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HOME and SCHOOL

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HOME AND SCHOOL

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The True Spirit of Christmas

THE Christmas season is here again, the season which the world celebrates as the birthday of Christ. No event like unto "Christ manifest in the flesh" ever took place before it. Only Infinite Love could have determined such an act, and have carried it to a successful completion. The condescension of Jesus consisted not merely in laying aside divine splendor, but chiefly in adding to the divine nature the human form, human in every respect.

Think deeply for a moment about this union of two natures. The former was matchless, sinless. It was divine. The latter was sinful and weak. Yet our Creator accepted it, and with unwavering will, guided by heavenly foresight, lived among us, till at last He triumphantly brought His earthly career to a climax in tasting "death for every man."

During His days here on earth, He never shrank from the burden of human limitations, but patiently endured it, that we might find in Him a merciful high priest, a compassionate and tender friend.

We would not be forgetful of what He endured in human form as we emphasize—now more than at other seasons—the incarnation. Is there a service we may perform for our neighbor which we consider too great? Then let us look to the Pattern. Do we find it difficult to part with a little gift? Then look again to the Example.

How strange a contrast is offered by the simplicity of the nativity and the ostentation of present Christmas celebration! If we would *truly* observe the event, we should not feast upon delicacies which our Lord never enjoyed, or present the gifts of which our Lord would not approve.

—Reinholdt L. Klingbeil

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CHRISTIANITY *in* Education



By MRS. GOLDA DOUB

EDUCATION, whether with or without Christianity in it, professes to prepare us for life. Is the fulfillment as fair as the promise? Having made trial of both, may I speak at first hand?

It fell to my lot at an early age to enter a high school which was quite "modern, advanced," for that time, which meant that the faculty were persons well-trained in the latest educational lore. What a privilege to sit at the feet of such teachers! A few months before, I had joined a church, desiring in all sincerity to please God and do His will, but needing a much better understanding of the way to nobility of life. The church was vague. Education, I thought, will do wonderful things for me, will provide the things lacking in the church. With great eagerness I opened my mind to the instruction of my teachers.

WHEN EDUCATION FAILED

In physiography I began to learn that our solar system was a fragment thrown centrifugally from a molten nebula eons ago, which gradually cooled and took its present form; that some of the strata of earth's crust were laid down millions of years before human life appeared; that the Bible story of the flood was probably the excited imaginings of some prehistoric inhabitant during the Pleistocene age, at the break-up of the great North American continental glacier.

In biology I learned that the plagues of Egypt could readily be accounted for on natural grounds; that probably they had their seasons of drouth and locusts and insect pests just as we have today; that the first rains after a long drouth probably washed down so much red clay that the people thought the water looked like blood; that the disease among the livestock was similar to the foot-and-mouth disease of today, and the Israelites had a strain that had a higher resistance than the others; that all these events were probably much exaggerated in the retelling from generation to generation.

In social science I learned that there are many really good things to be found in the Bible; but also much that is worthless, unworthy of the belief of an intelligent person; that it is a mark of ignorance to be too credulous; that education endows one with a fine sense of discrimination as to which parts are of value and which are not. Of course, I didn't want to be ignorant. I wanted to acquire that discernment. Therefore, in this period of early youth I followed earnestly after education.

In high school I learned many things, many excellent things. But I did not learn a way of life that met my needs. Education without Christianity had failed me in early youth.

The home was broken up and we scattered. We had lost our father, and our mother was an invalid for years. The children scattered, each on his own resources. After I finished high school, I went to the university, a State school of high repute. Under the necessity of making my own living, I had a severe struggle with poverty and overwork. The specter of insolvency just a few paces before me haunted me always. Never more than a few dollars ahead of my current needs, I was in constant fear lest I should succumb to some unfavorable circumstances. Anxiety like leaden clouds hung over me. Eventually the strain began to tell on my physical resources. I knew I could not keep up that pace to the end of a college career, and I could not make enough to enable me to pursue the course I most desired—medicine.

Hoping always that education would furnish the answer to my troubled state, I inquired earnestly into the subjects that offered some enlightenment. I longed to be informed of some reliable guidebook to life, to find something in which to trust and rest.

HOW EDUCATION FAILED

I learned, among other things, that the men who wrote the Bible were undoubtedly good men, men who had a desire to uplift mankind, and deserved credit for that; but they were human and made mistakes, even as we do today. Since they were the teachers of religion in Israel and were supposed to know all that could be known as to where this world came from and the origin of the human race, they felt obliged to give an account of such matters. They couldn't tell the people that they didn't know, so they did the best they could at thinking up the way it probably happened and made up the stories of Genesis about the creation. And really they did a pretty good job of it considering their lack of scientific information. Those stories are amusing bits of fiction, in the light of twentieth century knowledge. But the authors of them were good old fellows and meant well, and may have done a good work in their generation. Of course, today, we know a great deal better than they did, and can no longer rely upon their authority. And so on through scriptural history and prophecy. At the end of two years, this doctrine had taken from me all the faith

I had and given me nothing in return. I had found nothing to ease my anxiety or uncertainty. Education without Christianity had failed me in poverty.

After two years I married and turned away from school. Prosperity came, a happy home, and everything that would have seemed necessary to perfect contentment. I continued to study, but I was never altogether happy. Education had failed to direct me into a satisfying way of life, even in prosperity.

Then came a series of physical crises that left me helpless, gradually losing my hold on life in spite of all that could be done. I had not yet learned how to live, and was wholly unprepared to die. Where was now the sustaining influence of education? Before the prospect of death, it forsook me utterly.

Education without Christianity had given me many good things of scientific interest and cultural enjoyment, but it had proved inadequate alike for the occasions of poverty and plenty, of anxiety and security, in the fullness of vigor and in the decline of death; in fact, in all the major guidance of life.

I resolved to study the Bible again, to unburden my mind of all previous impressions and prejudices, and take it at its own word. It had once seemed to hold promise for me; perhaps it would speak to me again.

TRUE EDUCATION

That was the beginning of an education with Christianity in it. With almost overwhelming rapidity, the grand survey of world history contained in the Scriptures opened up to my understanding. The hand of God appeared in all things. For the first time in my life I began to understand that I did not have to order my own life and circumstances alone, but that if I put myself in His paths, God would do for me what I could not do for myself. The ineffable peace of that discovery is past human expression. I asked God for life; He restored me to health. I asked the privilege of a place in His work; He filled my hands and my heart. I asked for further formal education as a training for better service; He bestowed it.

These twelve years of education with Christianity in it have subjected that education to many tests. It has had to meet affluence and penury, good times and bad, joy and sorrow, success and disappointment, loneliness and companionship, friendship and enmity. In all these conditions it has provided a purpose and a power and a peace that are an unfailing guide to the way of life.

The world can give only what the world possesses. It does not possess the gift of peace nor the power to guide aright.



If we have good judgment, we do not promise a sinner that the moment he becomes converted he will have no further difficulties or sorrows; but we do promise him a strength to endure and a peace to console which he never before enjoyed.

If we are judicious, we do not promise the youth that education in a Christian school will spare him all further exposure to temptation and doubt and the knowledge of evil; but we can promise him an opportunity to find the Source of all virtue and trust, and the knowledge of good. Christianity in education fulfills its promises.

WHOLESOME SWEETNESS

By HILDA RICHMOND

A YOUNG matron overheard a group discussing a new neighbor of hers—a mother of four little children. She was spoken of as a successful wife and mother, and one of the group said that her home was “pervaded by an atmosphere of wholesome sweetness.” Just what that meant the listener determined to find out, for she herself had two little ones, and she hoped that she might learn something worthwhile.

Imagine her consternation when she discovered, or thought she discovered, that her neighbor was firm and unyielding along certain lines and not at all her idea of a sweet and loving parent. This mother, she found, required definite things of her children, and held them rigidly to their tiny tasks. Sometimes these tasks were not easy. The onlooker had always been very tender with her own babies, helping them when there was something hard for them to do, sometimes even doing it for them, fearing they might get too tired or learn to dislike work.

A little further observation, however, showed that this neighbor’s children loved doing difficult things and coveted the praise that came from mother when they did them well. They might want to do something else instead of putting their play shelves in order, but the mother’s look of approval and her words of praise repaid them for sticking to the task. In fact, she heard them refuse the aid of a doting aunt who wanted to lend a hand, one of them saying, “We like to do it all ourselves.”

“And now I know what ‘wholesome sweetness’ is,” said the onlooker. “It is exactly the opposite of that ‘sickly sweetness’ that results in coddling and pampering.”

“I’m glad you’ve found that out, Helen,” said her husband. “You used to wait on the youngsters much more than I thought you should, and you seemed to feel like a criminal when you had to discipline them in the slightest way. Now you are sweeter than ever with them, but you are sensible and firm and strong. The children behave better and are happier.”

(Concluded on page 31)



LIVING TOGETHER

By
LESSIE M.
DROWN

WE WHO have watched the development of many children from infancy to maturity continually meet with surprises. Our predictions are likely to be all wrong. We see boys and girls from good Christian homes fail miserably in morals and character,—and we also see fine, upright young people emerge from the homes of spiritually mediocre parents. None of our pet theories of heredity, environment, or special systems seem to fit these cases.

From constant study and observation of the children of friends, neighbors, and relatives, I grow more and more to believe that there *is* an element which *does* control the situation more than most of us believe. I have nothing original to offer, but I want to emphasize as strongly as possible the fact that a friendly, co-operative, confidential relationship between parent and child is tremendously important.

While discussing this subject quite recently, someone said to me, "That's all right; we all believe that in theory, but why not get down to brass tacks and tell us how to do it?" That made me realize that some parents really can not get down (or climb up) to the level of a child, or at least they *think* they can not. It would almost seem as though just remembering one's own childhood would be all that was necessary. As we look back to our childhood, what do we remember about our parents? There are few memories which do not in some way touch the idea of intimacy and comradeship. We may

remember times when we longed desperately to "talk things over" with father or mother, but there was a wall of reserve which we could not tear down. Or we may remember happy, intimate conversations which wiped away our doubts and fears.

It would be difficult to tell others how to be "chummy" with their children, for it really is an attitude or state of mind rather than definite things that are done. Some chums work and play together with very few words. They have trust and confidence in each other. So it can be in some families, while other companions might be more voluble.

LITTLE PEOPLE

We might say one good rule to follow would be: Recognize that boys and girls are real people with joys, sorrows, likes and dislikes, ambitions, aspirations, and problems quite as real and important to them as those of older people. They are, as often labeled, "little people," but nevertheless *real*.

We who have had so much more experience could save these little people many heartaches if we lived near enough to them to know what was in their minds. Many times they hear a stray bit of conversation from older people—perhaps only a figure of speech like "holding his nose to the grindstone"—which assumes strange and awful meanings. They suffer needlessly if they do not have someone to explain away their fears.

Children love dramatics. I once went into a home where the mother and a four-year-old girl were playing a game. It happened when I was quite young, but it made a great impression on me, and I always remembered it. The little girl was a make-believe visitor and would knock at the door. Her mother would graciously welcome her, care for her wraps, give her a seat, and carry on a polite, conventional conversation with her. She even performed imaginary introductions. This mother, a very shy country woman, who had never had any social advantages, told me that she wanted to teach her little girl to "be polite" and "not to be bashful." And yet she had never heard of child psychology.

I know another mother, just buried in work, yet she always finds time to play games, tell stories, get up picnic suppers, give little parties, and chum continually with her children. They adore her and are very happy, as all work together sharing the household tasks.

When a youngster wants to spend more money than the family can afford, why not explain the family budget to him? A young child can get a good general idea of the inroads of taxes, insurance, rent, and mortgages if they are explained to him, not as tragedies or disasters, but as *facts* which have to be reckoned with. They will be very reasonable in their demands, and more appreciative of what is given them, where they have a real understanding of the money problem.

Other responsibilities can be explained and shared in the same way. Both boys and girls get useful lessons in learning to care for their own rooms. Helping with housework, or any other kind of work, not only teaches them how to do the actual work itself, but gives them a sense of responsibility. The act of working together gives the co-operation and good understanding which is so valuable. The economic angle of garden work and canning can be discussed while the actual work is being shared. Walks and rides and little trips can be mutually enjoyed. When once on the right path, a parent will have little difficulty in learning how to be on terms of intimacy with his children.

FAIRNESS

Lessons in religion, morals, and politics can be taught through friendly conversations.

We ought to be very honest and fair with children. Once I asked my small neighbor how old he was. He immediately answered, "I'm three. How old are you?" A perfectly fair question on his part, was it not? We do ask children too many questions.

It is not fair to look a child over critically, as though he were a piece of furniture, and say, "He looks like his Uncle John," or "Grandmother Smith," or some other relative. I have seen children look really distressed upon such occasions, and it has

occurred to me that no matter how much a child may love Uncle John or Grandmother Smith, he may not want to look like him. When my nephew was a little fellow, he once said to his mother, "Everyone says I look like you, mother, but I don't mind." Some of us would not like to have people look us over and tell what they thought of our looks. Let us be more fair and kind about this matter.

