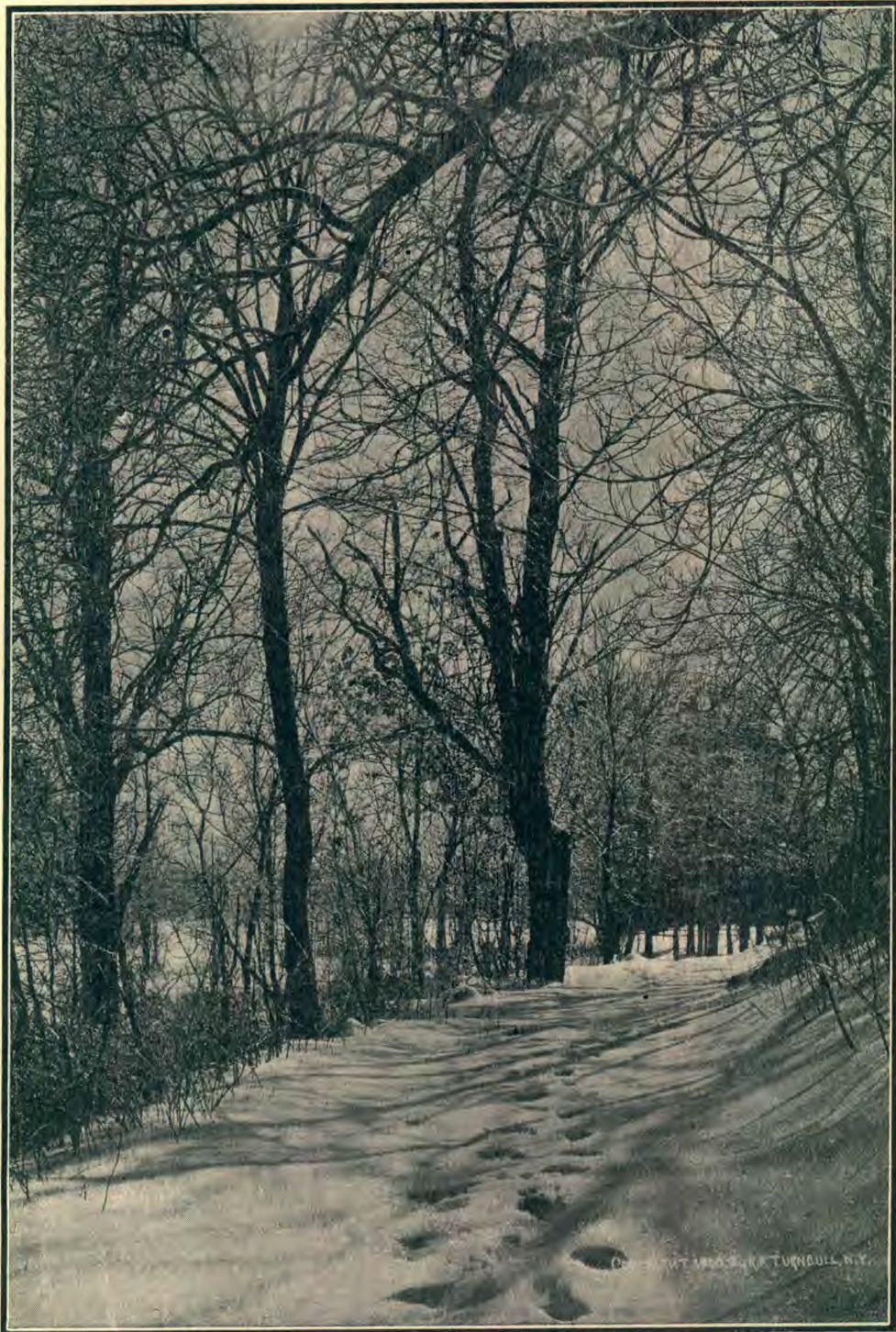


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

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No. 14



"TREES ARE ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL."

FROM HERE AND THERE

A WOUNDED British soldier gives the following description of a battle fought in the desert of Mesopotamia between Turkish and British troops: "At one point near Sheikh Saad a sharp fight took place in the very midst of a mirage. We thought we were fighting amid palm trees, and even the black, sticky mud could not dispel the illusion that the ground was carpeted with soft grass. The Turks were using artillery, and we were close to their positions, but we could not see them. After bayonet fighting we managed to dislodge the enemy, but those of us who live will never forget that strangest of fights."

"The Men of the Mountains"

IN writing to the author of "The Men of the Mountains," Dr. Edward O. Guerrant, founder and president of the America Inland Mission, states:—

"I wanted to tell you how much I am enjoying your excellent book. I haven't seen a finer description of the 'Modern Mountaineer' and 'The Heart of Appalachia' than in your book, and certainly none has given so full an account of religious work among the Highlanders. . . . I find it admirably written, with a remarkably clear apprehension of the peculiar traits of the Southern Highlanders."

"We owe you a debt of gratitude for your faithful description of the country and people, and I certainly hope that God will honor your efforts in raising up many friends to help this splendid people, so long neglected, and so eminently worthy of our esteem."

"I do not know of any investment for the good of our country or the glory of God that would pay such dividends as the money invested in the cause of education and religion among these splendid people."

"The Men of the Mountains" contains 320 pages, printed in large, clear type, and is illustrated. The price of the full-cloth style is \$1.50; paper covers, 75 cents, postpaid. Order from your tract society. A liberal discount on quantity orders.

The Oldest Storybook (Concluded)

24. THE story of a farmer's son who was made a king. 1 Samuel 9 and 10.

25. The story of two men whose friendship has been talked about for two thousands of years. 1 Samuel 19 and 20.

26. The story of a shepherd boy who became his nation's greatest king. 1 Samuel 16.

27. The story of the man who spared the life of his enemy who wanted to kill him. 1 Samuel 24 and 26.

28. The story of a cripple who was given a home for his father's sake. 2 Samuel 9.

29. The story of the building of a church without sound of hammer or ax or any tool of iron. 1 Kings 6.

30. The story of the king who would not listen to the counsel of those older and wiser than he, and so lost most of his kingdom. 1 Kings 12.

