approve] and . . . to force them therefrom by the power of the sword." Since Williams was not at all backward in avowing his opinions, the Rev. Mr. Hooker was selected to debate with him, and thus change his opinions. But, as the contemporary Winthrop testifies, "Mr. Hooker . . . could not reduce him from any of his errors. So, the next morning the court sentenced him to depart out of our jurisdiction within six weeks, all the ministers, save one, approving the sentence." Later per-

*(Continued on page 13)*



# MORNING

## A SABBATH REVERIE

By HELEN G. GRAUMAN

THE minister's sonorous voice intoned verse after verse of the psalm until one fell from his lips directly into my consciousness: "My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning." What was it that insistent repeating suggested to me?

Then suddenly I was no longer in the quiet church room filled with the Sabbath morning worshipers in cool summer neatness. I was in a dimly lighted old hallway outside an open door. An unfinished letter lay on the table before me, an unopened magazine near by. I sat exhausted in mute idleness, looking at them and straining my ears to listen for any change in the heavy breathing within the adjoining room. The newly acquired cap was almost set awry as my ears became more and more intent under my dark hair. And yet the voice was not difficult to hear, and it was never quiet for very long at a time.

"Nurse, nurse, can't you do something for that pain? Oh my —! Why can't I sleep?"

I hastened in and each careful footfall re-echoed as a muffled and solitary sound.

"I'll ease the pain in just a moment. But first take this powder, with a sip of fresh water. I just filled the glass. Don't be afraid. Now, I'll be back with the fomentations before you know I'm gone." How could my voice sound so fearlessly reassuring?

I hastened through the dim, chill halls, down, down steps and around empty, desolate, winding passageways of that old sanitarium! The windows as I passed them could be grayly discerned. Everything outside was dark as a cave, except for a few late, prickly stars. A window suddenly settled down with a loud bang. I started back. The stairs creaked. I clutched the banister. Outside something stirred. I listened, breathlessly waiting. Ah, this long, long night! Would morning never come? I had waited for it so long already. Soon I reached the last corner. Just around it was the door through which I would bring the hot packs for that cantankerous, unappreciative, selfish, pain-wracked patient, who seemed a thousand miles away up there through the night.

But soon I was on my way back, carrying a heavy bucket to impede my speed. Soon two other heavier

feet were making their way to meet my own. My heart almost stopped as a big, burly man and I each rounded the corner at the same instant.

"Oh, excuse me, Miss. Everything's O. K. still. I'll be checking your hallway up there next. Awful quiet, long night! Nothing doin' at all!" As the watchman's low voice spoke, I felt my heart's regular rhythm again.

"Where did you go for those things?" the petulant voice greeted my ears before I even got well inside the room. "I thought you had sneaked away altogether. Oh, this wretched bed! Oh, this constant, stabbing pain! Why don't the night ever end?" And this was only the beginning of rebellious complaints.

"Just wait unto you feel these comfy hot packs," I said with a cheerful assurance that was in exactly inverse proportion to what I felt within me. To myself I added: "This treatment will make the time go faster. It is something to do." It brought a little relief from the pain, and the exhausted sufferer relaxed for a few moments of relief in sleep. Suddenly there came a most awful shrieking, honking, clanging, and puffing, rending the air like the curses of some



giant Wotan grown tenfold, accompanied by sounds of thunder and tearings of lightning.

But no such poetic simile came to my patient's mind, as she exclaimed coarsely: "Oh, those — trains!" disgusted to a state of anguish at

being disturbed from this fragment of long-wooded sleep.

This new disturbance required more soothing treatment mingled with quieting words, rearranged pillows, and back rubbing. The sleeping pill *surely* would soon take effect. But would the night *ever* end? No signs of dawn were yet visible through the darkly interlaced tree tops outside. The little cot in the room reminded me jocosely of the fact that my case was supposed to be "sleeping duty"! I sank down on it for a few minutes' respite. Peevish, grumpy words smote my mind into instant alertness—I had fallen off asleep in a second of time!

"Of course you could lie there and sleep when you don't need it at all! Yet nothing can you do to make *me* sleep. And I'm *so* sick! And the night lasts *forever*!"

More steps, more relief efforts brought a few minutes of actual sleep to the patient. Then dawn was gray-ing the landscape and paling the electric light in the hall. It was the promise of the night's ending. Soon six o'clock would come. With it would be the relief of activity with waiting ended. The morning temperature, morning care, and brief, quiet, consoling words to the patient would make the last hour hurry by. Then also there would be morning light. As daylight peeped into the room on a sunny ray, the sufferer exclaimed: "Oh, it's morning! It almost could make me think I feel *better*." How anxiously she had waited for it, too! Needless to say it made *me* feel better.

And so at last came relief from the longest night I had yet lived. How I watched for the morning! But—what was the connection? Oh, yes, did my soul wait for the Lord like *that*? For with a start I reunited my mind and body in the peaceful church room. As a sudden sunbeam fell across my knee, I heard the minister's voice reading the opening words of the closing hymn, whose number I had not heard at all:

"Sun of my soul,  
O Saviour dear!"



THE wisest of all Masters said to His disciples when they were outworn by the weight of their work, Come ye yourselves apart into a lonely place and rest awhile. He would never have bidden them do that unless it had been a part of their duty to get away from their task for a little. He knew what was in man more deeply than any one else had ever known, and so He invited His friends out among the green hills and beside the quiet waters of Galilee to the strengthening repose and the restoring joy which are only to be found in real days off.—Henry Van Dyke.



It was early morning in midwinter. Not even the rosy first tints of dawn showed in the east above the darkly silhouetted Edinburgh sky line. The houses in the poorer section of the city loomed great dark bulks, glad that their shabbiness was hid. The hissing wind carried with it a sting, brought straight from arctic wastes.

From the entrance of one dark building a childish figure darted. She felt the keen wind and pulled her plaid tighter. Her steps hastened, and finally she broke into a run. It was not pleasant to linger. Through a maze of streets and arcades she made her way to a better section of the city.

It was quite light when the child finally paused before a heavy door. Her fingers, numbed from the cold, grasped the big iron handle, but before she pushed the door open, she glanced up. Her blue eyes gladdened, and a smile lighted her pale face as she took one long look at the last star. She did that every morning. Somehow it made her feel happy for the whole day. Then she shoved the heavy portal open, and slipped inside. She stumbled up a long, dark flight of stairs and tapped at a door, whose position she could know only through long familiarity. It opened.

She entered a bare room in which there were perhaps a dozen children, bending low over their work. No one looked up, and she said no word of greeting, but hurriedly seated herself on a rough bench and went to work. These wizened little old men and women, the youngest four and the oldest not yet ten, worked from six in the morning until six at night, with one-half hour for breakfast at nine and one-half hour for lunch at two. During working hours no one was allowed to speak a word. If a new worker—and there was always at least one—forgot and said something, the employer, a stern man working in an adjoining room, stepped to the door and called the child to him. There would be the dull crack of a whip, a stifled whimper, and then the little one would hurry back to his place with red wheels slowly turning purple on the pinched face.

The room was dimly lighted with candles, for the sun never reached it. There was no fire on the hearth, and the children shivered, their bony little fingers blue with the cold. They worked like automatons, their baby hands amazingly skillful, as they sat day after day making paper bags for thirty-six cents a week.

This was the place to which Mary hurried each dark, cold morning that whole winter. And during the spring, every foggy dawn found her headed in the same direction. And the hot, cloudless sunrises of summer still looked down on her thin little

# FULFILLMENT

By  
JEAN SMITH

## WHEN DREAMS COME BETTER THAN TRUE

form, gliding toward the big prison-like workhouse.

