

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVII

April 13, 1909

No. 15

Like a Christian

ARE you a Christian? Then be glad;
Christians should not be glum or sad.
Smile like a Christian day by day,
Scattering sunshine on the way.
Speak, like a Christian, words of love,
Pointing some to the home above.
Work, like a Christian, brave and true;
God has a work for all to do.
Give like a Christian; don't withhold
From God your silver or your gold.
Praise, like a Christian, God above,
For all the tokens of his love.
Trust like a Christian; though the way
Sometimes be dark, still trust and pray.
Pray like a Christian, and believe
That you an answer will receive.
Live like a Christian, every day,
Lest through your influence some one stray.
Then smile, and speak, and work, and give,
And praise, and trust, and pray, and live,
So like a Christian that you may
Lead others in the heavenly way.

— A. R. Perham.



"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of the eyes? They that larry long at the wine."

The Cigarette Outlawed

SEVEN States have already made an outlaw of the cigarette. The States which have a place on the honor roll are Tennessee, Indiana, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Washington, Arkansas, and Oklahoma. The forces are being lined up for a winning fight this year in the legislatures of Illinois, Michigan, Ohio, and other States.—*Crusader Monthly*.

The Converted Drunkard

WHEN Mr. Daniel Toy, an eminent evangelist, who assisted in the recent revival in Boston, was asked what his experience had been relative to the "holding out" of drinking men who professed conversion, he replied that "drinking men, as a rule, are also users of tobacco. If, when they are converted, they hold on to the tobacco habit, they most frequently go down. The physiological explanation of this fact probably is that tobacco causes a certain amount of thirst, a craving which the victim is tempted to satisfy by liquor." Mr. Toy, therefore, urges that the drunkard cut off the tobacco also. "Drink and the pipe go hand in hand, and lead many a man to destruction."

An Incident of the Boston Revival

ON one occasion a drunkard was making some disturbance at the back of the church. "Go and speak to him," said Dr. Toy to Mr. Dickson. He found the man in a bad condition. He looked as if he had been drinking steadily for two weeks, and was on the verge of delirium tremens. "Are you a Christian? Have you decided that question?" "Yes, and my decision is, 'No!'" "My dear fellow, you are not going to say 'no' to God? It is easy to say 'no' to me or to Dr. Toy, but you won't say 'no' to God?"

At once he dropped his head. "Mr. Dickson," he said, "I am a hopeless, an absolutely hopeless, wretch. I am disgusted with myself and with everybody. My life is a wreck. I have no will power of my own. I am a creature of the devil. There is no use talking with me about religion. I have sinned against God; I am a drunkard, and vile in every way." He went on, condemning himself in the most despairing fashion.

"My Bible tells me," said Mr. Dickson, "that Jesus Christ came to seek and to save just such a man as you are. Let me tell you that you are just in the right condition for God to save you, and save you thoroughly."

"No, I'm a drunkard," he groaned.

Mr. Dickson spoke quickly. "You heard that man, Mr. Toy, preaching to-night. Let me tell you, that man went to a lower depth than you have touched. He had no change of linen for months. Three times he attempted suicide. He spent seven months in the best asylum for inebriates in the United States, and was turned from the doors incurable. He is the man that preached to you this night." With that Mr. Dickson called up Mr. Toy, who threw his arms around the man, verified in a few words what had been said, and begged him to kneel down and pray.

The three knelt, and Mr. Toy's prayer was not of the soothing kind; it did not pat the drunkard on the back, but it pictured very faithfully the man's sin, and led up to Jesus Christ as the only Saviour. Then Mr. Dickson prayed, and his prayer was full of tenderness, and spoke much of the love of God. At its close the man got to his feet. "Will you accept Jesus Christ here and now?"—"No, sir; it is no good." But the evangelists held right on in the struggle for a soul. "Will you? Will you? Will you do it now?"

At last the man stretched himself up to his full height and said, "I will." Immediately his face changed wonderfully. He seemed to get sober at once. Mr. Dickson sang, "O Happy Day," and they called around them all that were left in the church, and they had congratulations and songs. The man went home with a smile on his face.

The next night he sat there clothed in his right mind, and by his side was his sweet-faced, gentle, saintly old mother. That convert, as it was afterward learned, was the son of one of the most prominent doctors of divinity in the city. After his conversion he had at once gone to his father, had knelt before him, kissed his hands, and begged his forgiveness for his past life.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

A Loyal Temperance Lad

A LITTLE fellow, the son of poor parents, had been brought up to hate the drink evil and everything connected with it. It was hard for the father to feed so many mouths, so, at an age when most boys are in school, the lad was forced to become an apprentice. He was a stanch teetotaler, and he was fearless in his determination not to allow himself to be defiled by drunken associations.

The very first morning, the foreman of the shop offered him a glass of beer. "No, thank you," said the lad, "I never touch that stuff." "Look here, youngster," replied the foreman, "we have no teetotalers here." "If you have me, you'll have one," answered the boy, bravely, yet respectfully.

The foreman was irritated at this opposition to his wishes, and, holding up the glass of beer, he said: "Now, my boy, there's only one master here, and you'll have this drink either inside or outside."

The little fellow looked up brightly, yet with a resolute face that showed the purpose in his heart: "Well, sir, you can do as you please. I brought my clean jacket with me, and a good character. You may spoil my jacket, but you sha'n't spoil my character."

Of course such resolution won the day, and the lad was permitted to go his own way without further trouble with the foreman. In his heart, the man respected the brave loyalty to principle shown in the outset by so young a boy, and he proved a true friend. The men tried jibes and sneers, but the master forbade anything of the sort so emphatically that it ceased, and the lad soon made them all friends by his unselfish, obliging ways.—*Sophie Bronson Titterington*.

ACCORDING to the figures disclosed by an investigation of official records, the direct and immediate cost of the saloon from the public revenues is several times as much as all license fees received from the traffic. How, then, can saloon prohibition be bad for anybody's business but that of the saloon-keeper?

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Hope Beyond

In the gloomiest night,
When groping for light,
Let us trust in the promise of God.
In life's darkest hour
O think of his power;
For perfection requires the rod.

In the trials of life,
When temptations are rife,
From self look away to your King;
For when sorely perplexed,
Or grievously vexed,
He will help you his praises to sing.

Tempted soul, then believe,
And you shall receive
The joy of his blessings untold.
Simply do all you can;
Wait his day and his plan;
And when tried you shall come forth as gold.

If you've surrendered your all,
And answered his call,
"Go work in my vineyard to-day,"
You may rest in his care;
He will answer your prayer;—
He will bless those who trust and obey.

E. C. SILSBEE.

"I Always Sing to God"

LENNY LIND (Madam Goldschmidt), one of the sweetest singers known to the modern world, was once asked the question, "What do you think about while you are singing?" "O," she said, "I always sing to God." Would that her reply was the experience of every member of every church choir in our world to-day. Surely if such were the case, many souls might be saved through the singing of the gospel, who are now wandering in the paths of sin. It is to be deplored that much of the singing of the present day is as sounding brass and tinkling cymbals; that so much of it consists of unfeeling head-tones instead of loving heart-tones; that sacred words are so often uttered with little or no thought of their real meaning.

If one would glorify God in singing, he must "sing with the spirit, and . . . with the understanding also." Spirit-filled singing tends to lift the soul of the listener above the dissonance of time, and to increase within him a desire to participate in the harmony of eternity.

To be successful in any line of useful employment requires special preparation for that work. And singing is no exception to this rule. To accomplish the greatest good as a singer, preparation of heart, mind, and voice is necessary. Music does not necessarily consist in loudness. A lady once remarked concerning a youthful descendant of a musically inclined family, "He is a powerful singer; he can drown his uncle all out." But simply because one is possessed of a good voice, is no sign that he is a good singer. A voice which possesses great volume, like a noisy cat-a-ract, must be controlled in order that it may become the source of great blessing to humanity. Many a singer, and speaker as well, injures his voice because he has never learned how to use it properly. One should seek so to cultivate his musical talent that he may become a singer that "needeth not to be

ashamed." The voice should be so carefully trained and cultured that it may be adjusted easily to the indicated variations of the selection to be sung, and that every note may be struck just as it is written.