31. The story of the little captive maid who helped her sick master to find a cure. 2 Kings 5.

32. The story of the first chest of Joash. 2 Kings 12.

33. The story of the man who couldn't be conquered by troubles. Job 1, 2, and 42.

34. The story of a girl who saved the lives of thousands. Esther 3 to 8.

35. The story that a million people know by heart. Psalm 23.

36. The story of the man who tried to get away from God by burning a part of the Bible. Jeremiah 36.

37. The story of four young men who refused to drink wine to please the king. Daniel 1.

38. The story of a king who ate grass, and lived with the beasts. Daniel 4.

39. The story of the young man who was forbidden to pray to God, and what happened. Daniel 6.

40. The story of the preacher who was angry when his sermon led people to repent. Jonah 3 and 4.—*Rev. Claude Allen McKay.*

Their Proper Heritage

THE woman who wishes to save her boy from drug habits should remember that spicy, heavy, and highly seasoned foods usually go with such habits; while a plain diet, composed largely of cereals, fruits, and vegetables, does much to destroy the desire for various drugs. She may well ponder carefully the following words by Dr. C. E. Slocum, who is a high authority on the subject:—

"There can be properly healthful manhood and properly true and sure progress, only as mankind is fed on the plainest, most wholesome foods and purest water; and the entire life and action strictly governed along the line of what is for the best. Poverty, misery, crime, and all the horde of other evils now existing can be banished only by giving children their proper heritage of sound health, and rearing them along this reasonable, most important, and obligatory line of sanity."—*Selected.*

What Your Big Brother has Learned about the Cigarette

C—Cuts out manhood.

I—Injures your health.

G—Gradually destroys your ambition.

A—Answers "Guilty" in juvenile court.

R—Robs you of friends and money.

E—Enters and defiles a clean mouth.

T—Takes away desire to be decent.

T—Transforms a clean boy sometimes into a beast.

E—Endangers your prospects in life.

S—Suffering and early death guaranteed.

—*Boys' Companion.*

The Fly in the Ointment

MRS. HIGGINS, says *Answers*, was an incurable grumbler. She grumbled at everything and every one. But at last the vicar thought he had found something about which she could make no complaint; the old lady's crop of potatoes was certainly the finest for miles round.

"Ah, for once you must be well pleased," he said, with a beaming smile, as he met her in the village street. "Every one's saying how splendid your potatoes are this year."

The old lady glowered at him as she answered, "They're not so poor. But where's the bad ones for the pigs?"—*Selected.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 4, 1916

No. 14

An April Day

ALL day the low-hung clouds have dropped
Their garnered fulness down;
All day that soft gray mist hath wrapped
Hill, valley, grove, and town.

There has not been a sound today
To break the calm of nature;
Nor motion, I might almost say,
Of life or living creature;

Of waving bough, or warbling bird,
Or cattle faintly lowing;
I could have half believed I heard
The leaves and blossoms growing.

I stood to hear—I love it well—
The rain's continuous sound;
Small drops, but thick and fast they fell,
Down straight into the ground.

For leafy thickness is not yet
Earth's naked breast to screen;
Though every drooping branch is set
With shoots of tender green.

Sure, since I looked at early morn,
Those honeysuckle buds

Have swelled to double growth; that thorn
Hath put forth larger studs.

That lilac's cleaving cones have burst,
The milk-white flowers revealing;
Even now upon my senses first
Methinks their sweets are stealing.

The very earth, the steamy air,
Is all with fragrance rife;
And grace and beauty everywhere
Are flushing into life.

Down, down they come—those fruitful stores,
Those earth-rejoicing drops!
A momentary deluge pours,
Then thins, decreases, stops.

And ere the dimples on the stream
Have circled out of sight,
Lo! from the west a parting gleam
Breaks forth, of amber light.

But yet behold! abrupt and loud
Comes down the glittering rain;
The farewell of a passing cloud,
The fringes of her train.

—Mrs. Southey, in "Pieces for Every Occasion."

The Truth About Smoking

HAMILTON A. PHILLIPS

SEVENTY-TWO thousand men applied for the privilege of smoking, or was it the right to smoke, in the cars of the surface and elevated lines in New York City. This implied that there were objections to their smoking, and they wished to have their way in spite of objections. Men say smoking is a great pleasure, and they cannot understand why they should be deprived of its pleasure.

There would be less objection made to the smokers if they would go into the woods, or into the stable, or onto the top of the house to smoke; but to go deliberately into the company of persons who will be annoyed or distressed by the foul odor is supreme selfishness.

Let us look the thing squarely in the face. There is but one definition for a lady or a gentleman—one who considers others before himself. This is not only good manners, but a duty. Then which has right on his side? The man who wishes no smoking, or the one who wants to smoke?

The most essential gift bestowed on man, by the Creator of the universe, is fresh air. Man may live forty days without food, he may go four days without water, but he cannot live twice four minutes without air. It is necessary for the well-being of man that the air should be pure, unpolluted by bad odors. We know that air mixed with coal gas will kill. We know the ill effects of breathing the air of an overcrowded auditorium, which air has lost its proper proportion of oxygen, by having been breathed over and over again. Those who want fresh air have a right to it. What would the smokers say if they were compelled to breathe the odor of burning rubber, or the fumes of ammonia?

I once heard a woman say that no matter what she was doing or how happy she felt, if she caught the deathly odor of a cigarette she became so ill that life

seemed hardly worth living and she would not care if she died the next minute. I heard a gentleman say that if a man came into his presence smoking a cigarette, he felt really murderous; he wanted to choke the man. The smoker often crowds himself into a ladies' car, or where he should not go. He says, "I am not smoking;" but he forgets that his clothing and his hair are thoroughly saturated with the vile odor of stale tobacco. He is literally a big bundle more or less malodorous, and therefore out of place. Tobacco irritates the mucous membrane of the nose, and the smoker loses his delicate sense of smell, and becomes incapable of judging of his own offensiveness. The smoker is not a normal being. He is a slave, and he forges his own chains, which grow stronger day by day. When he begins the habit of smoking, he does not expect to be a slave; but he finds his master saying *must* to him, and so he thinks he must smoke, and the public must let him smoke.

I have never heard a cigarette smoker ask a person whether smoking was offensive to him. He lights his cigarette no matter where he may be. Think of the impertinence of the men and the women who persisted in smoking in the presence of Queen Mary, when she had said that the odor of tobacco was disagreeable to her.

Women are much to blame for the prevalence of smoking. They have permitted it, for no gentleman can do habitually in a lady's presence what she does not permit him to do. A gentleman once said to an American grand dame, in her own home, as he was preparing to light his cigar, "Is smoking disagreeable to you, Mrs. X?" to which she replied, "No gentleman has ever smoked in my presence."