Then one day Mary's mother appeared at the door of the little dark room. She spoke a few words with the master. He called Mary to him, put a coin in her hand and bade them good-by. Mary went out gravely with her mother. She spoke no word of farewell to the other children, and they looked up only long enough to



send shy, longing glances after her, and then quickly dropped their eyes to their work again.

Good fortune had come to the family. Mother's eyes shone, and her cheeks flushed happily as she explained to Mary. The father was to be foreman of a crew of men employed to redecorate one of the large castles near by. They were going to move to a more comfortable home, and Mary, "puir wee lambie!" the woman's eyes grew tender, and she laid her arm about the thin shoulders of her eldest daughter, "she shall rest the noo'."

But Mary was not to have long to rest. An aunt who owned a clothing store in the suburbs of Edinburgh needed her help, and offered to give the family material for clothes in return for the time the girl spent with her. The work was not hard, and the family was still anything but rich. So Mary gladly went to live with her busy aunt, and proved of great assistance. She washed and wiped the dishes, swept, mended, knitted, waited on the store, cared for the baby, and during play hours watched two unruly boys, two and three years younger than herself.

The two years spent in this bright little cottage store were the happiest of Mary's childhood, for the aunt was a kindly soul, and left her niece many a half hour free to play with the children of the neighborhood. And always when Mary joined the crowd of children, she was the acknowledged leader.

Each afternoon, as she took the

baby for a walk, Mary used to stop before a little bookshop and wait for a crowd of children, which she knew would gather. Then she read to them from an open book in the window. And she could depend on the rough old shopkeeper to come to the window at just the right time, and turn the pages until the story was completed.

The blue-eyed, fair-haired girl who read, interested this old shopkeeper, and one day he called her inside and talked to her. He asked her many questions, and she told him how her father had taught her to read, also how she had once attended school for about three months. She told him also about her dearest possession, a Testament which she had won three years before by repeating the one hundred nineteenth psalm in Sunday school. And since then, she said, she had kept in practice by reading aloud from it every day. When she finally left the store, she was the proud possessor of the book from which she had often read through the window.

Mary often conducted a class in reading for her girl playmates, aided, occasionally, by her somewhat unwilling cousins, who felt it beneath their dignity to impart knowledge to a crowd of girls. And when time permitted, she also had classes in singing, which she had learned from her father, and crocheting, that she had picked up from her aunt.

Each day Mary saved half of her meals to share with a ragged little match seller, who became her fast friend. And every Sunday, a bonbon saved from her own meal was slipped into her wee wooden box trunk, to be taken to the bairns at home next time she went a-visiting. They seldom saw candy.

Sometimes on Sunday afternoons, Mary took the baby to the park and watched the children of the rich drive past in their fine carriages under the guardianship of governesses. To this child of the poor, it seemed the height of education and elegance to be a governess. And in her little heart was born the determination that if she ever married and had daughters, she would train them to be governesses. Day after day she dreamed of herself walking in the park with some of her friends, and as fine carriages passed by, full of laughing children, pointing out to them in this carriage and that one, a governess who was her daughter.



One day a letter came from Mary's father. It was postmarked Glasgow. Hurriedly she tore open the envelope, and scanned the single sheet of paper. The family, the letter said, had moved to Glasgow. Work seemed more plentiful there, and there was a mill in that city where Mary, just turned twelve, could probably find work. The wages would be small at first, but there was opportunity for advancement.

Half eager, half regretful, Mary packed her little wooden trunk, and said good-by to her many friends. Then with the ever-faithful match girl by her side, she trudged to the tiny station. It was almost train time when she discovered that her precious Testament had been left behind. The little match girl, glad to do anything she could for her kind benefactor, sped back to get it. Just as the train was pulling away, she rushed up and thrust the Book into the hands of her friend. Then the poor, lonesome little waif who was left behind, threw herself down upon the cindered street and sobbed. How empty life seemed to her. At best it had always been bare and ugly, and now the only ray of sunshine in it was gone!

So it came about that Mary went to work in a Glasgow mill. She left home every morning just as the clock in the great cathedral struck five. Maggie, who lived next door and was several years older than Mary, also worked at the mill, and together they made the journey across the city, the older girl often with her arm around the still half-asleep child, guiding her through the streets.

The first week of work passed for Mary. On the evening of the first pay night, the long walk home seemed nothing to the happy girl. With eager steps she hurried into the house to lay her first pay in mother's lap.

As the years passed, Mary rose from a picking girl, mending broken threads, to an attendant of one loom, then two. As she grew more skillful, she gauged the machines faster. Back and forth the shuttles flew, and seldom did the thread snarl. The work turned from her hands was strong and neat and perfect.

The great looms were running full speed one day. As Mary, still a mere slip of a girl, tended them with keen, accustomed eyes and ears attuned to their rhythm, she let her mind dwell on its favorite subject. A mill was a wonderful place to work, she mused, but her daughters should be governesses and live off the fat of

the land. A gentle touch on her arm brought her up with a start. The timid voice of a picking girl whispered that Mr. Malcolmson would like to see her for a moment.

Leaving her precious looms in charge of the child, she fled in terror to the private office of the manager. What was wrong? What had she done? Over and over again she questioned herself until, pale and trembling, she stood in the presence of the great man. He stepped forward, his keen eyes scanning her face.

"So ye are the lassie they've been gieing the guid word about tae me!"

## QUESTIONS

"LONELY?

Not while God is near.

Sad?

Not while many hearts to cheer.

Tired?

Not with Him to spur me on.

Fearful?

Not with Him to lean upon.

Happy?

Oh, what foolish questions these,

When we seek our Lord to please!

Did He not the promise give

That to all who seek to live,

Ever walking in His way,

He is with them day by day,

Anywhere, on any shore?

Surely, we could ask no more."

—Author Unknown.

he said with a smile. Color flooded back into her face. Then followed a few keen questions and stammered answers. Mary left the office blushing and shyly proud, for from then on she was to be rated among the few highest-paid girls in the mill.

At about the same time that Mary started the long pilgrimage to the mill every morning, a little boy of near the same age began the weary tramp down the same streets to a foundry close to the mill. As he trudged, he was thinking—bitter thoughts they were. John—for that was his name—despised the hot, dusty foundry where he spent dreary hours. He resented the haggard, coughing man in the chimney corner, his father, whom he now must support. He hated the mother whom he hardly knew for tearing him away from the pleasant country home of his grandparents, where he had spent his early boyhood. His young soul longed for the peaceful room in the old home, where he could sit by the open fire, his own beloved Latin and algebra before him, and visions of the University of Edinburgh filling

his thoughts, while his grandfather dozed in a chair close by, and his grandmother made her flying knitting needles click in a friendly way.

But here in the city, everything was so different. He was driven by the demon poverty to work, work, work at the foundry from morning until night, and then in the evening to care for the little brothers and sisters. This left him hardly a moment to spend in study. There was, however, one bright spot in the week. It came on Saturday evening, when he was allowed to go to his uncle's home and spend several hours in the library. Here, with his papers spread out before him on the desk, and books surrounding him on every side, he was supremely happy.

But youth is not a time for bitterness, and gradually his hard feelings disappeared, as he grew accustomed to his lot. True, for a time lessons and university were almost forgotten, but their place was filled by debating clubs, choir practice, prayer meeting, Sunday school, and slum work. Into it all John plunged his restless energy, and became the recognized leader. Thus it was that he found himself often in the company of the sunny-haired, blue-eyed girl who attended the same kirk, and who walked down the same long street to and from work.

Often in the choir his eyes sought her face. He listened for her ringing testimony in the prayer meeting, and in Sunday school he sent many a shy glance toward her golden head, bent over the half dozen little waifs she had enticed in from the streets as she told them the story of Jesus. How eagerly he would carry the basket of good things to some poor old soul in the slums, if he could just walk beside Mary!

