



# YOUTH'S CORNER

## LEGEND OF THE ROBIN.

By Lena Carolyn Ahlers.

If you were an Indian child, you might hear a pathetic tale about the birth of the robin that we love so well. Nearly all Indians believe in fasting, so one day an old Indian chief sent his young son to the woods to go for many days without food. The longer an Indian can go without food, the braver and better warrior the other Indians think he will make; so there is much competition among the young folks in starving themselves. Day after day the Indian boy wandered through the forests without eating, getting weaker every day and seeing strange visions, but he refused to take any food. His father wanted him to be a great warrior, and he wished to please the old chief. At last he grew so weak that he could no longer walk about, so he sat still under a large tree, and the voices he had been hearing grew stranger and nearer. The boy grew still weaker and had to lie down, but still he would not eat, and at last he died. Then in gratefulness for the indomitable spirit that the little Indian boy had shown the Great Spirit turned his soul into a robin, and away flew the bird, joyously singing: "Cheerily, cheer up; cheerily, cheer up."

The children in Austria hear a beautiful legend of the robin which probably refers to the robin red-breast so often mentioned in English poetry. This is a smaller bird than the American robin and has more brilliant plumage and belongs to the warbler family instead of the thrush family as our robins do. All Austrians believe that hawthorne and blackthorne were used to make the wreath of torture worn by Christ on the cross. In the spring the hawthorne is so thickly covered with white blossoms that the long, cruel spikes can hardly be seen, but they make terrible wounds. As Christ was carried on the cross of Calvary with the crown on his head a little gray bird fluttered down to him and pulled out the thorn that was sticking him in the brow. The great thorn pierced the breast of the bird, tingling its feathers with red, and that is why the robin has worn its red breast ever since.

No bird is more loved by the poets than the gentle, joyous robin, and many poems have been dedicated to him. In a census taken by the United States government it was found that there are even more robins than English sparrows in this country. They have made a wide range, breeding from Mexico to Alaska, and winter migrations take them as far south as Guatemala. If food is plentiful and the weather not too rigorous, they are permanent residents; otherwise March, October, and November seem to be their favorite months of migration. They are among the first birds to come back to the north in the springtime and among the very last to leave.

Robins received their names in quite a strange way. It is said that the early colonists named them after the only family described in the "Babes in the Wood," one of their favorite stories at that time. John Burroughs, the great naturalist, called the robin "the most native and democratic" of American birds. No bird has less airs, more social ways, and such a cheerful nature as the robin. How the air and whole out of doors vibrates with his whole-souled joyousness, especially in the springtime!

The American robin averages ten inches in length, measured from beak to tail. The males have attractive orange-red breasts, which contrast nicely with their olive-gray upper parts, brownish wings, and black heads. White markings on the throat, tip of the tail, and below the tail give the added touches of dainty trimmings. At all seasons except the fall the female wears a duller colored garb, but in autumn the birds are dressed exactly alike. In September robins molt, and then for a short time they are songless and inactive. But soon they come back in their new clothes happier and more active than ever. At all times robins are voracious eaters, but most of their food is made up of wild fruit, insects, worms and other destructive bugs and larvae. Few birds are a greater help to the farmer, so the robin would be strictly protected.

While Mr. Robin is nearly bursting his throat with his beautiful song of "Cheerily, cheer up; cheerily, cheer up" both birds build the nest, usually in the crotch of a tree. Apple trees seem to be their favorite nesting places, and the little home is made in a cup-shaped form of straw, rags, paper and so forth, cemented together with mud. George Cooper has described the building of a robin's nest very beautifully:

"How do the Robins build their nests?" Robin Redbreast told me. First a whisp of amber hair. In a pretty round they lay, Then some shreds of downy floss, Feathers too and bits of moss Woven with a sweet, sweet song: This way, that way, and across. That's what Robin told me."

Unlike most families of birds, both parents share in the hatching of the three to five blue-green eggs, and both feed and take care of the young birds. It is surprising how hungry the babies always appear to be, but they eat such a great amount of food that in twelve days they are nearly as large as the parents. For the first five or six days the ugly downy-covered babies have their eyes closed tight. The youngsters learn to fly very soon, long before they have tails, and the large babies look funny following their parents still begging for food. Two and even three broods are reared in a year, so Mr. and Mrs. Robin have little leisure, but they always seem happy.

Stronghurst, Ill.

## CHURCH PAYS OFF MORTGAGE.

By Mrs. L. D. Ferguson.