Another lady, walking in the street with a man of a distinguished family, was asked, "Would you object to my smoking?" The lady answered, "You may

smoke if you wish, but if you do we shall have to part company."

A wealthy and cultured woman, whose repugnance to the odor of tobacco was well known, was giving her annual dinner party. All at once, men and women took out their cigarette cases, lighted their cigarettes, and began smoking. The hostess rose from the table and left the room. She told her butler to open all the windows in the dining room (it was bitter cold without) and to extinguish all the lights. Was she wrong? So drastic a rebuke seemed imperative in face of such unparalleled rudeness on the part of her guests. If all women had taken a similar stand, and if girls and young women had refused to associate with boys and young men who smoked, the habit would not have become so prevalent.

King James I of England described the use of tobacco as "loathsome to the eye, hateful to the nose, harmful to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black, stinking fumes thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless."

Smokers are loath to admit that there is really a disagreeable odor to tobacco. But a certain man smoked for eighteen years, when and where he liked, wife, children, and friends being compelled to endure his malodorous pipe, despite their objections. Suddenly he renounced the habit. After a month or two of abstinence the odor of tobacco became so offensive to him that if any one smoked in his presence he felt murderous. He felt that he should like to throttle all who dared to come into his presence and make such a detestable smell.

It seems as if the foregoing facts ought to settle the question of whether men have the right to smoke anywhere and everywhere. They have no more right to obtrude on you the foul odors they emit than you would have to open your window on a summer night and practice your cornet from 11 P. M. to 2 A. M. A court of justice would soon settle that question.

Now why do human beings smoke? It is mainly from seeing others smoke. Boys see men smoke, and they get the mistaken idea that it is manly to smoke. One would think the qualms that most of them have to suffer before they have acquired the habit; would deter them, but not so.

The tobacco habit is fatal to perfect health. Yet if a man goes to a physician to ask if the use of tobacco is injurious, that physician, if he uses tobacco, will say, "No, it is a sedative and beneficial, especially if you happen to be of a nervous temperament." In case the physician is not a smoker, and is honest and well informed, he will caution the man against putting himself into the fatal power of such a habit.

If the man goes for advice to a clergyman who smokes, his advice will be the same as that of the physician who uses the weed. If he goes to one who does not smoke, he will warn him of the evil effects, both physical and moral, of such an enslaving habit.

A man well known in the railroad world, had dyspepsia and was worn out. The physician gave him drugs, but never mentioned tobacco. He smoked twenty cigars a day. At last he became convinced that tobacco was ruining him. He took his beloved cigar out of his mouth, gazed at it longingly, and then threw it into the street. He never smoked again, and soon regained his superb health.

A frog will live for several minutes after its head is cut off; but one fourteenth of a drop of nicotine in its mouth will cause instant death. What wonder then

that a man who smoked one hundred and fifty cigarettes a day became blind and insane. Though warned of his probable fate, he was powerless to give up the habit.

All habit-forming drugs have very much the same effect. The habitual use of tobacco, opium, or alcohol may bring one to a painful death, or to some tragic end. Cigarette smoking is a short cut to the insane asylum. Thomas A. Edison calls the tobacco smoker a degenerate, retrograding toward the lower animal life.

Why should man put into his mouth that which steals away his brains? As long as men have a craving for tobacco, they are not masters of themselves.

Self-Denial

At a little mission station in Africa, the native Christians were bringing their gifts to the Master. In the group was a stranger girl of about sixteen, who came forward and laid eighty-five cents in the basket. This was an unusually large amount, for the natives around that mission station were very poor.

The missionary was surprised, almost alarmed. "Where did you get so much?" he asked.

Then Queen, for that was the girl's name, told how she had heard the gospel story, and that she wanted to give her Master all she possibly could. Having nothing of her own, she had sold herself into slavery, and now she had brought to her Saviour the entire price of her life and service. This was Queen's way of giving her Master the best she had; and surely her gift challenges every young Christian to deny self and give his all to Christ.

When you became a Christian, you entered a self-denial contract with your Saviour. You consecrated your life to him. Did you not say, "Master, take all there is of me and use my life to thine own glory and for the good of others"? How have you kept that promise? Have you denied self? Have you in every issue today said *no* to self and *yes* to Christ?

Sit down with your Master this morning, and take an inventory of last week. To whom must your time be credited? Did you really strive to use the hours and minutes of each day as would please your Master, or did you spend your evenings enjoying reading, amusements, and recreation that you know would displease him?

Look over your cash account. Are you glad to have your Master examine it? Do you hear him say, "That shows self-denial"? Can you candidly say to him, "Master, last week I honestly endeavored to let you select my thoughts for me, and to please you in all that I did"? If so, then you are learning to copy the beautiful, altruistic life of him who lived to bless others.

There is only one truly great, beautiful, and successful life to live; and that is the life of self-denial. Such a life is in the world what a fragrant rose is in the wilderness or a cooling spring in the desert. Somehow self-denial refines character and develops spiritual strength. It is one secret of all genuine success. As the fire purifies the gold until the refiner can see his own image in the liquid metal, so through constant self-denial the Christian will reflect more and more perfectly the life of his Lord and Master.

Self-denial, submission to the Master's will, is the Christian's only safety; and yet how slow we are to practice it! How much time we waste pampering self! What great risks we run! God knows that

only through self-denial can we be saved and our lives become a blessing to others; so, sometimes, he tries to lead us into the path of self-denial through suffering. We meet keen disappointments, temporal losses, and personal bereavements that well-nigh crush us. It seems that the heart will break and the cord of faith snap before relief can come, and we wonder why God permits all these calamities to visit us. We may never fully understand, but we may trust, and find in each experience a call to make a covenant with him through self-denial.

One day a visitor at a school for the deaf and dumb wrote this question on the blackboard for the children to answer: "Why has God made me to hear and speak and made you deaf and dumb?" For a time the unfortunate pupils sat paralyzed before that dreadful "Why?" But soon a little girl—her lips trembling and her eyes swimming with tears—walked to the board, and picking up the crayon, wrote, "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight." So when the path of self-denial deprives us of what other Christians seem privileged to enjoy, let us follow meekly, cheerfully, enthusiastically, saying, "Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Evening at a Mission Station

WHEN the sun goes down on a mission station, darkness soon follows, but there is a little time in between when a great peace settles over all. The day's work is done. The heat of the sun is past, and sometimes, during the rainy season, as the sun is sinking in the west a beautiful golden light comes over all. The scene brings to mind the new earth, after the curse has been taken away.