It was a wonderfully happy day for both Mary and John when they met at the altar of the little kirk, and became husband and wife. For Mary there was the joy of a home to care for, of meals to prepare. And for John there was once again the blessed security of a peaceful room and the steady click of the needles; but now he glanced up to meet the smiling eyes of his wife. Back to his books he turned his gaze. Night school and perhaps the university after all, those were his dreams.

But the years sped by swiftly and busily. A little girl came to brighten the home—another—and still another, and now there were five mouths to feed. Night school was long since

(Concluded on page 13)



# Drury Webster Reavis I Remember



My Boyhood  
Days on  
a Missouri  
Plantation

**D**ID you not intend to prepare yourself for the ministry when you went to Battle Creek College? How did it happen that you connected with the publishing work instead?

During the two seasons I served in tent work, I found that the people who read our literature as they attended the meetings, developed faster and were more intelligently and thoroughly established in the third angel's message than were those who did not read. This was so apparent that it made a deep impression on my mind, and I became thoroughly convinced that there was even greater power in the printed page than in the spoken word. This conviction became so strong I resolved to devote all my future efforts to the production and circulation of literature teaching present truth.

I have had a number of impressive object lessons on the power of our literature in connection with my work in different places. In 1891 and 1892 the National Reform Association, with headquarters in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, began a campaign in the State of Michigan for better Sunday observance. Our religious liberty literature was extensively circulated all over the State, and personally placed in the hands of State legislators, county and State officials, and prominent lawyers. This so completely thwarted the Reformers they have been unable to make any headway in that section of the State from that time to the present day.

In 1892 I was sent to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, to circulate religious liberty literature. The Reformers were at that time

## An Interview

having their way in Sunday enforcement throughout that State. We scattered our various religious liberty tracts and pamphlets like the leaves of autumn. City officials, lawyers, and newspaper editors joined us in our fight for freedom of conscience. And we won out.

In 1893 I was sent out to help defeat the most determined effort that has ever been made against Seventh-day Adventists in these United States. The entire southern section of the country seemed determined to crush Seventh-day Adventists by having them imprisoned for Sunday labor. For five years this persecuting wave was very severe. Again our religious liberty literature was sown broadcast. After it was in the possession of the people a short time, there always appeared to be some excuse for the authorities to release those who had been imprisoned, and in no instance were there other such arrests in that community. Thus the printed page paved the way for the full religious liberty that has been enjoyed in the South from that time to the present.

In 1898 I was sent to Albany, New York, to place our literature in the hands of the members of the State legislature. I had this work for three years, personally supplying the members of the house and the senate, and all State officials at the capitol. This literature helped the lawmakers of the great State of New York to withstand the strong, persistent demand of the Reformers for the rigid enforcement of existing Sunday blue laws, and the enactment of others even more severe.

Often in my experience I have known individuals to be so prejudiced that they would not listen to a preacher, nor would they attend any of our meetings, but they *would* read our literature. Many of these finally accepted the third angel's message.

I would not underrate the work of preaching. In fact, to me being a preacher seemed so great, and involved such sacred responsibility, that I did not feel that I was at all qualified for such a high calling. I did not feel a burden for that work, but I did feel that I was called to the literature work.

This deep interest in the literature ministry caused me in my early experience to put money into the publishing work, and to use my personal influence in persuading others to do likewise. More than \$5,000 were put into the Review and Herald Publishing Association by myself and my relatives. At that time one dollar was worth more to the publishing work than \$10 is today. I canvassed for our literature, and have put tons of it into



Battle Creek College  
as It Looked the Day  
I Entered as a Student



the hands of men and women in various parts of the country.

Yes, indeed, I *wanted* to get into the publishing work, but I could not succeed in obtaining a position in the Review and Herald. I was willing to do *anything*, but somehow the manager of the publishing house would not employ me. I offered to do night watching at one time when a night watchman was wanted. The manager told me he was afraid I would stop in the library and read books, and forget to make the rounds. I tried to get into the packing room when a place was vacant, but was refused. So I stopped asking. But after I had spent six years in the colporteur field, without once asking for the position, I was invited to take charge of the Department of Circulation in the Review and Herald, which at that time included both books and periodicals. I took that position in 1901, and have given thirty-three years of continuous service.

At the present moment, I feel confident that through my personal efforts I am reaching far more people with message fundamentals than I could have done had I carried out my original plan and entered the ministry.

*I am told that you and five other young men organized a boarding club, which developed until it became a vital part of the first denominational boarding school. How did this come about?*

At the time Battle Creek College took possession of its first new buildings, January, 1875, the student body boarded in private families at a standard price of \$2.50 per week, or rented rooms and boarded themselves. These two methods were generally followed until the establishment of the Students' Boarding Club in 1877, which developed into the Welsh Boarding Club in 1878. This club boarding place came into existence through a chain of circumstances forcing its establishment.

At the opening of the fall term in 1877 six young men rented three very plainly furnished rooms and opened a bachelors' hall. The personnel of these six young men was as follows: J. T. Richards, L. T. Nicola, I. J. Hankins, Joseph Smith, Harry Rue, and D. W. Reavis. The three rooms these young men rented had no floor covering of any kind. One room was

furnished with an old-fashioned, corded bedstead and straw tick; two straight, wood-bottomed chairs; washstand with washbowl and pitcher. In another was a plain kitchen table and an old, worn-out cookstove. The third boasted a lamp stand holding a kerosene lamp, a small sheet-iron heating stove, and a bed. Each one of us purchased his own few pieces of chinaware, spoons, and a steel knife and fork. We agreed that two were to get breakfast, two to get dinner, and two to wash dishes after each of our two meals. Other work, such as buying the provisions, splitting and bringing in wood, carrying water, and special baking, was assigned in-

a spring scale with a wire plate-holder, suspended from the ceiling. We placed our plates in this holder, and then put on just the additional pound of whatever food we had to eat. Weighing the food was a very entertaining part of the meal, for all were interested in seeing that each one had only his pound. A pound of cooked grains or vegetables does not bulk large. It looks very small to a robust, hungry youth, but as small as it was, it was the limit allowed. No liquids were used, because of their heavy weight and small nutritive value. The food tasted so good and was so limited it was thoroughly Fletcherized, not from principle, but to prolong the pleasure of tasting. That in itself was a great advantage.

But all of us were hungry *all the time* from September to January, the period of the test, hungry even when we finished eating. The only time we were not conscious of hunger was when asleep, and even then we often dreamed of good things to eat. As we went back and forth from our rooms to attend classes, we had to pass through an apple orchard, in the midst of which the new college building was located. In the fall these vigorous apple trees were loaded and the ground covered with the most delicious Northern Spies I

ever saw. Imagine the temptation this luscious fruit would be to healthy young fellows who were limited to two meals a day, and only one pound of cooked food at each meal! But as far as my knowledge goes, there were no transgressions. However, one cold, crisp afternoon when we came in from school, the sanitarium bakery had just delivered to our buyer a barrel of fresh, broken Graham crackers. They were yet warm. They proved to be *too* tempting! For the first and the only time during the test we yielded to temptation. We did it deliberately and openly. All of us paid our fines in advance. And then! Such crackers! There was no question but that each ate a quarter's worth.

At the end of the term, nearly four months in duration, all of us were in good health and maintaining usual weight. None of us had been sick during the time, even with a headache or a cold. All got the highest averages in grades. In fact, ev-

(Concluded on page 13)

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



*The Six Original Members of the Students' Boarding Club  
Seated: D. W. Reavis, I. J. Hankins, Harry Rue, Joseph Smith  
Standing: J. T. Richards, L. T. Nicola*

dividually. It was an economical arrangement, and in every way more pleasant than any other plan we had tried.

