

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ONE OF THE MANY INTERESTING SCENES IN CUBA, WEST INDIES



Saved — Help Others

WILLIAM SCOTT, the Vermont boy whose life Lincoln saved after he had been condemned to be shot, is an example of how a redeemed life spent itself in sacred service.

Scott, in telling of the interview, said that Mr. Lincoln came to him, and said: "My boy, stand up here and look me in the face. You are not going to be shot tomorrow. I am going to trust you and send you back to your regiment. I have come up from Washington when it was hard to come, and now how will you pay your bill?"

Scott said: "There was a big lump in my throat. I could scarcely speak, but I managed to say, 'I will pay you some way. I have some bounty money, and the boys will help, if it isn't more than five or six hundred dollars.'

"'But it is a great deal more than five or six hundred dollars,' said Mr. Lincoln. And then he put his hands on my shoulders, and said, 'My bill is a very large one, my boy. Your friends cannot pay it, nor your bounty, nor your comrades. There is only one man in the world who can pay it, and his name is William Scott. If, from this day, William Scott does his duty so that, at life's close, he could say, "I have kept my promise and have done my duty as a soldier," then my debt will be paid. Will you make that promise, and try to keep it?'

"I said I would make the promise, and, with God's help, I would keep it. He went away out of my sight forever."

The record says that Scott became one of the truest, best soldiers ever known, and that he died risking his life in the rescue of wounded men.—*New Century Teachers' Monthly*.

A Missionary's Experience in Rhodesia, Africa

A WEEK ago I was out among the villages proclaiming the truths for our time. On these trips I usually take the magic lantern. We spent the Sabbath by the side of a pool. Friday night I slept somewhat uneasily, as the district had been infested with lions; but the place now seems free of them, though one never knows when a stray one will wander around and cause trouble. I had a mule and three boys with me, but none of us had anything of a material nature with which to defend ourselves should the king of beasts appear.

The evening after the Sabbath we trekked to a small group of villages about ten miles away, to give a lantern service. When we arrived, we looked around for a hut to stay in, and were shown an old unoccupied hut; but when we had a look at it, even the boys refused to sleep in it, so the next thing was to find a good tree to shelter us during the night. Being short of carriers, I used the mule as a pack mule, and I walked. When the boys came with the mule and the camp outfit, we soon had him unloaded, the stretcher up, the blankets on it, and a fire started.

As I was getting ready for the service, one of the boys called out that a hut was on fire. I looked to the nearest village, and sure enough the grass in the roof was alight. The huts in these villages are built in a circle, with the cattle kraal in the middle. Many of

the villagers have a smoldering heap of cow dung just in front of the hut, and here the family will congregate, the children to roast peanuts or potatoes, the men to smoke, and the dogs to sleep. As we had advertised our service in neighboring villages, the people had begun to assemble; and when the fire started, there were a number of men near, who began to pull out the grass on the side toward the nearest hut, while the women waved their hands and cried, and some darted into the burning hut to save what they could. By earnest work on the part of many the village was saved. One of my boys finally said, "Teacher, the people are not crying because the hut is burning, but because the beer in the hut is being destroyed."

I feared the fire would ruin my service; but I went to the camp under the tree and got my lantern and slides. We then went to the hut they had given us to sleep in, and hung up the screen inside. I sent a boy to borrow a hollow tree that the natives use for pounding their grain, and used this for a table. Then after telling the people where to sit, we sang, prayed, and showed them the pictures of Christ, meanwhile telling them the story of salvation.

The natives have difficulty in understanding how we get the pictures from the lantern onto the screen, and are usually greatly interested when we flash on the first picture, and many times during the service we have to admonish them to keep quiet so they can hear the story of Jesus. It was a moonlight night, so the hut was full. It was a splendid chance to give the people some temperance counsel.

The next morning we went into the village again, and there were the women surveying their loss, sitting among the ruined pots of beer, twenty-one pots in all. What a blessing it would be if a similar fate could be meted out to all liquor!

S. M. KONIGMACHER.

Unto Perfection

If there be something higher, something better,
Than aught that gave us cheer in vale and rift,
Ah, from this hour, let not a bond or fetter
Withhold the nobler gift!

Too long, too long, from one dawn to another
The trivial and mean have led the way.
At length has Self been proved the weaker brother,
With feet of common clay.

Come, let us find if there be not some reason
For life and being grander than we've known.
Hath not God given us, for a little season,
Aught of his very own?

We surely trespass not, as we draw nigher
To larger motive and a holier way.
God wills that every day be broader, higher,
Unto his perfect day.

—Frank Wolcott Hutt.

THE reputation of a man is like his shadow: it sometimes follows and sometimes precedes him; it is sometimes longer and sometimes shorter than his natural size.—*French Proverb*.

Principal Contents

A Trip Through Central America	3
Could Not Be Happy at Home	10
A Champion Pugilist Conquered	11
Borneo Rats	11
The Eleventh Hour	12
Report From Punta Arenas	12
A Sad Experience	13
I Am So Glad You Have Come	16
God's Appeal	16

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No. 45

A Trip Through Central America

N. Z. TOWN



URING the time of the Central American camp meeting, Brother J. B. Stuyvesant and I made plans and preparation for a trip through Honduras, Salvador, and Guatemala. As in the interior one rarely finds sleeping accommodations, each provided himself with a canvas hammock in which to sleep. We



SPANISH-SPEAKING BELIEVERS IN LA CEIBA, HONDURAS

were advised to carry a supply of food also, as frequently we should find little to eat.

The day after our meeting closed, the "Katie Esau" arrived in La Ceiba harbor, and was to sail again that same evening. As this is by far the best coastwise craft that plies between Central American ports, we were much pleased that it came along just in time to accommodate us. It is described as "a gasoline boat of seventy tons, with capacity for twenty-four first-class passengers, and twenty second-class, with comfortable berths and excellent service." Our experience will show you how true is this description.

A native dory took us out to where the boat was anchored. As we scrambled up over the side to the deck, we were shown to the first-class saloon. This was about thirty feet long and twelve or thirteen feet wide, with a long table in the center. On either side were three tiers of berths three deep, making a total of eighteen. Notwithstanding that it was only about six o'clock in the afternoon, we noticed that as fast as the native passengers came on board each one took possession of a berth, and nothing could induce him to stir out of it. Soon every berth was occupied, also the table by as many as it would hold, some sitting and some lying, each one trying to make sure of a place in which to pass the night as comfortably as possible. One woman who was not quite quick enough to get a berth, started a lively quarrel with a native whom she accused of stealing her berth. But her way of discussing the matter did not seem to appeal to him, and he did not leave his berth. A Mexican who seemed to be in a better humor, having secured a place on the table, brought out his guitar and proposed singing. So he and a woman on the table entertained us at a lively rate until a string broke, when we were again left to our meditations.

As Elder Baker had arranged with the captain for our passage, which we supposed included berths, we did not concern ourselves about the matter until in the evening when we wished to retire. I then went to the captain and asked, "Captain, did not Mr. Baker arrange with you for our passage?"—"Yes, he did." "What about berths? they seem to be all occupied." "Why did you not grab one when you came on board?" I replied, "I did not know it was a game of grab, or I might have taken a hand at it."

The captain then called the *moso* and ordered him to oust from the berths any and all who had not paid for them. Then we had a scene! Several had not paid; but they not only refused to pay, but also refused to vacate. In his despair the *moso* called the captain, who also made heroic efforts, but no one stirred from his berth.