A somewhat new problem has arisen in family life in late years. In altogether too many homes now the children and *not the parents* are the dictators. They scold and criticize their parents, and declare very clearly that they will do as they please. The parents are helpless and bewildered, knowing well that this new generation will do as it pleases.

This condition furnishes another reason why a friendly relationship should be established very early in the child's life. It would help to establish a sort of "balance of power." Neither side needs to be tyrannical.

Children can develop better mentally and spiritually where there is a comfortable atmosphere around them with confidence on both sides. They become "good sports." They are sane and well balanced.

If any of the readers of this article are having problems with their children, I urge them to seek the friendly relationship. Approach it in a Christian spirit and they will reap the joys awaiting them.

LUCK vs. PLUCK

By MARY KELSEY

"Hello," said Tommy to Jimmie Brown,
"Why so forlorn, with head cast down?
Weren't those exams a cinch, I say?
Best snap we've had in many a day!"

"Easy! Why Tom, have you lost all your senses?
I couldn't tell gender of verbs from tenses.
It seemed the worst muddle we've ever had!
But then, my luck's most always bad.

"And she said, 'Describe and bound Ceylon.'
Now honest, Tom, which map is it on?
If she'd only said, 'Bound the swimmin' hole,
Or locate the bases in prisoner's goal!"

Thus unconsciously Jimmie and Tommy took
Their attitude toward both game and book;
One following the trail of illusive luck,
The other depending on downright pluck.

And here they are, and they're here to stay.
I can show them to you almost any day.
The one with languor his work has begun
When the other jumps up and says, "I'm done."
You can hear them talk at every table—
The ones who "just can't," and the ones who are able.

CHRISTMAS

In-de-Land-o'-Cotton



By
JESSIE
STABLER
BURDICK

BANG! BANG!
Laddy awakened out of sleep with a start, and cautiously peeped out of the window.

"What was that noise?" he asked curiously.

"Merry Christmas!" shouted Sister, running in from a distant room.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Again came the reports in quick succession.

"What are they shooting for today?" Laddy asked his sister.

"Fireworks are a part of the celebration in Tennessee," Sister told her small brother, who was one of her Christmas guests.

"Oh! Look! There is the funniest-looking squirrel! He's gray—I never saw a squirrel like that before," said Laddy, as he hurried into his clothes and ran into the living room.

"What are those big dark things on the ground? There are six—no, seven—no, eight of them. They look like large, dark green, dirty oranges."

"They are osage oranges, but some people call them hedge apples," Sister explained.

As Laddy stepped out of the front door, there, right near the steps, he saw two circles, about a foot in diameter, of particles of the hedge apples which looked like pieces of pumpkin, which the squirrels had shredded and thrown carelessly about.

"What do they cut up the hedge apples for?" Laddy asked.

"To get the seeds," Sister answered.

"I want to see a hedge apple tree," said Laddy as he started in search of one.

"At the corner of the house there is one," Sister told him, as she took him by the hand and led him to an osage orange tree which they examined.

"What funny bark it has. It looks as though some animal was using it for a rubbing post. The upper part of the trunk is full of ridges like an elm tree, but the lower half is just a smooth reddish-tan, with strings hanging down."

THE ELEVATED RAILWAY

After they returned to the house, Sister's husband asked, "Do you want to see the squirrels' elevated railway?"

"Where is it?" Laddy questioned.

"I'll open the door, and you watch those two out in the cedar tree to see where they go after getting a nut from their lunch counter," he answered.

He opened the door quietly and stepped outside. The two squirrels instantly jumped to higher

branches on the cedar tree, then to the still higher power wires and across to the stucco building next door, climbing the side wall as easily as though it were a tree trunk.

"They look much like our plump fox squirrel, with large, bushy tail, only they are a very soft gray, flecked with white," said Sister. "Their breasts are white, when they are clean, and the tips of their tails are whiter than their bodies."

"They are more safe here than in the woods, aren't they?" Laddie asked.

"Yes. Naturalists tell us that when the gray squirrel is in the silent forest he must be on the alert to protect his hidden store of nuts from those little scamps, the red squirrels and the wild mice, and must always listen for the fox's footstep on the leaves, or the screaming of a hawk above. The red-shouldered hawks have keen eyesight and often drop from the sky, surprising the little squirrel during his working hours. Another smaller hawk, called Cooper's hawk, runs along through the undergrowth with great swiftness. The little squirrel has surprise enemies on every side."

"It must be tough to be a little squirrel," said Laddy sympathetically.

"Yes, they have a hard life, and they have another enemy that is sometimes more cruel than all the rest," Sister told him.

"What is that?" asked Laddy quickly.

"That is little boys with stones and sticks and sometimes small guns," she answered.

"Well, they do have a hard life, and I'm not going to shoot any," Laddy decided.

"While the folks are getting breakfast, how would you like to drive around the square and get the lay of the country?" asked Laddy's father. In a twinkling Laddy was speeding over the highway with his mother and father.

"There are some mules over there. Did you ever see so many as there are in Kentucky and Tennessee? In one place, you remember, we saw thirty and in another we saw fifteen."

"I believe I'll see what they are selling for in this location," Father remarked, as he stopped the car and passed through several small yards with dilapidated fences until he reached a tumble-down barn where several mules were frisking about trying to keep warm in the barnyard.

As father approached the colored man who was the owner of the mules, the latter was inclined to run away. Perhaps he thought an officer was after him, but when he learned the big man was only interested in his mules, he was very sociable. As the man turned to leave, the colored man asked curiously, "Wheah you from, boss?"

"We are from Michigan," he answered.

"Oh, you-all down from the noff?" he asked again.

"Yes, we came down to get some Tennessee sunshine," he laughed, "and here it is snowing!"

"Dat's all right, boss, dat's all right. We-all jes' goin' to have a little Santa Claus weathah down heah, too." The old darky laughed as if he were happy to have a snowstorm in Tennessee.

The return drive led past many quaint little shacks with large fireplace chimneys on at least one side, which was the only part of the house substantially built. Washings on the lines were gay with the most intense shades of pink, green, blue, and orange.

Youngsters were running to and from some of the houses, displaying rows of shiny, white teeth, all evidently in a jolly holiday mood.

Breakfast over, the folks gathered about the pine tree which had many curious-looking packages at its base.

Bang!—! !

"My—ee!" exclaimed Laddy. "I thought the whole house was going that time."

Sister laughed as she explained, "I just noticed two boys put a large firecracker in a tin can so it would make more noise, and the can went right straight up in the air."

"Wish I could have some firecrackers," Laddy said ruefully.

"LONDON CALLING"

"London calling you," came the announcement of a pleasant voice over the radio. "King George is about to send greetings to all his subjects"—a noble greeting it was—asking God's blessing for the year on every child and his parents, in all his provinces.

Immediately following the king's greeting, hundreds of voices burst forth singing the beautiful "Messiah." The music coming over the wires from Cleveland, was being given by the Akron Civic Chorus, considered one of the finest in the United States—a musical feast for all.

"We ought to give the birds a nice dinner today. What shall I give them?" inquired Laddy.

"We will give them a whole slice of whole-wheat bread broken into small bits, as we have given the

squirrels two Brazil nuts for their party—and one of *them* is already gone; they must have just taken it," said Sister in surprise.

Soon the cardinals and five cunning tufted titmice came to the lunch counter, each snatching a crumb and flying to the cedar tree, and a mocking bird was seen picking the berries off the woodbine on a window near by.

The titmice were making a queer little "chee-o-wee, chee-o-wee" noise, a bit weird and monotonous, but in tune with their wild lives. Another called incessantly, "Peto-peto-peto-daytee-daytee!"

"We do enjoy our tufted titmice more than any other birds. They are so regular about coming and talk away in their bird language. It makes us feel they are trying to be sociable," said Sister.

"What would they do if you did not feed them?" Laddy asked.

"Oh, they scramble up and down on the trunks of the trees and find lots of insects and their larvæ. Most of the time they seem very tame. They do not pay much attention to us."

"That sounds like a chickadee, but the titmouse seems to be making the noise," Laddy observed, as he watched the banquet through the kitchen window.

"Sometimes its call note is like the chickadee's, only louder."

"Do they stay here all the time?" asked Laddy.

"No," answered Sister. "In the spring they separate in pairs and fly away to the wildwood, where they raise their families. We do not see them in the summer time at all. They look like cedar waxwings, only they are smaller,—they are the same tannish-gray with a tinge of olive green on the wings and tail. See what a long tail he has!"

"Does the cedar waxwing have a crest too?" Laddy questioned.

"Yes, the male has quite a conspicuous crest. The titmice all have crests alike. Do you see the tinge of olive green on the wings? And there is a reddish oval spot on the upper side of the breast next to the wings, too. Their throats are almost white, and their breasts a dirty gray."

After the evening meal, Laddy was snugly tucked in bed for the night.

Bang! Bang! Bang! came another triple explosion outside the house, startling the folks inside, but fun for the boys outside.

"Isn't it funny to have fireworks in the winter time?" Laddy shouted. "I am glad we have our Christmas and Fourth of July one at a time in Michigan!"

"You must remember you are down in de-land-o'-cotton—sunny Tennessee—and they celebrate Christmas a little differently down here," Sister laughed.

"Sunny! Did you say 'sunny Tennessee'? It's been snowing ever since we came," Laddy taunted, as he dozed off to sleep.

HOME GOVERNMENT*

(Concluded)

By MRS FLORA H. WILLIAMS

TEASING

MANY children have been allowed to form the habit of teasing. Let us illustrate:

A boy came to the teacher with the request to be absent the last half of the afternoon. The teacher thought for a moment, then answered, "No, I must not let you go; you have been absent so much you are behind."

"Oh, please, I'll make up all the work."

No answer.

"Please let me go."

"You heard my answer."

"I know, but I want to go awfully bad."

"Don't you know that teasing will do no good? Are you in the habit of teasing your parents when they say no?"

"Yes, I always tease till they let me do as I want to." An undesirable habit had been formed, and it was the natural thing for him to tease. It is hardly necessary to say that he did not do as he wanted that time.

There is a variety of bad habits which children form, and sometimes the parents do not seem to comprehend that they are forming habits at all.

SHOULD CHILDREN BE PUNISHED?

In the cases of the sons of Aaron and also the sons of Eli, God Himself took the matter of punishment into His own hands, because both these fathers failed to correct and punish their sons. The same is true of David's sons. Surely this was a most severe rebuke to those fathers for their failure to do their duty.

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes." Proverbs 13: 24. "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." Proverbs 19: 18. "The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Proverbs 29: 15.

It seems that these texts from God's word make this matter clear. First he that does not correct his child hates him. Real love seeks to save him. He is not saved by neglecting to correct his faults; the cases we have herein discussed prove quite the opposite. "The Homiletic Commentary" on Proverbs 13: 24 says, "The rod is to be included in the means of education. . . . Children must be made to feel

that pain is the outcome of transgression, and evil habits must if possible be crushed while in the bud. They can be overcome then with far less suffering than when they have taken firmer hold, and the pain is as nothing compared with that which the habits themselves will inflict if they are allowed to go on through life, and enthrall the soul entirely. A thorn which has but just entered the skin can be extracted with a very small amount of suffering even by an unskilful hand; if left for a few days, it may produce a festering wound; if not extracted at all, it may end in mortification. Therefore chasten him 'betimes'—at the right time; early; while there is hope.

"The fear of suffering is also a great preventive of sin. The great Father of men uses it as an instrument to dissuade men from breaking His laws. He warns them over and over again of the suffering which they will bring upon themselves if they disobey His commands, and their experience of the suffering that has followed sin in the past often leads them to avoid it in the future. . . . This fear is not the highest motive for abstinence from wrong-doing, but in both the child and the man it may be the foundation of an upbuilding of character which shall by-and-by go on growing in goodness without this instrumentality."

Chastening, or the infliction of pain, is not incompatible with love, as many people seem to think. "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Hebrews 12: 6.

"Fond parents think it is love that spares the rod, but divine wisdom calls it hatred."—"*Lange's Commentary*."

Again I quote from "Homiletic Commentary": "What should we think of a father who would see his child bleed to death rather than bind up the wound, because in so doing he would inflict some present bodily pain upon the child and some mental suffering upon himself? Or of the physician who would not use the knife to stop the progress of mortal disease because the patient shrinks from the incision and he himself is averse to the sight of blood? We should say they were destroyers of life which had been trusted to them to preserve. But what shall we say of a parent who is so fond of his child that he cannot inflict pain upon him now for deeds that, if repeated until they become habits, will ruin him for time and for eternity? Such sickly sentimentalism in a parent makes him unworthy of his name, and

(Concluded on page 22)

* Read at 1936 General Conference.

The BURTON CHILDREN

[We do not suppose that anyone knows the exact day of Christ's birth. If it were necessary that we should know, our Lord would have revealed it. The most necessary thing for us to know is that Christ was born, and that He lives in us individually, and to use Christmas day and every other day to His honor and glory, and not to the pleasing of self.]