One evening I was out working on the planter. It was a beautiful evening between the rains; and as we cannot work the cattle in the heat of the day, we inspan as the sun is getting low, and work till we cannot see to do more, then tie the oxen to the chain so they will be near by to inspan before the sun is up.

The boys were plowing at the farther end of the field, and were making their last trip across. As I neared them, I heard the words of that good old song, "When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there," floating out on the evening air; and as some of the other boys were returning from the garden in another direction, there came the notes of another song, "Keep sweet." Both of these were being sung in the native language.

"Just a song at twilight, when the lights are low,
And the flickering shadows softly come and go.
Though the heart be weary, sad the day and long,
Still to us at twilight comes love's old song."

As I neared the boys' house at the mission school, I found some reading, some resting, and others cooking food over the fire. The day's work was done.

At evening the cattle come home, and the cows low for their calves, which are frisking all around at the rear of the compound.

The white workers take off their heavy sun hats, the busy wives step out to see how the flowers are getting along, and Sonny Boy has a last swing.

Yes, the evening is a welcome time and a happy time at a mission station.

As the darkness settles down, the bell is heard calling the family to night school to prepare their lessons for the next day. Here, too, we have a good song and prayer before we begin the study. Oh, what

a blessing a song is! Some of these boys sing well, and we never tire of hearing them, for we know that when they are singing they are happy and contented.

S. M. KONIGMACHER.

A Prophecy

No prophet I,
And yet I dare to prophesy:
This coming spring
The birds will sing,
And from her tuneful throat
The thrush's note
Will ring;
And blossoms fair and white
Will spring forth in the night,
To gladden some sweet day
In coming May;
And roses rare
Will scent the air,
While frolic bees their sweets will seize
And hide them in the forest trees;
And silver streams will dance along,
And babble forth their merry song
Of mating with the sea;
The while the woodland wild will teem
With wakings from a wintry dream,
From icy fetters free.
Where late was snow
The April glow
Of genial sun will melt the way,
That violet and lily pale
May find again the ferny vale,
And elfin comrades at their play;
And skies above
Will speak of love,
And with their dreamy blue
Will put to rout
The hosts of doubt,
Of trouble, care, and rue.

—John Kendrick Bangs.

Save the Hawaiians

A BILL is now pending in both branches of Congress at Washington for the prohibition of the liquor traffic in the Territory of Hawaii. Petitions signed by upwards of 3,500, mostly native citizens of the islands, praying for the passage of the bill have been presented. There are upwards of one hundred and thirty liquor establishments on the islands, and the annual drink bill amounts to \$3,575,000. A large brewery in Honolulu, operated by white men, does a flourishing business. There are several distilleries, including one or two sake stills, controlled and run by Japanese. Cargoes of whisky, rum, dago red, and square-face gin are being shipped into the islands. This dago red is rank poison. It is a cheap rectified wine selling for sixty cents a gallon, and one gallon is sufficiently deadly to keep three Hawaiian families drunk for three days. The whole liquor traffic is the cause of crime, suffering, and death.

The Hawaiian race is doomed. Out of an original population of 200,000 only 24,000 pure natives remain. The death rate is appalling. The prominent white residents of Hawaii, born and bred there, have gone on record again and again as to this fact. Appeal after appeal has been made to Congress, but without avail. Do what you can for the bill. Write to your representative.—*Christian Statesman*.

A pledge against the use of tobacco in any form, known as the Anti-Cigarette Pledge, has been printed on a neat card for the use of our Missionary Volunteers. Every true Missionary Volunteer is an enemy to tobacco, should sign the pledge, and labor earnestly to persuade others to do the same. This pledge is "Missionary Volunteer Pledge No. 8;" price, 1 cent each. Order from your tract society.



Seventh-day Adventist meeting of Fiji Island council, at Suva Vou, where Elder and Mrs. Daniells spent a few hours on their way to Australia, June, 1914.

Later Work in the South Pacific Islands Mission Field

BETWEEN the early seed-sowing days of the "Pitcairn" among the islands of the South Pacific Ocean and the present time, lie more than twenty years of earnest and faithful labor on the part of the missionaries, and much sacrifice from those who have remained at home and provided the "sinews of war." The beginning of the new century found our work well established in many places, and hearts as loyal to this message as any in Western lands, scattered here and there in the widely separated islands of this great field.

First Fruits in the Cook Islands

Rata was the first native in the Cook Islands to accept present truth. He died in June, 1902. Of him Brother A. H. Piper says:—

"He was a good man, and lived up to all the light he had; he was an Adventist at heart. When our workers first came in contact with him, he was about as low in sin and degradation as any man could be; but after his conversion, he was an example of the power of saving grace. During the long illness that preceded his death, we never heard him complain. We often prayed with him, and he, in his prayers, told the Lord that he would like to be strong again, but that he was content to be in Jesus' keeping, well or sick. As we laid him to rest among the tombs of his heathen ancestors, we felt sure that on the resurrection morning we, if faithful, would meet our brother again."

Ambrose of Fiji

Ambrose, a chief of high birth, who would have been king under the old government, accepted the truth in Fiji, with his wife. Before he took this step, it used to be said of him that he was "the biggest rogue in Fiji," and some declared that he must have been paid a large sum of money to induce him to keep the Sabbath. Brother J. E. Fulton says:—

"I remember when Ambrose came to church one Sabbath morning, he prayed, and broke down and wept. He invited us to the town and gave us land. It seemed too good to be true, and we all wept with him for joy that morning. Many times he has been tempted by white men, who ask him to drink with them, but he has remained true to his convictions. Once a hospital was opened. All the missionaries and great chiefs were there. Wine was passed round to the missionaries and chiefs. There were no Adventists there except Ambrose, yet when the wine was passed to him, he said, 'No, I cannot drink it.'"