The captain then told us that he had two single mattresses which were not occupied, and that when all were settled down for the night he would have these placed on the floor at the end of the saloon for us. In due time we heard him give the following order: "*Moso*, get this native who is lying on this baggage out on the deck, pile the baggage under the table, and bring those two beds for these two gentlemen." After considerable effort the *moso* succeeded in getting the native on deck, and the baggage stored under the table. But after he had brought one mattress, he seemed perplexed. We soon learned why, as we heard him call up to the captain on the bridge, "Captain, some fellers are sleepin' on one of them mattresses, and I can't get it away from 'em!" So we pieced out



NATIVE HUTS, HONDURAS, CENTRAL AMERICA

the one single mattress with the hammocks and bedding we had brought with us, and succeeded in getting a place where we could stretch out for the night. I had to take my choice of having my head in front of the door opening onto the deck, or right under the ice water tank. I chose the latter, with the result that whenever any one came for a drink, I enjoyed(?) a cold spray in the face.

The table being occupied with passengers, coffee was served the next morning on the hatchway outside, as was also dinner. This was another case of grab. As we failed to grab in time, the table was swept clean before we were supplied, and we had to wait until



THE MAIL TRAIN, HONDURAS

more food could be cooked. However, it mattered little whether I had anything or not, as I soon had to give up what I did get.

At five o'clock in the afternoon we reached Cortes, whence we were to start inland to visit the school that Brother Karl Snow and his associates are conducting at Siguatepeque. In Cortes we had good, airy rooms in the Palm Hotel, conducted by Mr. Hepburn, the

with five of them, in the house of a native woman. Here we bought more bread and other provisions for our three days' trip into the interior.

At seven the next morning our mules were saddled and ready, and we started for a long day's ride. Something I had eaten or drunk disturbed my digestion, so I had a very uncomfortable day. The sun was boiling hot, and at times it seemed impossible to sit in the saddle, but we kept going until we had made eight leagues.

As we rode into the town of Santa Cruz late in the evening and asked a native woman where we could get *hospedaje* (lodging) for the night, she directed us to the house of Don Pio Conton. A few squares farther on, when we inquired of a man sitting on the corner if he could direct us to the house of Don Pio Conton, he replied in English, "I am the man, come along with me." Travelers were never more thankful for a place to stop than we were that night.

As I was not able to ride the next day, which was



MAP SHOWING ELDER TOWN'S ITINERARY AS DESCRIBED IN THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE

British consul, a good-natured Scotchman from Aberdeen.

At five o'clock Wednesday morning, June 2, the *mozo* at the hotel rapped on our door and announced that it was time to be stirring. We were loath to leave our comfortable beds, but even in Honduras, where no one is ever in a hurry, the trains do not wait for people; so we had to rise. At seven o'clock our train left Cortes. A ride of four and one-half hours brought us to Pimienta, the end of the line. As we stepped off the train, a young man handed us a telegram from Brother Snow, saying he was sending mules from Siguatepeque to meet us. While we were trying to read the telegram, a husky-looking native came up, announcing that he had come with the animals.

After getting our dinner, we loaded our three suit cases, a good-sized bag of bedding, and a sack of provisions on one mule. We then mounted others and started off. As it was late when we started, we arrived at the nearest town, one league away, just before sunset.

We here made arrangements for stopping overnight. At this place we found quite a company of Americans working on an auto road from the end of the railway line into the interior. We took supper

Friday, we decided to stay with Don Pio over the Sabbath. Our *mozo* had no objection, as he was being well fed, and a *Hondureño* is never in a hurry. Our host was able to get us good, fresh milk night and morning, and we could also secure eggs, so we fared well.

We had a good time Sabbath reading our Bibles and resting. Sunday morning at three we were astir, and at half past four were on our animals again. We made another eight leagues over very mountainous roads. That evening we reached Miambar, a small town, where we secured a room in which to hang our hammocks. This was my first attempt at sleeping in a hammock, and I was surprised at resting so well. Be-



SETTING THE BOUNDARY OF THE SCHOOL FARM, SIGUATEPEQUE, HONDURAS

fore six the next morning we were in the saddle again. As soon as we left the town, our trail led over a high, rocky, mountainous road where we zigzagged up and down, sometimes around sharp precipices, and other



ELDERS N. Z. TOWN AND J. B. STUYVESANT AND
MR. KARL J. SNOW

times fording streams. We thought to get through our journey that day, but at three in the afternoon it began to rain, and we were tired; so we stopped at a native house about three leagues from our destination. This house was the home of the mother of our *mozo*. It consisted of a roof, and a loft up under the roof, but had no walls, floor, or furniture. As we approached the house, we saw a large flock of buzzards busy at work on something. On inquiry, our hostess informed us that "*un caballo amanecio muerto*" (a horse woke up dead). We were made welcome at this rustic home, although when it came time for supper, we had to furnish our own food. By request the woman heated some water for us in our coffeepot so we could make some cocoa. Our *mozo* evidently preferred to board with us, so he would not eat with his mother and sisters, but waited until we were ready. Then after helping himself to a double quantity of cocoa out of our tin, he calmly called his mother to come with her cup, and he filled it for her. Our table consisted of a piece of our canvas spread over our valises. The only utensil we could get from the family was one small spoon. They had neither knife nor fork. Just before dark we saw the brother of our *mozo* splitting quite a pile of fat pine splinters, which I supposed he was fixing for kindling; but I found later that they served as lamps to light the house, when placed on the adobe stove in one corner. The young woman brought out a new waist she was making, and doubling her bare feet under her, sat on the bare ground beside the fire and sewed, while she and the rest of the family listened to an account of our trip from the coast, from the *mozo*, who had been with us. Among other interesting items, he told them, under his breath, that one of the *señores* had *una pierna postiza* (an artificial leg). This seemed to be shocking news to his audience.

We swung our hammocks between the posts of the house, and prepared for the night. This family came the nearest to going to roost to sleep of anything I ever saw. To get up to the loft, they had a tree trunk about the size of a six-inch stove pipe, with notches

cut in it for steps. The mother, her two girls and two boys, went up this pole and crawled into moss-made beds on the floor of the little loft, where they seemed to pass the night comfortably.

At eight o'clock the next morning we were again on our way. A three hours' ride brought us to the home of Brethren Snow and Loftin, in Siguatepeque. These workers gave us a hearty welcome, and we were glad to reach their home after three days and a half of mule riding in the tropical sun over the rough mountain trails of northern Honduras.

This school has an unfortunate history, and is a good illustration of the necessity of careful counsel before new enterprises are started in mission fields. At present the school is having a good influence, and is becoming widely known throughout Honduras. It is advertised as "the English Industrial School of Siguatepeque." The governor of the province in which it is located carries a permanent advertisement of the school in a weekly paper he publishes, and quite often gives an editorial write-up as well. He has three boys in the school. The total attendance is about twenty-five, about a half dozen of whom are boarding students.

We spent considerable time in counsel with these workers regarding the future of their school.

Friday morning, June 11, Brother Snow started with us for Comayagua, ten leagues away, where we planned to spend the Sabbath on our way to Tegucigalpa, the capital. We reached Comayagua in good time, and had a quiet Sabbath in the hotel Colon. Here we met the governor of the province. He was friendly, and ready to do anything to help us.

Before leaving Siguatepeque we heard blood-curdling tales of highway robberies and murders along the trail we must take. On reaching Comayagua, we heard still worse reports. When we visited the governor, he kindly offered to send two soldiers with us to the next stopping place. We accepted his offer, and early Sunday morning we set out. But if you could



CARPENTRY CLASS AT THE SIGUATEPEQUE SCHOOL



MR. AND MRS. SNOW AND THEIR SCHOOL AT
SIGUATEPEQUE IN 1913



BOATS AND HORSES TAKE THE
PLACE OF RAILWAYS IN
HONDURAS

have seen our barefooted escorts, you might have thought we would have been better off without them. However, nothing serious happened that day, and we arrived at Proteccion in the evening, safe and sound. As this is a small village, the only available place to pass the night was in the police barracks. As we came recommended by the governor, we were royally received and cared for. We soon had our hammocks swung in the barracks, and were ready for the night.