In the following article there is much said about Christmas, but there is also a most beautiful and helpful picture of real home life, not selfishly enjoyed by the family alone. They give of themselves for the life-long benefit of others. Through their giving of self true character is being built.—Ed.]

MRS. BURTON was one of those model housekeepers whose home is always in order, and never shows any of the confusion or hurry and bustle which so many women consider the necessary accompaniment of extra work or of slightly unusual conditions. When anything out of the ordinary came above the domestic horizon, she used her head, laid her plans carefully, and usually brought about her results to the comfort or delight of the family without making them feel that she was a martyr to the cause. A martyr may be an interesting character in history, but not the most cheerful companion for everyday life.

With such a ruling spirit, all the household preparations for Christmas had been made with apparent ease, and while Mrs. Burton and Louise had been unusually busy, no one else heard anything about extra work, and the discussion of domestic affairs was not allowed to get beyond the dining room doors. The family saw only results, and these were subtle and indefinable. In some mysterious way the house had taken on that peculiar glitter which follows a particularly careful burnishing. Each article of furniture seemed exactly in the best possible place. The mahogany had taken on a deeper luster, and the rugs a warmer glow; the floors were dust-free and shining, while all the light globes sparkled brilliantly. The glass in the windows was so clear that one forgot that anything intervened between the eye and the snow-covered lawn beyond, across whose white, sun-lit surface the great oak trees cast filmy shadows of leaf and twig tracery, while here and there a tall, untrimmed evergreen gave a pleasant note of color.

THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS PURITY

White primroses and feathery ferns filled the sunny west windows on either side of the fireplace, where crackled and flamed a clear fire on a hearth clean enough to delight the soul of the critical Mrs. Battle. There were wreaths in the windows of delicate ground pine caught together with great bows of white ribbon, for Mrs. Burton had this year decided to get away from the conventional color scheme which called for red, and work out one suited to her own idea of the spirit of Christmas

purity, which to her was the central thought of the holiday time. The white appeared again in the waxy berries of the long branch of mistletoe over the door from the hall, and in the cut flowers placed wherever they could be allowed without marring the effect.

Mrs. Burton looked, as she was, the very genius of the place, moving about in a graceful white dress. She had dressed early today, and with Dophine and Margaret was now awaiting Jack's return from the station where he had gone to meet Reddy.

Dophine was wild with excitement, both over the coming of her far-away adopted brother, whom she loved devotedly, and the suppressed secret joy of the Christmas time. She ran from window to mother and back again, chattering all the time about either Reddy, or Santa Claus, or the Christmas tree, or the surprises that would find their mysterious way into the stockings at night.

Margaret was quieter and kept almost constant watch of the street lest she should lose one precious moment of her Reddy. She had one of those quiet natures whose feelings do not bubble forth emotionally but go down deep to a well-spring of devotion which, as she grew older, would show itself in unending self-sacrifice for the loved ones. Mrs. Burton often sighed as she thought of the suffering that would fall to Margaret if her lot, in later years, should be cast among selfish people.

CATCHING UP ON CHILDHOOD

"They're coming!" exclaimed Margaret, rushing through the hall and down the driveway, meeting the two boys just as they turned in at the gate. Mrs. Burton followed to the door and waited to catch the first glimpse of Reddy's face, to see what story the few months at college had written there.

With head high-lifted and eyes shining, he took the steps at a bound, exclaiming as he threw his arms around Mrs. Burton, "Oh, it is so good to have a real home to come to at Christmas! It makes me feel like other fellows, and I never did before."

"You don't know how glad we are to count you in the family," said Mrs. Burton, as she led the way into the living room, while Jack carried suitcase and bundles up to the room which he and Reddy would occupy together.

"And I'm going to hang up my stocking tonight with the rest of the kids," continued Reddy, "for I have never done that in all my life."

"And then shall you slip down barefooted in the night to see if you can catch Santa Claus coming down the chimney, or are you going to be one of the



EWING GALLOWAY Photo.

nice children who knows that the story is only a myth?"

"Indeed not!" exclaimed Reddy. "I'm going to bed and shut my eyes tight and believe every word of the whole thing—white beard, red coat, sleigh, reindeer, and all. I've been cheated out of a lot of that kind of fun and I'm going to catch up all I can. Wouldn't you, Dophine?" and he swung the little lady to his shoulder and walked around the room, enjoying every touch of its home spirit.

The family gathered early for dinner and had a delightful half-hour with no light but the glow of the fire. Tom Davis was the last to arrive, and when he came into the room Reddy did not wait for an introduction, but rose with extended hand to meet him.

"You must be my new brother," he said. "I'm Reddy, and you and I ought to be mighty grateful for the good fortune that has let us into this family."

"You can't be as grateful as I am," said Tom, "for you have had a lot of good things before."

"Yes, I've had a few comforts that money can buy, but I've missed the real things that I've found here. Isn't this the nicest room you ever saw?"

Tom agreed that it was, but when they went into the dining room, they were about ready to change

their minds. Every electric light was covered with a flower-like shade. Wreaths of holly with great white bows were in the windows, branches of it rose from vases on the side-board, while in the center of the table stood a tiny Christmas tree with white candles burning on its branches.

The table itself was perfect. The linen was of the whitest, the silver shone with that deep brilliancy which can be acquired only with frequent and persistent polishing. Each knife was turned with its cutting edge toward the plate, and the attendant spoons and forks were placed with mathematical accuracy close to the edge of the table. Glasses were placed with equal care to the right at the point of the spoons, while the polished napkin holders lay uniformly at the left of the forks. The jelly, bon-bons, and celery were arranged with equal symmetry.

All this care for details was new to Tom when he came for Thanksgiving dinner, for before a meal was to him merely something to eat, usually tumbled helter-skelter upon the table. But he had been frequently at the house since then, and by close watching, and with an occasional delicate hint from Mrs. Burton, he had learned what it meant to dine. Tonight he felt perfectly at home, and the tears

gathered in his eyes as he thought of the glimpse of true refinement which these few weeks had given him.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton looked with satisfaction at the young faces about the table.

"A pretty good-sized family," said Mr. Burton, as his eye swept from Phil to Dophine.

"We are seven," quoted Reddy. "That is, if you count Tom and me."

"We certainly do," said Mrs. Burton, "and you know the number is a magic one. We shall expect good things, if not great ones, of all of you."

As the dinner drew to a close, Jack, at a signal from Mrs. Burton, slipped out of the room, while the others remained to hear the end of a story which Mr. Burton was telling.

When they entered the great living room, everyone was amazed at the seeming transformation. At the end of the room usually occupied by Margaret's and Ned's little study table and chairs, there between the two great windows, stood a symmetrical Christmas tree, touching with its single slender top spike, the ceiling itself. Each branch shimmered in the light of myriads of white candles caught up and reflected by the glittering diamond dust and filmy silver strands that resembled the most delicate ice and snow. In the corner, at the left of the tree, was an irregular white mound, it, too, glistening as though covered with freshly fallen snow. Here and there about the room candles were alight, but the fire burned low, and neither gas nor electric light were allowed recognition.

The stillness and solemnity of Christmas eve was in the room, and everyone was touched by it. Dophine, with wide eyes upon the beautiful tree, crept close to her mother and slipped her tiny hand into the stronger, protecting one. No one spoke for a little, but at last each found a seat, and all gave themselves up to the spirit of the hour.

Mr. Burton had gone to his usual seat at the library table. His voice, in the rich, full tones of a man whose heart is in what he reads, broke the silence with the old familiar words: "Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

And he continued on through the beautiful story as told in the second chapter of Luke.

When he had finished, Mrs. Burton repeated, as though without her own volition, but as though impelled by deep reverence, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Then she rose and going to the piano struck a few notes. The family gathered around and sang with feeling:

"Carol, brothers, carol!

Carol joyfully.

Carol for the coming
Of Christ's nativity."

This opened the way for others, and one after another followed until they sang themselves from the serious attitude into the lighter joyousness of the Christmas time.

Then came the explanation of the snow bank in the corner. Under it were concealed the various Christmas remembrances which were to be distributed in the morning. When the bedtime of the younger children approached, they made mysterious journeys in and out of the room, and packages of strange shape were slipped into the mound under the white covering.

"It looks as though there would be quite a snow drift in that corner by morning," said Mr. Burton, as Margaret tucked her last bundle out of sight.

"Now for the stockings, children!" said Mrs. Burton. "How many are going to hang them up, I wonder?"

"You can count on saving room for mine," said Reddy, "and if I don't get a red apple and a stick of candy, I'll never again believe in Santa Claus!"

"Why can't we all get into the game?" asked Phil. "If a Yale man can play kid, I guess the rest of us can qualify."

"All right," said Mrs. Burton. "Tom is going to stay here tonight and Jack can lend an extra stocking for the occasion. Now scamper and get them ready."

IN RETROSPECT

There was a scurrying of feet, big and little, up the stairway, and in a short time stockings of assorted lengths were hanging from the mantle, and if one looked at the fourteen shining eyes, he could not tell which one held most of childish joy.

When Margaret, Ned, and Josephine had gone to bed, the others gathered around the fire for one of those good visits which never seem so perfect at any other time.

"This year has been an eventful one to you young fellows," said Mr. Burton. "I wonder if it will not be interesting to take an account of stock and see where we stand. Phil, you are the oldest, suppose you tell in what direction the year has done the most for you."

Phil was not an easy talker, but he did careful thinking, and usually knew where he stood.

"The year has not been a startling one to me especially. I have gone on with my college work without flunking, and I've had my share of college fun, but I've escaped some of the difficulties that some of my classmates have fallen into."

"What kind of difficulties?" asked Reddy, who was always alert to any situation.

"The difficulties that came from their own foolishness and lack of self-control. I am grateful every day for the training my home gave me in settling my own personal questions, and in letting

(Concluded on page 24)

OUR QUAKER POET

By MILDRED C. WOOD

THOSE two errant dames, Fame and Fortune, have a nice way of passing by the proud and mighty to place their garlands at the feet of the poor and humble. Thus it was, "one bleak December day"—the 17th, to be exact—in the year 1807, that they paused in their rovings to bestow the blessing of genius on a baby boy just uttering his first cries in the bedroom of an old log house nestled in the hollow of the hills of Haverhill, Massachusetts.

John Greenleaf was the rather ponderous name bestowed upon this, the first son of Thomas Whittier, a devout and austere Quaker. Born amid the rigors of a New England winter, young Greenleaf was to spend the later part of his life in ill health as a result of the vigorous exposures of his childhood.

Whittier's autobiography may be traced through his poems. With detailed and accurate truthfulness he shuts us in with him around "the clean-winged hearth" with its glowing red logs roaring up the "great throat of the chimney." There, too, we see "the house dog with his paws outspread," "the cat's dark silhouette on the wall," the "mug of cider" simmering "between the andirons' straddling feet," and the sputtering apples side by side with "the nuts from brown October's wood." There is the sweet-faced, gentle mother, plying her loom; the grave, seldom-smiling father; old Uncle Moses, "innocent of books" but "rich in lore of fields and brooks"; Aunt Mercy with her "smile of cheer"; sister Mary, the eldest, with her "full, rich nature, free to trust, truthful and almost sternly just, impulsive, earnest, prompt to act and make her generous thought a fact"; Elizabeth, the "youngest and dearest"; and the mischievous small brother, Matthew Franklin.

THE BUDDING OF GENIUS

John Greenleaf had very little opportunity for schooling. During his childhood he attended for a short time the village school, with its "warping floor," and "battered seats," "the charcoal frescoes on its wall," and "the master's desk deep-scarred with raps official." However, because he was a farmer's son, he "eschewed books and tasks" and, talking "face to face with nature," let her answer all his questions. At night, as he sat on the gray doorstone with his pewter bowl of bread and milk, he was indeed "monarch; pomp and joy waited on the barefoot boy."

Literature sprang as a spontaneous impulse in the soul of this delicately-carved Quaker lad. His earliest inspiration to write was awakened by the visit to the farm of an old Scotchman who sat by the

humble fire quaffing cider and quoting Burns. From then on music began to sing in Greenleaf's soul, and he sought for opportunities to write—under fences, in the barn, in the attic—anywhere, indeed, where he might escape detection, for his stern father had little use for poetry, and could not sympathize with such a waste of precious time. He was entirely too bashful, however, to let any eye but that of his sister see what he had written. So his first published poem was one which she submitted, without his knowledge, to a Newburyport newspaper. Of it the editor said, "It bears the stamp of genius which, if cultivated, will rank him among the bards of his country."

GENIUS MATURED

When he was nineteen, Greenleaf had the privilege of attending the Haverhill Academy for two terms, earning his own expenses. After he left school he became an editor, continuing to write a great deal, especially on the subject of slavery. His poems appeared in each issue of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and he received fifty dollars for each one.