Pauliasi Bunoa

Among the natives who first accepted the truth in the Fiji Islands was Pauliasi Bunoa. He worked with Elder Fulton in translating, and thus came to see the truth not only on the Sabbath question but on baptism and other points of our faith. For some time he was unsettled in his mind, but finally, with

his wife and family, he took a public stand for the truth. Not long after Pauliasi began to keep the Sabbath, other teachers came to Suva Vou, and began to speak against it. Once, when the sermon was over, the missionary asked Pauliasi why he had given up his former belief. Pauliasi replied: "If you can give me one text from the Bible showing that the Adventists are wrong, then I'll give up keeping the Sabbath, go back to Sunday, and die as I have lived." The missionary began to talk about the blessedness and triumphs of the church. "Tell me from the Book," said Pauliasi; "then I'll keep it." The missionary replied, "Just think how the Lord has blessed us." "What constitutes a blessing?" asked Pauliasi. "Is it numbers? Daniel was the only person in the lions' den, yet he had the blessing of God." As the conversation closed, Pauliasi took the missionary's hand, and said: "There is a judgment approaching. You are not the judge, and I am not the judge. If then I am in the wrong, I shall charge Moses, who gave the law to the people in the wilderness. I shall blame the prophets, who exhorted the people to be true to the Sabbath of the Lord. I shall blame Jesus Christ, who kept the Sabbath, and spoke no word of any change. I shall charge the great apostle to the Gentiles for his teaching and example in meeting with the people on the Sabbath day. If you are wrong, *whom will you accuse?*" The missionary was silenced.

At the union conference in 1906, Pauliasi was ordained to the gospel ministry.

The converting, regenerating work of the Holy Spirit still attends the faithful work of the missionaries. Following the week of prayer held in 1915 at Nukualofa, Tonga, meetings were held to give further instruction to the candidates for baptism. Brother W. W. Palmer says:—

"There were very few tearless eyes when Vili Alo (about twenty years of age) arose to testify. He had been a very careless lad, and the workings of God's Spirit have been evident in his conversion. The baptismal service occurred on Sabbath afternoon. Three young men took part in this ordinance, and their names were added to the Nukualofa church roll."

The Work on Pitcairn Island

The first camp meeting on Pitcairn Island was held in September, 1899. At first it was suggested that the people leave their homes, and go out in the grove for the daily meetings, returning after the evening service, but later it was decided to have a real camp meeting. Two acres of land were selected, which, after four days of hard work, were cleared of trees



Ambrose and his wife. He was a chief, and a leader in our church in Suva, Fiji.

and underbrush, and laid out in a village of about twenty miniature houses, while the tent, capable of seating about one hundred persons, occupied a conspicuous place. Sister Rose Young, describing the preparations for this meeting, says:—

"It was no easy task to 'shoulder up' from the village everything that was necessary, the entire way being an up-hill walk; but cheerful hearts and willing hands made light work of it. The seats from the church were all brought up, and the small organ. The interior of the tent was decorated with ferns and flowers. In the family tents every floor was thickly covered with dry banana leaves, which made excellent mattresses."

Four meetings each day were held, and the strength and courage of the people were renewed. The meeting lasted ten days, and at its close the appropriate song, "Pilgrims, on! the day is dawning; strike your tents, and homeward haste," was sung. In the evening, when everything had been set in order again in the meetinghouse, all met there to engage in a service of thanksgiving for the blessings and kindness received during this special season of seeking the Lord.

Other camp meetings have been held since that time. A letter from Brother M. R. Adams, dated Feb. 3, 1914, said:—

"We finished our camp meeting yesterday. The Lord came near by his Holy Spirit and touched and softened hearts. Especially were the young affected, and many came forward with tears and repentance. Confessions were made of wrongs that had existed for thirty years. Public wrongs were made right. There was real searching of heart, the desire of all being to have their records clear in the books of heaven."

In January, 1915, another camp meeting was held, and as one result fourteen young persons were bap-

tized in March. While the Lord blesses the church on Pitcairn Island, and deepens the experience of those who seek him, the enemy is at work there as in every other place; and we should not fail to remember these isolated brethren and sisters in our prayers.

Work for the Maoris

As far back as 1893, at the first camp meeting held by Seventh-day Adventists in Australia, the needs of the Maoris, of New Zealand, were brought to our attention. Dr. Caldwell was the first Seventh-day Adventist worker sent to this people. He and his family settled at Raglan, on the west coast of North Island, not far south of Onehanga and Auckland; but on account of the death of his wife, Dr. Caldwell soon left the work.

About that time a company composed of Maoris, and others of mixed parentage, was raised up at Tolago Bay, north of Gisborne, under the labors of Pastor Farnsworth and others. Some of these still remain as witnesses for the truth in that place.

In 1906, Gisborne was selected as the mission home, and about a year later the first number of our Maori paper was published. This paper was printed in New Zealand for four years as a four-page paper. Since that time it has been printed at the Avondale Press, and has increased to an illustrated, eight-page paper. From one to two thousand copies are sent out monthly. In addition to the paper, many tracts, a number of pamphlets, and a few small books have been printed in the Maori language.

Various other workers have labored in this field, and in 1910 Brother Read Smith laid down his life while caring for the sick among the Maoris. Early in 1914, Brother and Sister Piper, who had worked faithfully for a number of years in the Cook Islands, were asked to take up work among the Maoris, and began in the Bay of Plenty district, where there are a number of *Ringatu*, or seventh-day Maoris. It is felt that, in order to bring the highest success to the work,



Fijian women calling people to church, Fiji.

and give it stability, some sort of school should be provided.

New Guinea

The island of New Guinea was entered by our workers in 1908. One hundred and fifty acres of land were secured at Bisiatabu, Papua. Native boys were hired to clear the land, working for a year at a

time. The school is held daily for the boys who work on the plantation, but as they remain only twelve months, they are not able to learn enough to be of much practical use to them. Efforts have been made by the mission workers to persuade the boys to stay, more than the contract time, but without much success. However, one small boy who stayed with the mission is reported as making good progress in school and in other ways. He asked for baptism, and after the necessary instruction, was baptized in the presence of seventy natives, representing seven different tribes. Brother S. W. Carr, speaking of this, says: "We are deeply grateful for the first fruits of the third angel's message in New Guinea. Some of the Fijian helpers are working in this mission."

Five languages are spoken in the mission at Bisiatu. "The land is just full of languages," says one writer. Ninety-nine per cent of the natives neither



Ngatimaru chief, New Zealand.

the prey of some of the natives who are watching for human flesh.

"Among these wild bush tribes, the people will gather around you, and pass their hands up under your trousers' leg, or up under the sleeve of your shirt, or into the bosom of your shirt. They will feel every portion of your body. It brings a kind of creepy feeling over one; but then what a comfort to know that we have Elisha's God with us, and that he will never leave nor forsake."