Here we learned more particulars in regard to the highway robbers. For some time they had been active. About two weeks before we arrived, an Austrian gentleman started to cross from the Pacific to the Atlantic side, just to see the country. He had a native with him to care for the animals. In one place a trail leads through a narrow ravine where there is a high cliff on one side and a high flat rock on the other. This defile is about fifty feet long, and just as these men were passing out of it they were fired on from the top of the flat rock, from behind, by seven bandits. The Austrian's mule was killed, and he was so badly wounded that he died in a few days. The *mozo* was able to escape injury. One of the leading bandits, whom the travelers identified when the crowd gathered in the town where the wounded man was taken, was the first to offer to go for the police. When he was pointed out as one of the aggressors, he was arrested. All this and much more was told us by the natives the night before we were to pass over the very road where these things had taken place.

A large number of soldiers in Proteccion had been hunting down these bandits, and had caught five of them. The next morning the "inspector" gave us three of these soldiers to accompany us past the dangerous part of the road. Each carried a gun with a good supply of cartridges. One went ahead, while the others followed behind, keeping a sharp lookout on the surrounding hills and crags. When we had to go down into a gulch, or ravine, these men would station themselves on the high places on either side, where they could see any movement either above or below us. In about three hours we were past the rough, dangerous part of our road, and our escort returned. About half past five in the evening we reached the capital, having made twenty-four leagues in two days. We were glad indeed that for a time our mule riding was over.

Tegucigalpa is a pleasantly situated city of about thirty thousand inhabitants, nestled among the hills. Until recently it could be reached only on muleback

from either coast. Now there is an auto service from the Pacific coast.

We spent one day visiting the city, learning what we could of the conditions and of the prospects for our work. There are at present two missionaries of other denominations at work here. One is connected with the Central American Missionary Society and the other with a Baptist society. One of our sisters, formerly Miss Laura Owen, also lives here. From the information received I should judge there is a good opening for a lady nurse in this city. I also believe that a goodly number of books could be sold in this and other towns on the south coast of Honduras, although such work may be more difficult now than formerly, as the times are somewhat hard on account of the war. I believe we should locate here a man and his wife and a lady nurse. The man should be a bookman capable of taking charge of the mission. As the city is over three thousand feet above sea level, the climate is healthful and agreeable.

Tuesday morning, June 15, we left Tegucigalpa by auto for San Lorenzo, near the Pacific coast.

This was a very agreeable change from mule riding. We were able to make the twenty-seven leagues in about eight hours. At noon we took dinner at the house of an American from California who has sunk \$75,000 in a mining speculation in Honduras. He is now keeping a little boarding house to get a living.

From San Lorenzo we must get across Fonseca Bay to Amapala, and from there to La Union, in Salvador, as we were headed for the capital of Salvador. But the gasoline launch that runs from San Lorenzo makes the trip only twice a week, and as we had arrived on an off day, we were left. But we found a barge, or lighter, going across which would take us. For our bed the captain spread a canvas in the bottom of one end of the barge. With the starry heavens for our covering, we lay down with our valises as pillows, and had a fairly good night's rest. We anchored in the port of Amapala about one in the morning; but we stayed on board, literally, with the "board" underscored, until morning.

When we went on shore, we were assured that if we could get to La Union before eleven o'clock, we should be able to get a train at once going toward San Salvador. We reached there on time, only to find that the train had left at nine o'clock, and we must go to a hotel and wait until the next day. My first impressions of Salvador when in La Union were anything but favorable, as that town is one of the most dilapidated places I have ever seen. In Honduras we saw many children of ages up to twelve or so, who, like the benighted Hindu, for clothes make their skin do, but in La Union there seemed to be even more of these.



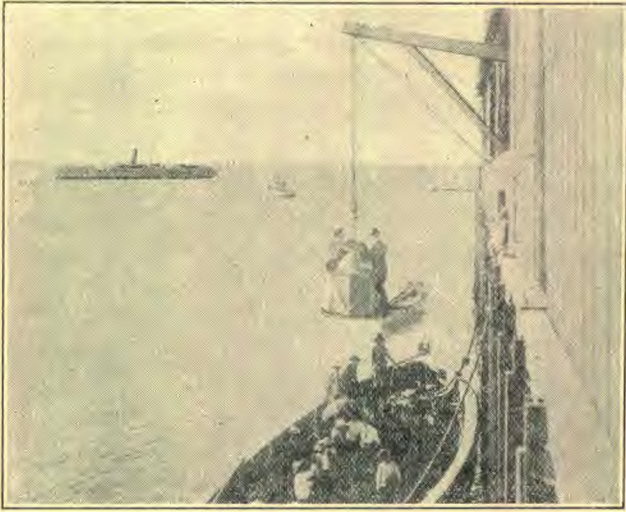
GOING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN
SIDE, HONDURAS



RETURNING FROM MARKET, HONDURAS

I was glad when we could take the train the next morning. As the heavy rains had washed out the track in some places, there was nothing very sure about leaving, but we finally got off about half past eight. At noon we arrived in San Miguel, where we had to change trains. Here we met Mr. Rose, the general manager, who gave us half fare the rest of the way to the end of the line at Rio Lempa.

At Rio Lempa we passed the night at the headquar-



EMBARKING PASSENGERS AT SAN JOSE

ters of the men who are extending the line. Mr. Allen, the general manager, gave us a good room. A Chinese keeps the boarding house here. He seemed to use his sugar bowl as a flycatcher.

The next morning we crossed the Lempa River in a dugout, and secured mules to continue our trip. Starting late in the afternoon, we reached our next stopping place at half past ten in the evening. The *moso* with our cargo mule came behind afoot. The next morning the owner of the hotel where we stopped was called up over the telephone from the police station and asked if he had two passengers there. He was informed that in the police station was a young man whom the officers had arrested in the night; that the man had a mule and some valises, and if these valises belonged to the passengers at the hotel, they should come to the station and prove that they were theirs. We at once made our way to the police station and identified our goods, and released the *moso* from his embarrassment.

We were assured by the owner of the mules that we could easily make the trip of forty-two miles from San Vicente to San Salvador on Sunday, and thus still get our boat. But we soon saw we could not. The *moso* was afoot, and was pretty well wearied from his eight leagues the night before. He thought to help himself out by riding the cargo mule, as the valises were not a heavy load. But after he had arranged himself with the cargo, the mule took matters into her own hands, and lay down in the road, refusing to budge till he got off. After that I took him behind me on my mule to help him out a bit. When the afternoon rain came on about five o'clock, we stopped at a little village called Santa Cruz, and sought shelter for the night. The only place where we could get in was a room with a young man where he had the telegraph, telephone, and postoffice. There we were able to hang our hammocks for the night. We also found a woman who could furnish us some tortillas and beans. She sent to several places to get some eggs we asked for, but failed. This reminds me of a little incident that oc-

curred in the hotel in La Union. The *moso* had brought me a tortilla which I had ordered for breakfast, and then Brother Stuyvesant ordered one. Soon the *moso* returned with this: "*Señor, no hay mas tortillas. No amanecio mas que una!*" (Mister, there are no more tortillas. Only one woke up!)

The next morning we were up at half past three, and before five were on the last twelve-mile stretch of our trip to the capital of Salvador. As we traveled from La Union, we were favorably impressed with the appearance of the people and the country. It is a pretty region, thickly populated, and the people are industrious and wide-awake. They remind me of the Uruguayans and Chileans of South America. The capital is a fine city, having some good stores. Business is not so brisk now on account of the war, but there is still a good degree of activity. The Singer sewing machine agent says they are selling just as many machines this year as last. I believe many books might be sold here.

We talked with the dean of the university about opportunities for nurses in San Salvador. When asked about the possibilities of their getting work, he replied, "There is a great lack of that kind of work here; I believe they could do well." He told us that if we would send him a note, introducing them when they arrived, he would do all he could to help them in getting started. I believe there is a good opening for that kind of work.