His fame rests chiefly on "Snowbound," which was written as a sort of tribute to the memory of his mother. "The Barefoot Boy," "Barbara Frietchie," and "Maud Muller," are also among the finest of his works. His simple religious faith is beautifully expressed in the lines from "Eternal Goodness":

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

On the seventh of September, 1892, while visiting friends in New Hampshire, the poet passed away quietly and peacefully, as he had lived, leaving behind him the memory of a soul that held as its endeavor always "to render less the sum of human wretchedness." It could be said of him: "whate'er his life's defeatures, he loved his fellow-creatures," and he made the world a better and more beautiful place for his having tarried in it.

HAD I a garden, it should lie
All smiling to the sun;
And after bird and butterfly,
Children should romp and run,
Filling their little laps with flowers,
The air with shout and song,
While golden crests in gilded bowers
Ripple the whole day long.

—Alfred Austin.

TEACHING MERCY

A MOTHER noticed among the children who came to play with her little ones a boy who seemed quite devoid of the finer feelings of mercy or consideration toward weaker things. To him the dog was something to be beaten, the cat to be chased, the birds to be stoned. He was tyrannical with younger children when left alone with them.

The mother was surprised at this, for she knew that the boy came from a good family. By observation and inquiry she found that he was not allowed to have pets. He had once brought a forlorn dog home, and been commanded to stone it away. Neither of the parents had ever had a pet, and both disliked all animals exceedingly.

It seemed to the mother that this boy was missing an important part of his training in being thus deprived of all pets. The care of a creature dependent upon the child for all its happiness is sure to call out the best qualities of the child's nature. He learns unselfishness, for he must sometimes give up something for his pet. And best of all, he gains a comprehension of the truth that all creatures are God's and all have a place in the world. A child who has learned to really love and understand a helpless creature is better for it all his life. Most cruelty is ignorance. I have seen a loving child maltreat a kitten just because no one had explained to the little one that the kitten was being hurt.

THE DIFFERENCE IN DOGS

When a mother gave a young boy a dog, she called his attention to two different dogs in the neighborhood. One belonged to a surly man who never spoke to it except in reproof, and it was the most disobedient and ill-behaved dog imaginable. The other belonged to a family who were fond of it, and that dog was a model. He was quick to obey and understand, and his pretty tricks were the delight of small visitors.

"Now," said the mother, "which dog should you like yours to be like?"

Of course, the boy wanted a good and clever dog.

"Then," said the mother, "you must always be kind and patient with him."

A similar lesson could be given with the gift of any pet. It is the well-cared-for little creature that gives back a great deal of affection. Harriet Beecher Stowe said that a dog is love personified on four feet. And anyone who has known the loyal affection of a good dog must agree with her. The dog is an ideal pet, and the child who must grow up without having one is missing something from his life. The readers of Luther Burbank's famous book will remember that he thinks the care of living creatures necessary to the child's best development.



A boy and a dog—perfect companionship.

Think over what the poets have said about animals and you will realize that the highest-souled people in the world have loved all creation. Scott loved horses and dogs, and even let the gallant deer escape in the poem we love so well. Wordsworth writes of the kitten on the wall and the pet lamb. Whittier especially loved the birds, and Burns' heart was moved by the smallest helpless thing. Mrs. Browning writes of the best of dogs, and Robert Browning is one of many to sing of the gallant horse. Poor, sorrowful Cowper loved all animals. Almost anyone, by a few minutes' thought, can increase this list almost indefinitely. The part that this feeling of mercy and love for the lower creatures has displayed in great lives ought to give us a hint about cultivating similar feelings in our young children.

And these feelings *can* be cultivated. It is often said that young boys are always cruel. But such cruelty as they show is usually the result of ignorance. I have had boys of all ages in school, and I found that as soon as the child began to know the wild creatures, he grew merciful. The birds were safe from him because he knew about birds. Snakes and toads were interesting things, instead of simply something to kill, as the child learned more of the wonderful, living world. We all want our children to be merciful, and I would urge upon mothers that the best of all ways of cultivating a humane spirit is to give the child a pet to be cared for. Even if the mother herself does not like pets, it is better for her to try to conquer her dislike and take an interest in what the children love, instead of passing on her intolerant feelings.—*Zelia Margaret Walters*



The Story Circle



A MUD PIE QUARREL

By INEZ BRASIER

BETTY Jo, who lived in the little white house across the street, had come to play with Marjorie. They were having the best time ever making mud pies on the bench by the garage.

"Mine is a choc'lit pie," Betty Jo said, as she patted it carefully. "You know I love choc'lits."

"Mine is an apple pie, only it looks awf'ly dark." Marjorie put another spoonful of mud on the bench. "And this is going to be a pumpkin pie. Pumpkin pie is my fav'rite. That is what daddy says when mother makes it. An' he always asks for two pieces."

"My pie is nicest, 'cause choc'lits are nicer than pumpkin," Betty Jo said.

Marjorie stepped closer to the bench. She stubbed her toe, falling right onto Betty Jo's pretty mud pie.

"Oh-oh! You broke my mud pie!" Betty Jo wailed. "You bad, bad girl!" She turned quickly—and would you believe it?—she threw Marjorie's apple mud pie and pumpkin mud pie right into the rose bushes!

"Oh-oh!" Marjorie wailed. "You threw my two pies away! You go home! I don't like you one bit!" She caught Betty Jo's pretty curls and pulled and pulled.

"Ouch! Oh-oh! Ouch!" Betty Jo cried. "You spoiled my pie! Let go my hair! Ouch!"

"Oho, what is this?" Marjorie's big brother Fred asked, as he took Marjorie's fingers out of Betty Jo's curls.

"She broke my two lovely mud pies on purpose, she did," Marjorie sobbed.

"She spoiled my choc'lit pie," Betty Jo wailed. "She fell right on it."

Big brother Fred laughed. "Did Marjorie really mean to spoil your pie?"

"I-I guess she didn't," Betty Jo admitted, quite ashamed of herself. "She hit her toe on that stone."

"And it hurts yet," Marjorie winked hard. She did not want big brother Fred to see her crying again. "And she threw my two pies away." Tears fell splash were the mud pies had been.

Betty Jo put her arm around Marjorie. "I am so sorry about your pies. I'll help you make two more," she whispered.

Marjorie smiled and winked the tears away. "And I'll help you make another choc'lit pie."

"What! Chocolate pies?" Big brother Fred pretended to be very much surprised. "You shut your



And now they've settled down to another kind of play.

eyes, honest Injun, both of you." He stood ten pieces of chocolate candy in a row on the bench. "Now look!" he called, as he ran around the corner of the garage.

"O-o-o-h! Real choc'lits!" Betty Joe and Marjorie hugged each other.

"They are ever 'n ever so much better than mud pies," Betty Jo said.

"Let's never quarrel again." Marjorie took a tiny bite of candy.

"Let's never," Betty Jo agreed, popping a whole chocolate into her mouth.

AT THE END OF THE ROAD

There's a crown waiting there at the end of the road
When life's journey at last shall be o'er—
We will lay down our burdens and cast off our load,
When we cross to that beautiful shore.

There's a crown there for you and a crown there for me,
And we have this assurance divine,
That the Saviour Himself will be there and will place
That bright crown on your head and on mine.

What a shame it would be if our home up above
Should be lost by our carelessness here,
When we've travelled so far on the heavenly road—
And the end is assuredly near.

And the beautiful crown, though intended for us
If we faithfully finish the race,
If we lose, will be given to somebody else,
Yes, to somebody else in our place.

But this need not be so—it depends upon us—
Won't you faithfully bear up your load,
And wear through eternity the crown that is yours?
For it's there—at the end of the road!

—Floyd Hilliard.

OUR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS---

*Past, Present, and Future**

By C. A. RUSSELL

PAST

IT IS not my purpose to trace the history of our elementary educational work from its beginning down to the present; that would be too long a story, as interesting as it might prove; but rather to touch upon some of the high spots in its development.

For more than seventy years this phase of our educational work has been in existence. As early as 1872 there appeared from the pen of Mrs. E. G. White an article entitled "Proper Education." This was published in Volume III of "Testimonies for the Church." The first sentence of this article is the familiar one: "It is the nicest work ever assumed by men and women to deal with youthful minds."

A new impetus was given to the cause of Christian education through the publishing in the early nineties of "Christian Education," and the book "Education." About the same time appeared "Testimonies for the Church," Volume VI, which contains such familiar expressions and earnest appeals as the following: "In some countries parents are compelled by law to send their children to school. In these countries, in localities where there is a church, schools should be established, if there are no more than six children to attend. Work as if you were working for your life to save the children from being drowned in the polluting, corrupting influences of the world."—Page 199.

"Let these schools now be started under wise direction, that the children and youth may be educated in their own churches. It is a grievous offense to God that there has been so great neglect in this line, when Providence has so abundantly supplied us with facilities with which to work. But though in the past we have come short of doing what we might have done for the youth and children, let us now repent and redeem the time."—Pages 199, 200.

"Workers in new territory should not feel free to leave their field of labor till the needed facilities have been provided for the churches under their care. Not only should a humble house of worship be erected, but all necessary arrangements should be made for the permanent establishment of the church school."—Page 108.

"The schoolroom is needed just as much as is the church-building."—Page 109.

The foundations of our elementary educational work were laid in a spirit of sacrifice. Buildings had to be erected and equipped; teachers provided; textbooks produced. Those were the days of humble

beginnings. Men of faith and vision, believing the messages which God was sending us, laid the foundations and began to build. During the last decade of the past century many of these schools sprang into existence. From that time until the present there has been a steady growth in school sentiment among our people, as well as in providing buildings and equipment, in the matter of elementary teachers, and in the production of textbooks and other needed teacher helps.

Since 1915 the Department has projected a line of graphs showing the development of our elementary schools along three lines, namely:

1. Number of Schools
2. Number of Teachers
3. Enrollment

This graphic representation indicates two peak years. These were 1920 and 1930. In 1920 there were in the United States and Canada 693 schools, 924 teachers, 16,923 enrollment.

In 1930 there were 743 schools, 1,011 teachers, 17,735 enrollment.

Then came the crash, the lean years of the Great Depression. During the three years, 1931 to 1933, we lost out of our church schools one thousand children each year. We struck bottom in the spring of 1933. In 1934 one half of our losses were made up, and in 1935 almost the other half. Then we stagnated, and today we are not quite up to the level of the 1930 peak in church school enrollment. Now for the second part of our title,

PRESENT

Based upon mid-year reports, the latest available, the figures stand: schools, 783; teachers, 1,036; enrollment, 16,519. These figures show the largest number of schools in the history of our work, but a small decrease in enrollment. Even though it may be found that this deficit has been made up when the final reports for the present year are all in, yet a distinct loss is indicated when we pause to consider that during these years since 1930 there has been a net gain in church membership in North America of 35,278, or 8%.

In order to keep pace with this increase we should have today instead of a mid-year enrollment of 16,519 as just given, an enrollment of nearly 18,000. And may I point out that such an increase would be merely keeping pace with the normal growth of our churches. To put it in another way, we have fallen behind during the past six years approximately 1,500

(Concluded on page 25)

*Read at Educational Council which preceded the 1936 General Conference.

~ Editorial Quillograms ~

Thoughts--*the Road to Character*

IN THESE days much is said about the human body,—how to feed it and care for it in every way. We'll have to admit that many people keep away about as far as possible from proper methods of care. Nevertheless, the principles remain the same. It is important that the right *kind* of food be given; that it be given in right quantities, at right times, and in the right way.

Good food! Food that digests and causes no disease or other trouble; food given in right amounts,—not too much, not too little; at proper times; with due regularity. Not one meal a day which lasts all day, thus causing the stomach to work without rest. The consumption must be deliberate, not with nervous speed, and not when too tired. If these cautions are followed, there will be good digestion, and a consequent building up of a healthy body.

RIGHT MENTAL FOOD

Just so with the mental apparatus. It must be fed if it is to grow. If we desire proper mental development in the child, or in ourselves, the mental food must be of good quality. Our minds as well as our bodies are made by the kind of food we give them. If we desire to be clean mentally, we must feed the mind with clean food.

The brain grows as tired as does the stomach; it must have its proper periods of rest. It should be fed regularly, and in not too large amounts. When a man is physically tired, he can not put forth his best efforts. Just so the best mental products do not come from an exhausted brain. It must have proper food, proper exercise, proper rest, to produce its best products. The idle mind is not disciplined to do good work. "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." The products then must be the devil's.

What are the products of the brain? Thoughts, and whether they are good or evil, worthwhile or worthless, depends on the kind of food that has been given.

How does the brain get its food? Through the avenues of the senses. We see, we hear, we taste, we smell, we feel. And by the impressions carried through these senses to the brain, thought is produced. Thought is carried into action; actions repeated make habits; and the sum of our habits is our character. Then by our thoughts our character is determined. Thus we can better understand what the wise man said, "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Then how much time do we have for the

frivolous, the light and trifling, the questionable joke, the jazz in music, the novel, "the funny paper," and much material that comes over the radio? We are held to account for the use of our time and for the product of our brains.