I once knew a member of a choir in a large church, whom nature had endowed with a pleasing voice and an ear for music, but who had done little in the way of improving his talent. Upon being asked how he could retain the position which he held in the choir, he replied that he could tell when the notes went up, and when they went down; and he sang accordingly. One may possess a good voice and a natural ear for music, and still be unable to sing intelligently, simply because he has never persevered sufficiently to learn how. The divine admonition is, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

The proper pronunciation of words is more essential in singing than in reading or in conversation, because of the distinct pronunciation given to the separate syllables. Therefore he alone is master of the art of pronunciation who is master while he sings. How sadly often the good effect of a sacred hymn is marred by such errors in pronunciation as spirut, pilgrum, leaduth, gladnuss, trumput, judgmunt, anguls, moun-tun, fountun, blessudnuss, comuth, gloree, happee, etc. By persevering efforts one can acquire the habit of saying, spirit, pilgrim, leadeth, gladness, trumpet, judgment, angels, mountain (mountin), fountain (fountin), blessedness, cometh, glory, happy, etc. When one has so mastered the art of pronunciation that his singing is faultless in this respect, he will be so charmed with the harmonious effect upon his own soul that he will have no desire to return to his former habit of carelessness.

It is not sufficient, however, that one read notes readily, and pronounce properly every word; he should learn to give the proper emphasis and expression as well.

The instrumental player whose highest conception of music is found in the mechanical playing of notes, has failed to find that "silver key of the fountain of tears" of which Shelley so beautifully speaks. And the vocalist who is satisfied with merely reading the notes and pronouncing the words properly, is likely to fail in his efforts to touch a responsive chord in the heart of the listener. Rob music of its soul, and you have but a dead thing, as verily dead as are the cherished flowers which yet remain as souvenirs of other years.

Self-consciousness in a singer, it matters not how well he may control his voice, or how faultless his pronunciation,—self-consciousness will rob his singing of that spiritual influence which alone can reach hearts. Many a member of a church choir partakes of the spirit of the little girl of whom it has been said:—

"A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it."
"Halleluia! halleluia! sang the choir above her head.
Hardly knew you, hardly knew you, were the words she
thought they said."

When the mind becomes so filled with pride that sing-

ing is but a mere form, it falls with no spiritual effect upon the ear of the listener.

It is so refreshing to listen to one whose voice is cultured, whose pronunciation is pleasing, and whose heart is so filled with the Spirit that he sings under the inspiration of heaven. He does not need to be coaxed to sing, nor does he put himself forward to occupy a place which might better be occupied by one more capable than himself. Such a member of a choir does not habitually whisper and smile; he maintains a reverence and holy dignity in harmony with the conspicuous position which a choir occupies in the house dedicated to the worship and praise of God. Such a singer does not make or participate in choir troubles; for he seeks not selfish interests or the praise of men. And while he sings, he is oblivious to his surroundings; so that he can truly say, in the sweet language of the Swedish nightingale, "I always sing to God."

O how much such singers are needed in giving "the gospel to all the world in this generation"!

MRS. M. A. LOPER.

Some Native Foods

THE locusts in Africa travel in great swarms, completely hiding the face of the sky. Solomon says, "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands." Since coming to Nyassaland, we have seen the natives catching locusts and preparing them for food. They are both boiled and roasted over a bonfire. The body only is eaten, the wings and legs being pulled off and thrown away. Some of the natives catch them in great quantities, as they light on the grass, cook them, and take them to the market-places to be sold or exchanged for food.

Leaves of the sweet potato or yam, with the leaves of many other plants, the blossom of the pumpkin vine, and roots are also used for food. These roots are much like potatoes, and are all called *mbatata*, or potatoes. The yams are quite different from our sweet potato at home. If you should break open a raw one, you would find a very sticky, milky-like fluid coming out.

The wild honey is strong and of a peculiar flavor, as the bees collect it from flowers of a very rank growth. A boy brought us some to eat, but we could not use it, so gave it to our native teachers, who relish it.

They also eat a wild fruit, about the size of a small apple, resembling in flavor a persimmon, but having a thick, tough skin. This they put into the mouth as we would a plum, skin and all, not seeming to mind, in the least, the puckery taste. This fruit is called *masicke*. I enjoy eating it.

The natives are experts in judging between the mushrooms and toadstools. A few days ago one of the boys brought in four large mushrooms, each one fully six inches in diameter. They had a beautiful, snow-white, flaky appearance.

Recently two native boys passed through the mission, carrying the remains of a wild pig that had been killed by a lion the night before. The lion had left what he did not wish, and the boys were taking it home to eat.

On the mountains there grows a small seed, called *naware*. These seeds are rubbed to a flour between two stones, then cooked into a porridge.

The native corn, or *chimanga*, is the principal article of food. It is also crushed to flour, by means of pounding with a stick about five feet long and three

inches in diameter. The corn is placed in an upright, hollowed log, and pounded. It is also dried in the sun, and cooked into porridge, or *nsima*. This, with some of the greens for a relish, makes the every-day meal. The relish is called *ndirvo*, and most of the above-named relishes are choice side-dishes. They do not often have salt. However, we have a coarse salt, which we give them in exchange for eggs, tomatoes, potatoes, or any good food they may bring us. Sometimes a little parched corn is eaten during the forenoon, but the principal meal is *nsima* at night, eaten any time between four and six o'clock.

You, doubtless, will be much surprised to learn that there are ant-hills here of sufficient size to furnish material for making bricks for quite a large house. These hills are filled with white ants. There are four sizes of them,—the small white ones; larger ones with brown heads; the males, still larger; and a fourth variety about three fourths of an inch long and quite different. These have two pairs of wings, and at certain times of the year come out and fly away. There is a large ant-hill near the mission house. On one side of the hill an incline is made, which is about four feet long, two feet wide, and eight inches deep. At the foot of this incline, and in the ground, is placed a five-gallon earthen pot, with the mouth on a level with the incline. The whole is covered with grass, and carefully banked around with earth and sod. The numerous exits on the hill are kept closed, so there is only the one opening, and many come out at this place, and fall into the pot, unable to get away. They are afterward roasted over a fire, placed on a native sleeping-mat, and put in the sun to dry. While drying, the wings drop off, and are thrown away, together with any smaller ants which may have fallen into the pot. The *insewa* are then ready as a dessert.

Nearly all boys and girls are fond of sweets. The native will buy, for a penny, a long stalk of sugar-cane, six to eight feet in length. The outside of the cane is thrown away, and after all the sweet is extracted from the pulp, by chewing, the pulp is thrown away. This is their candy.

MRS. SAMUEL KONIGMACHER.

Neno, British Central Africa.

Redemption's Rest Day

THE plea is made that in resting on the first day of the week honor is given to the redemption made possible by Christ Jesus. But the observance is one day too late, as redemption's rest day is identical with creation's rest day. The work of creation ended at the close of the sixth day, and the next day was set apart as its memorial. Near the close of another sixth day, four thousand years later, the world's Redeemer in triumph cried, "It is finished," even as God had said on the first sixth day, It is very good. The next day he rested in the new tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, thus making redemption's rest day identical with that of creation. When the first day came, he spent it in travel from earth to heaven, and from place to place on the earth, convincing men of their unbelief in him as the promised Messiah, and establishing their hearts in faith. And just as God brought light out of the darkness on earth's first day, so again out of the open tomb in Palestine the light broke forth, to shine even to the perfect day. Loyalty to redemption means loyalty to its rest day, the seventh day of the week. Gen. 1:31; 2:2, 3; John 19:30; Luke 23:56; 24:1, 13-15; 2 Cor. 4:6, 7.

JOHN QUINN.



THE HOME CIRCLE



"All our actions take
Their lines from the complexion of the heart,
As landscapes their variety from light."

An Ideal Dorcas Society

DORCAS still lives through the societies which are called by her name, and which are seeking to continue the good work that she began. It is interesting and profitable to note that Dorcas lived among and helped her *neighbors*. She did not sigh for a far-off field, and then sit idly by because the distant ones did not come to her. She began with the nearest needy widow, and tried to make her life easier and less burdensome. That such service counted for much is indicated by the lesson story.

The attractions of the far-off field seem always greater than the duty just beside us. There is a glamor and romance about people whom we have never seen which is not quite so apparent when we gaze upon the Italian who owns the banana stand on the street corner, or the negro who lives alongside the railroad track. The same folks in sunny Italy or even in darkest Africa would be far more inspiring. Therefore the tendency is to neglect the immigrant when he settles among us, and to send our workers to his native land.

