



YOUTH'S CORNER

people to see God's truth in its right light is because of improper teaching when they were young. The impressions gotten when they were young were so firmly fixed in their minds that it makes it quite hard to have the prejudice removed.

The two main points that need to be taught are, how to get in personal touch with the living God and to deal with Him successfully. There is so much religious teachings given along the line of obedience to God and to parents, but, children are not taught, as they should be, that all obedience is not to be done in their own strength but, that God should be depended upon for the strength needed to obey, then, there will be no faltering on their part in performing all their religious duties properly.

It is satan who causes them to sin and rebel against God and if they are taught to depend upon the living God for strength and power instead of on their own efforts, however good they may be, they will not meet with failure. The Word tells us, "My grace is sufficient for thee, My strength is made perfect in weakness." Also (Heb. 13; 20, 21) "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make your perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

To receive the correct teaching they should first be taught to confess their sins to God and to forsake them. God in His Word, says that He does forgive when we pray. (I John:9.) "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." They should then believe that their sins are pardoned and cleansed without waiting to see or feel it. They are to believe it on the strength of God's promises alone. This will be their first step in learning to walk by faith, which is one of the most valuable principles in divine things. They should then be taught to give their lives to God and be willing to do His will in every detail of their lives, and to ask Him to fill them with His Holy Spirit, who will provide the power for them to carry this out. (Rom. 12:1, 2.) "I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world; but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. (Luke 11:13)—"If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" They are to believe that God accepts them when they make the surrender and fills them with His Spirit without sight or feeling. As they continue to believe this is done on the authority of God's word they will find themselves victorious over satan.

Another wrong doctrine that is taught the young people, is that God has changed from what He was in Bible times; and that we are not to expect the same miraculous answers to prayer and deliverances that were received by Christians in Bible times. The Bible stories are told them more as a historical fact and not that we, today, can enjoy the same blessings and favors of God.

In some cases they are taught that it is a virtue to be sick with chronic diseases as it displays patience. This is mainly done by reading pamphlets telling of sad stories along this line. This is altogether unscriptural. The Word tells us that God has not changed nor His Son, Jesus Christ. (Heb. 13:8.) "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and today, and for ever." In the entire

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SECOND MARRIAGE NO INSULT.

Dorothy Dix.

It is not love, but selfishness, that seeks to bind a perpetual grief about the neck of another—second marriage a compliment, not an insult to the memory of the deceased.

Do you wish your husband to marry again if you should die? Foolish question No. 999,999 that all newly weds ask each other continually during their honeymoon is: "Darling, if I should die would you ever marry again?" The invariable answer to this question is: "No, never. If a cruel fate should snatch you from me, I would pine away and die, too, of a broken heart." Whether the lovers who thus forswear themselves speak with all sincerity, or with a mental reservation, none but they and the Recording Angel know.

Of course, it is a natural and a human thing for us to cherish the fond belief that we are absolutely necessary to those we love, and that under no circumstances could they ever forget us. It is also a natural and a human thing for us to shrink from the thought that another could ever take our places in the hearts of our beloved ones; that another could come to fill the niche in their lives that we fill; that another could be called by the same old endearing names we are called; that another should sit in our chairs, and use our old familiar things that are hallowed with a thousand tender memories.

So it is not surprising that men and women resent the thought of some stranger stepping into their shoes when they are gone, and that they try to wring a vow from their wives and husbands that they will never marry again.

Men are particularly prone to this port-mortem jealousy, and it is no uncommon thing for a husband to attempt to keep his wife faithful to his memory by making her forfeit her share in his estate if she marries again.

Occasionally a woman with property likewise ties a tombstone to her bequests to her husband. But generally wives content themselves with a mere verbal promise from their husbands that they will not be matrimonial repeaters. And, after a while, they cease demanding even that pledge, and reconcile themselves to the inevitable, for they perceive that widowers of long standing are almost as scarce as hen's teeth.

Sometimes they even rise to the height of a woman I know who says that when she first married she used to make her husband swear that he would never marry again.

After a few years, when she realized how very domestic he was, and how miserable he would be drifting around hotels and clubs, she told him that she would be willing for him to marry again if he would wait four or five years.

But as time went on, and he reached a state of helpless dependence in which he could not find a handkerchief for himself, or remember what he liked to eat, or think to send a suit of clothes to the presser, she begged him not to wait until the grass grew green on her grave before he took unto himself a wife to look after him.