"AS A MAN THINKETH—"

To keep our thoughts on lofty subjects is of prime importance, as we readily see. It is necessary, then, for our eyes to see, our ears to hear, our other senses to act upon only those things which are good. But we live in a sinful world; sin and wrong are all about us. How can we help seeing and hearing things that are not good? There is an apt old saying, "You can't prevent the birds from flying over your head, but you *can* prevent them from building nests in your hair." We can not keep from seeing some things or hearing some things that we do not want to see and hear, but we can keep from letting our minds dwell upon them, thus causing them to make a deep impression on our consciousness. We must build up a barrier of right principles; we must erect righteous ideals, and thus learn to love the good and hate the evil.

Parents should consciously work on each virtue individually in building ideals. We can not say with one grand sweep, "Son, do what you know is right." That is good in its place, but son must know what is right relative to each moral principle. Build about son a fence of high ideals with individual stakes in it, and by daily life and teaching show him how to depend on his Heavenly Father for power to conquer each evil tendency.—W.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES

"The Christmas chimes are pealing high
Beneath the solemn Christmas sky,
And blowing winds their note prolong
Like echoes from an angel's song;
'Good will and peace, peace and good will,'
Ring out the carols glad and gay,
Telling the heavenly message still,
That Christ the Child was born today.

"In lowly hut and palace hall
Peasant and king keep festival,
And childhood wears a fairer guise,
And tenderer shine all mothers' eyes;
The aged man forgets his years,
The mirthful heart is doubly gay,
The sad are cheated of their tears,
For Christ the Lord was born today."



In the Schoolroom



ALCOHOL EDUCATION

Lesson Two

By MARION WILBER-VOLLMER

Topic: Water Inside, Alcohol Outside.

Aim: To teach the nature and action of alcohol.

Salient Thought: Ethyl alcohol is valuable and has its proper uses, but this value and these uses are outside the human body. Inside the body it is a poison.

Source Material: "A Syllabus in Alcohol Education."

Illustrative Material: Prepare beforehand or secure specimen preserved in alcohol. Have several small jars, water in one, alcohol in another. Also have some camphor gum, varnish, grease or oil, an egg, some seeds that sprout readily, flax or radish, and two small plants about the same size in two small pots, and some absorbent cotton.

Review: In our last lesson we learned how the grape juice made alcohol, and that there are many other things that can make alcohol, too, if just the right conditions exist. There must always be sugar present, and yeast germs, and the proper temperature. Then, as these little germs use up the oxygen in the sugar, what two other things are formed? How can we tell that these two things are present? And what do we usually do with things that are spoiled?

Approach to Lesson Proper: When I was a little girl, there was one bottle in the family medicine cupboard that I shunned with horror. It had a red label on which was a picture of a skull and cross bones, and in large letters the words CARBOLIC ACID—POISON. There were also pins stuck through the cork so that there could be no mistake made as to its contents. No one but my mother or father was allowed to touch this bottle. We knew that it had special uses in certain necessary instances, and no one thought of touching it, or using it for any other purpose. And I remember distinctly that no one ever did touch it.

Lesson Proper: The alcohol that is made in the grape juice and other juices, as we learned, is one of a family of poisons. It is called "ethyl" alcohol to distinguish it from other kinds of alcohol that are just a little different. These different kinds of alcohol are related and, as we said, are all poison. Many of them are so very poisonous, and do such terrible things to the body, that people do not think of taking them into their bodies. For instance, "amyl" alcohol is four times as poisonous as ethyl alcohol; and "methyl," or wood, alcohol causes

people to go blind because it affects especially the nerves of sight. People have become blind just from the effects of burning wood alcohol.

But even though ethyl alcohol is not as poisonous as some of these others, it is a poison just the same, and is even more dangerous, for it is in many of the drinks that are used these days. It is just as surely a poison as is carbolic acid, and a large enough dose would cause the same results. But it is diluted with water and flavored in different ways, and people do not know that it is harming them, but it *is*, nevertheless. As we study about alcohol, and find out all we can about it, we will be putting it into a bottle with a red label and pins stuck through the cork, for we will be learning that it is never to be touched except for special necessary uses.

Here are two jars, each containing a clear, colorless liquid. As you look at them, they seem alike to you, but I know that they are different, for I filled the



One of the thirty-two persons in New York State who died from drinking bootleg liquor.

jars. They are the two most important liquids used in industry and commerce. Now, we are going to see how these two liquids are different. First, we shall smell them. (Pass the bottles around and get from children the difference.) And now with these pieces of cotton I am going to put some of each on your hands. (Have children tell the difference in the feeling.) If I should put a drop or two on your tongues, the contents of this jar would have no taste, but this other liquid would sting, or "bite." Yes, you have guessed. One jar contains water and the other, alcohol.

Now we shall see what these liquids will do to these foods and other substances that we have here. (Continue the comparison of the effects of the two upon the camphor gum, grease, egg, etc.; show and explain about specimen, and bring out the fact that water softens certain things while alcohol hardens them, and that other things are dissolved by alcohol and not affected by water.)

We have found that alcohol takes the water out of moist things, and dissolves other things that water does not affect. It is because of these properties that alcohol is a very valuable and useful thing, but you notice that this has all taken place outside of the body. It is only when alcohol is used in its proper place that it is a blessing to mankind. These specimens that we have here show what happens when something is put into alcohol. Different forms of plant and animal life are thus preserved for study. The ability of alcohol to dissolve fatty and other substances that water will not dissolve makes it very useful in the manufacturing world. Perhaps some of you boys can tell of its use in radiators of cars in cold weather. It is used in thermometers, barometers and in antifreeze mixtures because it does not freeze easily. I live near a sanitarium, and when I am there I often see the nurses going to and from the patients' rooms carrying a blue bottle. That is the bottle that contains the rubbing alcohol, and I know that some poor sufferer has been relieved and made comfortable by the cooling effect of the alcohol as it was rubbed on. Alcohol is also used as an antiseptic, for it prevents the growth of, and kills, bacteria. And alcohol has another use,—it is used as a fuel, and in many instances serves better than any other kind, for it leaves no smoke or ashes when it is burned.

So we have learned that alcohol is valuable outside of the body because it takes the water from things and keeps them from spoiling, and because it will dissolve things that water will not dissolve. But because of these same two properties, alcohol interferes with the proper working of the organs of the body. It absorbs water from the moist tissues and dissolves fatty substances that it touches. The very thing that makes it so useful and helpful outside of the body makes it an enemy inside of the body. I believe that the quicker we get ethyl alcohol into a bottle with a red label on it and pins stuck through the cork the better it will be for us. Don't you think so too?

Would you like to see just what alcohol will do to living things? I thought it would be interesting to take these seeds and place them on this cotton in these two jars and keep them in a warm place, with light and air, and moisten one jar with good fresh water, and the other with water into which we shall put a certain amount of alcohol, one drop of alcohol to a hundred drops of water. And here are two healthy little plants. They remind me of two healthy

little boys. We are going to give one good water out of the faucet, and the other we shall give water into which we have put three drops of alcohol to one hundred drops of water. You know that is just about the same amount of alcohol that there is in beer. Let us choose two girls to care for the seeds and two boys to care for the plants, and they must faithfully care for them. Whenever I plan this little experiment I always feel sorry for the little seeds and the plant that must have the alcohol, for I know just what will happen to them. But I think that if we watch carefully and learn the lesson that they teach us, it is worth while to do it. It is another way of getting ethyl alcohol into the bottle with the pins stuck through the cork.

WE SUGGEST:

1. That you make frequent reports of your work to your church school board. They should be kept informed regarding your progress, school needs, etc.
2. That you counsel with parents regarding the work of their children. Parents should be kept informed regarding the progress or lack of progress of their children. It pays to do this work.
3. That report cards be issued promptly at the close of each period.
4. That you write to the John Hancock Life Insurance Company, Boston, Massachusetts, and ask them for copies of their pamphlets on Lincoln, John Hancock, The Flag of the United States, and Framing the Declaration of Independence. These are excellent aids to your American History study and may be secured in sufficient numbers so that each pupil may have them. Better keep them for your library and let the pupils use them.

The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
The morning's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled,
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in His heaven,
All's right with the world.
—Robert Browning.

"Life at best is short, a little span between two eternities, the greater part of which has passed before we learn how to improve it. One of the most important forces of each life is will-power, which consists of capacity for decision and action. So you can best strengthen your will by doing things. Particularly by doing things that are difficult, things which demand determination, and persistence, to accomplish. Let us make the most of our opportunity and have a WILL, a great DETERMINATION to bring our church schools up to standard."

RECIPES *that* TEACHERS WANT

SALT AND FLOUR MAPS

DRAW the outline of a map on art paper and cover it with the following mixture: Four teaspoonfuls of salt; three of flour; mix well in dish or tin pan; moisten to consistency of thick paste for spreading; place in warm spot and allow it to dry. For mountains, pile the paste to the desired height and let it dry, or apply a second treatment when the first coat has become solid. This mixture dries out beautifully white, and when rivers and lakes are marked on it with red ink, the study of physical features is a pleasure to the pupils. We prepare for one set of maps at a time, as the mixture can not be used after it dries in the pan.

PULP MAPS

Tear newspapers into small pieces and fill a wooden pail nearly full. Do not use a tin pail as tin will rust and discolor the pulp. Pour over the paper enough boiling water to cover the pieces, stirring all the time with a stick. Stir it occasionally for a few days until it is reduced to a pulp. When using, squeeze the pulp dry enough to be easily used.

HOMEMADE MODELING MATERIAL

Take two tablespoons cornstarch, four tablespoons salt, four tablespoons boiling water. Mix the cornstarch and salt in a small saucepan, pour on the boiling water, and stir until the mixture is soft. Place on the fire and stir until it forms a soft ball; take off and knead for ten minutes. If the material crumbles, add a little boiling water; if it sticks, dust the hands with cornstarch. This material can be kept plastic by wrapping it in wax paper.

The advantage that this home made material has over plasticine is that the child can keep the articles that he models, for it hardens as it dries; and so china for the doll's house, marbles, and articles of that kind can be used with satisfaction.

HOW TO MAKE A HECTOGRAPH

Materials:

- 4 oz. white glue, not pulverized, 20c.
- 12 oz. glycerine (obtainable at any drug store) 50c.
- 6 oz. water

A hectograph pan with cover

Size 13x19 $\frac{7}{8}$ in. is obtainable at the Teachers' College Co-operative Store for \$1.25. This is large enough to hold two sheets of paper 9x12 in. A smaller size with cover may be made at any tin shop, size 10x12 $\frac{3}{4}$ in.

Directions for making:

Put glue in cold water. Let soak overnight. Melt glue in a double boiler. Add glycerine and let cook

for ten minutes, stirring it thoroughly so that it will not burn. Pour out into the pan placed on a perfect level. Break bubbles with a toothpick or match. Do not disturb more than necessary. Let stand twenty-four hours before using.

How to Use:

For master copy use glazed paper. For typewritten work, use hectograph typewriter ribbon, or hectograph carbon paper. For handwritten work, use hectograph ink, preferably purple, and pen that has not been used in other ink. Coarse pens must be used, ball point or stub pens. These may be obtained at any bookstore where such supplies are kept. Hectograph pencils, "Beckopy" sold by the Beck Duplicator Co., New York, are very satisfactory.

Dampen the gelatin bed with a moist sponge, then dry with old newspaper or other absorbent paper.

Lay the master copy, copy-side down, on the gelatin bed, applying slight pressure to all parts. (A roller is used on the commercial machines.) Remove the copy after about two minutes. Next apply, in succession, the papers on which copies are to be made. Smooth down; leave on gelatin-bed only a few seconds, and remove. When the desired number of copies has been made, wipe the gelatin with a soft cloth dipped in lukewarm water.

Care of Hectograph:

It is always preferable to wash the hectograph when one has finished using it so that it will be ready for immediate use. Wash it very carefully with lukewarm water, and dry with paper towels or newspapers. Do not allow the water to stand on the hectograph, as this will cause holes to come in the gelatin bed. Keep pan covered when not in use.

Paste:

- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup flour
- 1 tablespoon powdered alum
- 1 quart water

Mix and cook ingredients in a double boiler until mixture is clear. Remove from fire and add 30 drops of oil of cloves. This makes one quart. It sticks and does not sour.

"Young man, if you would be a leader among men, guard well your speech.

"Young woman, would you be admired by your associates? Select your words with care."

With Him love was life, and life was service.—
"Education," p. 80.

EDUCATION

By ANNA KNIGHT

ALL fathers and mothers desire their sons and daughters to be educated. In these modern times we hear a great deal about education. There are many educational institutions—private, church, and public—in our great country, of which we are proud, and rightly so, for they are doing a great work for the youth of the nation.

We must ever remember the words of the wise man, "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." Proverbs 22: 6. Ex-President Theodore Roosevelt sensed the importance of these words when he said, "If we would do anything for the average man, we must do it before he is a man."