There are earnest men and women who are honestly asking for something to do so that Christ's kingdom may be extended. The ways in which this is to be accomplished are many and varied. But probably no way is better than the Dorcas way,—the doing of the next thing for one's next-door neighbor. One need not go very far afield to find a weary one who needs the touch of sympathy that will bring new life and hope. This applies not only to the poor in this world's goods. There is many a man or woman in the higher grades of social life who craves the word of cheer and encouragement. Many the man who seems far removed from his fellow men by reason of high position and unusual honor, who longs for the simple, sincere expression of sympathy.

The best kind of a Dorcas Society is a society of *one*,—president, secretary, treasurer, and committees, all found in the Christian who is going about doing good, as did the Lord and Master of us all.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Table Manners

It would seem as if among girls of refinement there ought not to be any need of calling attention to the subject of table manners, and yet one often sees girls who are supposed to be well bred doing such astonishingly bad-mannered things at the table that one is forced to believe that constant reminders are necessary.

Surely all girls know that they should not talk when they have food in the mouth; but some forget the simple fact, and make themselves most unattractive by an open-mouthed display of partly masticated food, inevitably seen by the person to whom they are talking. As if this were not bad enough in itself, there is the further objection that it is impossible to artic-

ulate clearly when the mouth contains food, and mumbling is most reprehensible.

Take Small Bites

You should be extremely dainty about the amount of food you put into your mouth, taking very little at a time, and swallowing it before you follow it with something else. It is shocking to put several things into your mouth at once, as if you were a barbarian who knew nothing whatever of the customs of civilization. If you take your food with delicacy, you dispose of it with ease and speed, and you never commit the offense of masticating with your mouth open, or talking with it full.

Using the Napkin

It is not good form to spread your napkin out over your lap, as if you were an infant likely to drop half of what you were eating, but instead you should leave it folded the long way. And when you have occasion to raise it to your lips, do so with your right hand only, using merely the end of the napkin.

On no account put even the tip of your napkin in the finger-bowl, as a girl was seen to do recently when she wanted to moisten her lips. At the end of dinner, when the finger-bowl is used, the lips may be moistened by touching them lightly with the tips of the first and second fingers of the right hand, which have been delicately dipped in water.

To appear perfectly at ease under all circumstances is an art which all girls should strive to acquire, and nowhere is this accomplishment more admirable than when dining out among strangers, where by being at ease yourself you help others to attain that agreeable condition.

Be at Your Best

Dinner, whether at home or abroad, is distinctly the festive meal of the day, occurring at an hour when people naturally expect relaxation and enjoyment. And you should make your contribution to the general entertainment by looking and acting your best, the latter embracing your conduct and your conversation.

If you are attending a somewhat formal dinner, remember that the conversation is never general on these occasions, and that you are expected to confine your attentions to the two persons between whom you are seated.—*The Washington Times*.

The Good Shepherd

ON Bethlehem's hillsides how secure the flocks of Jesse were
When they were led in pastures green in faithful David's care;
When foes assailed his precious flock, his life he did not spare,
But boldly faced, in their defense, a lion and a bear.

And I am Jesus' little lamb; my shepherd kind is he;
By waters still, in pastures green, he gently leadeth me.
And though my Shepherd's face on earth my eyes may never see,
Like faithful David, long ago, I know he guardeth me.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

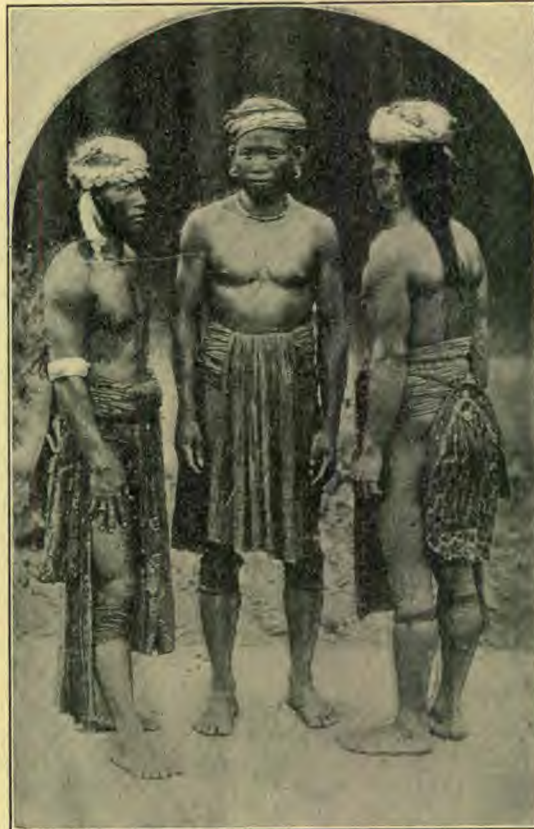
The Asiatic Archipelago

The Island of Borneo

(Concluded from last week)

HANGING from the rafters of many Dyak houses, especially those removed from the civilized centers, are trophies of human skulls. From time immemorial the natives of Borneo have possessed an extraordinary predilection for heads, and most of their intertribal warfare was caused by the desire to gratify this unfortunate taste. Since the country has come under civilized influence, head-hunting has been generally discontinued, but yet occasionally a remote tribe yields to its inherited proclivity, and a raid is made on some unsuspecting neighbors with the purpose of securing the much-coveted trophies. It is said that this custom originated in a desire to please the women. Among some tribes it was almost an indispensable necessity for a young man to procure a skull before he could marry, and the possession of a head decapitated by himself seemed to be a fairly general method employed by young men to ingratiate themselves with the maidens of their choice. The poor women had to suffer for it though, their heads being in greater demand than the men's heads, and any means were considered justifiable which secured them, or even the heads of children.

The most interesting animal found in the Bornean forests is the large man-like monkey, the mias, or orang-utan—man of the woods, as its name implies in the Malay tongue. It is found also in a restricted area in Sumatra, but there is every reason to believe that it is confined to these two large islands. In Borneo it has a wide range, inhabiting most of the country, but seeming to prefer the swamp forests of the low-lying coast lands. It chooses the dense



GROUP OF DYAK MEN

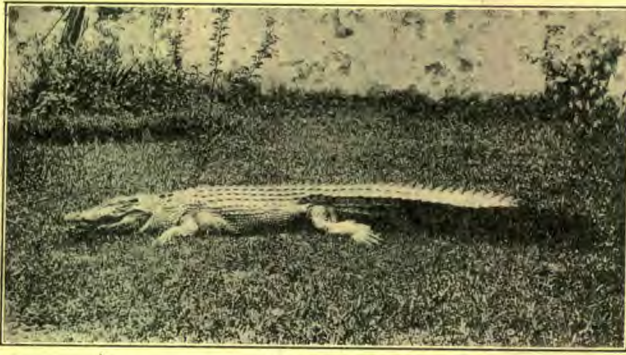


pass from tree to tree without having to descend to the ground. Its singular movements as it makes its way in the forests are most interesting. It walks deliberately along the large branches, in the semi-erect attitude which the great length of its arms and the shortness of its legs cause it naturally to assume; and the disproportion between these limbs is increased by its walking on its knuckles, not on the palms of its hands (its feet are hands) as we would. It does not seem to hurry, yet it gets along as quickly as a person can run. When it reaches the end of the branch, it gathers together a handful of small twigs, and swings itself by these to the next tree, along which it proceeds as has been described. At night it breaks off some branches with its strong arms, and makes itself a snug nest at the top of some medium-sized tree, where it sleeps until the sun has well risen the next morning. Its food is fruit plucked from the forest-trees, and tender, succulent shoots.

The natives say that the mias is never attacked by wild animals, with two rare exceptions. No animal is strong enough to hurt him, and the only creature he ever fights with is the crocodile, which seizes him while he is drinking, and which he generally defeats. The size of the full-grown monkey is four feet six inches in height, and from seven feet two to seven feet eight from finger-tip to finger-tip when the arms are outstretched. Its face is from ten to thirteen inches wide. It is not dangerous to human beings except when injured or provoked; then it will defend itself if in a tree, by throwing nuts and branches at its assailant; if on the ground, it will engage its foe in deadly combat. Its strength is equaled by its courage, and it fights

desperately, especially if defending its female or its young.