"We are operating from Atchin on a thirty-mile strip of coast, and inland, which we will keep extending. We have just come in contact with the most heathen, savage, and cannibalistic tribe on all Malekula, which is also the most numerous. I have held three services with them, and their leading chief has requested that we establish a school for them. This we are moving forward to do, and we hope to have a white worker located there before long."

"The men of this tribe pierce the membrane of the nose, and a reed or a piece of coral three or four inches long is then passed through it, making them look ferocious. The women also are wild looking, and stare after one like hunted animals. I believe, however, they will make good material for the gospel to work on."

We probably have no other missionaries among such a people. Let us pray for Brother and Sister Parker.

Norfolk Island

We must not pass this little island without a word from Brother A. H. Ferris. In the fall of 1914, he said:—

"Twenty-two of our young people have received certificates for the doctrinal studies. [This is the same as the Standard of Attainment.] In our missionary work we plan to place tracts and the *Signs of the Times* in every home on the island. These are highly appreciated. Nearly all of our young people take part in this work and enjoy doing it. Some of this literature is sent to us, but we buy the most of it. We could use more, especially for the tourists."

Society Islands

Elder and Mrs. B. J. Cady took charge of the work in this group, settling on Raiatea. A school was established on the island of Raiatea, about six miles out from the village, Miss Anna Nelson, of Wisconsin, acting as teacher.

The work in these islands is well established. Some of the young people take



Atchinese schoolboys of the New Hebrides.

read nor write, but all smoke,—men, women, and children.

In the Cannibal New Hebrides

The New Hebrides Mission field was first entered by us in June, 1913, when Brethren H. E. Carr and C. H. Parker with their wives settled at Vila, on the island of Efate. It takes a good deal of courage to face the dangers of some of these difficult island fields. Early in 1914, after the native Presbyterian teachers were killed by cannibals, Brother Parker wrote:—

"From our door we can see the place where these native Christians were killed. The people who did the killing said that they had been hired by the people of Atchin to kill all men with calico on. We know not when our turn may come, but by God's help we intend to remain with this people. We are not expecting to die, but to live and see some of them sitting at the feet of Jesus. One has to be careful at this time to keep complete neutrality. One ill-advised word would imperil our lives. How much we need that wisdom from above, that never errs."

After a short absence to attend a general meeting in Australia, in 1914, Brother and Sister Parker returned to the islands. Shortly after their arrival, a mission launch, the gift of the Sabbath schools of Australia, arrived. The launch is well built, fitted with many comforts and conveniences, and will carry a number of workers comfortably. It is called "Raam," meaning light.

In a letter received a few days ago at the office of the Missionary Volunteer Department, inclosing the accompanying picture of some Atchinese hearers, Brother Parker says:—



A native of the Solomon Islands.



Girls at Seventh-day Adventist school in Fiji.

a deep interest in spiritual things. They observe the week of prayer, and are faithful in attending the meetings of the church, and in giving for missions. Recently, the beautiful wooded island of Morea has been entered.

Samoa

Year by year new Sabbath keepers are reported from the various islands of this group. At the week of prayer meetings in Samoa in 1914, very liberal offerings for so small a church were given. "Some gave a week's hard-earned wages. All were happy, and felt that it was the best week of prayer we had ever had."

Thirty-two acres of land have been recently purchased about sixteen miles down the coast from Apia, for a mission home. This land is pleasantly located. It is high ground, with lovely bush trees and springs of purest water. Behind rise the hills, and in front, far below, is the wide ocean. The name of the place is Vailoa. But it was not chosen alone for its lovely situation. Clustered about it are a number of native villages farther removed from European influences than the place where our workers formerly lived. A mission house has now been erected for our workers at this place.

From a report from Brother T. Howse received in February, 1916, concerning the work in Samoa, we take the following:—

"We have spent almost six years in this field, and have recently been permitted to see our first baptism of five Samoans, and also our first church building erected in Samoa. This was a happy time for us all. We find that this truth will do the same work for these dark-skinned people that it does for those living under more favorable conditions. The work is onward in Samoa, and I am sure you all rejoice with us."

Solomon Islands

May 16, 1914, Elder and Mrs. G. F. Jones sailed from Sydney, Australia, to work in the Solomon Islands. They took with them a seven-ton mission ship called the "Advent Herald," the gift of the Australasian Union Conference to the work in its island mission field. Sleeping accommodations are provided for four persons, with room in the peak for a crew of two to sleep.

The pioneer work in these islands was attended with great hardship and difficulty. Some time after their arrival, Brother Jones wrote:—

"We are still living on the 'Advent Herald,' which is now moored to the wharf belonging to Mr. Stratham, a planter and trader of Viru. As the little cabin is rather hot to sleep in, we are sleeping on the floor of his store. Our boxes and goods are stored in a shed across the river, and we shall be glad when we can use some of the meager comforts they contain."

Later, a portable house of two rooms was sent to the Solomon Islands for the use of Brother and Sister Jones. Land was secured at Viru, and a school building erected. In November, 1914, Brother Jones wrote:—

"Our schoolhouse here at Viru is finished, and is forty-five feet in length—a well-made native building of leaf. Some of the land is cleared, and our portable house is nearly together."

At this time an earnest call was made for a young couple to begin work in the Marova Lagoon,—young people "who do not mind enduring much from climate, loneliness, fear of the natives, and many other discomforts." In answer to the call Brother and Sister D. Nicholson, of Australia, went to the Solomon Islands in March, 1915. At the present time three mission stations are being operated in these islands, under the general oversight of Brother Jones.

Cook Islands

"When you realize that the grandparents of the children of Rarotonga were heathen, you will better understand the material that we have to deal with in our school work," wrote Brother A. H. Piper from Rarotonga in 1903. But these workers and others who have followed them have found some who were honest in heart. It was thought best a few years ago to disband the church at Rarotonga. This was done, and those who wished to do so were encouraged to join the church at Aitutaki, where, on June 6, 1914, a little chapel was dedicated. Sabbath meetings are also held every Sabbath in the little church at Titikaveka on Rarotonga.