Therefore, at such a time as this we must educate, educate, educate. What is education? Webster says, "Development, to draw out." Many of us in our ideas take too narrow a range in education. "True education means more than the pursual of a certain course of study. . . . It is the harmonious development of the physical, the mental, and the spiritual powers"—in other words, the education of the hand, the head, and the heart. This threefold development that constitutes true education should be the aim and ambition of all our youth, and should not be neglected even by the older ones. It is never too late to do good. Therefore let all strive to attain to this true education, thereby being better able to serve the world's needs.

WHAT EDUCATORS SAY

Some months ago I began to study what some of the educators have to say of the trends in education, and have been both pleased and surprised at my discoveries.

President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University said in his annual report to the trustees: "The ant hills of civilization are always crowded; its beehives are too often empty. It is the function of a university to help populate the bee hives." Dr. Butler found that "the present day mocking appeal to an infant that he give expression to himself represents the abdication of education. . . . To starve youth," he continued, "by depriving it of intellectual and moral nourishment, and to cripple it by depriving it of the discipline of experience, are among the newest and most popular forms of cruelty that have been devised to make education impossible."

Francis M. Osborne, M. A., B. D., in an article, "Revolution or Evolution in Education," said some wonderful things, only a few of which can be quoted here. Under a section, "Value of Private Schools,"

he said: "As church schools should lead in the field of well-rounded education, so to private schools belongs the task of progressive leadership. In the independence of private schools lies a privilege to experiment in fields new and untried by public education." He commended highly the church schools, colleges, and universities for the work they have done, also the Federal Relief Administration for the steps they have taken.

EDUCATION AT THE CROSSROADS

Mr. Osborne's article closes with these statements: "If civilization stands at the crossroads, a new responsibility rests upon all educational forces, private, church, and public, to face the situation and stand shoulder to shoulder in meeting the crisis."

Dr. George F. Zook expresses the conviction that the survival of democracy depends upon a proper provision for adult education.

The writer of this article has spent more than twenty of the best years of her life in trying to help build up a stronger and better system of education among the colored people of the Southern states especially, and it is truly gratifying to note the progress being made all over the country; yet there is much more that needs to be done.

I would suggest that in trying to attain our aims in education, that we pattern more fully after the system of education instituted at the beginning of the world. The Garden of Eden was the schoolroom, nature the lesson-book, the Creator Himself was the instructor, and the parents of the human family were the students. Let us live more in God's great out-of-doors. Let parents be the first teachers of their children, and let us all earnestly set ourselves to the task of trying to realize more and more the fact that, "A man's gift maketh room for him, and bringeth him before great men." Proverbs 18: 16. Therefore, be prepared for every good work. Educate, educate, EDUCATE.

"The elevator to success is not running; take the stairs."

IS IT WORTH WHILE, AFTER ALL?

"Brain fever at twelve—and we are left alone."

"We pushed her, and God knows how we have suffered for our mistake."

"She was graduated, but she never recovered, and in two years we had no daughter."

"I thought more of a diploma than I did of my child. Now I have only the diploma."—*Selected.*

JUNIOR CONUNDRUMS

By FLORENCE KIDDER

1. My name contains eight letters. My first two are pronounced like a joint in the body. My second two spell a pronoun, third person, singular number, masculine gender, and nominative case. My third two are pronounced like a pronoun, first person, singular number, possessive case. My last two spell an interjection.

WHO AM I?

2. I have seven brothers who are great men. I live out-of-doors most of the time. One day the Prophet came to our home and sent for me. He poured oil on my head and spoke kindly to me about preparing for the service of Jehovah. I try to do this by taking good care of my sheep. I love to play the flute and the harp.

WHO AM I?

3. I am an outcast. I was once a very much-loved Persian queen. I do not think it right to drink strong drinks, to dance, or to wear immodest clothes. My husband loves wild parties and strong drink. Because I refused to attend one of these parties and dance for his friends, I became an outcast.

WHO AM I?

4. I am the first recorded deep sea diver. The God of heaven prepared my diving outfit. Probably no one else will ever stay in the ocean depths as long as I did. I dived from ship deck in mid-ocean and came up on shore many miles from my diving point.

WHO AM I?

5. I had beautiful long hair. I loved to associate with worldly young people. There was not enough going on in Israel to suit me. I loved popular sports. I grieved my parents very often. They were too old-fashioned and did not understand that a young fellow needs some fun once in a while. I married a young person of the world, despite my parents' pleadings. I was very powerful and muscular, but after my marriage I had my hair bobbed and my power was gone. I became the laughing stock of my young friends and finally landed in jail.

WHO AM I?

6. When I was about twelve years old a Christian missionary came to the heathen city where I lived with my mother and grandmother. Our family learned to love the missionary and accepted Christianity. The heathen people stoned the missionary and threw him out of the city for dead. As I stood beside his body I dedicated my young life to take his place. My mother bathed his brow and my grand-

mother wept and prayed. The Lord restored him to life and a few years later he came to our city again. This time I went with him on a long missionary trip.

WHO AM I?

Home Government

(Concluded from page 9)

turns him who should have been his child's highest earthly blessing into his direct curse. Many inmates of our prisons are there because they have been the victims of this so-called love; and when God sums up their misdeeds, a large portion of the guilt will fall elsewhere than on the child cursed by such a parent."

HOW SHALL IT BE DONE?

"The discipline of our children must commence with self-discipline. Nature teaches us to love them much. But we want a controlling principle to teach us to love them wisely. The indulgence of our children has its root in self-indulgence."

We should never correct a child if we are angry. I once heard a mother say, "I couldn't punish my child if I were not angry." What an admission for a mother to make! What will that child be when grown! Here is a sentence that tells us *how* to punish. It is taken from "Testimonies," Volume 2, page 259:

"Punish them in love, manifesting the unwillingness you feel to cause them pain."

"We are not to give corporal punishment to children unless we can with clear conscience bow before God and ask His blessing upon the punishment to be given. . . . Encourage love, not hate in the hearts of the children." Oftentimes after an earnest prayer, the child is melted down and feels very sorry for his misdemeanor. We well remember an incident which occurred in the long ago. It relates to a boy and his teacher. There was a punishment with the rod. After it he threw himself onto the teacher's shoulder sobbing and said, "You have taken the very way to make me love you better." It pays to think, talk kindly, and pray with these boys and girls, and punish if you must.

I have dwelt at length on this subject of corporal punishment because many people have false ideas concerning it. But I would not have anyone think that I am advocating it as a *usual* method of correction. "One such punishment may be enough for a lifetime," but more often it is not.

OTHER CORRECTIVE MEASURES

There are many ways of correcting misbehavior other than with a rod. If possible the punishment should be directly related to the offense. The Lord uses natural punishments. The one who created our bodies arranged for them to function according to natural law. It is not according to law that we should eat unripe fruit, so therefore the boy who insists on eating green apples gets his punishment just under his diaphragm in the form of pain. This is a natural punishment.

If a boy wilfully destroys property, he should be required to take his own money to make good the damage. He will not then be likely to repeat his offense.

Children sometimes steal; the parents often cover it up, simply telling them that it is wrong and that they should not do it; perhaps the parent weeps over it, and tells the child that it is a disgrace; but as one boy expressed it, "They let me get by with it." The stealing continues and includes articles of larger value. The proper course of action would have been to go with the boy, requiring him to return the article stolen, if that is possible; but if the thing is eaten or destroyed, then he must make good with his own money or labor. Almost always this procedure works a lasting cure. If not, then repeat the dose. This method is pedagogical, and illustrates the principle that the punishment should be related to the offense. Many times it takes real ingenuity to decide on the punishment that is best. In other cases, as in those cited, the course to follow is very clear.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE

We all agree that prevention of disease is far better than cure. This certainly is just as true of moral diseases as of physical. How shall we prevent moral disease? The Lord told how back in the very early history of Israel, as follows:

"And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up." Deuteronomy 6: 7.

In this day, perhaps also in the day in which this was written, this instruction would become very wearisome if there were not much tact and care used in giving it. We should not make our instruction to be dreaded. Find a pleasant, happy way of giving it, not simply by precept, but by stories and illustrations, in work and in play.

In conclusion let us ask a few questions which must be answered positively if we expect to make a success of rearing the children God has given us.

1. Are we parents obedient to God and to government regulations? If not, how can we expect our children to be obedient to rightful authority?

2. Do we govern the child by love or by fear? Government by love begets one kind of spirit in the child; government by fear begets an entirely different kind. Furthermore the child habitually governed by fear does not develop self-control, but when out from under the controlling power, is weak and vacillating.

3. Are we honest with the child? Do we answer his questions truly? Can he depend upon us? If not, he will not respect us, and therefore will find it difficult to be obedient.

4. Do we always make sure that our commands are reasonable and that they are understood? Children can not do everything that grown-ups can do. Also sometimes they do not fully comprehend the requests that are made of them.

5. Do we speak indiscreetly before the child, as for instance, "Johnny moves when his father speaks, but he doesn't pay a bit of attention when I speak"?

6. Do we require prompt obedience, or do we accept belated obedience which is not real obedience at all? It is easy to form the habit of procrastination in the matter of obedience.

Will we follow the instruction God has given His remnant people and succeed in the task given us, or will we go our own way and fail?

I took a piece of plastic clay,
And idly fashioned it one day;
And as my fingers pressed it, still
It moved and yielded at my will.
I came again when years were past;
The bit of clay was hard at last;
The form I gave it, still it bore,
And I could change that form no more.

I took a piece of living clay,
And gently formed it day by day,
And molded with my power and art
A young child's soft and yielding heart.
I came again when years were gone;
It was a man I looked upon.
He still that early impress bore,
And I could change it nevermore.

"It is easy enough to be pleasant
When life flows along as a song;
But the man worth while is he who can smile
When everything goes dead wrong."

"To the teacher is committed a great work,—a work for which, in his own strength, he is wholly insufficient."

As we near the close of time, Satan's temptation to indulge appetite will be more powerful and more difficult to overcome.—"Testimonies," Vol. III, p. 491.

CHRISTMAS

Christmas is a good time,
A time for giving cheer
To lonely ones and sad ones,
And those we hold most dear.

Christmas is a kind time,
"On earth good will to men."
Give sympathy, give friendship,
Till Christmas comes again.

Christmas is a glad time,
For then the Christ was born;
Oh, let the message of His love
Be sung on Christmas morn.
—*Ida P. Ransom.*

The Burton Children

(Concluded from page 12)

me suffer for my own mistakes when it concerned only me. Why, I'll tell you," he continued, warming to his subject, "a lot of fellows are thrown out into college life who are no more fit than babies to look after themselves! They have never been allowed to decide anything for themselves, have been treated like little children at home, and then expected all at once to be men."

"That is all very true," said his father. "I sometimes wonder that so many of them turn out as well as they do."

"You and mother used sometimes to make us pay a pretty high price by our experience," said Phil, "but I'm glad now that you did."

"One has to pay in life," said his mother, "so why shouldn't one begin early?"

"Well, Jack, what have you to say?" said Mr. Burton.

"That I was a pig-headed fool to want to quit school last spring. But you did the best thing in letting me have my way."

"That's where you paid," said Phil.

"Yes, I paid, but father and mother helped. It seems to me that I have gotten more out of the year than anyone else. I learned my lesson as to the necessity of having an education; I had my beautiful summer at Camp Songo; I found Reddy there, and I don't mean ever to lose him; I came back home and made a success of my school work, got on to the football team and won my 'C.' There I came to know Tom. Two new friends in one year is a good deal for a fellow who wasn't anything but an unlicked cub a year ago. But thanks to a good father and mother, I'm now on the right track, and have a chance to amount to something yet. I don't believe anyone can equal that record."

"I can top it," exclaimed Reddy, "and I'll not go back of last July either, for there is nothing worth mentioning before that time. Until then I was just a boy with too much money for his own good, and no particular ambition in life. I was going to Camp Songo in an aimless sort of way, for I knew I had to get into college by hook or by crook, and that seemed the easiest way, and besides, I liked the place. Then came Jack, and Jack's mother, with her letters that gripped me. After that the visit here, and examinations successfully passed. I have come to tell my adopted parents of months of creditable work at Yale. I am sure to finish the semester without a condition—I am bound to do it," and he walked over behind Mrs. Burton's chair and stood with one hand upon her shoulder.

"And you forgot to mention that you are going to jump high enough next spring to get your 'Y,'" said Jack.

"We were talking about what had happened. If we say anything about what is in the future, I should like to add that, through your influence here, I feel very different about the money question. Instead of being just a means to a good time, I think I begin to realize that the possession of it carries with it deep obligations, and I hope I can fit myself to carry them worthily."

"To whom much is given, of him much shall be required," quoted Mrs. Burton.

"Well, Tom, what has the year done for you?" asked Mr. Burton, turning to the boy who had sat close to the fire, giving it an occasional poke, as he listened in silence to the others.