We visited the missionaries of the Baptist and the Central American societies. The Baptists have three main stations, fourteen outstations, and about five hundred adherents in this republic. The other society has work started in about twelve places. After spending three days in the capital, we went to Sonsonate, about an hour's ride from the port, that we might get to the port on short notice, as no one seems to know much about the boats until they appear.

Here we had one of the finest sights we had seen in all our trip—an active volcano only a few miles



PLANTATION CHILDREN, GUATEMALA

away. From our hotel window we could watch the column of smoke roll out. It did not smoke continuously. It would be all quiet and clean for a time, and then a great cloud of smoke would roll out and hang over it like a great rain cloud. This would finally pass away, and then after a time another cloud of smoke would ascend. Brother Stuyvesant took a good picture of it from our window.

As we learned that our boat would reach the port of Acajutla on Sabbath, June 26, Sabbath morning we



THE HUMAN DRAY OF GUATEMALA

took the train from Sonsonate to the port, about an hour's ride. Our boat did come in on the Sabbath, but did not leave till Sunday evening about nine. We were two thankful men to be able to get aboard and head for Guatemala. Before daylight next morning we anchored in San Jose de Guatemala. Soon after six o'clock the doctor came off to examine the passengers, and at 7:30 A. M. we were able to land. At 9:15 we took the train for the capital city. Our tickets cost \$38 each, which is about 80 cents American money, and this for a seventy-five-mile ride. At noon we reached a town called Escuintla, where we stopped two hours for dinner. I bought a dozen fine bananas for a peso, a little over two cents. As the train has to ascend about five thousand feet from the coast to the capital, one has a fine view of the country, and some of it is very pretty. At one place we passed a beautiful lake which was once a crater. At about half past eight in the evening we reached the capital, where we were met by Brethren Baker, Bodle, and Meyer and Mrs. Stuyvesant, also Esther, her daughter. In a short time we reached the home of Brother and Sister Stuyvesant, filled with gratitude that the Lord kept us during the trip we had made.

I nearly forgot to tell you how we were loaded into the boat and unloaded in Acajutla and San Jose. In Acajutla they have on the wharf a round iron cage that reminds one of a large parrot cage. In the center of the cage is a post, and around this is a seat that will hold four or five persons. When it is full, a derrick swings

its cargo off and lowers it into the small boat. Then when we get out to the steamer and come alongside, another cage, but with two seats facing each other, with capacity for two in each, is lowered from the deck by the derrick, and we are hoisted on board. When we reached San Jose, the same performances were repeated to unload us.

When one enters Guatemala, one of the first things that arrests the attention is the apparently big prices that are asked for everything. The boy asks one dollar for the morning paper. The coachman wants twenty dollars to take a passenger a few squares. The hotels charge from ninety dollars to one hundred and thirty-five dollars a day. But "there's a reason." We soon learned that the peso, or dollar, of Guatemala is worth about two and one-fifth cents American currency. In other words, the exchange is about 45 to 1. If one wishes to buy anything that costs less than a peso, for example fifty cents, and hands the dealer one dollar Guatemalan money, if he does not happen to have the change he coolly says, *No hay cambio* (There is no change), and keeps the dollar. The value is so small that it would be a losing business to spend much time in making the exact change.

Brother and Sister Stuyvesant have a pleasant home of their own just on the outskirts of Guatemala City, within easy reach of the street car. They also have a little shop where they publish a small bimonthly paper in Spanish, called *El Lucero* (The Day-Star). They are able to send this little sheet free of postage to any of the five Central American republics. They have taken advantage of this franking privilege, and are sending out from five to eight thousand of each issue. They have received very encouraging words of commendation from some who have received the paper.

Brother and Sister Bodle are busy with the English school in Guatemala. They have an average attendance of one hundred and twenty-five, about fifteen of whom are boarding students. This school was formerly run by the Mission Board, but Brother and Sister Bodle are now conducting it as a private enterprise.



A MILK BOY IN GUATEMALA



BANANA BOATS WAITING FOR STEAMER, HONDURAS

No religious instruction is permitted in the school.

There are several large cities in Guatemala which will, we believe, be good fields for our books. No systematic colporteur work has yet been done in this republic. Brother and Sister C. F. Innis have recently settled in Guatemala City, where he is to engage in the tract work. The city is over four thousand feet above sea level, and has a healthful climate.

As I had to take the boat July 3 in Puerto Barrios for Santiago de Cuba, I had only three days with Brother Stuyvesant and family in Guatemala. July 2, at seven o'clock in the morning, I took the train for the coast, and the next day embarked for Cuba. A trip of four days brought me to Santiago. We had a fine boat, fine weather, and good food, all of which I thoroughly enjoyed, especially after our trip through Honduras and Salvador, where the staple articles of diet are beans and tortillas.

As I neared the wharf in Santiago, I was happily surprised to see the smiling face of Brother Harold Lewis among the crowd. He took me to the room where he and Brother Henry Brown were lodging while canvassing Santiago for "The Great Controversy" in Spanish. Although Harold knew no Spanish before planning, just as school closed last spring, to earn a scholarship in Cuba, he was already having excellent success. One day while I was with them he took \$36 (United States money) worth of orders in three hours, and this on a Friday afternoon. Brother Brown was of course having good success, his sales some days amounting to \$50 or more.

The canvassers are doing excellent work in Cuba. During the first six months of this year, they took over \$12,000 worth of orders and delivered over \$7,000

worth of books. The Cuban committee voted to let us have two of their best young men for Honduras. They will go at the close of school, about the beginning of the new year.

A three days' trip from Santiago, Cuba, brought me to San Juan, Porto Rico. Brethren W. Steele and G. D. Raff met me at the wharf, and took me out to the chapel and mission headquarters they have recently built in Santurce, a suburb of San Juan. They have a pleasant site, in a quiet, retired nook, only a block from the principal street and the street car. The building and lot have cost about \$2,200. Brother D. D. Fitch is located about three squares away, and when he learns the language will carry on meetings in the new chapel.

Brother Steele and I also visited Moca, where Brother and Sister C. E. Moon and Miss Jessie Butler are located.

There is a church here of twenty-seven members, and a neat little chapel in which to meet. With Brother and Sister Moon, Miss Butler, and the Fitch family, Porto Rico is getting a good company of

workers. They have three colored brothers in the book work who are fine young men. Two of them are now in Cuba, attending school this year. Brother Lopez, who accepted the truth in San Juan, also is a good worker. The colporteurs have laid an excellent foundation for further work in the island, having sold

about \$25,000 worth of literature in that mission field since 1909.

August 11, the day my boat was to leave for New York, was ushered in by a regular West Indian hurri-



MISSIONARIES IN PORTO RICO, MISS BUTLER AND MRS. MOON



TWELVE THOUSAND "EL LUCERO" READY TO MAIL

cane. It blew trees over, broke glass doors, and did great damage all day. At five that afternoon, the time appointed, we pulled out into the deep. During the first twenty-four hours we were rolled and tossed about like a cork, but during the remainder of the trip the weather was fine and the sea smooth. August 16 I landed in New York, reaching home the same evening.

Could Not Be Happy at Home

SOME time ago one of our school teachers volunteered for the mission field, and came to the Foreign Mission Seminary under provisional appointment. She had dedicated her life to foreign missions, to go anywhere; but when, later in the year, the Mission Board definitely appointed her to China and fixed the date of her sailing, I could see that she was passing through an intense struggle; for she loved her parents and home as much as any one, and had never before been so far away as the Seminary.

Concerning her first impressions of China she writes:—

"When I first came here, everything looked so dirty and repulsive to me, and I couldn't help thinking how the earth must have appeared to Christ when he left his beautiful home to come to earth."

