



# YOUTH'S CORNER

EDUCATION  
Is  
The First Step  
to  
Being Somebody  
Doing Something  
Helping Someone  
Getting Somewhere

The Chancel Window

Anne S. Deas

Long ago a traveler was journeying through a certain land. At each turn of the road scenery of great beauty burst upon his view; in each city where he stopped the magnificence of the buildings filled him with wonder. But what seemed strange to him was that though surrounded by all this beauty and grandeur, the people were always speaking of some thing more beautiful and more grand. In the cities, if he praised the glorious line of exquisite proportions of some marble or granite structure, the answer was:

"It is very fine—but you should see the great Cathedral and its eastern window."

If, in the villages, he pointed out some distant mountain range with snowy summits transfigured by the glow of sunset, the reply was:

"Yes, it is lovely; but if you seek beauty, you should see the chancel window of the great Cathedral."

At last his wanderings led him to a city that lay in the very heart of the country. And in the very heart of the city stood the great Cathedral. He hurried there, and found a colossal pile, rising heavenward to a dizzy height, and of architecture so perfect as well as to deserve the definition of "frozen music." Quickly he walked around the building to the eastern end. There was the window, wonderful in its size, faultless in its proportions, lovely in its sculptured tracery—but dull, dead, opaque, neither shining from the light within nor reflecting the light without. He turned away with a heavy heart.

He could not keep from mentioning his disappointment to the first person he met on his return to the inn.

"Oh, you cannot judge of it from the outside" was the reply. "You must see it from within."

In the cool of the evening he set out again towards the Cathedral, for, in spite of his disappointment, it drew him strangely. His heart leapt as he reached the grand portal, for it stood wide open, a flood of light and music poured forth, and throngs of people were ascending the steps. Now, he should see this matchless window!—and with a beating heart he followed the crowd. At first he was dazzled by the brilliance of the lights and the magnificence of the interior; then he lifted his eyes reverently towards the great window opposite, which he felt rather than saw soaring high above chancel and choir. Alas! There was no light in it! The sculptured frame, work rose in perfect grace and loveliness, but the window itself was dull and dead!—more dull than it had seemed in the light of noon, ten times more dead on account of the beauty and brilliancy which lay around and below it.

A mysterious despair seized him. "Is this what they call perfect beauty?" he groaned—and made his way out into the darkness.

Next morning he awoke with a strange feeling of sadness and loss. Then he recalled his disappointment of the night before, and smiled—a bitter smile, with no joy or hope in it. But the Cathedral drew him, as it had drawn him the day before; and he arose and went thither.

By this time the sun was well on its upward path, and in its light the window looked like the embodiment of despair and failure. And despair seized on him also, for suddenly there

seemed to him no beauty in all the land comparable with the beauty that should have been in this window—and was not.

"What do you seek, O stranger?" asked a tremulous voice; and, starting, he saw beside him an old man whose white hair shone like a crown of silver.

"I seek what is not here," the traveler answered bitterly. "I seek the beauty of this vaulted window—and I think it has turned my heart to stone."

"There is no beauty in it seen thus, my son. You must come and view it from within."

"I saw it from within last night," returned the traveler, "and there was neither light nor beauty in it."

"Because the light was all from within," said the old man. "There could be no beauty in it, so come with me now."

He led the traveler through a side door, and across the transept into the nave. Humbly and half despairingly the traveler raised his eyes. With the light shining through from above and beyond, the jeweled glory burst upon his sight like rays from the throne of heaven.

He looked around at his conductor. "It cannot be beautiful," the old man answered the traveler's unspoken thought, "unless God's light shines through it."

And so it is, my son, with the life of man."

From the Southern Churchman

## MEDITATION.

By M. D. Smith.

Mr. Editor:

I trust you will not become impatient with me for sending you these letters under the above caption. I am really sincere in what I am writing. I have had several compliments from some of the leading men in the Church on my first article. I hope by the General Conference to create sufficient sentiment to put this part of the program over.

Shut your eyes for a few minutes and imagine you see three thousand of Zion's loyal pastors marching before you. The most of them over forty-five years of age. Two thousand of those ministers have pastored 20 years and over. Two thousand of them have no homes of their own, no money saved and children to support and educate. Now, please tell me what will become of these soon to be destitute families when the husband loses his vitality and is relegated?