I have been reading of the great work of our Zion churches and what they are doing. I wish to say something of our church which is House chapel. We have been pastored by some of Zion's best men, such as Revs. J. S. Nelson, C. M. Joshua, D. W. Tillman and others; and have been many years burdened with a mortgage, yet our faithful members stuck together trying to get rid of this burden. Shortly after General Conference our pastor was transferred. We were surprised and wondered what we should do. We heard one saying, "work on, I will be with you all." There words were earnestly spoken by Rev. C. H. Edward, and our faithful Christian members with their leading captains put on rallies, raised and paid the balance due on the mortgage. We are crying out, the mortgage is paid. We have fought a good fight, and now we are looking forward to raising our general claims, and to entertain our next annual conference. Under the leadership of Bishop B. G. Shaw we are bound to succeed in Florida.

Pensacola, Fla.

Guide us in Thy way, O Lord, and mercifully show the fountain of wisdom of our thirsting minds; that we may be free from sorrowful heaviness, and may bring in the sweetness of life eternal.

## World of Women.

Edited By Miss Mary L. Mason.

### HAGAR UNBOUND.

As marvelous as are radio, aeroplanes, movies and a thousand other latter day inventions which I might name, none of these can equal one which nature freely bestowed upon each normal individual, the marvelous faculty of imagination. By means of it let us journey back to a remote age, and an ancient civilization. Stand with me where the fertile plains of Mamre border the arid desert, and behold silhouetted against the glowing colors of a gorgeous oriental sky, the figure of an African slave woman, bearing a jar of water on her head, a loaf under one arm and tenderly clasping the hands of a lithe, dark-eyed boy. See her turn slowly away from the fertile fields and the happy tents toward the arid desert, with its boundless freedom and its unspeakable privations. It is Hagar, eternal type of the bondswoman,—devoted, exploited, abandoned.

We tarry not; painful sympathy wings our departure. Swiftly across the centuries we fly to a new age and a new clime, where men dream of a new and happier social order. But a new Hagar is here also; far from home and loved ones, dumb with the anguish of a severe bondage among hard taskmasters, who in the language and customs are well nigh incomprehensible.

But she struggles on and up to a kind of bodily freedom bought with blood and tears, until within the last decade she has found herself standing beside her fairer sister on the threshold even of political opportunity.

### China—Her Womanhood.

China is now in the spotlight of nations. A great nation, comprising one fourth of the world's population is at war. The destinies of the largest group of women in the world is at stake. What a spectacle they present! These women who perform as laborers and stevedores some of the hardest work in the world; who rear the largest families; who usually have no happiness in their marriages; who look forward to becoming mothers-in-law and rulers in the households of their sons before asserting any individuality.

What will they do when women of the world begin to find them among the active factors in the life of their country and the world?

Already they have organized to fight for the young China movement; they are studying in the world's foremost universities; they have become skilled medical practitioners. They have demanded to be the one wife of one husband. Keep your eye on the womanhood of China.

Astounded America, holding ajar the door of larger opportunity to woman, gasps—the white woman may enter, yes, but this Hagar—shall she too enter? Is she worthy?

In subsequent passages of this series we shall consider her claims under the title of HAGAR UNBOUND.

Washington, D. C.

### BISHOP JONES IN GEORGIA.

By Mrs. O. L. Burke.

Dr. E. D. W. Jones recently visited the South Georgia conference. The members and friends of Jones chapel A. M. E. Zion Church of Harlem, Ga., were highly favored with his presence Thursday night, Sept. 18th, accompanied by the presiding elder, Rev. J. S. Campbell of the Athens district and also Rev. T. H. Huff of the Baptist church. Bishop Jones preached an excellent sermon which was highly appreciated and enjoyed by all.

He made a lasting impression on all, both Methodists and Baptists. Remarks were made by the presiding elder. A small donation was given to the bishop as an appreciation. Bishop Jones then gave a lecture on the need of the Church work in Georgia. He has won the love and respect of all the people in this state where he has been.

He is the right man in the right place; and we pray for God's benediction to rest upon him and his family wherever he may go. And we hope that he will be with us again at a very early date.

Harlem, Ga.



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

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.  
Edited By Dr. J. Francis Lee.

LESSON IV—Oct. 26, 1924.

### THE STILLING OF THE STORM.

1. Golden Text: Who then is this, that even the wind and sea obey him? Mark 4:41.

2. Memory Verse: Even the wind and the sea obey him. Mark 4:41.

3. Time: A. D. 31.

4. Place: The Lake of Galilee.

5. Leading Thought: Who stills the tempest in our lives?

### 6. Historical Background:

There were while Jesus was on earth a thousand opportunities to show his real character to those whom he sought to hold and train; and Jesus made the best of them from time to time.

And now on the Lake of Galilee while the disciples are rowing over, with Jesus in the boat asleep, there arises a mighty storm. The disciples rowed a little with all skill at their command. But in the teeth of the storm they made no progress.