But she immediately adds: "I am learning to understand and love the people; and although I do get lonely sometimes, I don't think I could ever be happy to go home to stay after seeing what a great work there is to be done and such a handful of workers to do it."



PALACE OF THE PRESIDENT, HAVANA, CUBA

"Lonely sometimes," but could not be "happy to go home to stay." Why?—She has seen a vision of China's needs. She has seen the processions of devil worshipers with hideous banners, and men with hooks in the flesh of their arms; she has seen the poor people in their ignorance and superstition prostrating themselves before their blackened wooden idols, and burning incense to them; she has also seen some of these same people saved from all this; and she hears the cry of China's millions for deliverance. And she wants to stay, regardless of her loneliness.

That, I think, is true heroism and genuine consecration. She can truly sing,—

"Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
All things else I have forsaken;
Thou from hence my all shall be."

To follow Jesus means to go where he leads, and his

command leads "into all the world." Many of our Missionary Volunteers who are faithful in following Jesus now in personal work and in other lines of Christian endeavor, will soon be called to some far-off field; and their pledge will constrain them to answer the call.

"Loving the Lord Jesus, I promise to take an active part in the work of the Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society, doing what I can to help others, and to finish the work of the gospel in all the world."

M. E. KERN.



MILITARY SCHOOL OF GUATEMALA, CENTRAL AMERICA

A Champion Pugilist Conquered

E. V. AUSTIN, the champion lightweight boxer of India, was born in London, of British Guianan parents. In earlier years he was a sailor, and once on a trip to Dutch Guiana he came in contact with present truth, and it appealed to him. Later, when he had risen to some height in the pugilistic world and was on a professional trip to Australia, he again heard the truth. Still later when he had established himself in the prosaic business of bookseller and stationer in Calcutta, he attended some of our lectures in one of the theaters. One night he heard Elder Daniells on "Seventh-Day Adventism, a World-Wide Movement," and he said, "Yes, surely this thing is literally following me all over the earth!" We got in touch with him, had some Bible studies, and he accepted the truth with the same whole-hearted vim and earnestness that formerly had won his triumphs in the prize ring.

In our Bible studies the influence of his mother's training was apparent. No inclination was his to quibble and quarrel and evade. His mother had thoroughly taught him to reverence God's Word, and that when it spoke, his only duty was to hear and obey. Now he often expresses deep gratitude to his mother for her wise instruction in early youth. She is now old, and lives in British Guiana, and the son's one great and ceaseless desire is to see her once more and tell her his new-found joy in the truth of this three-fold gospel-embracing message. He writes to her every week, but letters are feeble things, and his mother must now have them read to her, and with the reading, the truth is probably explained away. If it would at all avail, I am sure the son would gladly part with his strong right arm for the privilege of seeing his mother and telling her his joy in the truth. To go he cannot now afford. At boxing he made enormous amounts of money, only to be spent nearly as fast as it was made.

But this is not all. He was exceedingly popular in Calcutta, and was making wondrous strides upward in Freemasonry. By earnest effort he had reached the last step before entering the degree of master mason. Of all temptations one of the strongest was to delay baptism till he could grasp the long-coveted prize and be a master mason. We who have not had such an experience cannot fully appreciate his struggle. Did he temporize and postpone?—No, indeed. He dropped the prize just as his hand was upon it, and laid hold of a far more precious prize. He chose to suffer for Christ's sake rather than to enjoy the pleasures of the world for a little season. His associates and fellow Masons were simply dumbfounded, and for a while verily believed that he was for some reason playing a huge bluff. Time proved otherwise.

Needless to say, he has definitely retired not only from Masonry but from pugilism, and his store is closed from Friday at sunset till Sunday morning, notwithstanding the fact that his partner and the assistant are both Roman Catholics. He is at present the secretary of the Calcutta Sabbath school, and a

faithful member of our loyal little company in that city.

Brother Austin has just two great ambitions. One is to see his mother accept the truth, and the other is to attend one of our schools for a few months, and then go out to spread this truth that followed him around the world, and which he has learned to love so dearly. The European war depresses business and makes it hard for him to sell out and get away. So meanwhile he is doing all he can right around him where he is.

W. S. MEAD.

Lucknow, India.

Borneo Rats

BORNEO ranks third among the largest islands in the world. It belongs to the East India group, and is eight hundred and fifty miles in length by six hundred in breadth. The central portion is hilly, but quite fertile. The valleys near the coast are chiefly swamps.

Borneo is divided between the British on the north and the Dutch on the south and west, with Sarawak, a small native territory, lying between them. The Dutch control about two thirds of the territory.

The Sarawak government is unique. It is a native government with a white governor, elected by the native people. The governor is called the rajah.

The wife of the present rajah, called the rani of Sarawak, relates the following singular experience with migrating rats shortly after her arrival from England:—

"A great many stories might be related of rats, but the most extraordinary thing I ever saw regarding these animals was a migration which took place one evening at dusk through my bedroom. I was just getting better from a severe attack of malaria, and was lying on my bed inside my mosquito house, half awake, and half asleep, with my Malay ayah sitting against



E. V. AUSTIN, OF INDIA

the wall in the corner of my room. Suddenly I saw two or three long objects moving across the middle of the room, their black bodies standing out against the pale-yellow matting. My room opened onto verandas from all sides (as every one who is acquainted with the architecture of tropical houses will understand), and it was easy for any animal to climb over the outer veranda, and pass through the screened doors leading to the opposite veranda. I watched these crawling creatures, and, being only half awake, wondered what they were. At first I thought it was the result of malaria, making me see things which did not exist; but when the rats were joined by others coming in at one door and going out of the other, in numbers of tens, of twenties, of sixties, then it must have been hundreds, for the floor was one mass of moving objects, I called to the ayah, who sat motionless on the other side of the room. 'Don't move,' she said; 'they are rats.' I was too frightened not to move, and I screamed out to the rajah, who I knew was in the room next to mine. As he came in, the rats ran up one side of him, and I remember the dull thud they made as they jumped off

his shoulder to the floor. Some footmen, hearing my screams, also appeared. The rajah told me to make as little noise as possible, so I had to remain still while thousands and thousands of rats passed through my room. This abnormal invasion lasted for about ten or fifteen minutes, when the rats began to diminish in number, until there were only a few stragglers left to follow the main body.

"It appears that such migrations are known all over Sarawak, and that people fear them because they are accompanied by a certain amount of danger. It is said by the natives that if any one should kill one of these rats, his companions would attack the person in such large numbers that his body would be almost torn to pieces. Looking deeper into the matter, one wonders why these creatures should so migrate, and where they go; but this no one seems to know."—*"Sarawak and Its People," by the rani of Sarawak, pages 77-79.*

The rani told another story of a rat that stole an egg from a nest, and folding it in its paws, rolled on its back and was dragged with its booty to its nest by four of its rat companions drawing it by the tail.

The writer having traveled through Borneo and been assured of the correctness of this story of the migration of rats in that island, passes the incident on to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR as an illustration of the manifestation of divine wisdom in the infinite variety manifested in the operation of natural laws.

R. C. PORTER.

The Eleventh Hour

"I SHOULD so like to help our conference to reach the Missionary Volunteer goal for 1915," said Grace with a little sigh. "I tried to get ready to take the Standard of Attainment examination in September, but I didn't feel quite prepared when the time came, and now I can't have another opportunity till next March;" and her sunshiny face was clouded for a moment.

"Why, Grace," Helen called out cheerily from the next room, "haven't you heard the good news? Professor Kern is going to give us an eleventh-hour chance this year—a December test which may be taken from the nineteenth to the thirty-first. That means that you have over two months yet to prepare, and you can surely get ready in that time."

Yes, Helen was right; it is true that we are to have a special Standard of Attainment examination in December. I was glad when I heard it, and I know you will be, too. It seems to me that it was very thoughtful of our general department to make this arrangement for us; for it will give an opportunity to many of our young people to become Attainment members before the close of 1915. What do you say to our putting forth a special effort to take the test by the close of the year, and so show our appreciation of this eleventh-hour plan?