Dear brethren, don't you see the danger signal just ahead of us? Let us open our eyes and do something to help ourselves. Let us pay one per cent of our salary while we are strong to save us from the poor house and an untimely grave. This proposition is for self help. Would it not be consoling to have a strong fund to draw upon when we are suffering pain with no money in the bank? Now is the time to arrange for the future trouble. If we wait much longer it will be too late, as far as the present ministry is concerned. I have been praying over this, and feel this is a better plan to fall upon to keep our Church from future criticism. As to the care of her infirm ministers, the fund we have at present is inadequate, notwithstanding the officials who have charge of the fund for the superannuated ministers, widows and orphans are honest. I cannot see how any well thinking man could oppose this plan. We hope if there is any one who has a better plan to take care of the wornout ministers, we would be glad to fall in line with it.

Let us for the sake of God's Church do something. Let us do it now. Our salary is ours. If we can lay aside some of it for a stormy day, who has the right to oppose? Think over it, pray over the same, and when voting time comes, vote, and some day before we go to the bright mansions above, we will rejoice for having done so.

Charlotte, N. C.

## AN AUTUMN RHYME.

By Margaret E. Mahin.

There's a tang in the air, this time of the year,  
That wakens a fierce desire  
To be up and gone with a roving song  
To a place where the heart beats higher.

There's a sigh in the breeze, this time of the year,  
That whispers of falling leaves,  
And each sunlit square (fairies dancing there)  
Brings visions of ripe waiting sheaves.

There's a zest in each breath, this time of the year,  
That heralds King Frost's advance,  
And a something calls to Nature's halls  
Where the sprites of autumn dance,

There's a light in the stars, this time of the year,  
That deepens the night's true blue,  
And the moon's soft rays make a hymn of praise  
In the heart of me and you.

There's a lilt in the blood this time of the year,  
That sets all the world in tune,  
And the marching rhyme of the autumn time  
Surpasses the song of June.—Ex.

## CONSIDER JESUS.

By Rev. A. D. Duncan, B. D.

"Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the heavenly calling, consider the apostle and high priest of our profession, Christ Jesus." Heb. 3:1.

Nothing is more inspiring than to consider Jesus.

You doubtless have considered Him as the Saviour of mankind; as the only Son of the Father; as the Lord from heaven; as the blessed and only Potentate; as the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

That is inspiring to contemplate, encourage and meditate upon, but have you ever considered Him as a man?

In this there is a tender sweetness and a balm of encouragement found in no other consideration of Jesus.

"For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Heb. 4:15.

Touched with a feeling of our infirmities, tempted in all points like as we are.

How encouraging to realize when passing through the darkest trials, and discouragements, that Jesus has been tempted the same way.

And then to think that His great loving heart is touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

For verily He took on the nature of angels, but He took on Him the seed of Abraham.

Wherefore in all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people.

"For in that He Himself hath suffered, being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." Heb. 2:18.

Listen, O merciful and faithful High Priest, how great is Thy love for Thy children.

Note here these three points: first Jesus is merciful. He is touched with your suffering. Second. He is faithful: He will not forsake you. Third. He is able to help you in that He hath suffered, being tempted. He is able to succor them that are tempted. Heb. 2:18.

Let us now fully consider Jesus in His earthly walk. He might have taken on Him the nature of angels, but then man might have said, He, being an angel, could overcome the trials and temptations of this world.

But listen, friends, Jesus felt in His natural body the pangs of hunger, the same as you do. And when He had fasted forty days and forty nights He afterward hungered. Mat. thew 4:2.

Revelations. He also suffered from thirst; for when He was on the cross, he said: "I thirst." John 19: 28.

Physical exertion and the tolls of life made Him weary the same as they do you. John 4:6.

Harrisburg, Pa.



## REVERENCE Planted in Childhood will Bear Fruit in Manhood in BETTER LIVES HAPPIER HOMES NOBLER CITIZENS

HOME EDUCATION.

Imagination and Untruth.

By Mary E. Underwood.

One day last winter my six-year-old boy ran to me and said, "Come out and see a bird's nest with four blue eggs in it."

In surprise I took his hand and walked beside him through the garden to a leafless wintry rosebush to which he pointed triumphantly. "But where is the nest?" I asked.

"Right there," he insisted indicating a bleak branch, with not so much as a straw on it.

"But there is no nest," I insisted.

Then he withdrew his hand and looked up into my face with utmost scorn. "Can't you make believe anything?" he said.