"It has given me Jack and his home. But best of all it has opened up visions of what life may be, even for me. I haven't much to show for the past year, but the coming one is full of possibilities, and no matter how hard things are, with such friends I shall surely win."

"Tom, give me your hand," said Reddy, stepping eagerly toward him. "I'm trying to make a man of myself in spite of my money, and you're trying the same stunt against lack of money. Let's shake on it and go in to win, and if my measly dollars can ever help you, just remember that we are brothers, and that I have a right to help."

"It pays, doesn't it, dear?" said Mrs. Burton for her husband's ears only, as she caught his eye in sympathy.

"Of course it pays! Life always does if you take it in the right spirit. But we must not sit up all night. Santa Claus must have a chance at those seven stockings, and besides, we must be up early to dig for treasures in that snow bank in the corner."

"And I shall come down at daybreak to look for the red apple that should be in the toe of my stocking," said Reddy.—*Florence Milner.*

Our Elementary Schools

(Concluded from page 16)

in church school enrollment. This means that 1,500 of our children are in the schools of the world today who would be in our own schools, if we had simply maintained the relationship of enrollment to church membership as it was in 1930. This is appalling, tragic! What a challenge! What are we going to do about it? And when?

Recent surveys have revealed some heartening developments. An attempt was made to ascertain the number of baptisms in our schools of all grades during the past year as compared with those baptized while attending worldly schools. While the returns are not complete, they are nearly so from one large union. From this field the figures are as follows:

Church School.....	250	Public School.....	38
Academy.....	77	High School.....	10
S. D. A. College.....	12	Worldly College.....	2
TOTALS			
Our Schools.....	339	Worldly Schools.....	50

Another survey indicates that nearly 50% of our elementary teachers are normal graduates, while many of those who have not been graduated from our normal departments have teacher-training credits to the amount of many college hours.

FUTURE

The future, who can forecast?—None but God. We know that the time will come when “all schools among us will soon be closed up.”—*Volume V, p. 156*. We are also told that “as long as time shall last, we shall have need of schools.”—*Counsels to Teachers, p. 417*. No doubt this refers to probationary time. Conditions may result in the closing of some of our schools while their “need” still exists. We should work untiringly to preserve the integrity of our schools of all grades and to increase their efficiency. The product of our schools should be able to measure up in intellectual attainments with the best that can be produced by the schools of the world, while in spiritual growth and character development they will rank with Daniel and his companions, who “in all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king inquired of them were ten times better than” his own wise men.

A few suggestions for the future:

1. Work to the end that a much larger proportion of our prospective teachers be graduated from the teacher-training departments of our colleges.
2. Secure the adoption of a financial policy such that our elementary teachers may receive a living wage, one that is commensurate with the salary paid to other workers.
3. Arrange for the summer employment of teachers.
4. Encourage the conducting of teachers' institutes

in those conferences where these are not already being held annually.

5. See that only men and women are placed in charge of our educational work in the conferences who by training and experience are qualified for this position of responsible leadership.

6. Urge that our conferences do not load upon the shoulders of our educational superintendents so many other burdens and responsibilities that the promotion and supervision of the educational work is hampered.

7. Work earnestly to the end that schools be established in every church where there are at least “six children to attend.”

8. Give prominence to our educational work at camp meetings, workers' meetings, and other general assemblies.

9. Hold frequent week-end conventions in our churches, especially in such as have the children but no school.

10. Make good use of our periodicals, especially the *Review and Herald* and union papers in promoting Christian education.

11. Support and promote our own journal of Christian education by contributing to its pages and increasing its circulation.

12. Work, plan, pray to the end that our church schools may become just what God has pointed out they should be in His beautiful, all-sufficient plan of Christian education.

The excellent example set us by an elderly colored woman is worthy of emulation. Said a white sister for whom old Aunt Hannah was washing:

“Aunt Hannah, did you know that you have been accused of stealing?”

“Yes, I hearn about it,” said Aunt Hannah, and went on with her washing.

“Well, you won't rest under it, will you?” said the sister.

Aunt Hannah raised herself up from her work, with a broad smile on her face, and, looking up full at the white sister, said: “De Lord knows I ain't stole nuthin', an' I knows I ain't, an' life's too short for me to be provin' an' 'splainin' all de time; so I jes' goes on my way rejoicin'. Dey knows dey ain't tellin' de truf, an' dey'll feel ashamed an' quit after a while. If I can please de Lord, dat is enough for me.”

—Selected.

ATTENTION!!

Home and School Association Leaders

Home and School Associations will find it profitable to make a careful study in their meetings of the article concluded in this issue and entitled “Home Government.”



Herbert Photos, Inc.

The girl on the left is underweight and is eating a building-up meal. It isn't difficult to see what the one on the right needs and is getting.

Two Lunch Boxes and What They Revealed

By MRS. MARY KELSEY

"COME on, Sybil, let's eat our lunch out on the steps."

"No, I think I'd rather be here where I can spread my lunch cloth on a desk and arrange my food on it. It is too dusty out on the step."

"All right then; here it shall be. But what an old maid you are! As for me now, I'm not so afraid of a germ or two. I've never saw any of them on my lunch."

"No, probably not; but they are around. I'll go to wash my hands, and then we'll spread our lunch on this sunny desk."

"I suppose I might as well go and wash, too, but I'm sure there's not much use. I always wash before I come in the morning. Does your mother ever have to call you back to see if you are clean?"

"Certainly not! She sees that I am in shape before I start out."

"TERRIBLY PARTICULAR"

"My mother said your mother was terribly particular. I'm glad mine isn't. Anyway, she's 'most always phoning or busy with other things; or perhaps she's been out the evening before till late and isn't up yet. Many times I get up when the first bell rings for school. So you see, there's not much time for primping. That's the reason mother had my hair cut, because it wasn't so much bother; and then, too, I could fix it myself. Or if I don't have time, it doesn't look too bad, because it fluffs so since I had my permanent."

"Once I thought I wanted my hair cut, too; but when mother and I talked it over, she thought she'd rather not have me look so much like a boy; so we decided to let it go in curls. Now we can open our lunch boxes because our table is ready."

"What are you shutting your eyes for?"

"Oh, I love to guess what the surprise in my box is this time."

"Why, Sybil, what a pretty picture! Did you guess picture?"

"No, I didn't."

"Do you expect to eat that? What a beautiful tree! I sorta wish my box had a surprise in it. But then it couldn't because, you see, mother lets me go to Mary and tell her just what I want put in."

"Certainly I don't expect to eat the picture, Grace. But mother likes to have fine things for me to look at while I eat. She says it makes me a better girl; at the same time it is helping my food to digest well."

"Ha! Ha! Who ever heard of your eyes seeing things helping food to digest! My mother surely will laugh when I tell her that."

"Sometimes, when she has them, mother puts in a flower or two; then not only the eyes see them, but the nose smells beauty."

THE FIRST THING

"What are you going to have first? I'm going to eat my doughnut. I had two today, but I ate one at recess. I snatched it and had it in my pocket out on the playground."

"I shall begin on my whole-wheat sandwich. I see mother has put honey in today. I am so glad those little bees are kind enough to make honey for us. Aren't you?"

"Oh yes, I like it well enough; but I like jam or jelly better. So you have dates instead of chocolates as I have."

"Yes, won't you have some?"

"Oh, maybe I'll trade you a candy for one."

"Thank you, I have some, too, but mine is health candy."

"Well, I wish you'd hurry up and finish eating. I'm about ready to go. When I eat this cake and pickle, I'm ready."

BETWEEN MEALS

"Aren't you going to eat your sandwich and apple?"

"No, I'm leaving them for afternoon lunch. Now I want to go out to play pull-away."

"Well, perhaps you better go on without me, for I cannot hurry through lunch. I need to take time to chew my food well. I am determined not to have dyspepsia like old Grandpa Brown, when I grow up."

"What does chewing your food have to do with that, whatever it is, you are not going to get?"

"Why you see God put some little glands, six of them, in our mouths to throw out juice into the food as we eat. When we work our jaws plenty these wells throw the juice in and moisten the food and change some parts of it then and there. So you see, if one hurries through without chewing enough, the food is too dry, and one drinks to put it down the throat, or it goes down without the right changes being made. This makes the stomach more work, and it soon wears out."

"Where did you learn all that?"

"Oh, at home. We often have talks like that when mother and I are washing dishes and doing other things."

"Catch me staying around to do dishes!"

"Oh, mother and I are chums. We do our work together, and then we have time for walks and games and such like."

"That sounds as if it would be nice. I wonder if my mother and I could be chums, too."

Improving *the* Pupil's English

GRADUALLY we have been coming to recognize that correct linguistic habits were seldom or never acquired by the older exercises, and that the use of good English is a habit attained much as other good habits are gained.

We have also come to realize that the child enters the school with his language habits partly formed and rapidly forming, and that we must take advantage of our opportunities during his very early and plastic years to help him establish correct habits of speech. We are also gradually awakening to the fact that the formation of even a few simple habits of correct speech among our pupils is often a task that makes all the labors of Hercules look like the pastime of a summer afternoon. When we teach a fact in geography or history or arithmetic we are not obliged to battle with a host of other instructors proclaiming a false doctrine. The playground, the street, the market, and the home are not insisting that 6×7 equals 41 or 43, as they are constantly insisting upon incorrect forms of speech. Fortunately, however, careful investigation, conducted in various sections of our country, has revealed the fact that, as frequent and pervasive as are many of these mistakes, the large majority of them fall into a few definitely marked classes, and that from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, there is an astonishing uniformity in the nature of these errors, especially in the misuse of certain verbs and pronouns.

FIRST REQUIREMENT

The first requirement for effective language training in our schools is a knowledge of the mistakes actually made by the pupils. This can be gained only by a careful survey of the speech habits of the community. Such surveys will, of course, bring results varying with the nature of the community; the problems of the teacher in the ghetto will naturally be quite different from those of her sister teacher in a fashionable suburb.

After such a survey has been completed, the next task is to decide upon the errors which shall be attacked and to assign the attack upon a small number of these to the teachers in each of the different grades. Much valuable time and strength have been wasted in our schools by shooting wildly at every error showing its head in the linguistic field. *The teacher who has succeeded in helping her pupils thoroughly eradicate three or four linguistic errors from their speech in a school year may well feel that her labor has not been in vain.*

Next the teacher must bring to bear in every grade whatever device or method she can discover for rousing in the pupils the desire for self-improvement, for we shall make little or no progress in this matter until we have secured the hearty and earnest co-operation of our students; linguistic betterment springs from within rather than from without. The teacher will collect and use the many effective arguments and illustrations she can find which help drive home the value of careful, cultivated speech.

She will also strive to enlist the cordial co-operation of the home, which so frequently does much more than the school in forming and molding the pupil's speech habits.—*Author Unknown.*

We wish to call your attention to the fact that the "Classroom Weight Record" charts are NOT obtainable at the General Conference office, but from the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C. In quantities they are sold for 1c each; a single copy is 5c.

Do you have the leaflet "Health Education and Inspection for Church Schools"? Your superintendent is supposed to have them. He obtains them from this office. They are free.

You may not be able to leave your children a great inheritance, but day by day you may be weaving coats for them which they will wear through all eternity.—*T. L. Cuyler.*

Education is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing.

The SCHOOL in the HOME

SHARING *the* STUDY EXPERIENCE WITH OUR CHILDREN

By M. E. OLSEN

THE happiest homes are those where parents and children realize that they have a lot in common, and endeavor as much as possible to share their experiences. Especially is it well for wise parents to enter into the study experience of their children. How can they sympathize with the boy who is trying to understand the intricacies of English grammar, or the girl who is puzzling her childish brain over fractions, unless they have problems of their own to solve, and are not ashamed to admit that they do not always succeed with their tasks as well as they would like?

The first business of parents, more especially of mothers, is to be teachers, and how can the mother be a live, wide-awake, sympathetic teacher if she is not daily studying the fine art of imparting knowledge to her children, and doing it in such a way that she is molding their characters for good? The ambitious artist studies for years, and keeps on studying as long as he lives, in order to be able to put a beautiful landscape on the canvass. How much greater is the task of shaping a human life! Yet how lightly some of us parents take our job as teachers!

Three times a day parents and children sit down to a well-furnished table in order that their well-fed bodies may have strength to cope with work and duties of various kinds. But in most homes the children alone sit down to the table spread with that which is to feed their minds. I am aware of the fact that parents do some reading; but the study experience involves more than reading. It means reading thoughtfully and with the intention of appropriating for good that part which is suited to one's personal needs. Careless reading is a kind of mental dissipation. It injures instead of strengthening the memory, and it does not develop the mental faculties.

THE STUDY HABIT

Study of the fruitful and satisfying kind always leads the pupil to desire to compare notes with one who knows more than he. It gives one, too, the satisfying feeling of getting somewhere, and the appetite for knowledge grows more vigorous as it is fed. I have been greatly interested in observing the growth in mental stature of the busy fathers and mothers who have been taking courses through the Home Study Institute. They write the most en-

thusiastic letters that come to my office, and they report not only gains in memory and ability to deal with their many difficult problems, but also a large increase in happiness, and usually better health.