The rivers of Borneo swarm with that most loathsome and dangerous of amphibious creatures, the croc-



A BORNEO CROCODILE

odile; and the number of natives reported to be taken by them is enormous. In the populous villages by the riversides scarcely a day passes but some poor creature falls a victim to the vigilance of the crocodile, and, it may be said, often to his own carelessness; for in spite of all their bitter experiences, the natives seem to be incapable of exercising the simplest precautions. A man's father may be taken one night, his brother a few days afterward, and yet the man will continue to bathe day by day at the same place and at the same hour, just after the sun is set, when every crocodile is looking for its supper. In some places it is no uncommon sight to see one swimming up the stream with a live man in its mouth, holding him above the water, taking him to some creek where it will drown him, and then carefully hide him for several days until he is well decomposed, and "high" enough to suit its appetite. Crocodiles do not kill their victims if it can be avoided, but seem to prefer to have them drowned.

Many of the tribes retaliate by catching the crocodiles, and in turn eating them. It is said that frequently when one is opened, there is found a large assortment of brass ornaments in its stomach, the decorations of some poor unfortunate who has come to an untimely end.

A common way of catching them is with a bait of some dead animal bound to a stake by numerous pieces of fish-line, seven or eight feet in length. These are brought together and made fast to the end of a rattan sixty or eighty feet long, the other end of which is tied to a float. The bait is thrown into the river at nighttime, and the next crocodile passing that way falls an easy prey. It seizes the bait, swims off with it, and in time swallows it, stake and all, unsuspectingly. The natives in a day or two search for the float, and getting a firm hold of the rattan, make for the shore at all speed, hoping to reach land if possible before the creature feels anything; otherwise their boat might be upset. With a sudden jerk they fix the stake

across the reptile's stomach, and then they begin to haul, and if the crocodile is a large one, much hard pulling is required. Then follows a great feast; for the creature is eaten, accompanied by much rejoicing.

The southeastern portion of Borneo, comprising about two thirds of its entire area, is owned by The Netherlands government, which administers the affairs of the country with prudence and wisdom begotten by centuries of experience in colonial and native affairs. The two chief towns are Pontianak and Banjarmasin, both of which are at the mouths of great rivers, up which boats can penetrate far into the interior.

The British portion is in the northwest of the island, and contains the richest and most populous districts. The chief town is Kuching, or Sarawak, which was founded by that remarkable man Sir James Brooke. Mr. Brooke first landed in Borneo from his schooner yacht, the "Royalist," on Aug. 15, 1839, and made acquaintance with Muda Hassim, the rajah of Sarawak. Pirates swarmed at the mouth of the Sarawak River, the rajah was not on friendly terms with his



ELEPHANTS FORDING A RIVER IN MALAYA

neighbors, the Dutch, and the population of Upper Sarawak was threatening him with a hostile force. Trade was at a standstill, and people in and about the capital were subjected to oppression and extortion from



ORNAMENTS OF A DYAK HOME

every officer of the state. As a friend of the rajah's, Sir James at once began his great work. His first achievement was a bloodless victory over the rebel army, which, after months of negotiation, was disbanded. For this assistance the old rajah offered him

the rajahship of Sarawak, to which he succeeded upon the old man's death, in 1842. Warlike expeditions to protect and avenge his subjects had to be undertaken against the wild tribes in the interior; and the pirates also had to be repressed, who, while they existed, were a constant source of trouble, disorganizing by one raid a whole district, which had perhaps taken years to calm down after a previous raid. He died in England in 1868, and was succeeded by his nephew, C. J. Brooke, the present rajah of Sarawak, who had distinguished himself in his uncle's service.

Borneo is a wonderful country, full of things new and strange, about which volumes could be written without exhausting the subjects. It is almost virgin territory for the missionary, to whom the many manly qualities of its inhabitants are an eloquent appeal for spiritual instruction, before they are overtaken by the blight of Mohammedanism, which is ever aggressive, as well as destructive.

GEORGE TEASDALE.



NATIVE FOOT ORNAMENTS

Trying to Study With a Talkative Person in the Room

[The following article, together with the next one, was written by a student of the Adelpian Academy at Holly, Michigan, to meet a requirement in their regular English work.—Ed.]

It is not something of general occurrence that one is compelled to study with some one talking in the room, but it occasionally happens, as it did in my room one evening.

All seemed to be silence in the house, and I had settled myself down for my evening's study, when my roommate came gushing into the room, bubbling over with an incident that had just occurred somewhere in the realm of school life. Of course I must know all about it. She knows that I am much more interested in what she has to tell me than I am in a cold problem in algebra. And then it would be a breach of school etiquette not to be interested in all the happenings that go to color school life. So I listened with one ear, and had one eye on my algebra. About the time she finished, I found myself puzzling over a very complex problem. Once more I settled down and endeavored to unravel my tangled problem as I saw my friend apparently buried in her books. This did not prove to be the case, however; for a thought struck her, and tell me all about it she must. So again I endeavored to center my thoughts upon my algebra and listen to her at the same time.

But this would not do. She must ask me all sorts of questions about my Thanksgiving vacation. I answered as briefly as possible, and silence again reigned supreme, but not long. Evidently another idea struck her, for she threw her books on the table, straightened up as if something very important was again going to interrupt my study; and, anticipating some poor les-

sons the next day, I asked her about her lessons, but they did not trouble her in the least. A recitation she was soon to give was troubling her more, and I must hear it. This was too much. I threw down my books in disgust just as the retiring bell rang. My problem in algebra was still tangled, and her lessons had not been touched. The silence bell soon rang, and at last sleep took the place of talk.

ETHEL BURNETT.

My First Experience with Rubber Boots

To my mind, first experiences with rubber boots depend upon the relative size of the boots. A person of ordinary size, with boots to fit, will have just an ordinary experience, while a small person wearing large boots will have a large experience, and a large person with small boots—well, I hardly think he would have an experience, at least not like the one I had, for he could not get the boots on.

I will relate my first and only experience with rubber boots, and you may draw your own conclusions as to its classification. It was a Sabbath morning last spring at the time of the high water in St. Charles. Boats and rafts had been running all the week, and I had expected that when Sabbath came, I could go to church in a boat; but when I looked out that morning, I soon saw that the water had lowered too much for boating, and, what was worse, it was yet too high for walking, except for those who had rubber boots.

I could hardly give up the thought of going to church, and it was with no small reluctance that I was about to quit talking about the unpleasant situation, and turn my attention to reading, when the gentleman where I was boarding jokingly suggested that I wear a pair of his boots. He said he thought I would get along all right if I started early, and kept on the sidewalk all the way, though most of it was still covered with water.

Knowing that he had two pairs of boots, so would be caused no inconvenience by my accepting the favor, I quite readily consented to try them. After wrapping up my shoes in some paper, and taking them and my Bible under my arm, I started out with those boots on. They weren't the largest I have seen, but about as large as I cared to push along through the water and mud. I think I felt somewhat as David did when he returned with Saul's armor and said, "I can not go with these; for I have not proved them." In my case there was nothing better to do if I desired to get to church, so I decided to prove them anyway.

I was an object of interest and amusement as I shuffled past the little houses occupied by the miners, and I couldn't blame the people for smiling; for my own appearance reminded me of comic pictures I had seen in the Sunday papers and Hostetter's almanac, and I knew that I must look as funny.

Progress was slow, but steady. I was getting along pretty well until I saw that I was nearing a place where the water was still quite high. I feared that it was too deep to wade, and I was wondering what I had better do, when a lady, who had been watching me from her door, called to me, and said that I would do better to take the road, which was then clear of water, but quite soft. Two men who had passed me seemed to prefer the road to the sidewalk, so I concluded to try it, in spite of the advice that had been given me on starting out.

I had gone just far enough to make it impossible to get back to the sidewalk safely when, through some misstep, I got one foot where it seemed to want to stay awhile. In my effort to pull it out, I nearly pulled my right foot out of the boot, and I also got the other foot pretty well settled down. I was stuck in the mud, and how to get out I didn't know. It was perfectly easy to step out of the boots, but I had a fond desire to take them both with me. I thought that by pushing or twisting them about I might be able to get them out of the mud, but the pressure of the clay on the outside seemed so much stronger than the pressure of the clay within that my case seemed quite hopeless. The wind helped to aggravate my unhappy condition, for it was blowing quite strongly against me. It was hard, with those things under my arm, to keep my balance. Two or three times I almost went down. I formed some ridiculous, but unpleasant-looking mental pictures of how I would look going back to the house covered with mud from head to toe.