Fortunately, the promise that husbands and wives make not to marry again is more honored in the breach than the observance, because it is not right that the dead should bar the door of happiness to the living. It is not love but selfishness that seeks to bind a perpetual grief about the neck of another, and make a home forever a house of mourning.

Nor can anything but a morbid spirit make anyone see a second marriage as an insult to the memory of a first husband or wife. Rather it is a compliment, because the more congenial a couple has been, the happier their marriage has been, the more bereaved and desolate the one who is left alone.

The man who has had a good wife who made him a comfortable home, and who has been accustomed to spending his evenings by his own fireside, is as bewildered and helpless as a lost child when he loses his wife. He has forgotten his bachelor ways, and they no longer appeal to him. He gets enough of the society of men in his day's work and is bored to death by the gossip of the clubs. He loathes the effort of ordering his

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

CHRISTLESS MILLIONS.

By Bishop Thoburn.

There are ten hundred million of human beings without Christ! The very thought of such a multitude of souls groping in darkness is overwhelming, and yet the mind fails to grasp the full import of the words. We cannot take in at a glance this vast multitude of Christless men and women; but we may possibly gain a clearer view of the almost endless throng by looking at them in detail. Let us, for instance, take up a position where all these millions can pass before us with military precision. Let them be formed in ranks, with thirty abreast, and let them pass before us with rapid step, so that thirty shall pass every second. I take out my watch, and note the ticking away of sixty seconds: 1,800 persons have passed. I stand at my post and watch the ceaseless tread of the passing thousands till the sun goes down, till midnight comes, till the dawn and sunrise come again, and there is never a second's pause. Another day and another night go by, the days lengthen into weeks, the thousands have long since become millions, but there is still no pause. Summer comes with its sunny days to find the long procession marching still. The flowers of the summer give place to autumn's frost, and a little later the snow of winter is flying in the air; but morning, noon and night we hear the awful tread of the passing multitude. Spring comes round again; a year passes, and yet not for one moment has that procession ever paused. Will that awful footfall never cease? some one asks. We take a glance out to see how many yet remain, and find 75,000,000 patiently waiting their turn! This is a faint attempt to grasp the meaning of our words when we speak of ten hundred million human beings.—The Sunday School Bulletin.

WALTER WHITE'S NOVEL, "THE FIRE IN THE FLINT," PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 5TH.

"The Fire In The Flint," a novel on the Negro Question by Walter F. White, Assistant Secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, is being published on September 5th by Alfred Knopf, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York.

At the time of publication, the publisher gave out the following comments on the book by people who had read it before publication.

Carl Van Vechten, the novelist: "This bitter arraignment of a pseudo-civilization, written by a Negro, would arouse the latent sense of injustice even in the soul of a United States Senator.... The plot is most ingeniously articulated, the characters well drawn. In certain nervous passages the novel achieves a power, through the use of a curiously subtle variety of restraint, that almost lifts it into the realm of art. I defy any one to read it without emotion."

Zona Gale, novelist and playwright, author of "Miss Lula Bett," "Birth," etc.:

"Until I read Walter White's 'The Fire In The Flint' I was so ignorant of my own land that I did not know that 'share cropping' exists as it exists in the South, or that there are those who use the system to practice peonage.... And 'The Fire In The Flint' is an effort to handle

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this contemporary material with the dispassion and detachment of the recorder. The book is to be judged therefore, as a novel and not as a revelation. Neither the indifference of the North nor the prejudice of the South can touch this work, on its own ground, as a novel. On that score the book is a remarkable performance."

James Weldon Johnson, Secretary of the N. A. A. C. P.:

"In 'The Fire In The Flint' Mr. White has taken the hard, cruel facts of race conditions in the South and woven them into a dramatic story. These facts have been used by writers before, but most of these writers, lacking the power and imagination displayed by Mr. White, have turned out propagandic treatises or pathetic pleadings instead of interesting stories. Everything in Mr. White's story is true. Those familiar with the conditions described will immediately recognize in the main incidents of the book things that have happened time and again. But Mr. White has not made a mere record of facts or a plea for the Negro. He has taken his material and made it into a moving, gripping drama. In the first half-dozen pages he gets the interest of the reader in Kenneth Harper, the young colored physician and surgeon, and he holds that interest and intensifies it through to the tragic end of the book. The passages relating Bob Harper's vengeance for the rape of his young sister by white hoodlums form a bit of staccato writing, rising at a heart breaking pace to a climax, that has not been surpassed by any contemporary American novelist. Mr. White has indeed done a rare thing; he has written a real novel on the Negro Question."