Why should not the study habit improve the health? The body is under the control of the mind, and when the mind is strong, alert, resourceful, the body benefits accordingly. Mental indolence hampers mind and body alike, while serious study and the carrying out of a daily program that provides an hour for higher things build up body and mind, and fit one for the society of angels.

One doesn't achieve the study spirit at once. It must be striven for, and prayed for, and even then it may be slow in coming. But it is worth all that it costs, and a great deal more. The Russian woman of middle age said she had a headache every day for months while she was applying her untaught brain to the mysteries of the Russian alphabet. But she persevered in spite of the headaches, and now she can read and write in her mother tongue. Some things are worth acquiring even at the cost of many headaches.

THE SCHOOL IN THE HOME

It is all well enough to talk about the school and the home, and show how closely they are related; but it is the *school in the home* that is doing the most today to train parents and children for time and for eternity. Only in this kind of school are the hearts of the fathers turned to the children and the hearts of the children to their fathers. The mother who is a comrade with her children in their studies learns to know them as no other mother can know her children, and she is able to help them in an intellectual way as they grow to maturity, whereas the mother who does not study is soon left far behind by her growing sons and daughters.

Let us as parents often ponder the picture of the lad Jesus studying earnestly the deep things of the Word, while his parents, supposing Him to have been in the company, were thoughtlessly treading the homeward path. I wonder if they ever forgot His serious question, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

Patriotism is something more than a sentiment, however enthusiastically expressed. It is something more than saluting the flag or singing "America" and the "Star Spangled Banner." Patriotism is consciousness of obligation and readiness for sacrifice. —John Grier Hibben, President Princeton University.



Bible Teaching *in the Home*--No. I

The Purpose in Teaching Bible
By ARTHUR W. SPALDING

What need is there for morals in the education of the child?

By morals we understand the science of knowing what is right in conduct, and the power to keep that standard. Morals is the most important element in education, for unless a person has a high standard of conduct in relation to his fellows, he will be the more dangerous to society the more he learns; but with sound morals, all his powers will be given to the betterment of the race. This is the sum of judgment. "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Micah 5: 8.

STUDY: "Makers of the Home," p. 227; "All About the Baby," pp. 288-303; "Christ's Object Lessons," pp. 330-32.

What relation have morals to religion?

Religion is the sum of a man's ideas and attitudes toward a Supreme Being, the Giver of life and the

Maker of laws governing life. By reflection it determines his attitudes toward his fellow men, which constitute his morals. All men, even atheists, have a religion. Since religion deals with the most fundamental values in life, it underlies and controls one's morals. Irrespective of his profession, a man's morals are an index to his religion. As a guide and support of morals, pure religion is indispensable.

STUDY: "Makers of the Home," pp. 46-49; "All About the Baby," pp. 332-39; "Counsels to Teachers," pp. 119-31.

What relation has the Bible to religion and morals?

The Bible is the great textbook of both religion and morals. From Moses to Jesus it gives a progressive revelation of God to man, in its highest reaches of philosophy revealing God as the Father of the human race, and so presenting His worship and communion in the likeness of human relations. The Bible presents the highest standards of morals, and connects them always with true religion. "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." Matthew 6: 10.

STUDY: "Makers of the Home," p. 229; "Growing Boys and Girls, pp. 97-100; "Education," pp. 123-

27; "Fundamentals of Christian Education," pp. 123-37.

Where will the Bible most effectively be taught?

In the home. Why?—Because the pre-school years of the child, which are spent almost exclusively in the home, constitute the most formative period in his life; and what he learns in these early years becomes the foundation for all his later education. Moreover, the appointed instruments of the home school, such as the story hour, the worship hour, the song sessions, nature lessons, and the personal companionship of parents and children, are most effective in impressing and fixing the lessons which they may be employed to teach from the Bible.

STUDY: "Makers of the Home," pp. 26-29, 227-30; "Growing Boys and Girls," pp. 171-76; "The Days of Youth," pp. 143-46; "Education," pp. 185-92; "Counsels to Teachers," pp. 107-9; "Fundamentals of Christian Education," p. 117.

Will familiarity with the Bible alone insure good morals?

No. And it will not insure pure religion. Nadab and Abihu, though daily dealing with the worship of God, revealed their lack of spiritual perception when they made no distinction between common and sacred fire. Neither the Bible nor any other instrument of education is in itself an insurance of righteousness. There must be established a personal connection with the Source of life, and then, through Bible study and other means, grace will flow into the student.

STUDY: "The Days of Youth," pp. 137-42; "Ministry of Healing," pp. 395-405.

By what means can the parent best impress Bible truths?

By having these truths written in his heart, and therefore lived out in his life. Example is the greatest means of teaching. To this end the parent-teacher must diligently study the word of God, must receive the life which is in the word, and by patient and earnest effort present these to his children in the living epistle of his own life. Coupled with his example, his teaching of the Bible will be filled with life; and virtue and power will flow from him into those whom he thus teaches.

STUDY: "Makers of the Home," pp. 262-64; "Through Early Childhood," pp. 219-23; "The Days of Youth," pp. 142-52; "Ministry of Healing," pp. 371-94.

Besides building and fortifying morals, what benefit is there in Bible knowledge?

It gives grace and power in speech; it opens treasure houses of understanding in other literature because of the allusions to it and illustrations commonly drawn from it; it throws great light upon ancient history, and provides a guidepost to history to the end of time; it lays the foundations of true science; it inspires deep and high thinking upon the

most profound problems of the race; it furnishes the one true philosophy that solves the enigma of human life and fortune, and reveals the glorious rather than ignoble goal of the race. It makes men to be the children of God.

STUDY: "Education," pp. 128-84.

PARENTS' WORK AT THE MICHIGAN CAMP-MEETING

By Mrs. EUNICE JOHNSON

OUR Home Commission hour at the Michigan camp meeting was a very pleasant and profitable one. The hour was 1:30 P.M., not a very convenient one for parents, especially mothers, but despite the time, those who were really interested in the salvation of their children found time and a way to attend, and each day there was a goodly crowd at the tent. We had meetings on nine of the twelve days. Elder Haynes, the conference president, conducted three of these services, at which time he discussed the danger of public education. Home government, health, nature, and the organization of Mothers' Societies and Parents' Councils were among the topics discussed also. One interesting program was "What Is Expected of a Modern Mother and a Modern Child, and the Duties of Our Mothers in Israel."

Besides our daily program, we had an attractive booth in the departmental tent. We tried to make it as homelike as possible and as instructive to the mothers—a place where they could come and talk over their problems with those in charge, and learn more of the organization of the study groups.

One of the most helpful features of our work was the prayer band every morning at 8:15. From fifteen to seventeen mothers attended each day to seek God for their children and husbands, and to ask to be made better mothers.

DAILY PROGRAM

- Wednesday, August 19—Word from societies
Thursday, August 20 —Elder Haynes
Friday, August 21 —Co-operation of parents and teacher. Parent, Mrs. Ray; Teacher, Professor Steen.
Sunday, August 23 —Home, Elder Bunch
Monday, August 24 —Elder Haynes
Tuesday, August 25 —If I Were a Modern Parent, B. J. White.
—If I Were a Modern Child, Professor T. E. Unruh.
—Duties of Our Mothers in Israel, Mrs. Bunch.
Wednesday, August 26—Organization of Societies.
Thursday, August 27 —Government, Professor Leffler
Friday, August 28 —Health, Mrs. Rena Potts
Sunday, August 30 —Elder Haynes

You Ask Us ? And We Say to You

Our boy will be five years old next month, and is large and old for his age. Would it be advisable to send him to kindergarten this coming school year? We plan to send him to church school when he is old enough.

We have very definite and plain instruction on this point. "Counsels to Teachers, Parents, and Students," p. 79, gives us the following: "Parents should be the only teachers of their children until they have reached eight or ten years of age. As fast as their minds can comprehend it, the parents should open before them God's great book of nature." On the same page we find: "Many children have been ruined for life by urging the intellect and neglecting to strengthen the physical powers. Many have died in childhood because of the course pursued by injudicious parents and school-teachers in forcing the young intellects, by flattery or fear, when they were too young to see the inside of a schoolroom."

On page 80 we have: "The only schoolroom for children until eight or ten years of age should be in the open air, amid the opening flowers and nature's beautiful scenery, and their most familiar textbook the treasures of nature."

Mothers lose a wonderful privilege in sending their children away from them,—the privilege of forming in them just the kind of characters they wish them to possess. Mother, how can you afford to sacrifice this possibility?

How much church work should be expected of a teacher?

Enough to assure her interest, but not enough to overburden her. We have known of teachers expected to do the work of the church elder, of the Sabbath school superintendent, to be the general pusher of all the church campaigns, and perhaps have other church duties. A teacher could hardly do all of this without neglecting that for which she is employed. But she should have responsibilities in church or Sabbath school, and should certainly be in attendance.

Is it expected that the school board will furnish desk copies of the books for the use of the teacher?

It is. The books remain the property of the school year after year. Of course, the teacher takes good care of them, and if she ruins them, she should replace them. They should not be the textbooks for any child. The parents should provide books for their own children, and if they are *absolutely unable* to do so, it should be a matter for church consideration.

Wholesome Sweetness

(Concluded from page 4)

"Look!" said the delighted young mother, with a finger on her lips, pointing to the busy little workers in the sunny alcove that served as playroom.

"There!" said the son and heir at last, with legs spread wide apart, viewing a box of paper scraps he had collected from the play rug. "That was an awful hard job, but I did it all myself."

"Mine all myself," echoed his chubby sister.

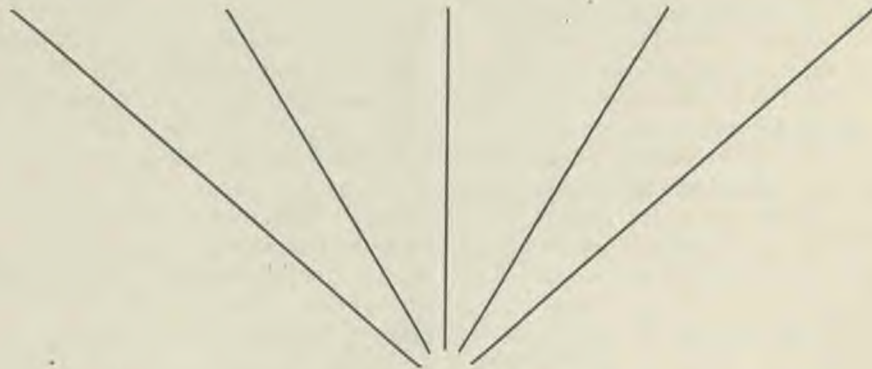
"Mother will be glad," said the boy.

"I wonder what I was thinking of when I was always encouraging the children to want me to do things for them, instead of teaching them to want to do things for themselves," mused the wife and mother. "Children need to be able to face hard things and now is the time for them to learn how. And they enjoy learning. Yes, at last I know what 'wholesome sweetness' in the home means."—*National Kindergarten Association.*

Contents

THE TRUE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS	2
CHRISTIANITY IN EDUCATION.....Mrs. Golda Doub	3
WHOLESOME SWEETNESS.....Hilda Richmond	4
LIVING TOGETHER.....Mrs. Lessie M. Drown	5
LUCK VS. PLUCK (Poem).....Mrs. Mary Kelsey	6
CHRISTMAS IN DE-LAND-O'-COTTON.....	
.....Mrs. Jessie Stabler Burdick	7
HOME GOVERNMENT (Concluded) Mrs. Flora H. Williams	9
THE BURTON CHILDREN.....	10
OUR QUAKER POET.....Mildred C. Wood	13
TEACHING MERCY.....	14
A MUD PIE QUARREL.....Inez Brasier	15
AT THE END OF THE ROAD (Poem).....	15
OUR ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.....	
.....C. A. Russell	16
THOUGHTS—THE ROAD TO CHARACTER.....	17
CHRISTMAS CHIMES (Poem).....	17
ALCOHOL EDUCATION—LESSON 2 Marion Wilber-Vollmer	18
RECIPES THAT TEACHERS WANT.....	20
EDUCATION.....Anna Knight	21
JUNIOR CONUNDRUMS.....Florence Kidder	22
CHRISTMAS (Poem).....	24
TWO LUNCH BOXES AND WHAT THEY REVEALED.....	
.....Mrs. Mary Kelsey	26
IMPROVING THE PUPIL'S ENGLISH.....	27
SHARING THE STUDY EXPERIENCE WITH OUR CHILDREN.....	
.....M. E. Olsen	28
TEACHING BIBLE IN THE HOME.....Arthur W. Spalding	29
PARENTS' WORK AT THE MICHIGAN CAMP MEETING.....	
.....Mrs. Eunice Johnson	30
YOU ASK US.....	31

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