My unhappiness did not continue very long, however; for by a constant effort to free myself, I luckily managed to do so. As the way before me looked as safe as the part I had just passed over, I decided to go on. By being more careful in picking my way I got to church with no further difficulties. I had some mud on my hands and clothing, but I found conveniences for cleaning them; and when I was finally settled in my place in Sabbath-school, I was quite glad that I had made the effort to come; but I resolved that I would return on the sidewalk, and if it became necessary to wear rubber boots very long, I would have a pair of my own.

AGNES EVEREST.

Word from the Huntsville School

I TAKE pleasure in writing a few lines to all the young people who are especially interested in the work for the colored people, feeling assured you will be glad to hear something concerning our work. The Huntsville school is located in a pretty place; a commodious cement building, with chapel above, recitation rooms and offices below, and a frame building for the boys' dormitory, take the place of the building burned. A sanitarium is started, the foundation of which is laid, where we hope to train nurses for the work, and also be able to teach others around us the benefits of water treatments and healthful living.

Earnest young people are in training here. I am sure you would all enjoy attending the services and listening to the testimonies and prayers of these young people. We have some fine singers; we anticipate a large class in both vocal and instrumental music, if those who have signified their desire to enter find themselves able financially to do so.

Very few of the students are able to work their way while studying. The majority have to work a year before entering the classes, thus retarding their preparation, and hindering the work so sadly needed.

The Southern Missionary Society has had difficulty in securing teachers for their schools this year, some of which are still unopened. There are twenty applications for scholarships now pending. We are in hopes a way may be provided whereby all who wish to enter this school and fit themselves for workers and teachers may be able to do so.

We hope the Lord will open the way for our school to be the next on the list to receive help from our Missionary Volunteer societies.

IDA DUNLAP.



What Is Tuberculosis? — No. 17 Governmental Preventive Work

WHEN we consider the fact that every year consumption carries off in this country as many, mostly in the prime of life, as were destroyed by the great Italian earthquake—generally conceded to be the greatest single catastrophe that has ever befallen man—we can realize to some extent the importance of preventive measures. If scientists would rise up and state that with an expenditure of several millions of dollars they would render impossible the further occurrence of earthquakes, the means would doubtless be forthcoming. Medical men have practically done this in regard to tuberculosis. According to one of New York's well-read physicians, the city loses every year through tuberculosis, more money than would be necessary, if wisely spent, to put a stop to the disease. National and municipal governments have been rather slow to take up work of this kind. Whether or not Dr. Hutchinson is too sanguine in his belief that he can rid New York of tuberculosis at an expenditure of a few million dollars, we know not; but medical men are united in one belief; namely, that tuberculosis is preventable, provided we could only be sufficiently awakened to the importance of the work. We in the United States are far behind some of the European countries in the antituberculosis fight.

We rank at the head in accumulating the almighty dollar, but we are far down the line in the matter of public hygiene. Even our new sister republic, Cuba, has set up in business with a full-fledged department of hygiene and charities, under a cabinet officer; but we who can have a department for commerce and labor, a department for war, a department for the navy, a department for our cows and hogs, have no room for a department of public health. It is too unimportant.

However, the national, State, and especially the city governments are doing something to aid in the suppression of tuberculosis.

Antisputting laws are enacted,—and occasionally enforced,—and warnings are posted up in street-cars and other public places against spitting. Building laws are enacted compelling builders to give more light and air to their tenants. It is said that under the law now operative in New York, sanitary tenement-houses have already been built to accommodate a million tenants. The old rookeries were built without any provision for light or air in inner rooms. The new tenement-houses must have every room communicating either with the street or with an ample light- and air-shaft.

Cities, by providing more parks and open spaces, and maintaining municipal playgrounds in the congested districts, are doing much to lessen the ravages of tuberculosis, especially among the young.

Some of the States, as Massachusetts, are introducing into the school curriculum instruction regarding tuberculosis. This is a most valuable move, as what is learned before the habits are fully formed, is most

(Concluded on page eleven)

The Penny THAT JACK EARNED



By Elizabeth Rosser

THIS is the penny that
Jack earned.
This is the egg that
was bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



This is the chicken, as black as night,
That was hatched from the egg that
was bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



These are the eggs, all snowy white,
That were laid by the chicken,
as black as night,
That was hatched from the egg
that was bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



This is the brood (a wonderful sight),
That came from the eggs, all
snowy white,
That were laid by the chicken,
as black as night,
That was hatched from the
egg that was bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



This is the money, new and bright,
That he got for the brood
(a wonderful sight),
That came from the eggs,
all snowy white,
That were laid by the chicken, as black as
night,
That was hatched from the egg that was
bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



This is the lambie, with foot so light,
That he bought with the money,
new and bright,
That he got for the brood (a won-
derful sight),
That came from the eggs, all snowy white,
That were laid by the chicken, as black as
night,
That was hatched from the egg that was
bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



This is the calf that he voted "all right,"
That he traded the lamb for,
with foot so light,
That he bought with the money,
new and bright,
That he got for the brood (a wonderful
sight),
That came from the eggs, all snowy
white,
That were laid by the chicken, as black as
night,
That was hatched from the egg that was
bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



This is the cow — O, a Jersey, quite,
That grew from the calf
he had voted "all
right,"
That he traded the lamb
for, with foot so
light,
That he bought with the money, new and
bright,
That he got for the brood (a wonderful
sight),
That came from the eggs, all snowy white,
That were laid by the chicken, as black as
night,
That was hatched from the egg that was
bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



This is the pony, his heart's delight,
That he traded his cow for (a Jersey,
quite),
That grew from the calf he
had voted "all right,"
That he traded the lamb
for, with foot so light,
That he bought with the money, new and
bright,
That he got for the brood (a wonderful
sight),
That came from the eggs, all snowy white,
That were laid by the chicken, as black as
night,
That was hatched from the egg that was
bought
With the penny that Jack earned.



The Inca

WHILE Hernando Cortez was triumphing in Mexico, three men banded together to undertake the discovery and conquest of the country to the south, of which the natives told Balboa when he crossed the Isthmus of Panama to the Pacific, and took possession of it in the name of Spain. These three men were Francisco Pizarro, Diego de Almagro, and Fernand Luque. Pizarro had been a swineherd, and could neither read nor write; Almagro was a foundling, who had taken the name of his native place; and Luque was a Dominican monk. Pizarro, who was poor, could only contribute his courage, taking for his part the command of the expedition in person, and the other two, who were rich, especially Luque, providing the necessary resources. They took a solemn oath, eating together a consecrated wafer, not to fail in their faith and loyalty; and thus a contract, whose object was pillage and destruction, was ratified in the name of the God of peace. Pizarro set out from Panama, on the fourteenth of November, 1524, with one ship and one hundred twenty men.

At the period of the Spanish invasion the empire of Peru, thus named by them because this was the first word they heard pronounced in it, measured four thousand kilometers from north to south, its width from east to west being only six hundred to eight hundred kilometers. Peru, like the rest of the New World, was originally divided among many independent tribes, who lived in a savage state, until, according to tradition, their father, the Sun, having compassion on them, sent a man and a woman of majestic appearance, who appeared to them on the shores of Lake Titicaca, to instruct them. Manco-Capac and Mama-Oella, which were the names of the children of the sun, founded Cuzco, the capital of the kingdom, subduing and civilizing the neighboring nations, and founding the family of the Incas, who never abandoned the throne until the arrival of the Spaniards. Manco-Capac taught the people to worship the sun; he also taught them agriculture and other useful arts, and Mama-Oella taught the women the art of spinning and weaving. The Incas and their family married between brothers and sisters, in order not to contaminate the race of the Sun. They governed with an authority absolute and somewhat theocratic; and disobedience, like all other errors and crimes, was punishable with death. Their moral code could not be more simple; it was reduced to three prohibitions,—not to steal, not to be idle, and not to lie.

The superiority of the industry of the Peruvians over that of the other American nations is unquestionable. No country could boast of such good roads, although they possessed no other beasts of burden than the llama and the guanaco, which can carry only light loads. They crossed rivers and valleys by means of bridges, which sometimes consisted of ropes stretched across.