At the beginning of this term of school these six young men became members of Dr. J. H. Kellogg's physiology class, and he at once began an experiment with them, because they were good physical specimens and living together and boarding themselves. He put them on a limited diet of one pound of cooked food for each meal—two meals a day, only *two pounds* of cooked food a day! He afterward said the allowance was to have been one pound of *uncooked* food at a meal, but we all maintained that he definitely specified *cooked* food. The test was to be very rigid and exacting. There could be no violations in weight of the food or in frequency of meals without a fine of 25 cents for each offense. There was to be no eating between meals of any kind. Not even gum chewing was allowed.

Just over our dining table we hung



# JUNIORS

## Kind Hearts and Norman Blood

**K**IND hearts are more than—  
Marian! Have you seen my  
other shoe?" demanded Bar-  
bara.

"It's under my side of the bed, and  
you'd better hurry or you'll be late  
for school!" Marian answered.

"—than coronets, and simple  
faith—" Where did I put my comb?"

"Maybe it's slipped into the top  
drawer of your dresser. It's open."

"Oh, thanks. Here it is." And  
beginning her memory verse over  
again, Barbara chanted,

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman  
blood."

"What does that mean, Barbara?  
Mine is easy enough to understand.  
'Pride goeth before destruction, and  
a haughty spirit before a fall.' I'm  
certainly glad we have to answer roll  
call with memory verses only once a  
week! But what does yours mean?"

"Oh, I suppose it means that—  
oh, that— well, you know!" Barbara  
tried to explain.

"Well, I don't believe *you* know!"  
laughed Marian.

"Yes, I do, but I can't say it."

"Most likely," Marian said quickly,  
"it means that if Ruth Warrell had  
a kind heart, even without 'good  
blood,' we'd like her better."

"Breakfast, girls!" called their  
mother, and there was a happy dash  
down the stairs and two squeals of  
"Waffles!" and for fifteen minutes  
pride and coronets were forgotten in  
the satisfying business of eating hot  
waffles and honey.

At noon Barbara and Marian raced  
home, each anxious to tell their  
mother the news that they had heard  
at school.

"Mother!" they cried, almost be-  
fore the door was open. "The old  
White Birches place has been bought,  
and is going to be lived in!"

"Is it really? Who is going to  
live there? When are they coming?"  
mother wanted to know. She was as  
pleased as the girls that the beautiful  
estate on the edge of town, which  
had stood empty and neglected for so  
long, was to be lived in and cared for.

"Ruth Warrell told us!" Barbara  
explained excitedly. "Her father's  
real estate office has sold it."

"To a rich man of a famous old  
English family, of the nobility of

By

CARA A. BRUMBAUGH

England, and they are going to live  
there!" cut in Marian.

"They are going to send their serv-  
ants in advance, to clean the house  
and make repairs and get everything  
ready before 'My Lord and Lady  
Michelson' arrive." Barbara said it  
with quite a grand air.

Her mother laughed and said,  
"Well, well, that is news, isn't it?  
How lovely it will be to see that

beautiful old place alive and loved  
again."

"And mother Martin!" cried Ma-  
rian, "Just think! *Nobility*, right  
here in our little town!"

Mrs. Martin sat down and drew  
Barbara to her on one side and Ma-  
rian on the other.

"My dear, foolish little girls!  
These newcomers are not the only  
nobility in our little town. What was  
your memory verse, Barbara? 'Kind  
hearts are more than coronets, and  
simple faith, than Norman blood.'  
Our wash woman has more real no-  
bility than many kings, for her heart  
is kind enough to love not only her  
own six husky boys and girls, but her  
sick neighbor's four, besides! She is  
working twice as many hours a week  
while her neighbor is in the hospital,  
so she can feed those extra four little  
folks, and buy them some warm win-  
ter clothes as well. And Grandpa  
Bassett is of the nobility, too—the no-  
bility of spirit. He has been unable  
to leave his wheel chair for fifteen  
years, and nobody has ever heard him  
say one word of complaint. 'As  
cheerful as Grandpa Bassett' is what  
we say when we mean 'as cheerful as  
can be.' Our wash woman's generous  
heart and Grandpa Bassett's cou-  
rageous spirit are worth far more to  
'just folks,' than a whole barrel full  
of crowns, or generations of noble  
lineage! Having what they call noble  
ancestors doesn't make a man or a  
woman really noble, and not having  
them does not keep him from belong-  
ing to the real aristocracy of courage  
and kindness. There, that is quite a  
sermon, and you'll have to hurry, or  
you'll be late. I'm so very anxious  
that you girls will learn not to look  
at outside things, and judge people  
thoughtlessly. Look for real nobility  
whether it's under a king's coat or a  
beggar's."

The children chattered excitedly as  
they ate their lunch and hurried away  
to school.

A week later they dashed home in  
such a fever of breathless excitement  
that all they could say was,

"Mother!"

"Listen!"

And then they had to stop until  
they had caught their breath.

Finally between them they got the  
story told. It seemed that a woman



### Acquittal

ROBERT MONROE JOHNSTON

Now Sandy is the Doctor's dog.  
He lives across the way;  
He is a Scotty—so they say—  
And cannot sense his right-a-way;  
But of that I have my doubt,  
For Sandy knows his way about!

True, Sandy is a scalawag.  
That I must admit;  
For ope the door a tiny bit,  
The rascal uses canine wit,  
And soon the news is spread around,  
That "Sandy's lost and can't be  
found."

One night the Doctor walked alone,  
No Sandy wagged behind;  
He sought his wand'ring pal to  
find,

But lastly slept to rest his mind;  
'Twas then the phone rang loud and  
clear,

"Say Doctor, Sandy's stopping here."

The Doctor took the number down,  
Then hurried to the culprit;  
Too, he opined the "canine wit,"  
But what could he do about it?  
Now I ask you—was it accidental—  
Sandy's call at the DOG HOS-  
PITAL?



named Mrs. Craig had come to school that morning to enroll her daughter Evalyn, and Evalyn was to be in Barbara and Marian's room. Mrs. Craig lived in the housekeeper's cottage, called "The Lodge," at White Birches, and Ruth Warrell said she must be one of the servants who had come ahead of Lord and Lady Michelson.

"And Mrs. Craig has the sweetest face, mother!" cried Barbara.

"And Evalyn is a dear!" Marian added. "They both talk so funny. They don't say their r's, and they call their slippers 'boots,' and they asked if the 'tram car' went near White Birches."

"We think they are lovely!" said Barbara stoutly. "And Ruth Warrell makes me sick. She is the snippiest, stuck-up-est thing!"

"Barbara! Barbara!" reproved her mother. "How are you speaking about one of your schoolmates!"

"Well, she does act that way, mother!" defended Marian. "She turned up her nose at Barbara's verse, and said she didn't 'see much sense in that!' Maybe it was because Barbara said that her verse meant that it would be better to be as generous as our wash woman and as courageous as Grandpa Bassett, than to go around bragging about noble ancestors!"

"O Barbara, did you say that?" groaned Mrs. Martin; but she couldn't help laughing.

"What makes me disgusted, is the way she treats Evalyn Craig!" flashed Barbara. "Ruth laughed at her clothes and giggled at the way she talks, and when I asked Ruth to come and sit with Evalyn and me in the big swing, she said, 'O thank you. No! I'll wait and make friends with the daughter of Lord and Lady Michelson!' and then she hunched up one shoulder and strolled away."

"Poor little Ruth!" sighed mother. "I am afraid she has many things to learn if she means to grow into a sweet and gracious lady. Do you remember the story about the queen and her daughter who were crossing a muddy street one day? One of the street cleaners who didn't recognize the queen, caught the arm of the little princess when she slipped and might have fallen, and said to her, 'Careful, little lady,' and the little princess drew herself up and said, 'Sir, I am not a lady. I am a *princess*!' And the queen mother thanked the street cleaner for helping the little girl, and then she said, 'My little daughter is only a princess now, but some day I hope she will learn to be a lady.'"