Remembering that Jesus was aboard, they sought help of him. And as one Master of the raging storm, he rebuked, and a calm followed.

### 7. Topical Outlines.

I. The disciples' departure. v. 35-36.

II. The storm at sea, v. 37-38.

III. Jesus rebukes the storm, v. 39-41.

### The Lesson Exposition.

#### A. The Disciples' Departure.

Perhaps after the feeding, the Master is anxious to avoid the multitude; and so in order to escape them, he leaves the place and goes across the sea; or at least directs his disciples. Being weary of the journey, he falls asleep in the boat; thus his human nature gave away as in the rest of his brethren.

#### B. The Raging Storm. Matt. 8: 23-27; Luke 8:22-25.

Storms at sea are natural, and especially so in Palestine. It is said that often a storm arises in a very moment and sweeps with fury across the lake.

Having done their best, having exhausted every means at their command, and having failed to bring the ship to land, they seek Jesus. Master, carest thou not if we perish? He rebuked the wind. No mere man could have assumed such a task, and certainly no mere man would have endeavored to calm the storm, commanded the sea to cease its roaring, and bade it to be peaceful. Peace, be still. And there was a calm. No mistake could have been made by the writer; for he got his information, no doubt from Peter, for whom Mark wrote the thrilling story of the life of Christ. And was great calm. We must risk in this case, the correctness of the statements made, or human testimony, the testimony of those who were eye-witnesses of the incident. Peter was in the crowd, and perhaps, told it to Mark, who made this record.

#### C. Rebuking the Storm.

Thus the Master rebuked the storm, and there came, as reported by Peter, and recorded by Mark, a calm. Why are ye so fearful? Notwithstanding the presence of Jesus, the disciples were fearful. There is always some awful dread in the elements of nature, water, wind, fire; these wild elements oftentimes overawe us and frighten us, even as they did the disciples at sea. And as they did, we

# FAMILY ALTAR

too, often forget the presence of Jesus.

How is that ye have no faith. In these words Jesus gives the ground of their fright; they were lacking in faith and this is the cause of their fear. They feared exceedingly. The incident added confusion, and while they are now out of the storm, they have more concern now than while in the storm. Perhaps their fright is founded upon conscious unworthiness; for these sinful men felt themselves in the presence of the God, for they exclaimed: What manner of man is this, that even the sea obey him?

## THE WASHINGTON DISTRICT CONFERENCE.

Rev. W. M. Spaulding.

The Washington district conference, W. H. and F. M. and V. C. E. Societies, of the North Carolina conference was highly entertained by the good people of Hookerton circuit (N. C.), September 17-19. These people lived up to their former reputation as entertainers. They were marshaled by that wide awake pastor and presiding elder, Rev. T. S. Maulsby.

Revs. W. J. F. Moore, T. W. Thurston, W. M. Spaulding, J. G. Collins, and T. S. Maulsby delivered sermons during the conference.

More time than usual was given over to institute work, in which the local preachers and young pastors were helped to solve their problems.

In a lengthy discussion on the present day class leader, the sentiment prevailed that he is largely responsible for spreading or retarding the Church. The complaint was made that the present day class leader generally does not function as in the days of old, and where this condition prevails, the spirit and customs of Zion Methodism are passing away.

Ministers and laymen alike were urged to keep the law of the Church, as handed down to us by the fathers and revised by the General Conference.

In the discussion on "Methods of Evangelism," it was admitted that there is a place for the evangelist, who "brings them in" in large numbers but a larger per cent of those who "stay" are brought in by pastor-evangelist, who "brings them in" one by one through personal touch and contact.

Dr. Wm. Sutton, the famous "Trenchman," president of the Eastern N. C. I. Academy and presiding elder of the New Bern district, was there and told us about "The Church School and Religious Education."

The Fall term is now open, with a large enrollment. Students going from this school to college, have no trouble in getting credit for work done here.

The churches in this district were reported to be in fine shape. Dr. J. C. Henderson is putting in a new heating plant at Washington, N. C.

Rocky Mount is looking forward to a new church. At Tarboro, Dr. T. W. Thurston is still following up the Dancy Memorial Institutional Church idea. This church will be modern and suitable for the new Religious Educational program, which is destined to be the plan of operation in the next generation.

Dr. J. S. Shaw is in the basement of a large brick edifice at Greenville, N. C., and expects to entertain the annual conference "Up Stairs" in November.

The circuits are doing well and are having good revivals.

### An Unsolved Problem.

The committee on Church Extension was asked for a plan to build up Zion in a score of towns and villages within the bounds of the conference where we have no church. Solving this problem will be our Conference Program for the next year.

Dr. Lord and Mr. W. C. Redding are the delegates to the annual conference.

Rocky Mount, N. C.