The Incas manifested great interest in agricultural pursuits. Long before any modern government thought of instituting a department of agriculture, the Incas had theirs organized. Five hundred years before our government turned its attention seriously to irrigating our desert land, the Incas had built great sluices, and aqueducts of stone slabs neatly fitted together, one of which was nearly five hundred miles in length, and conveyed water for millions of acres of thirsty ground all along its course. In another case a solid mountain was tunneled through to provide for the overflow of a lake that sometimes inundated its

shores, thus using the dangerous surplus of water for desert land that needed it. At one of the great annual festivals the Inca himself, the mighty potentate of this vast empire, the descendant of the gods, attended by his court in royal state, and in the presence of a vast concourse of people, turned up the earth with a golden plow, "thus consecrating the occupation of the husbandman, as one worthy to be followed by the children of the Sun."

Speaking of their buildings, Carpenter says: "But it is when we come to their vast and substantial buildings that we are most amazed. How a primitive race without iron tools, without modern quarrying and hoisting machinery, could have constructed such cities, such palaces, and such temples, is almost beyond explanation. The city of Cuzco, the capital of the empire, occupied a commanding situation on the high plateau where all their larger cities were built. It was defended by a great fortress on a rugged eminence to the north of the city. . . . This fortress was connected by underground passages with the city and the palaces of the Incas, whither the rulers and the people could escape in time of siege. The fortress and galleries were built of solid blocks of stone, so nicely adjusted that, though no cement was used, it was impossible to introduce even the blade of a knife between them." Some of these stones are said to have measured thirty-eight feet in length, by eighteen in breadth, and six feet in thickness.

Prescott says: "We are filled with astonishment when we consider that these enormous masses were hewn from their native bed, and fashioned into shape by a people ignorant of the use of iron; that they were brought from quarries from four to fifteen leagues distant, without the aid of beasts of burden; were transported across rivers and ravines, were raised to their elevated position on the sierra, and finally adjusted there with the nicest accuracy, without the knowledge of tools and machinery familiar to Europeans."

N. Z. TOWN.

What Is Tuberculosis? — No. 17

(Concluded from page nine)

effective in shaping the after-life. When one has formed his habits, and fallen into a rut, he may acknowledge the advantage of improved hygienic measures,—and go on just as he has always done. Pennsylvania was a pioneer State in the antituberculosis fight, and is still in the forefront in this work.

At least one State attempted what seemed an unwise move—that is to establish a quarantine against tubercular patients from other States. Such a law would probably never be effective. To a certain extent the immigration officers have prevented the landing of tuberculous aliens in this country.

Another antituberculosis measure, which may prove to be effective in preventing infant tuberculosis, is the legislation which provides that dairy herds shall be tested with tuberculin, and that the reacting animals shall be eliminated from the dairies. Such regulations are in operation in very few localities.

Something is being done in the establishing and maintenance of government hospitals and sanatoria for the care of consumptives; and undoubtedly this work of segregating and providing for the infected ones, thus lessening the danger of spreading the infection, will be one of the important preventive measures of the future.

G. H. HEALD, M. D.



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

South America — No. 1

NOTE.—This series will complete our study on the great world field. We are fortunate to have obtained Elder Town's services for the preparation of the lessons on South America. For seventeen years he has labored faithfully in that "Neglected Continent," and these studies give evidence of his personal acquaintance with the field. To read them will recommend them. They are brimful of interesting facts and valuable information. Space would not permit giving you exhaustive studies, but this leaves you opportunity to do some research work. Use a map. If you have access to a history, glean some facts concerning the discovery of South America. That continent is now considered "a commercial opportunity." Why? A few years ago Mr. Root, then secretary of state, visited it. This visit created an era of good feeling toward the United States. The Pan-American conference three years ago sought to create friendly relations; however, England still leads in trade with South America, while Germany and the United States run each other closely for second place. Ecuador plans to hold an exposition this year, in which the United States has been asked to participate.

Do not fail to include the article, "The Inca," on page 11, in your program. Last year the *Review* and *Herald* gave a series of articles on the Inca, the first appearing in the *Review* of October 29.

Colombia — General Items

COLOMBIA is the most northern republic on the west coast of South America, and the only one that touches both the Atlantic and the Pacific. From north to south this republic is longer than the distance from St. Paul to New Orleans, and is wider in some parts than from New York to Chicago. It has an area of over five hundred thousand square miles, about one sixth the size of the United States without Alaska. The population is estimated at four million five hundred one thousand.

Bogota, the capital, is a city of about one hundred twenty thousand inhabitants. It has electric lights and a street railroad, which were put in by Americans. There is a good library, containing fifty thousand volumes. The Spanish spoken in Bogota is said to be particularly pure, and that city has contributed more perhaps to the literature of South America than any other one center. The altitude of Bogota is about one-half mile higher than that of Denver, Colorado, and its climate is much the same. It is at Bogota that the president lives, and there the Colombian congress meets. The city is very healthful, as is the greater part of the country where the people live. It is only the coast lands of Colombia that are low, moist, and unhealthy.

Modes of Travel

The chief mode of travel in Colombia is by means of the rivers, and on the mule and donkey paths, which everywhere cross the mountains. No country has more curious streams. One of them is known in Colombia as the river of vinegar. In the upper part of its course its water contains eleven parts of sulphuric acid and nine parts of hydrochloric acid in every thousand, and is so sour that no fish can live in it, and it goes by the name of the "Rio Vinagre"—the Vinegar River.

The Magdalena, the chief river of Colombia, corresponds to our Mississippi. It is more than one thousand miles long, and is as wide, though not so deep, as the Mississippi. Steamers of light draft sail weekly

from Barranquilla, on the Caribbean Sea, up the Magdalena to Honda, where one must take mules and climb up the plain of Bogota, where the capital is situated. There are only about four hundred miles of railway in the whole country.

The Colombians are extremely affable, hospitable, courageous, and disinterested, and their love of liberty is intense. They have been obliged to struggle heroically to attain the order of things they now enjoy. Industry is free from all trammels or impediments. The right of public meeting is unlimited, and the press is free.

Our Work

Several years ago Brother Frank Kelly labored for some time in Colombia as a self-supporting missionary. But since he left, nothing has been done there, and to-day this vast republic, with a territory twelve times greater than the State of New York, and a population greater than that of the States in the Northern Union Conference, there is not a single representative of the third angel's message. This should certainly appeal to the young people who read the INSTRUCTOR.

Ecuador — General Description

The republic of Ecuador, whose name means "equator," is about twice the size of Illinois, having an area of one hundred sixteen thousand square miles. It lies sandwiched between Colombia and Peru, in the shape of a great fan, whose handle extends to Brazil, and whose scalloped rim is washed by the Pacific Ocean. The coast of Ecuador is low, and is full of vegetable wonders. There are rich plantations of sugar-cane, which reaches the height of ten feet, and grows for twenty-five years without replanting. There are cacao orchards, loaded down with the fruit from which our chocolate comes; groves of coco-palms, bearing bushels of green nuts as large as one's head. One finds here also the papaya-tree, which bears a fruit as large as a muskmelon, and of much the same nature. One of the most peculiar trees of Ecuador has a bark which serves the Indians for clothes. Blankets made from this bark are said to be as soft and pliable as flannel. The Indians make cuttings about the tree, and take the bark off in sheets. They soak it in water until it is soft, and then pound off the rough outside, leaving the inside perfectly whole. The inside bark is composed of fine fibers so woven by nature that they are not unlike cloth, and are warm enough to serve as a blanket.

Some of the highest peaks of the Andes Mountains are to be found in Ecuador, scores of which are always covered with snow. Chimborazo, which on a clear day is visible at Guayaquil, is 20,498 feet above the sea. The volcano Cotopaxi is over nineteen thousand feet high. The Andes range crosses the country from north to south in two parallel ridges, having between them a series of beautiful valleys wrapped in the clouds. About nine tenths of the people live in these valleys. They are from a mile and a half to two miles above the sea, and in these elevated regions, according to one writer, the climate is so healthful "that life becomes a pastime instead of a struggle."

Guayaquil is the chief port and commercial center of the republic. The houses in this city are built to withstand earthquakes. They are made of timbers so joined and spliced that they sway with the trembling of the earth, and do not break. The framework is covered with bamboo laths made by splitting the canes; and on these bamboos a coating of plaster is spread. Quito, the highest capital city of the world, is situated

in a valley between the two ranges of the Andes, on the very roof of South America. The population is about eighty thousand. It is one of the oldest cities in the world. At the time the country was discovered by the Spaniards, it was one of the great centers of the Inca civilization—"a civilization which was better than that of many of the Ecuadorians of to-day." At the time of the Incas it was a city of temples and palaces. Atahualpa, the Inca monarch who was murdered by Pizarro, had a home in it, the roof of which was plated with gold. The people of Guayaquil say that the Quito of to-day is just about one hundred years behind the moon. "It has nothing in the way of modern improvements, and few modern customs, and it is so difficult of access that few travelers ever get to it." The buildings of the city are low and squatty, and one is impressed by the large number of convents, monasteries, and churches among them. "Fully one fourth of the city is taken up by church establishments, and there are as many priests and nuns to the square foot as in Rome." Quito has always been a strong supporter of the pope, and its contributions to the church have been so numerous that it has received the name of "The Little Mother of the Pope."