Each day Barbara and Marian grew more enthusiastic over their new schoolmate.

"Evalyn is the sweetest girl, mother!" Marian would say. "She has the sweetest ways and the nicest manners. She never forgets the nice

things to say, like 'Thank you' or 'Pardon me.'"

"And she doesn't get cross or even seem hurt when Ruth is rude to her," Barbara added. "Why today, Ruth looked Evalyn over and said, 'I suppose those must be some of the old clothes of Lord and Lady Michelson's daughter that you are wearing!' and Evalyn's cheeks got pink and her eyes snapped, but she just answered quietly, 'Yes, Ruth, they are.'"

## Smile-Lips

ROBERT HARE

WEAR your lips with upturned corners,  
As you pass along,  
Life holds many a sunlit vision,  
Many a pleasant song!  
Cynics sneer and critics challenge,  
But from both joy slips;  
Keep your courage as you pass them,  
And your smiling lips!

Selfish lips grow thinner daily  
In their sad grimace,  
Till they mar the fairest birthright  
Of the human face!  
And they tell to men and angels  
Love has lost its grip.  
Better far just wear the smile-wave,  
With its upturned lip!

Life has sweetness, just remember,  
For the glad heart by the way.  
Bid your smile-lips tell the story,  
Every passing day!  
Cultivate the sunlit vision,  
In the country or the town.  
Wear your smile-lips, wear them sweetly,  
Never let the ends turn down!

"Well, she's a real little lady, I think!" declared Marian.

Mrs. Martin had wanted to help welcome the newcomers and make them feel less lonely in what must be to them a strange new country, and she had run over to the Lodge one morning taking a cake and some fresh rolls. She was as much delighted with Mrs. Craig as Barbara and Marian had been, and she invited the strangers to come to her house for supper. Mrs. Craig seemed very happy over the invitation, and she and Evalyn made jolly guests. Two nights later she asked Mr. and Mrs. Martin and the girls to supper, to meet her husband who had just come from New York, where he had stayed to look after the furniture and other luggage. Mr. Craig and Mr. Martin became friends at once, and they all had such a lovely evening. They cracked nuts and made candy and told stories and sang songs, and first thing they knew, the clock struck midnight, when they all thought it was only about time for it to strike ten. When they were leaving, Mr. Martin said, "Well, we are glad we have neighbors at White Birches again."

Mr. Craig answered, "And we are glad to have found such warm friends."

Then one day a big European tour-

ing car drove through the town and swept up the long drive to White Birches. People alighted, and boxes and bundles and bags were carried into the great house. And a freight car was switched onto a siding, and truckload after truckload of furniture was unloaded and taken into the house. It was believed that Lord and Lady Michelson and their daughter had arrived, but no one had seen them. Mr. and Mrs. Craig were very busy directing the uncrating and placing of the many beautiful pieces of furniture.

"Probably the nobility don't want to make a public appearance until they are rested and have their fine clothes unpacked and can do it in style," conjectured Ruth Warrell. "And as soon as it is proper, mother and I are going to call on Lady Michelson and her daughter. She's about my age, they say. We are having all new clothes ordered, and mother is having new calling cards printed, and she is even having some made for me!"

And so it happened that one afternoon Ruth and her mother went up to the door of White Birches and rang the bell. A maid answered their ring and took their cards when they asked for Lady Michelson and her daughter. Barbara and Marian had gone up to play with Evalyn at the Lodge, but not finding any one there, they went up to the big house and around to a side door where Evalyn let them in with a squeal of delight, and took them into a huge room lined with books, where she had been studying. The three girls were having a jolly time, when the door opened and the maid ushered in Ruth Warrell and her mother.

"Please be seated, and I will see whether her Ladyship can see you," the maid said, and went out. It was a big room, and the Warrells sat down at the other end, after speaking to the three girls at the study table.

After a few minutes the door opened, and Evalyn's mother, lovely in a soft rose dress, came into the room, and with a smile of pleasure moved toward her callers.

"I am Lady Michelson," she said. "It is so lovely of you to come. You are Mrs. Warrell and Miss Ruth?" she asked, glancing at their cards in her hand, and then shaking hands with them warmly as they stood to greet her. "And this is my daughter, Evalyn, Mrs. Warrell. And the girls know each other, and Miss Ruth is acquainted, too, with Barbara and Marian Martin."

Marian and Barbara could hardly believe their ears. And they could not take their eyes from Ruth Warrell's flushed, unhappy face.

"Poor girl," thought Barbara. "Pride goeth before a fall, and it looks as if she had fallen a long way already, and was still falling!"

"Mrs. Warrell and Mrs. Craig—



no, Lady Michelson—seem to be having a nice chat though,” thought Marian.

“I hope that you, and all the friends I hope to have, will pardon our little deceit, in calling ourselves Mr. and Mrs. Craig. You see we were so tired of being regarded as ‘nobility.’ After all we are just plain people.”

Mrs. Warrell and Ruth made a very short call, and when they had gone, Barbara and Marian ran to Evalyn’s mother and begged, “But why didn’t you tell us? Why did you let us go on thinking that you were the housekeeper, and Mr. Craig was the gardener?”

“Because, my dear little girls, so many people have wanted to know us just because of the title and the position that we had to occupy in England. When we came here, we wanted a rest, as I told Mrs. Warrell, and when we found that you liked us for ourselves, I just couldn’t bear to spoil the only sincere friendship that we have ever had. But promise me that you will love us just the same, now that you do know. Remember that old saying,

‘Kind hearts are more than coronets,  
And simple faith than Norman  
blood!’”

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## I Remember

(Concluded from page 10)

everything was favorable to the test, with the one exception of a constant, unappeased appetite.

Four months of intense fasting brought us to consider seriously the whole question of more desirable and yet economical culinary arrangements. So during the holiday vacation, when the stringency of school work was temporarily removed, arrangements were made with Mrs. Welch, a widow with a family of four grown children, to prepare, to cook, and to serve in her home all of our food. We were to buy the food for her week by week, and pay her 50 cents each for service. We organized ourselves into a Boarding Club, appointing one of our number as buyer and treasurer, and then went out among other young men students who were boarding themselves and invited them to join the club.

At the beginning there were sixteen members. The total cost to each member the first week was 90 cents—40 cents for the raw food and 50 cents for service. This rate was maintained for a long time—until a more liberal menu was demanded. And even then, the cost was only about \$1 a week; and the board, while plain, was good enough for anybody.

At any rate, it was good enough to tempt some of the young women students, who at first had not been interested in our project. We now opened our doors to them, and in a

short time there were as many women as men availing themselves of the privileges of the club. It was found to be much better for the students in every way than the old plan of each cooking his own food.

The students continued to conduct this Boarding Club for some time and maintained a low average cost per week, even when it began to grow into a rooming as well as boarding enterprise. Finally the original six became too busy to look after the ever-increasing business, and they prevailed upon the Welch family to take it and run it on the same general plan, allowing additional charge above cost of food for rent and help. On this basis the Welch family faithfully conducted the club for several years, and served the students, as well as the college, in a very acceptable, economical way.

When the managers of the Battle Creek College decided to build a dormitory for lady students, arrangements were made in this new building for boarding all students, and the Welch Boarding Club, left without patronage, closed its doors, after having rendered valuable service to hundreds of young people. Besides, it had served to demonstrate the advantages of the boarding-rooming plan, and was largely responsible for the idea of the dormitory and boarding principles then introduced into our denominational school work.

THE END.

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## Fulfillment

(Concluded from page 8)

forgotten, the university resigned. With wages so low, what could one do? But still Mary kept her dream for her children. Before her eyes often swept fine carriages and laughing children, and women with elegant manners,—governesses,—and she was saying to a friend that these were her daughters.