MAYOR AND POLICE CHIEF STOP "BIRTH OF A NATION" IN NEW BRITAIN.

Upon protests against the showing of the "Birth of a Nation" at one of the local theatres at New Britain, Conn., by George L. Martin, Secretary of the New Britain and Plainville Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. the permit to exhibit the film has been cancelled by Mayor A. M. Paonesa and Chief of Police William Hart, according to announcement made today by the National Office of the N. A. A. C. P., 69 Fifth Avenue, New York. When advertisements appeared in the local newspapers and placards were posted in local store windows, Mr. Martin on behalf of the N. A. A. C. P., addressed a letter to Mayor Paonesa telling him of the character of the picture and pointing out that inevitable ill feelings between the races would be created by this picture which glorifies the Ku Klux Klan and distorts history so viciously. Mayor Paonesa immediately referred Mr. Martin's letter to Chief of Police Hart who made a personal investigation and action which resulted in the withdrawal of the picture.

AUSTRALIA BARS OUT COLORED IMMIGRANTS FROM HER DOMINIONS.

New York, August 29—A letter from Australia received by Miss Thelma Berlack, of the staff of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, 69 Fifth Avenue, sets forth the restrictions against the entry of colored people into Australia. The bar against Negroes and Asiatics, known as the "white Australia Policy Act," does not affect the colored people already in the country, only those desiring to enter. Says the letter:

"The Negro people here settled in this country prior to the passing of the 'white Australia Policy Act,' so that the Act does not affect them. The only way others can come here is on a professional basis, such as theatrical work. Then you can get in the country without any bother. But very few come here in that capacity."

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THE STRANGE EXPERIENCE OF PETER WILLING.

Peter Willing was traveling along a hot dusty road. It was uphill, too, and he was carrying a heavy burden. His feet were sore and his head ached, and altogether he was having a hard time of it.

He was wondering how he could ever get to his journey's end, when he came across a poor old man who was sitting by the roadside. This old man also had a burden to carry, and it was so very heavy that it had entirely worn him out.

"Now, what's to be done?" said Peter Willing. "I have all I can carry, to be sure; but it will never do to leave this poor old man in such a plight." So Peter Willing hoisted the old man's burden on his back beside his own, and bade him come along with him.

Then it was that a strange thing happened. Not only did the stranger's burden seem to add no weight but the two together were not as heavy as the one before. Indeed, they both were as light as a feather.

While Peter was marveling over this, a little further up the hill he fell in with an old woman. She was crawling on gasping for breath, and just about to give up through weariness.

"Now, what is to be done?" cried Peter. "I certainly have my hands full, and yet I would be ashamed to leave this poor creature to faint by the way." So Peter bent down and took the old woman by the arm to help her along the uphill road.

And then there happened another wonder, for the road that had been so steep and hilly a moment before now seemed to Peter Willing to have become perfectly level. Indeed, he even thought that it was slightly inclined downward, and he had hard work to persuade himself, by the position of the sun, that he was still in the right direction, and had not turned square around.

Well, so it went on. Peter stopped by the way to give a third worn-out pilgrim, gasping by the roadside, a drink of cooling liquid he carried, and as he went on, lo! the road no longer seemed hot to him, but cool and pleasant. At another time he stopped to bind up with soothing salve the foot of a little boy, who had cut it on a sharp piece of glass, and was crying bitterly; and, as Peter went on, his own feet, which had been sore and blistered, seemed as fresh and springy as when he had started. Some way he lost his headache in binding up the aching temples of the old woman he was helping along. And, in short, Peter Willing came to his journey's end as fine and fresh as might be, just because he had stopped all along the way to help other people.

You may ask, "Is this a really true story?" Well, you have chances every day to find out whether it is true or not.—Dr. Wells in "Three Years With the Children." Junior Life.

THE JUNIOR CHURCH.

By Rev. C. H. McRae.

From the above subject, we gather that this means, the young people of the Church. It is very important that young people be taught correctly in divine things, considering that impressions made upon children are more firmly fixed in their minds than impressions made in later years. Much of the trouble in getting old