Do you all know what the Standard of Attainment means? It would not be anything unusual if you did not; for I hadn't an idea of what was involved in it until three years ago, though I have grown up in our schools and have always been an Adventist. Shall I explain it to you briefly? The Standard of Attainment is a plan for getting acquainted with Bible doctrines and our denominational history. Every one of us should be prepared to tell others what we believe as Seventh-day Adventists, and to give proof from the Bible for each point of truth which we hold. Our

duty as Missionary Volunteers is to win others to the third angel's message. Amos R. Wells says, "A Christian that is not making other Christians is as much a contradiction in terms as a fire that is not warming, or a flame that is not lighting." And we do not want our lives to be a contradiction of our profession. Our work is to glorify our Heavenly Father; and Jesus said, "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit." Before we can bear fruit, before we can go and tell others, we must know our message. Most of us do know many of the scriptures used in proving our points of faith; but can we find the texts in the Bible? Can we logically and clearly present each subject in a way to convince others? This is what the Standard of Attainment will help us to do.

Then we need to know the history of our work from its infancy. It is wonderfully interesting to trace the growth of this message which began in 1844 with just a handful of believers, and has now extended to the remotest corners of the earth. Do you know who were the pioneers in this message? Can you tell how long we have been an organized body? Can you trace the marvelous growth of our publishing work? Can you tell when and where the precious gift of prophecy was first manifested among us, and relate the first vision of God's servant? The Standard of Attainment will give all this information, and very much more. To become an Attainment member will cost some effort; but anything worth while costs that, and you will never regret the time spent on it, I know.

Now perhaps you will want to know how to prepare for the coming December test. You must "plan it, pray it, do it," if you are to reach the mark. Begin at once if you have not already done so. Write to your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary or your tract society, inclosing a two-cent stamp, for the Standard of Attainment leaflet, which gives an outline of the subjects upon which the test will be given, and suggestive questions. This will be a real help to you. The Bible doctrines texts with which you will need to be familiar are given on the two middle pages of the Morning Watch Calendar for this year; then as an additional help use "Bible Footlights," Johnson's "Lessons in Bible Doctrines," "Bible Readings," or any other book of the kind. For the denominational history, study Elder Loughborough's "The Great Second Advent Movement." Now isn't the whole plan simple?

Let us not miss this opportunity to prepare for greater usefulness in the Master's cause. Our King needs every Missionary Volunteer in his service. There is a special place for you and for me. Let us get ready to fill that place. And one important stepping-stone toward thorough preparation is to "know the doctrines." May our motto be, "I ought to be a Standard of Attainment member, and by the help of the Lord I will be by the close of 1915."

ELLA A. IDEN.

Report From Punta Arenas

Do you know where Punta Arenas is? If you look at the map of the world, you will find that it is the southernmost city of the Western Hemisphere. It is springtime there now. After the last General Conference, Brother and Sister A. G. Nelson went to that city to begin missionary work. Already they have a few who are keeping the Sabbath. Among them are four boys who are real little missionaries. They are out at almost every opportunity distributing and selling

papers. It is the same passion for souls that is gripping our young people everywhere. Brother Nelson in a recent letter says:—

"We are mailing over four hundred of the Present Truth Series of the *Review* every month to the shepherds in the camps of Patagonia, Tierra del Fuego, and the Falkland Islands. We expect to start a colporteur's wagon this summer for the camps, and I shall go to the Falklands with literature, and see if we can start an interest there."

Let us pray for our American missionaries farthest south.

M. E. KERN.

A Sad Experience

WHEN about six years old I met my dearest playmate, a little girl of my own age. It was when a new baby came to her house, and I was taken in to see it. That was twenty-three years ago, and ever since then we had been chums. Through the perplexities of childhood, into the golden, happy school days, thence into the care-free, romantic days of maidenhood, we were inseparable companions,—true comrades, sharing each other's secrets, joys, and youthful troubles.

Then my family moved away, and I was separated from my friend; but only to outward appearance, for we were still chums, and visited and kept up a confidential correspondence. What a faithful friend she was! No more than two weeks ever lapsed between her letters. Whether I had time to answer or not, she wrote. We never kept secrets from each other, and it became so customary to tell her my affairs that if I omitted anything she would gently reproach me by saying, "Why, you never told me!"

We corresponded for fifteen years, and in the meantime I learned the grand old story of salvation, and that is the only thing I ever kept from my friend. Why? Well, I knew it for years before I accepted it, so, of course, not having the love of Jesus and a missionary love in my heart, I did not see the necessity of what I considered "bothering my friends."

Finally I was truly converted. As soon as I became one of Jesus' workers, I began missionary work among my friends and relatives, by sending tracts, papers, books, and letters. Some of my efforts have seemed futile, but others have given me courage.

I wrote many long letters, but being busy I usually answered my friend's letters with cards. Oh, yes, I meant to tell her about Jesus, but I put it off. Several weeks ago I received her last letter, and did not answer it as the days went by, till I finally grew ashamed of my neglect, and sat down and wrote her a long letter. In it I told her about my baptism, and for the first time I wrote about my dear, kind Father. But my appeal to her was too late. I had put it off too long. My friend never read those words.

In all the twenty-three years of our comradeship I never knew her to have a sick day, and yet right after I wrote to her I received news of her death. Do you see what I had done, dear friends? I let her go without Jesus. One of the first heartbreaking thoughts that came to me was this: "O, I never told my dear friend about my Saviour!" Ah, no! I didn't tell her, and she didn't know. I never told her Jesus died for her, or that he is coming soon again. She died in ignorance of all that beautiful truth, that wonderful story of love, that story of Bethlehem and of Calvary. All these beautiful things I had been learning I kept from my dear old playmate. My heart is very sad over

the loss of my friend, but far sadder over neglected duty. What if at some future time I meet her and she says, "Why, you never told me about this!"

Young friends, if you have friends you have not told about Jesus, tell them now. Do not put it off as I did, for some day it will be too late.

When I recall how much confidence my friend had in me, and how much she trusted me, I feel as if my heart will never cease to ache over my failure in living up to that confidence and trust. Don't wait, dear friends, till tomorrow, to tell the story of salvation. Begin today.

KATE LINEBAUGH.

A Good Samaritan

OBERLIN, a well-known German minister, was traveling on one occasion from Strassburg. It was in winter. The ground was deeply covered with snow, and the roads were almost impassable. He reached the middle of his journey, but he was so exhausted that, commending himself to God, he lay down and yielded to what he felt to be the sleep of death. He knew not how long he slept, but suddenly became conscious that some one was rousing him up. Before him stood a wagoner, his wagon close at hand, who gave him food, and helped him into the wagon, and brought him to the next village. Oberlin was profuse in his thanks, and offered money, which was refused. "Then," said Oberlin, "at least tell me your name." "I see," said the wagoner, "that you are a minister of the gospel. Please tell me the name of the good Samaritan." "That I cannot do, for it has not been put on record," said Oberlin. "Then," replied the wagoner, "until you can tell me his name, permit me to withhold mine."—*Selected.*

Couldn't Fall

A SOLDIER was telling of a frightful wound received in battle. "Did you not at once fall?" said one. "No," he replied; "the boys saw I was hurt, and gathered so closely about me, I couldn't fall." How often we see a comrade grievously wounded by temptation, malice, and other malignant foes, and because he is hurt, we forsake him, and he falls, is trampled underfoot and out of conspicuous usefulness into a premature grave perhaps, and ultimately lower than the grave.—*Christian Standard.*

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN General Secretary
C. L. BENSON Assistant Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 20