Traveling

The only means of crossing the Andes is on mules. Little has been done in the way of making roads, and one travels along narrow paths, fording streams, the mule at times wading through mud up to its body. Parts of the road are so steep that the rider, in order to hold on, is obliged to lean over and clasp the neck of the animal he is riding; and in descending some of the declivities, the mules sit down and slide. The Ecuadorians say, "Our roads are for birds and not for men," and one realizes this more than once in traveling.

Population

Ecuador has a population of one million two hundred fifty thousand, of which eight hundred seventy thousand are Indians. The white population numbers about one hundred thousand, and there are about three hundred thousand of mixed races, or crosses of the whites and negroes with the Indians. The whites are the ruling class. The Indians, who constitute the working population, are chiefly Kechuas, the descendants of the people who inhabited the plateau when the Spaniards first came. They have been maltreated for so many years that they seem to have little spirit or ambition left. "They live like dogs, and work almost from birth to death. They till the soil, carry the freight on their backs up and down the mountains, and are, in fact, often treated more like cattle than the animals themselves. Only a comparatively few can read or write, and very few accumulate property. The semi-civilized Indians are Catholics. They are ruled by the priests, and a large part of their earnings goes to the church."

Government

In 1897 a new constitution was adopted in Ecuador, recognizing freedom of worship; but notwithstanding this, the government is still largely a union of church and state, and the priests have great influence. The country is nominally a republic, but voters must belong to the Roman Catholic Church, and must be able to read and write. "Inasmuch as not more than one tenth of the people can read or write, the educated whites control the elections."

Our Work

The first Seventh-day Adventist missionary who en-

tered Ecuador was Brother T. H. Davis, who began canvassing and Bible work in Guayaquil in 1904. He met with excellent success in canvassing for "Patriarchs and Prophets," taking as high as twenty-five and thirty orders in one day. He also had good deliveries. One government official was so well pleased with the book that he pawned his large ring to get money to buy two extra copies for his parents.

In 1905 Elder G. W. Casebeer was sent to Ecuador. He and Brother Davis also made successful canvassing trips together. In 1907 Elder J. W. Westphal, the superintendent of the South American Union Conference, visited that field and baptized the first convert. This convert was a well-educated native young man who had spent two years in college in the States. During the last year he has taught in our mission training-school in Argentina. At the last union meeting in March, 1908, Brother William Steele was asked to go to Ecuador, and Brother Casebeer to take charge of the mission training-school in Chile. Brother Steele has since returned to the States on account of his wife's health. A young man from Chile was sent to Ecuador as a canvasser. Brother W. W. Wheeler and wife, of New York, have also recently gone to that field. N. Z. Town.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course

Review on "Great Controversy," Chapters XVII-XLII

IN answering these review questions the book may be used. The answers should be sent to the conference Missionary Volunteer secretary at once.

1. (a) Show briefly that the coming of Christ has been the hope of all ages. (b) How may we know this event is near?
2. What is meant by the following terms:—
 - (a) "The Midnight Cry."
 - (b) "The Shut Door."
 - (c) "Time of Trouble."
 - (d) "Mark of the Beast."
 - (e) "The Seal of God."
3. What led to the conversion of William Miller? Of Joseph Wolff?
4. Write a paragraph on the great religious awakening, showing how the message was so widely proclaimed.
5. (a) What was the condition of the churches in 1844? Why? (b) How do the sanctuary services establish the immutability of God's law?
6. What is the investigative judgment? What cases will it decide?
7. What makes Satan's snares so subtle? Give three reasons why Spiritualism serves his purpose.
8. (a) What is the enmity spoken of in Gen. 3:15? (b) How will God's purpose for the earth finally be accomplished?
9. (a) What was Jacob's night of trouble? (b) Draw three practical lessons from his experience.
10. (a) Have you enjoyed the study of "Great Controversy"? Do you think it has been worth while? (b) Would you advise others to read it? If so, why?

A Memory Lesson

"REMEMBER *now* thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them." Eccl. 12:1.

Heavenly Visitors

SOMEHOW I feel like holding my breath and turning my ear to listen. The whole far-off, gray horizon, with the leafless branches of the trees outlined against it, and the sky—the dull, leaden, lifeless sky—seem aquiver with expectation. The very air is throbbing! Bend an ear,—listen!—listen! Christ is here! Nature herself holds her breath! Earth and heaven are listening, and the veil between them is thin,—very, very thin!

It was so on that wonderful night long ago. You remember how the shepherds were keeping watch over their flocks, and lo! an angel came upon them; and the glory of the Lord—an exceeding brightness—shone round about them; and they were sore afraid. You will never tire of the beautiful story, will you? I never have. The world never has.

Then came the glorious announcement, that unto them that day in the city of David had been born a Saviour, which was Christ the Lord; and they were told how to find the divine babe.

We can imagine how eagerly they looked and listened, and with what breathless interest they regarded their celestial visitor. And then, as the angel ceased speaking,—O, wondrous sight!—a whole multitude of the heavenly host was with him—a *multitude*!—praising God with myriad voices, and uttering their good-will toward men.

Wouldn't you like to have been there? So would I. Bright, heavenly throng! What more than immortal strains of music must have intoxicated the ears of the lowly shepherds, and what lines of beauty feasted their eyes! What adoration, and ecstatic praise, and gracious condescension, they could have borne witness to!

You know how it runs. Back into heaven trailed the glorious retinue. Farther and thinner grew the melody, dimmer and dimmer the light from the shining host, and the shepherds stood alone, gazing in one another's faces with dumb mouths!

That was ages ago; but down through all these years has rung the sweet, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," and each Christmas-tide glad bells fling it out anew.

It may be only a pretty fantasy, but somehow, as day by day the earth goes into its night; as the leaves fall, and the bare branches writhe and creak against one another; as the sunless days grow shorter, and the darkness longer; and the true anniversary of the Saviour's birth comes on apace,—somehow, above the darkness and the frost and the biting winds, it seems as if an angel band or two must wander, drawn hither by the memory of that far-off time when one of their number took on an earthly form, and came to live as men lived. And—I can not help it—just out of hearing above us—O, I am very, very sure of it!—the same, same song that rang over Judea's hills on that starry night must still be ringing on, with wildly joyous interludes. And that is why I listen. Would it be wonderful if from the waste above should burst a sudden, silvery clash of instruments, or a rapturous, "Peace on earth, good-will to men"?—By no means. Listen! Listen! you yourself may hear it! It needs but a willing ear, and a heart attuned to divine harmonies. Listen! ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.

"THE man who is ready to risk all for God can count upon God to do all for him."



IV—Visit of the Shepherds; the Child Jesus

Taken to the Temple

(April 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 2:8-39.

MEMORY VERSE: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." Luke 2:14.

The Lesson Story

1. At the time Jesus was born "there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, 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 this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

2. "And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." It is Satan that fills our world with hatred, strife, and war. If we are unkind and quarrelsome, we may know that we do not possess the spirit of Jesus and the good angels, but the spirit of Satan and his followers. Those who love God will praise him for sending Jesus to die.

3. "And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

4. "And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds. But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart. And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."

5. When the babe was eight days old, his name was called JESUS, for this name was given him by the angel before he was born. At the end of forty days Mary and Joseph took Jesus to the temple at Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord as their first-born son, and to offer a sacrifice to the Lord. They were too poor to offer a lamb, so they took two birds, as the law allowed them to do.

6. "And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

7. "And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word: for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.

which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

8. "And Joseph and his mother marveled at those things which were spoken of him. And Simeon blessed them, and said unto Mary his mother, Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against." Simeon foretold how Mary would suffer when she saw Jesus hanging on the cross, by saying, "Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also."

9. A prophetess named Anna, at this time eighty-four years of age, a godly woman who "departed not from the temple, but served God with fastings and prayers night and day," came in at that instant and "gave thanks likewise unto the Lord, and spake of him to all them that looked for redemption in Jerusalem."