John worked hard for his children, and Mary helped in every way she could. But the outlook was discouraging, and sometimes the parents half feared that they would be able to give their children no more advantages than they themselves had had. Then, like a star of hope came to John the thought—America. Mary joined heartily in the plan. The few bits of furniture were sold and the trunks packed, good-bys said, a hurried rush up the gangplank, and then the gray strip of water widening between them and auld Scotia. They gazed with tear-dimmed eyes at the vanishing familiar landmarks. Then they turned their faces westward to the land of opportunity,—the land where every man and woman has an equal chance; where three little girls might go to school, yes, even to college; where John, the student father, might

see his ambitions fulfilled in his children and grandchildren, and Mary, the dreamer mother, might be satisfied.

But methinks even the fondest dreams of that mother could not pierce the mists of the future and see, after the inevitable years of toil and hardship that were to come, the rise of a new hope—of the beautiful, comforting message of the third angel, and the surety of the nearness of her Lord’s coming; and those three little girls not mere governesses, but Christian teachers, guiding the children intrusted to their care, not only in the paths of earthly knowledge, but showing them the way that leads to heavenly wisdom, and all the lasting joys of salvation in Jesus Christ.

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## Roger Williams, the First American

(Continued from page 5)

mission was extended him to remain at Salem until spring, because Williams himself was ill and because his wife was near childbirth. When, by the way, the little daughter arrived, her parents with characteristic devotion to their doctrine of liberty, named her Freeborne.

Yet Williams’s departure from the Massachusetts Bay Colony happened with unexpected suddenness before the time appointed had fully come. From Boston he had returned to Salem, though he was strictly ordered to refrain from spreading abroad his opinions on religious liberty. No one charged that he caused any trouble in public, but soon it was alleged—quite truthfully—that numbers of people came to his home, and there studied religion with him; it was also asserted that he was preparing to found a colony near Narragansett

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## Can You Find These Hidden Bible Fruits?

RUTH CONARD

1. You will find me lonely when you come to see me this summer.
2. Mother said dad ate seven eggs for supper one night after he had been working in the field all day.
3. The man from Cardiff ignored absolutely the young fellow with the cockney dialect.
4. Agra, Penelope told us, contains the most beautiful building of any city in the world—the Taj Mahal.
5. While vacationing at the lovely villa on the banks of the Po, Meg ran, ate sparingly, and did all the other things her doctor prescribed in order to lose her excess avoirdupois.
6. That man over there playing the piano lives next door to us.
7. Algebra is in school curricula, some young people seem to think, for no other purpose than to show their ignorance.
8. The little chap pleaded piteously that he be allowed to return to his home.

(Key—see page 15)



Bay. The Puritan authorities, annoyed and alarmed, determined to deal with the offender once and for all. They sent Captain Underhill with a sloop and fourteen men to Salem, there to apprehend Roger Williams, bring him to Boston, and deport him to England.

At this crisis a friend was raised up. Winthrop, prominent in the colony and several times governor, warned Williams that his persecutors were coming. There was no time for delay. Before the sloop had reached Salem, William bade farewell to his wife and children, and toward nightfall of a bleak winter day fled into the wilderness. It was five years since he had landed among the Puritans, and they could endure him and his doctrine of soul liberty no longer.

It was January in New England. The land was congealed with cold. Snow and ice lay in an unending blanket on the desolate earth. The cross-country winds never blew more fiercely, the gray clouds of winter never lowered more sullenly, than when this man left home and hearth, and pressed through the dreary territories which lay behind the colonies, to reach the wigwams of the Indian savages. There he hoped he might find a shelter from the fury of those who, while calling themselves Christians, had nevertheless in their human weakness departed from the spirit of the Master. Where his journey would end, he did not clearly know; how he should fare he could not tell; yet he trusted in his God, and without faltering he pressed on.

(Concluded next week)

## LET'S TRADE

WHAT? Why STAMPS--of course!

Charles A. Colson, Box 57, Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, has United States, Canadian, English, French, Belgian, and Dutch stamps he will be glad to trade for three and five cent Olympic, seven cent Bicentennial, and Confederate States stamps.

Karl Bareis, 43 Zachringer Allee, Pforzheim, Germany, wishes to secure commemorative, charity, and air mail stamps. He has for trade stamps from Czechoslovakia, Germany, Norway, and Sweden.

### STAMP NEWS

When you next get a Philippine stamp, picturing rice fields, mountains, or other scenery in the islands, just remember that though it came from almost the other side of the world, yet it was originally printed right in Washington, D. C. That is because, of course, the seven thousand islands that make up the Philippine Archipelago, belong to the United States.

The United States Post Office Department put out, during 1932, the largest number of special stamp issues yet printed in one year—eighteen in all; it turned down ninety-six similar requests.

## OUR COUNSEL CORNER

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference

Questions concerning young people's problems will be answered in this column each week under the supervision of the Missionary Volunteer Department. The answers are not to be taken as a denominational pronouncement, but rather are good, sound advice in harmony with the principles and practices of the church. You are cordially invited to write the Counsel Corner regarding your problems. When writing, please sign full name and address, so that a personal answer may be given if in our judgment the question should not be printed. Neither names nor initials will be attached to queries appearing in print, and any confidence will be fully respected. Address all questions to Our Counsel Corner, in care of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, D. C.

*There is in my community only one place to visit where I can enjoy Christian fellowship. At the other places where I go they play and sing worldly songs. What should be a Christian's relationship to this sort of entertainment in the homes of worldly friends? I play two musical instruments and am often asked to help entertain. What can I do about this?*

In that wonderful prayer offered by Christ in behalf of His followers He besought the Father, "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." It is refreshing to find young people of the present day who are doing their utmost to have this prayer in their behalf answered. As we read on down in this seventeenth chapter of John, we find that one of the next thoughts of Jesus was for the work that His followers were to do, "As Thou hast sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Christ Himself was no recluse; He mingled with people to help them. Perhaps you are placed in your present environment that you may stand for principle, and thus be a witness for Him. Even the world honors the young person who stands stanchly for the right. Only a few weeks ago I learned of a Seventh-day Adventist girl whose lot was cast in a worldly institution of learning. She was a senior, and a banquet was to be given. She was on the committee to plan for it. I can imagine that it took courage to stand before her fellow classmates and tell them that they were planning to serve refreshments that were out of harmony with her principles. But she did it: she not only told them that she could not sanction such things, but also that she was financially unable to help support such a banquet as was being planned. They retaliated by asking her to bring forward a plan for the banquet. This she did; they adopted her plan, and I am told that it was one of the most successful entertainments the seniors of that institution ever gave. It was so different from the usual that the story of its origin became known, and young and old have expressed approval of this young woman's principles. No doubt there were some who scoffed. And not often can one expect such immediate commendation, but we are in the world as light bearers, and in the end it does pay to stand for right. We are told through the Spirit of prophecy that God's people are to be the "head, and not the tail." I think this means that we should assert ourselves to demonstrate the right, rather than always standing on the inhibition side. We could save ourselves much embarrassment if we were the aggressors. In the case of your music, could you not invite your musical friends in for an evening when you would have only the best music? There are fine classical selections that are just as proper for Christians to play as are hymns. Have everything planned so that there will be no occasion for any one to suggest a selection that would be questionable. You say that you are frequently asked to

play. I believe it would be an excellent witness for the right if you kindly but firmly stated the fact when it was a selection that you could not conscientiously give. But with your refusal, be prepared to suggest a substitute. Of course, you cannot expect that every piece played will be of your choice; but I do not believe the Christian can win others by compromising. Join with them when you can; when you cannot, withdraw as unobtrusively as possible. "Death before dishonor, or the transgression of God's law [or His principle], should be the motto of every Christian."