The Fiji Islands

Most encouraging is the substantial work built up in this field. Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Stewart, the mission superintendent and his wife, have now spent seven years in Fiji. They are enthusiastic in their work, and anxious to see it reach every island of the group. Of the eighty inhabited islands of the Fiji group, Sabbath keepers are now found on twelve. Work has recently been started on the island of Taviuni, called "the garden of Fiji," where a mission had been carried on for some time by a native evangelist, Joni Lui. Thirty persons were added to the Suva Vou church in 1915.

The school at Buresala, Fiji, is doing good work, preparing native laborers to carry the message to the islands of the South Pacific. During the year 1913, three families were sent out from this school, one to New Guinea, one to Tonga, and another to the New Hebrides. The school farm has two hundred and seventy acres. Pineapples, coconuts, and other native foods are raised. From forty-five to fifty natives are in attendance, and a number of foreign workers are giving their entire time



Boys at Seventh-day Adventist school in Fiji.



South Sea Islander.

to the educational work. A smaller boarding school for boys is conducted at Na Marai, Ra coast, under a native teacher, Pineasi. Boys are admitted to this school up to sixteen years of age, and after completing the work given go on to Buresala.

The Indians are swarming into Fiji by the thousands, drawn there by the large sugar plantations, conducted by Europeans. Already they outnumber the natives. Brother Fulton says: "These fair islands, so recently delivered from heathenism, are fast becoming Orientalized and heathenized again." Realizing the need of giving the third angel's message to this people also, it was planned to carry on regular work for them. In 1914 the Indian mission house in Fiji was dedicated. "It is situated on a beautiful elevation, commanding a view of the surrounding hills and valleys, the lagoons and fringing coral reefs."

Perhaps no better description of present conditions in Fiji can be given than the following paragraphs from "A Pleasant Call at Fiji," written by Elder A. G. Daniells, and printed in the *Review* of Jan. 7, 1915:—

"On our way to the mission station we passed the Suva cemetery, and knowing that our beloved Brother J. I. Tay was buried there, we took time to visit the grave. As we stood in silence by the resting place of our fallen brother, the early history of our island work in the South Pacific was reviewed. We praise Him who has charge of this work, for its glorious triumphs since our pioneer missionaries first began work in these islands. Could Brother Tay have visited the mission with us that afternoon, he would have rejoiced in the sacrifice and service he was permitted to share in starting the good work in Fiji. He rests from his labors, but the work he began goes on. . . .

"On arriving at the mission station we had the privilege of meeting all our European workers in Fiji, and about two hundred of our Fijian brethren and sisters. They were attending the annual council, the date of which had been fixed so that we might meet while passing through Suva on our way to New Zealand. . . .

"When we entered the church, we looked upon one of the most impressive scenes of our lives. The building was packed with two hundred Fijians sitting on the mat-covered floor instead of on chairs or forms. The bushy heads and stern countenances of the men reminded us of the pictures and the accounts we had seen of the Fijians in their savage, cannibal days. But the Bibles they all held in their hands, and the quiet, reverent attitude they manifested, testified that a marvelous change had come to them. In the light of this transformation, the sight was a beautiful one. They followed me closely with their Bibles as I turned from scripture to scripture during the discourse. They were not at all demonstrative, and I was not altogether sure while speaking that they fully understood me (of course I was speaking through an interpreter); but in the testimony meeting that followed, I learned that they understood all, and that they were deeply impressed. In a quiet way, yet with deep feeling, they told of their gratitude to God for sending his Son to redeem them. They also told of the great blessing the third angel's message had brought to them, and of their determination to hold on to the end."

Truly our hope and courage are renewed as we survey this great island field, and study what has been accomplished by God's grace. Let us never forget our missionaries and the native believers in these widely scattered islands, but by our sympathy and self-denial as well as by our prayers, share in their labors.

A. B. E.

The Nineteenth Psalm

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord;
Each day and night proclaims thy word;
The starry skies make known thy skill,
And all the earth reveals thy will.

Thy perfect law converts, is pure;
Thy testimonies, Lord, are sure;
Thy statutes good rejoice my heart,
Thy judgments all are true, not part.

Reveal to me my secret sins,
Let not them victory o'er me win;
But let my every thought and word
Accepted be to thee, my Lord.

IRVA JOY SWEANY.

Perfection

[To be studied with the Morning Watch texts in INSTRUCTOR of April 11.]

PERFECTION is the goal of all our daily striving. The followers of every vocation in the workaday world are eager to attain that fitness which will rank them as skilled laborers. The Christian longs to possess that perfect character which will enable him to serve his King as "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed" when his work is compared with that of the Perfect One.

And how may the Christian reach this ideal? It is a lifelong endeavor. God's commands are our enablers, and he says, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." But he also adds, "Without me ye can do nothing."

Perfection can come only through sacrifice. It demands the surrender of everything out of harmony with heaven—victory over every known sin.

When the great prophet of Mohammedanism invaded India, it was his custom to enter the temples of every conquered city and destroy the idols. In the principal temple of one of the cities of Guzerat was an idol all of fifteen feet in height. It was an ugly thing, but the priests and devotees besought him to spare it. "Break all the others," they begged and entreated, "only leave us this one. See, it has no beauty." But deaf to their entreaties, Mohammed seized a mallet and struck it only one blow, when to his amazement there rained down at his feet a perfect shower of gems and pearls—treasures of fabulous value that the crafty priests had hidden within it.

Self is an ugly idol, but how we love it! And how many of us plead that it may be spared us, though it holds the hidden treasures of the life, which should be laid at the feet of the conquering Saviour.

We cannot make our own lives perfect, but our heavenly Father is able and willing, yes, even anxious, to help us in our strivings toward perfection. We have ever before us a perfect Pattern. His way must be ours; the path he followed while here on earth we must follow if we would become like him and have a home in that city where sin can never enter. "The ideal life, the life of full completion, haunts us all. We feel the thing we ought to be, beating beneath the thing we are," says Phillips Brooks. "Sometimes its beating inspires us, and we strive to be our best and utmost; sometimes it irritates and discomforts us because we want to be left in peace on a lower level with some sin we are unwilling to give up. But however it is, whether aspiration or conscience, so long as it will not let us rest we know that it is the voice of God calling us to higher things. It is the Love that will not let us go."

A MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER.

A Sunday-School Teacher's Dream

THE teacher was dreaming. Sunday-school teachers often dream, and sometimes their dreams are nightmares. But this dream contained the Lord Jesus. He was standing with his arms stretched out, and in his eyes was an eager look.

"Where are the souls of my children?" he asked the teacher.