What was my response? What should have been my response do you think? Well I believe the words that rushed to my lips were the right and true words. I said, "Why, darling, I beg your pardon for being so stupid! Of course I can make believe and I'll never be so dull again."

The next week, however, there occurred in my household a very different kind of falsehood. A little girl of whom I had temporary charge had found a purse with a good deal of money in it. We had talked about this among our neighbors and in the child's presence until she felt very proud of herself. One day she came to me with a dollar bill in her hand. "I certainly will make you rich sometime," she exclaimed quoting a remark which we had frequently made among ourselves. "Here is a dollar I found under a rock."

I can not tell just why I did not believe her, but after accepting the dollar of which she made me a present I went to my purse. It had been taken out of that. I called her in from her play and very quietly told her I felt sure she had taken the dollar from me and asked her why she had done so.

She denied it—she even protested piously that she could not be so base as to steal from one to whom she owed so much kindness. I did not argue or raise my voice; I simply kept saying, "Why did you take it?" "I feel sure you took it." "Tell me why you took it?"

Suddenly she broke down and admitted her guilt. Of course her reason was clear: She wanted to be talked about more, to hear people say, "Mabel has found more money." She had no desire for the money itself; she had given it back to me.

The first of these cases, that of the bird's nest story was an act of harmless and beautiful imagination; the second was a lie. The spirit of the first should be encouraged, the second required a punishment which would make clear to the child's conscience the baseness of her deed.

It is seldom hard to know the difference between flights of a child's imagination and his untruths. To sympathize with the former, however, we must pause for a few minutes and try to really understand children's natures.

It is very unjust to confuse this beautiful gift of childhood with the spirit of cowardice and vanity which is at the root of most lying. To be good mothers we must realize that our little children up to ten years of age are like poets and artists and musicians—to a great extent they live in their busy imaginations.

# FAMILY ALTAR

NOVEMBER.

Bare trees and brown fields, a cold gray day,  
Robins and bluebirds have all flown away,  
North winds ablowing, the clouds are hanging low,  
Winter time is coming and we'll soon have snow.  
—Kindergarten and Primary Magazine.

EDUCATIONAL WEEK, DEC. 3 TO 9, 1922.

To the Editor:  
The following six short articles are for release during education week, Dec. 3 to 9, 1922.

Monday  
The Hon. P. P. Claxton, for many years our Federal Commissioner of Education, said, "The question is not whether we can afford to have kindergartens, but whether we can afford not to have them."

Is there a kindergarten in your school? If not ask the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City, how to obtain one.

Tuesday  
England has a law permitting the use of public funds for the education of children as young as two years old.

Many of our state laws provide for the establishment of kindergartens, but the fact remains that most of our children are not receiving this educational advantage to which they are all entitled.

If there is no kindergarten for your child, write to the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City, and ask how to work for one.

Wednesday  
In 1910 more than half of the little children of Belgium of kindergarten age were in kindergarten. In our country classes have been provided for only one child in nine.

Work for more kindergartens in our public schools. You may obtain advice and information on this subject from the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City.

Thursday  
President Harding has expressed himself on the subject of early education as follows: "Because the kindergarten seems to me an effective means of providing early moral, social and intellectual training and promoting patriotism, I am hopeful that this educational advantage may presently be provided for all the children of the Nation."

The National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City, will tell you how to work to obtain a kindergarten for your school.

Friday  
The American Federation of Labor believes in kindergarten education. Samuel Gompers, its President, has said: "While kindergarten training is of the greatest possible value for every child, its importance for the child of the alien cannot be overestimated, for it promotes efficiency and integrity, patriotism and loyalty, and makes for better citizenship."

Write to the National Kindergarten Association, 8 West 40th Street, New York City, and ask how to obtain a kindergarten in your public school.

Saturday  
"That the Nation may be strengthened as it can only be through the right education of all its people." Woodrow Wilson.

Write and ask the National Kindergarten Association, 8 W. 40th Street, N. Y., how to work for more kindergartens in your community.

When Tommy heard a turkey  
Gobble, gobble, gobble,  
After he was safely tucked in bed,  
And saw a pie and pudding  
Hobble, hobble, hobble  
Up and down the pillow by his head,  
He didn't once suspect—the silly little sinner  
It had anything to do with a big Thanksgiving dinner.  
—Normal Instructor and Primary Plan.