10. "And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth."

Questions

1. Who were abiding in the same country where Jesus was born? What were they doing at night? Who visited them? What did they see? How did it make them feel? What did the angel say to them? To how many had he come to bring good tidings? Who did he say had been born that day? Where? What is the name of "the city of David"? How might they know when they found the Saviour? Luke 2:8-12.

2. Who suddenly appeared with the angel? What were they doing? What did they say? What had come to earth? Who fills our world with hate and war? How may we know whose spirit we possess? If we love God, what will we do? Luke 2:13, 14.

3. Where did the angels then go? What did the shepherds say to one another? How did they go to Bethlehem? Whom did they find there? What did they make known? Luke 2:15-17.

4. How did the message of the shepherds affect the people? What did Mary do? What did the shepherds do as they returned from Bethlehem? Luke 2:18-20.

5. What name was given the infant Saviour? Who gave him this name? Where was he taken after forty days? Why? What offering was taken at the same time? What may we know from this? Luke 2:22-24.

6. What just and devout man lived in Jerusalem at this time? For what was he waiting? What had the Holy Spirit revealed to him? Luke 2:25, 26.

7. To what place did the Spirit direct Simeon to go? Whom did he see there? What did he do with Jesus? What did he say? What words did he speak concerning the mission of Christ? Luke 2:27-32.

8. How did Mary and Joseph feel as they heard Simeon's words? What did he say to Mary? How did he speak of the suffering she would endure? Luke 2:33-35.

9. Who came into the temple at that instant? What was her age? How diligently did she serve the Lord? What did she do and say when she saw Jesus? Might not all the priests have welcomed the Saviour as did Simeon and Anna? Luke 2:36-38.

10. What did Joseph and Mary do while in the temple? Where did they then go? Luke 2:39.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



IV — Visit of the Shepherds; the Dedication

(April 24)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 2:8-39.

MEMORY VERSE: Luke 2:14.

TIME: B. C. 4.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 4 and 5; "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. II, pages 14-19.

Questions

Visit of the Shepherds

1. Who were in the same country when Jesus was born? Luke 2:8.
2. Who came to them? How did his appearance affect them? Verse 9.
3. What assuring message did the angel bring? Verse 10.
4. Why was it good tidings? Verse 11; note 1.
5. What sign was given by which they might recognize the promised Saviour? Verse 12.
6. What did the shepherds then behold? Verse 13.
7. What song did the angels sing? Verse 14.
8. What did the shepherds say and do? Verses 15-17.
9. How were the people and Mary affected? Verses 18-20.

The Dedication

10. What name was bestowed upon the child? Verse 21.
11. What ceremony followed this? How was the poverty of the parents of Jesus revealed? Verses 22-24. See Lev. 12:6, 8.
12. Who was in the temple at this time? What is said concerning his character? Verse 25.
13. For whom was he looking? Verse 26.
14. What led him into the temple when Mary and the child were present? What did he do? Verses 27, 28.
15. What prophecy did he utter? Verses 29-32.
16. What further occurred? Verses 33-35.
17. Who else dwelt in the temple? What was her character? Verses 36, 37; note 2.
18. What did she do and say? Verse 38; note 3.

Notes

1. The message of the angel was a consummation of the long-deferred hope of the ages. Seers and prophets had predicted it. With longing eyes and aching hearts God's people from dungeon and exile and captivity had looked for that hour. The Redeemer of the lost race was born into the world. Truly this was good tidings; why should not hearts be glad?

2. Anna—"an aged widow, daughter of Phanuel, of the tribe of Asher. She had married early, but after seven years her husband died, and during her long widowhood she daily attended the morning and evening services of the temple. Anna was eighty-four years old when the infant Jesus was brought to the temple by his mother, and entering as Simeon pronounced his thanksgiving, she also broke forth in praise."—*Popular and Critical Bible Encyclopedia*.

3. All of God's children could have known of the coming of Jesus as well as Simeon and Anna. The prophecies concerning his coming might have been understood by all, but sin and unbelief had blinded their eyes and hardened their hearts.

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Ask Great Things of God

ALEXANDER THE GREAT had a famous but poor philosopher in his court. Being pressed for money, he made application for relief to his patron, who commissioned him to draw whatever cash he required from the treasury. The philosopher presented a request for ten thousand pounds, but the treasurer refused to honor it until he advised with his royal master, adding also that the amount was exorbitant. Alexander replied: "Pay the money at once: the philosopher has done me a singular honor; by the largeness of his request he shows the high idea he has conceived of both my wealth and munificence." We can not honor God more than by believing what he says, and acting under the faith in all our requests at his throne. "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—*Selected.*

Won at Last

A CHRISTIAN woman became interested in an intemperate young man, and invited him to her home and won his confidence. He respected her views and admired her character, but would not yield to Christ. Among the attractions of her home was a little painting sent from Europe by a dear friend. It was a face of Christ of rare beauty, and held a special fascination for this young man. Every time he came, he would stand and gaze with unfeigned interest upon the face.

A change in her husband's business led the lady to return to the East. As the time came for her to leave, she asked herself what more she could do for this young man.

"Give him the painting that he admires so much."

"O," she said, "that picture is too costly, and besides it was a gift! I can not part with it."

"But it may win him to Christ," said the voice.

"True, and he shall have it."

When her friend called for the last time, she pleaded with him once more to give his heart to Christ, but all in vain. Then she tried to get him to sign the pledge, but he refused, saying, "Anything else I will do for you, but not this."

Then she gave him a little package, and asked him to hang it in his bedroom, where he could see it every day. Glancing at the empty place upon the wall, he suspected the contents of the package, and declined to take it.

"Why," said he, "I couldn't smoke or play cards or do anything with that face looking down upon me."

"But you promised," said the little woman, "to do anything I asked."

"True," he said, "and I will."

So he took the picture and promised to let her know if he ever gave his heart to God. For seven long years that faithful friend prayed for him without hearing one word. Then came the story of his conversion.

He hung the picture in his room, but after a while it became unendurable. That sweet, suffering face appealed to him; he could not enjoy sin with those eyes looking down upon him, yet he could not escape them. He was afraid to turn the face to the wall, and he could not take it down, for he had promised. He decided to cover it. He bought some illusion, and draped the face.

And there it hung for years, a thick veil hiding the piercing eyes from his sight. Free from this restraint, he went on his ways of sin, and lived a reckless life.

At length one night, after his fortune had been squandered, his health impaired, and all his hopes blighted, he resolved to take his own life. As he stood in his room, hesitating, an impulse seized him to look once more upon the holy face. He tore off the veil and gazed upon it, and as he looked and thought, his heart was broken, and he fell upon his knees before the picture and prayed. And he who is able to save unto the uttermost forgave his sins, and spoke peace to his soul.—*Sunday School Lesson Illustrator.*

Marks of Ripeness

As the fruit ripens, the sun tints it with surpassing loveliness, and the colors deepen till the beauty of the fruit is equal to the beauty of the blossom, and in some respects superior. There is in ripe Christians the beauty of realized sanctification, which the Word of God knows by the name of "beauty of holiness."

Another mark of ripe fruit is tenderness. The young green fruit is hard and stone-like; but the ripe fruit is soft, yields to the pressure, can almost be molded, retains the mark of the finger. So the mature Christian is noted for tenderness of spirit.

Another mark of ripeness is sweetness. The unripe fruit is sour, and perhaps it ought to be, or else we would eat all the fruits while they are yet green. It may, therefore, be in the order of grace a fit thing that in the youthful Christian some sharpness should be formed which will ultimately be removed. As we grow in grace, we are sure to grow in charity, sympathy, and love; we shall have greater and more intense affection for the person of Him—"whom having not seen," we love; we shall have greater delight in the precious things of his gospel; the doctrines which perhaps we did not understand at first will become marrow and fatness to us as we advance in grace. We shall feel that there is honey dropping from the honeycomb in the deep things of our religion. We shall, as we ripen in grace, have greater sweetness toward our fellow Christians. Bitter-spirited Christians may know a great deal, but they are immature. Those who are quick to censure may be very acute in judgment, but they are as yet immature in heart; when our virtues become more mature, I trust we shall not be more tolerant of evil, but we shall be more tolerant of infirmity, more hopeful for the people of God, and certainly less arrogant in our criticisms.

Another and a very sure mark of ripeness is a loose hold of earth. Ripe fruit easily parts from the bough.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*