EMMA E. HOWELL.

*When a person is getting rent from his house, should he take out the price of repairs, improvements, and taxes, before paying the tithe?*

The principle underlying this feature of tithe paying is clearly set forth in Deuteronomy 14:22: "Thou shalt truly tithe all the increase of thy seed, that the field bringeth forth year by year." This statement applies directly to products of the ground, and indicates clearly that it is the increase that is to be tithed. In other words, one would pay tithe on all the products of the farm, less the cost of production. Applying this same principle to the rental of property, it seems to me that it would be perfectly proper to pay tithe on the rent less the expense of repairing and taxes. I think, however, that if improvements are made, they should be paid for out of that portion of the money which remains after the tithe has been paid. In case of any question regarding the matter, it is always best to give God the benefit of the doubt. His promise (Mal. 3:8-10) to those who are faithful in the payment of tithe, is one of the most comprehensive recorded in the Bible, and it has been fulfilled many times to those who have faithfully returned to the Lord's treasury the tenth of all their increase.

C. LESTER BOND.

## The Sabbath School Lessons

### SENIOR YOUTH

#### II—The Bible—An Inspired Book

(April 8)

MEMORY VERSE: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." 2 Tim. 3:16, 17.

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR



## Questions

### Testimony of Old Testament Writers

1. What caused Moses to write of the journeys of Israel in the wilderness? Num. 33:2.
2. To whom did the Lord speak after the death of Moses? Joshua 1:1. Note 1.
3. What did Amos say of the authority by which he spoke? Amos 3:1.
4. Whose words was Ezekiel to speak to Israel? Eze. 2:7.
5. What intention shows that a prophet cannot choose his message to the people? Num. 22:38. Note 2.

### Testimony of the New Testament

6. What reproof did Jesus give to some concerning their slowness to believe all that the prophets had spoken? Where did He begin in His explanation? Luke 24:25-27. Note 3.
7. How did Jesus emphasize the value of the writings of Moses? John 5:46, 47.
8. What does the apostle Paul say of the source of the message he preached? Gal. 1:11, 12. Note 4.
9. What positive testimony is borne by the apostle John concerning his writings? Rev. 22:18, 19.

### A General Declaration

10. How does the Bible declare its own inspiration? 2 Tim. 3:16, 17. Note 5.

## Notes

1. More than one thousand times do the writers of the first sixteen books of the Bible refer to the Lord as the authority for what they wrote. Writers, such as John Ruskin, James Russell Lowell, Milton, and others, have drawn upon the Bible for illustrations, ideas, and phraseology.

2. Balaam had been a prophet of God, but had now given himself up to covetousness. Balaam was anxious to do as the king wished, but he was not permitted to speak as he chose, and could only deliver the message which God should give him. The king of Moab had promised him a rich reward if he would curse Israel as they were making preparation to invade Canaan. After several vain attempts to carry out the king's wishes, "Balaam confessed that he came with the purpose of cursing Israel; but the words he uttered were directly contrary to the sentiments of his heart. He was constrained to pronounce blessings, while his soul was filled with curses."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 447.

3. "Every chapter and every verse of the Bible is a communication from God to men."—*Id.*, p. 504.

4. "It was through instruction received from God Himself that Paul was led to warn and admonish the Galatians in so solemn and positive a manner. He wrote, not in hesitancy and doubt, but with the assurance of settled conviction and absolute knowledge. He clearly outlined the difference between being taught by man and receiving instruction direct from Christ."—*"The Acts of the Apostles,"* p. 386.

5. The statements recorded in 2 Timothy 3:16, 17, make the Bible a perfect guide in faith and daily life for all men. For instance: There is a comprehensive portrait of charity in 1 Corinthians 13; the power of the tongue is exhaustively treated in James 3; the dual nature of the God-man is fully set forth in Hebrews 1 and 2; God's search for lost souls is revealed especially in Luke 15 by a three-fold parable; a complete discourse on the resurrection in 1 Corinthians 15; and the final destiny of the redeemed in Revelation 21 and 22.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT

Make a ✓ in the space below each day when you study your lesson that day.

## JUNIOR

### II—Isaac and Rebekah

(April 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Genesis 24; 25:7-10.

MEMORY VERSE: "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Prov. 3:6.

STUDY HELP: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 171-176, old edition; pp. 167-173, new edition.

## Questions

1. When Abraham was very old, what did he say to his most trusted servant Eliezer? To what country did he send this servant? Gen. 24:1-4. Note 1.
2. What possible difficulty did the servant mention? What did Abraham's faith lead him to say? Verses 5, 7, 8.
3. What did the servant take with him? To what country did he go? To what city? Verse 10. Note 2.
4. Where did the servant cause the camels to stop? What was the custom of the women of the city at the close of the day? As he neared the end of the journey, how did the servant seek wisdom? For what very definite sign did he pray? Verses 11-14.
5. Before he ceased praying, who came to the well? What favor did Abraham's servant ask of her? Verses 15, 17.
6. How did Rebekah show her kindness of heart? Verses 18-20.
7. What indicates that the servant felt that the Lord had answered his prayer in sending Rebekah to the well? Verses 21, 22.
8. What conversation took place between them? Verses 23-25.
9. How did the servant show his thankfulness for the answer to his prayer? Verses 26, 27.
10. What did Rebekah then do? What hospitality did her brother offer to Abraham's servant? Verses 28-31.
11. What entertainment did the servant accept? But what would he not do until he had told his errand? Verses 32, 33.
12. What is the story of his experiences as he related it? Verses 34-48.
13. What did he then ask? What did Rebekah's father and brother say? How did the servant again acknowledge that the Lord had led him? Verses 49-52.
14. What custom of the people did the servant then observe? Verse 53. Note 3.
15. What took place the next morning? Verses 54-59. Note 4.
16. Under what circumstances did Rebekah and Isaac meet? Verses 62-66. Note 5.
17. Where did Isaac take Rebekah? Verse 67. Note 6.
18. How old was Abraham when he died? Who buried him? Where was he buried? Who else are buried there? Gen. 25:7-10. Note 7.

## Told in Other Chapters

The name of the servant mentioned in the lesson.

The name of Rebekah's nurse.

How old Isaac was when he married Rebekah.

How long Isaac's mother had been dead when he married.

## Notes

1. "The inhabitants of Canaan were given to idolatry, and God had forbidden intermarriage between His people and them, knowing that such marriages would lead to apostasy. . . . In the mind of Abraham, the choice of a wife for his son was a matter of grave importance; he was anxious to have him marry one who would not lead him from God. In ancient times, marriage engagements were generally made by the parents; and this was the custom among those who worshiped God. None were required to

marry those whom they could not love; but in the bestowal of their affections the youth were guided by the judgment of their experienced, God-fearing parents. It was regarded as a dishonor to parents, and even a crime, to pursue a course contrary to this."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* p. 171.

2. It was a long journey from the home of Abraham to that of his people in Haran. The caravan consisted of ten camels with their drivers and caretakers. The camels carried rich presents, and gave an impression that Abraham was rich and prominent, to those who otherwise could know almost nothing of him. The size of the caravan would be a defense against robbers, and attacks by bands of wandering tribes.

3. The custom of those days required ornaments and clothing to be given to the bride and to her relatives from her future husband, in order to make the betrothal binding. The presents were given with much ceremony and before witnesses. Sometimes they were even described in a written document.

4. Deborah, Rebekah's old nurse, accompanied her to her new home, a plan dictated by good sense and prudence. She also had other attendants.

5. When Rebekah learned that the man she saw approaching was her betrothed husband, she alighted from her camel as a mark of respect, in accordance with the etiquette of the country. Writers tell us that in the East a woman of any social standing still appears before her betrothed veiled until the ceremony of marriage is completed.