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of working bands.
3. Bible Study: "Sabbath Reform in the Last Days." See *Gazette*.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Eze. 20:12.
5. Mission Study: "East China Notes." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*; and "An Outline of Mission Fields," pages 131-133. Use your map.
6. Reading. Seniors: "In Old Kading." See *Gazette*. Juniors: "Forty-Three Years Telling It." See this INSTRUCTOR.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 9—Lesson 7: "The Sabbath in History," Pages 217-311

1. How do you prove from chapter 12 that God did not reject the Jews as individuals? Against what did Paul warn the early Christians?
2. What is Gnosticism? What part of the Bible did the Gnostics reject? How did Greek philosophy affect the early church?
3. How does this chapter help you to understand Acts 20:29, 30, and Dan. 7:23-25?
4. What warnings did Martin Luther and Dr. Adam Clarke give concerning the writings of the Fathers? What errors crept into the church by the end of the third century? What is Archibald Bower's attitude toward tradition?
5. What two rules of faith embrace the whole Christian world? What does Cardinal Gibbons say about Sunday observance?
6. How was Sunday observed in the early Christian era? What does the Catholic Church teach concerning Sunday observance? What mistake did Mosheim make in quoting Boehmer and Hartmann on this subject?
7. What proves to you that the writings credited to Barnabas, the epistles of Ignatius, and the so-called "Teachings of the Apostles" were spurious?
8. How did the Gnostics do much harm to the Christian church?
9. Mention six links in the forged chain of Sunday evidences. What important link is missing?
10. State why the following names are of interest to us in the study of Sunday evidences: Pliny, Domville, Prof. Th. Zahn, Cox, Evanson.
11. How does chapter 14 show the unreliability of tradition?
12. Where and how often is "the first day of the week" mentioned in the Bible? Have we any reason to believe that John called Sunday "the Lord's day"? Explain.

Junior No. 8—Lesson 7: "Sketches of Bible Child Life," Pages 7-42

NOTE.—If you have time, read the Bible records of the stories given in our assignment this week.

1. How was man's first home different from any now on earth? How was it lost? What did God tell Adam and Eve he would do so they could be saved?
2. Why did Cain kill Abel? What may we learn from these brothers?
3. How did Abraham show his faith in God?
4. Who was Ishmael? To what religion do most of his descendants belong?
5. Why did Abraham and Isaac go to Mt. Moriah? What may we learn from this experience that came to Abraham and Isaac?
6. What promise did God make to Abraham after testing him on the mountain? When did he repeat this promise to Jacob?
7. What kind of boy was Joseph? Why was he sold into Egypt? How did he serve God there? How did his dreams come true?
8. What mother was paid for taking care of her own baby? Why was he called Moses? Where was he educated after he was twelve years old?
9. For what great work did God use Moses? How did his funeral differ from that of other men?
10. If you can, learn the poem on pages 39-42. Why was the child anxious?
11. What have you learned about Seth? Hagar? Rebekah? Shechem? Reuben? Simeon? Judah? Potiphar? Pharaoh? Aaron?



Forty-Sixth Week

- November 14. Romans 5 to 7: The wages of sin; the Christian's hope.
 November 15. Romans 8 to 10: Salvation provided for all.
 November 16. Romans 11 to 13: Counsel to believers.
 November 17. Romans 14 to 16: Necessity of guarding the influence; benediction; postscript.
 November 18. 1 Corinthians 1 to 4: Exhortation to unity; faithfulness required. Read the notes.
 November 19. 1 Corinthians 5 to 7: "Ye are bought with a price."

November 20. 1 Corinthians 8 to 11: Paul's great objective in service.

To Think About as You Read

- Sunday. Am I walking in newness of life?
 Monday. How does my zeal for the salvation of sinners compare with Paul's?
 Tuesday. Acceptable service.
 Wednesday. "Even Christ pleased not himself."
 Thursday. What it means to be a laborer together with God.
 Friday. "Blessed are the pure in heart."
 Sabbath. Does my life measure up to the "whatsoever" standard of chapter 10:31?

Corinth

This rich, populous, and cosmopolitan city was situated about forty miles west of Athens, on an isthmus separating the Ionian and Aegean Seas. With its favorable geographical location, and its two ports, one on each sea, Corinth increased rapidly in commercial and military importance, and proportionately also in the luxuries and vices that too often follow an abundance of this world's goods.

In Paul's day, Corinth was not only one of the most important cities in Greece, but in the world. Through its gates surged the traffic of the East. To this great distributing center came merchants from the ends of the earth, seeking a market for their wares; pleasure lovers were lured thither by the call of the city's wealth and charm; and the idle and vicious of many lands, drawn then as now to any place where their hopes for personal gain by questionable means may be most easily satisfied, found in this splendid metropolis a rich field for their exploitation.

An unusual and remarkable feature of Corinth was the Acrocorinthus, a great mass of rock rising abruptly to a height of two thousand feet. It is said that a town was once built on the summit of this natural citadel.

The Church in Corinth

Corinth, "corrupt and contented," with its pleasure-loving population of heathen Greeks and Romans, bitterly prejudiced Jews, and indifferent travelers, might have been looked upon by many as a difficult field for sowing the gospel seed. But Paul, with the faith and fervor of a true soldier of the cross, visiting the city in A. D. 52, on his second missionary journey, saw in it an opportunity for profitable labor. For a year and a half he preached the word of life to Jews and Gentiles in Corinth, supporting himself meanwhile by working at his trade of tent making. During this time he wrote the epistle to the Romans and other letters. Silas and Timothy visited Paul, and faithfully lent their aid to his efforts to plant the standard of the cross in this influential city. Success attended their labors. Many were converted, among them the chief ruler of the synagogue, with all his house; and a church was organized. Later when Paul had gone to Ephesus, Apollos, an Alexandrian Jew, "mighty in the Scriptures," visited Corinth, and encouraged and instructed the believers.

First Corinthians

Apollos, who labored for the church at Corinth after Paul's departure, was a learned and eloquent man. Against his will, and greatly to his sorrow, some of the believers began unduly to exalt him and his labors. Others thought they were best showing their love and loyalty to Paul by giving him first place in their affections and regard. Still others exalted Peter's position. Divisions came in, and soon the church was about to split into factions. Some were saying, boldly, "I am of Apollos;" and others, "I am of Paul;" still others declared, "I am of Cephas [Peter];" and others, sensing the danger of exalting man, but not knowing how to stem the tide so strongly setting in, said, "I am of Christ." Thus the unity and harmony that should have prevailed, and that were so essential, were destroyed. The church was rent by bitter dissension and strife, and the work of the gospel was accordingly hindered. "Pride, idolatry, and sensualism were steadily increasing among those who had once been zealous in the Christian life."

Word of this sad condition was brought to Paul at Ephesus, by members of the influential family of Chloe, and also by a letter from the church itself, asking advice. The apostle's response to this situation was the epistle, so rich in Christian advice and counsel, so eloquent and persuasive and compelling, that bears the name "The First Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians." It was written at Ephesus, toward the close of Paul's stay of nearly three years in that city, about A. D. 57, five years after the establishment of the church at Corinth.

"WHEN you are longing to do something far beyond your reach, ask yourself if you are making the best of that within your reach."



VIII — The Spirit of Service

(November 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 20: 1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "Go ye also into the vineyard."
Matt. 20: 4.

Questions

1. What did Jesus say the kingdom of heaven is like? Matt. 20: 1.
2. For how much did these laborers agree to work? Where did the householder then send them to labor? Verse 2. Note 1.
3. At what time of day did he again go to the market place? Whom did he find? Verse 3.
4. What did he tell them to do? What promise did he make to them? Verse 4.
5. At what hours did he again do the same? Verse 5. Note 2.
6. At the eleventh hour, what did he say to those whom he found standing idle? Verse 6.
7. What reply did they make? What did he tell them to do? What promise did he repeat? Verse 7.
8. When even was come, what command did the lord of the vineyard give to his steward? With whom was payment to begin? Verse 8. Note 3.
9. How much was given to those who were called at the eleventh hour? Verse 9.
10. How much did those receive who had been called in the morning? What did they suppose? Verse 10.
11. What did they do when they received their pay? Verse 11.
12. On what ground did they complain? Verse 12.
13. What kind reply did the householder make? Verse 13.
14. What did he advise them to do? Verse 14.
15. What questions did he ask to show them that his course was right? Verse 15.
16. How is this like God's dealings with his people? Verse 16. Note 4.
17. What are we each commanded to do? Memory verse.

Notes

1. The coin here referred to was a Roman coin, equal in value to about seventeen cents.
2. The Jews divided their days into twelve equal parts, or hours, beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset. The third hour, therefore, was nine o'clock in the morning. The sixth and ninth hours were twelve and three o'clock; the eleventh hour, five o'clock in the afternoon; and the even, or end of the day, was when the twelfth hour, six o'clock, had come.
3. If the laborers had received their pay in the order in which they were hired, the first might have received their wage and gone on their way satisfied. Settling first with the last ones hired gave an opportunity for envy to display itself, and for the Saviour to teach the lesson that the kingdom of heaven is not earned, but that it is a gift.
4. "Not the amount of labor performed, nor its visible results, but the spirit in which the work is done, makes it of value with God. . . . Did they bring into their work a loving, trusting spirit, they would continue to be first; but their querulous, complaining disposition is unchristianlike, and proves them to be untrustworthy." Therefore many who appear to be first will become last, while those who are counted last will become first.

VIII — The Spirit of Service

(November 20)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
Sun. "Go ye also into the vineyard." Questions 1-4.
Mon. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" Questions 5-8.
Tues. The reward of service. Questions 9-11.
Wed. The last first, and the first last. Questions 12-17.
Thurs. Read "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 396-404.
Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 20: 1-16.

Questions

1. What did Jesus say the kingdom of heaven is like? Matt. 20: 1. Note 1.
2. What agreement did the householder make with the laborers? Where did he send them? Verse 2. Note 2.
3. What did he do a few hours later? Verse 3.
4. What did he say to the idle? Did they accept his terms? Verse 4.
5. What did the householder do twice more in the day? Verse 5.
6. What did he do about the eleventh hour? What did he say to the idle? Verse 6.
7. How did they respond to his question? Verse 7, first part.
8. What did the householder then say? Verse 7, last part.
9. What did the lord of the vineyard say to his steward at even? In what order was the steward to proceed? Verse 8. Note 3.
10. How did the steward settle with the eleventh-hour workers? Verse 9.
11. What did the first workers suppose? What did they receive? Verse 10.
12. On receiving the pay agreed upon, what did they do? Verse 11.
13. On what ground did they murmur? Verse 12.
14. How did the householder answer their complaint? Verse 13.
15. What did he advise them to do? What was his decision of the case? Verse 14.
16. What questions did he ask them in justification of his course? Verse 15.
17. How did Jesus sum up the lesson of this parable? Verse 16.

Notes

1. Most of the parables of Jesus, whether related in a single sentence or in a chapter, are given to illustrate one distinct truth or phase of truth. In studying them we do well not to lose the point among the details of the setting. Jesus often makes the application himself, as he did here. In order to appreciate his conclusion, one must study the setting carefully.
2. The Roman *denarius*, here translated "penny," was equivalent to about seventeen cents. In the parable this definite wage was agreed upon as satisfactory to both the householder and the laborers first hired. The other laborers, hired at various times through the day, were promised "whatsoever is right." At settlement these laborers received a "penny" as their pay, and were satisfied that the promise of their employer had been fully kept.
3. It is necessary to the purpose of the parable that settlement for the day's labor should begin with the last employed. If the laborers had received their pay in the order in which they were hired, the first might have received their penny and gone on their way satisfied. But settling with the last first gave opportunity for envy to display itself, and for the lesson to be taught that in the kingdom of heaven reward is not earned, but bestowed out of grace and love in the giver.

The Youth's Instructor

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AN additional opportunity is to be given to those who wish to become Members of Attainment this year. A special examination is promised. See the article "The Eleventh Hour."

Duty of Spreading the Gospel

HUBER, the great naturalist, tells us that if a single wasp discovers a deposit of honey or other food, he will return to his nest and impart the good news to his companions, who will sally forth in great numbers to partake of the fare which has been discovered for them. Shall we who have found honey in the Rock, Jesus Christ, be less considerate of our fellow men? Ought we not rather to hasten to tell the good news? Common humanity should prevent us from concealing the great discovery that grace has enabled us to make. — *Spurgeon*.

"I Am So Glad You Have Come"

THESE were the words uttered by a young Chinese boy who had been under Christian influence only a few months. When we first entered Manchuria last year in October, this young man was employed by our landlord in remodeling our house. He is a carpenter by trade. When he had finished his work, he asked if he could not remain during the winter months and work for us, with the intention of resuming his trade in the spring. As we were then in need of a boy to help us, we permitted him to stay, and he has been very honest and faithful in his duties.

A few days ago as my husband was talking with him as to whether he expected to take up his trade again this spring, he remarked:—

"I am not certain yet just what I shall do. I am so glad you have come to this city and have taught me about the living God and the true doctrine. I have never heard anything about this before. I never knew that the Lord loved people so much that he gave his only begotten Son to die in their behalf. When I see what he has done for me, I desire to do something for the Lord."

MRS. B. PETERSEN.

Mukden, Manchuria.

Forty-Three Years Telling It

WHILE engaged in locating a mission street chapel recently, in the pretty little city of Wu-hu, on the south bank of the great Yang-tze-kiang, I became engaged in conversation with an aged blind Chinese evangelist named Yao Sien Seng. As we talked, I soon learned there was scarcely a text in the New Testament that he was not familiar with and could not repeat from memory.

On further inquiry, I learned he had been a faithful follower of the Saviour for over forty-three years, having been led to Christ as the result of Hudson Taylor's work. For many years, he was actively engaged in telling the *fu-h-yin* (happy sound, or gospel) to his fellow men. The last ten years, although totally blind, he has continued to preach quite a little. Standing before his attentive listeners, he gives the word with power, quoting from memory every needed text.

His message to his native countrymen today is, "The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly." "Seek ye the Lord." Zeph. 1: 14; 2: 3.—*H. J. Doolittle*.

God's Appeal

A BOY of a mechanical turn of mind made himself a toy motor boat to sail upon a stream of water that flowed near his home. On taking it to the stream it sailed beyond his reach. After many efforts to recover it, he was at last compelled to return home without it. To him it was lost. Not long after, he was surprised to find in a window of his town a boat with a card attached: "This motor boat for sale. Price, five shillings." It was his! He made the loss known to the one who had it, but it was futile. He could have it for the price of five shillings. He went home and told his father of his predicament. The father heard the story and said, "Here's the money; go and buy back your own boat." And when he at last received it from the vender, he hugged it to himself and said, "You are twice mine; I made you, and I bought you." So we are Christ's by twofold claim; he made us, and he redeemed us. He made us his the second time by a great price.

This is God's appeal to us: "You are twice mine; I made you, and I bought you." — *Expositor*.

Two Songs

IN the INSTRUCTOR of October 12, reference was made to the forty-sixth, or "refuge," psalm as set to music by Elder J. S. Washburn, but the notice failed to state that it could be obtained from Elder Washburn, 5318 Chandler St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Introductory price, twenty-five cents; better binding, fifty cents. Usual discounts to agents and tract societies.

"The Tender Shepherd" is another sacred song that can be secured for ten cents from the same address. The words are by R. W. Robertson, and the music by J. S. Washburn.

To tell our secrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate those with which we are intrusted is always treachery, and treachery for the most part combined with folly.—*Johnson*.