6. "What a contrast between the course of Isaac and that pursued by the youth of our time, even among professed Christians! Young people too often feel that the bestowal of their affections is a matter in which self alone should be consulted,—a matter that neither God nor their parents should in any wise control. Long before they have reached manhood or womanhood, they think themselves competent to make their own choice, without the aid of their parents. A few years of married life are usually sufficient to show them their error, but often too late to prevent its baleful results. For the same lack of wisdom and self-control that dictated the hasty choice is permitted to aggravate the evil, until the marriage relation becomes a galling yoke. Many have thus wrecked their happiness in this life, and their hope of the life to come."—*Id.*, p. 175.

7. "In this cave of Machpelah lie treasured the remains of Abraham and Sarah, of Isaac and Rebekah, of Leah also, and the embalmed bodies of Jacob and perhaps Joseph. No other spot in the Holy Land holds so much precious dust as this. The site over the cave itself is covered by a Mohammedan sanctuary. Since the Moslem rule, it has not been accessible to either Christian or Jew."—*Geikie*.



## Key to Hidden Bible Fruits

1. Melon.
2. Date.
3. Fig.
4. Grape.
5. Pomegranate.
6. Olive.
7. Raisin.
8. Apple.

## THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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# THE LISTENING POST

APPROXIMATELY one half the land area of the United States, or 986,771,016 acres, is devoted to farming.

If the United States public debt were apportioned out among the citizens of the country, each one would, at the present time, owe \$167.

LAST year Uncle Sam exported some 7,107,000 pounds of peanuts, which is an increase of 400 per cent over the amount disposed of during the previous twelve months.

SPEEDING still heads the list of sins of the automobile driver. It is estimated that during 1932, over 35 per cent of the motor accidents were caused by exceeding a safe speed.

THE Turkish government has felt exceedingly embarrassed, since it has come into friendly contact with Western civilization, by the lack of surnames which its population suffers. Therefore, it has decreed that every family must hunt up a last name, and append it to the various given names of its household.

THE Union Planters National Bank and Trust Company, of Memphis, Tennessee, recently received the gift of a large rug, patterned after a \$5 Federal Reserve note. They did not start using this rug, however, until the United States Treasury Department had ruled that it did not constitute a counterfeit.

THERE are now, scattered throughout the United States, 1,486 colleges and universities, according to the 1933 Federal Educational Directory. Of these institutions, 44 per cent are supported by church denominations, 26 per cent by State governments, 22 per cent by private corporations, and 8 per cent by municipal governments.

THOUGH other forms of transportation have suffered severe declines during the period of hard times in the United States, not even Old Man Depression has been able to stop the steady gain which has marked the progress of the air transport business since its commercialization. During 1932, the United Air Lines increased their mileage more than 18 per cent over the record of the previous year, and carried 89,000 passengers, as compared with 43,000 in 1931.

PROF. ALBERT J. DOW, associate professor of mathematics and science at Boston University's College of Business Administration, is anxious that health as well as knowledge shall result from his classes. Last fall he laid down a number of health rules for his underweight students. These included eight hours' sleep each night, three square meals a day, with plenty of milk, cream, and fresh vegetables on the bill of fare, the drinking of at least two quarts of water a day, and plenty of exercise. All who gained weight during the ten weeks of the experiment, were promised a scholastic credit bonus in proportion to their gain. The result was a goodly number of extra credits for extra pounds.

THOUGH the English royal crown was fashioned less than one hundred years ago, for Queen Victoria, it was recently pronounced in need of repair, and no time was lost in having reset the priceless gems which adorn it. The historical value of some of these stones, as well as their intrinsic worth, makes the crown exceedingly valuable. There is the famous Black Prince's ruby, the size of a small hen's egg, which dates back five centuries; the pearl eardrops of Queen Elizabeth; a large part of the Star of Africa diamond, weighing more than 300 carats; the great sapphire from the crown of Charles II, and a similar stone from the coronation ring of Edward the Confessor. In addition to the larger stones of note, there are, in the crown, 2,783 diamonds, 277 pearls, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, and 4 rubies. Needless to say, the royal diadem is carefully guarded in the Tower of London.

WIRELESS and aviation have brought medical aid within reach of a large number of heretofore isolated families in the interior of Australia. Small and inexpensive wireless transmitters have been distributed among these far-flung communities which are unable to support a doctor. When sickness swoops down upon them, they can now send a call for help to the miles-distant medical center. Also, they must put out a white sheet signal, and build a small out-of-door fire to indicate the nearest landing field. With all possible speed, the doctor answers the calls in his airplane. During the first year this service was in operation, the doctor flew 20,000 miles to attend 255 patients.

HARBIN, in Manchuria, might well be called the City of the Prolific Press. To serve its population of less than 300,000, twenty daily newspapers are printed in four languages. Nine of these papers appear in Russian, six in Chinese, two in Japanese, two in English, and one part Russian and part English.

MONTGOMERY WARD & Co., the mail-order house whose name is a household word the world around, used 6,000 tons of paper in the preparation of its latest catalogue. The estimated cost of these books is more than \$1 per copy, but they are gladly sent out to prospective customers free of charge.

It will cost 48.7 cents per day to educate each child attending the public elementary and high schools of the United States during 1933, estimates the Federal Department of Education. This is 22 per cent less than the cost of learning three years ago.

DURING 1932 the people of the United States used 82,939,000,000 kilowatt hours of electricity. This, says the Geological Survey of the Department of the Interior, is 9½ per cent less than was used the previous year.

THERE were 1,453 bank failures in the United States during 1932, says the Federal Reserve Board. Only four States, Maine, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Vermont, came through the whole hard year intact.

AUSTRIA has perfected a steel grating road which costs only 15 cents a square foot.

ABOUT 1 per cent of the mail transported throughout the United States is sent via the air.

THE State of Pennsylvania leads all the other States in the production of coal, cement, slate, glass, and steel products.

It cost Uncle Sam \$4,000 a day to put into permanent form the many and lengthy speeches which embellished and enlivened the last "lame duck" session of Congress.

It is recorded that 726,591 gross tons of ships set sail for the first time throughout the whole world during 1932. This, says Lloyd's Register of Shipping, is the smallest annual boat production in more than fifty years, and is 900,000 tons less than in 1931.

THE year 1932 is the first in the history of motor cars that shows a decline in the number of traffic fatalities, both in the United States and in foreign countries. However, with a conservative estimate of some 30,000 people killed by automobile accidents in the United States during the past year, there is still room for improvement.

THE campaign which was started a half century ago to preserve a little of the atmosphere of the Old West by saving the remnants of vast buffalo herds, which formerly covered the plains, has been carried on a little too successfully. These animals, which numbered only about 1,400 in this region twenty years ago, have now increased until the bison reservations are becoming overpopulated, and the question at present is what to do with the surplus.

WHAT a boon to struggling chemists is the new polarograph designed by Prof. Jaroslav Heyrovsky, of Charles University, Prague, which automatically analyzes complex chemical solutions. The solution to be studied is placed in the instrument and electrolytically decomposed. Then the electric current passing through the substances registers on a strip of paper certain curves which, when translated, tell both the kind and the amount of each in the machine.

A PROJECT is under construction in Central Europe to connect the Rhine and Rhone Rivers by means of a canal, thus linking by water the frigid North Sea with the tropical Mediterranean. Later the project will be extended to link by water Lake Geneva with the Atlantic through the Rhone and canals to Bordeaux. For fifty years this great water transportation system was the dream of European engineers, but it was not until the Versailles Treaty gave France full authority to proceed that anything definite was accomplished. Even though the work is now only started, it has already cost the French government 750,000,000 francs (about \$30,000,000).