"Here are their bodies," the teacher replied. "They come to school very regularly and promptly."

Jesus took the bodies, and they turned to dust in his hands.

"Where are the souls of my children?" Christ insisted.

"Here are their manners," faltered the teacher. "They are quiet and very respectful; they listen carefully. Indeed, they are beautifully behaved."

Jesus took their manners, and they turned to ashes in his hands.

Our Lord repeated his question. "Where are the souls of my children?"

"I can give you their brains," the teacher answered. "They can name all the books of the Bible forward and backward. They can repeat the list of the Hebrew kings. They know in order the seventy events of your life on earth. They can recite the Sermon on the Mount from beginning to end. Really, they are excellent scholars."

Jesus took their brains, and lo! they dissolved to vapor, and a puff of wind blew them away.

"Where are the souls of my children?" urged our Lord with sorrowful longing.

Then the teacher was filled with an agony of shame that broke the bands of sleep.

"Alas!" cried the teacher. "I have done much for my children, but it is all nothing because I have not also done the one thing. Henceforth my teaching, though it traverse many ways, shall have one goal, and perhaps it will be given me to dream that dream again."—*Amos R. Wells.*

The Refinement of Lincoln

THE unique character of Lincoln was the topic of conversation at a recent dinner party in the Middle West. One guest had just remarked that our war President was the first great public man to appeal to humanity through its sense of humor, when another observed, "What a pity that a man so great and a humor so subtle should have been marred by a crudity and a coarseness that must offend the finer sensibilities of cultivated people!"

Instantly the guest of the evening, a man full of years and good works, interposed, "That is a great injustice to our most typical American, and it is time that the truth was generally recognized. I knew him well. Practiced with him in the courts of his circuit. I saw much of him under many conditions, especially about the taverns, where we mixed freely with all sorts of people, for Lincoln loved men; I traveled with him as he journeyed to Bloomington to make his greatest address. Under all circumstances he was a refined and cultivated gentleman."

"Then how," some one asked, "did he get a reputation for coarseness and even for vulgarity?"

"In a perfectly natural way," answered the older guest. "He was extremely tall and almost ungainly in his proportions. That passed for ruggedness in the pioneer West that knew him and his type, but it was differently interpreted in the East. He was not well instructed in the conventions of polite society, which at that time was more provincial than it would care to admit, and that fact, combined with his physical appearance, was enough to set him down in a certain class of society as coarse. The current 'ungainly ape' well represented the first impression he made on Washington 'society.'"

"That impression was intensified by the fact that many expressions that Lincoln freely employed because they were in common use in the West in his day had passed out of use in the East. People forget the rapidity with which words and conventions change from generation to generation. Just now for example, in almost any American company you may speak of

your stomach without offense, but if you should do so in England you would be considered rude and almost barbarous. At the same time, expressions that are current there would be frowned upon here.

"Lincoln had also a reputation for profound sadness. That, too, was incorrect. The lines of his face in repose gave that impression, and he had a habit, even in company, of dropping suddenly into deep thought, when an appearance of unutterable sadness settled upon his features; but when he was addressed, or when he renewed the conversation, his face lighted up, and his words gave no hint that his meditations had been sad. Depth of feeling and intensity of thought, not sadness, characterized Lincoln."—*Youth's Companion.*

Prayer

"PRAYER is the opening of the heart to God as to a friend."

When Jesus was on this earth, he taught his disciples how to pray. He himself, when he dwelt among men, was often in prayer. And he is our example in all things. The Bible says he is a brother in our infirmities, and was "in all points tempted like as we are."

We know that Satan tempts those who neglect to pray. Therefore we must "pray always," if we would grow in faith. Jesus said to his disciples, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them." Mark 11:24.

He speaks to his children in the same way today: "Ask, and it shall be given you." Matt. 7:7. "He that spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?" Rom. 8:32.

Dear reader, "let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." Heb. 4:16.

"Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the secret fire within,
And prayer the rising flame."

MRS. ALFRED RASMUSSEN.

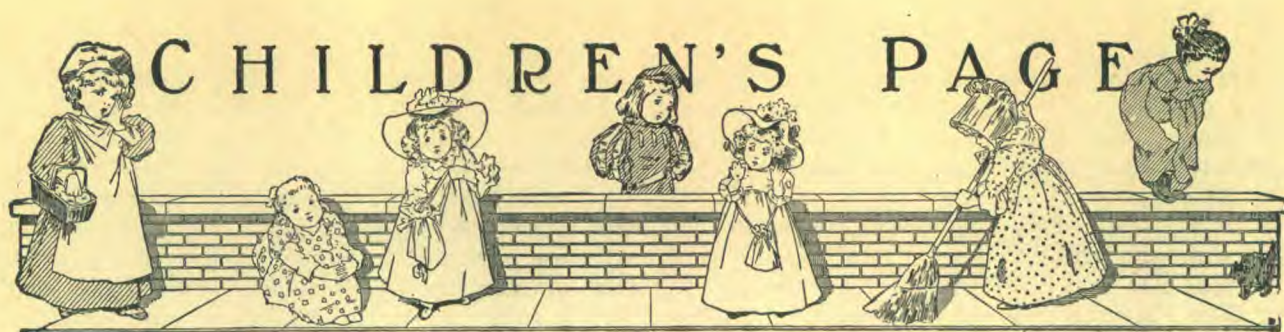
The Lesson

THE winds of winter fiercely beat,
The sunlight sheds its summer heat,
And cut and pruned are branch and root
That trees may bear a sweeter fruit.
And he who learns to be a knight
Must learn the drudgery of fight;
Privation, want, and cold endure,
All that his honor may be sure.
So we who fight in moral strife,
Must learn the lessons of all life:
That every failure, every trial,
That present loss, and self-denial,
Are but the pruning of the root
That we may bear a better fruit.
So, in the struggles that we strive,
And by the tempests we survive,
We learn to bear, and yet be kind,
To suffer, and to be resigned.

LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX.

A WALL STREET man was speaking of the cautiousness of a certain operator.

"No wonder," he said, "that man is so successful. He is the most careful, the most suspicious fellow I ever encountered. He reminds me of an old farmer I used to know. It was said of this farmer that, whenever he bought a new flock of sheep, he examined each sheep closely to make sure that it had no cotton in it."—*Harper's Magazine.*



The Seasons' Calendar

When I think of winter,
I think of driving snows,
Of whirling flakes, and dazzling drifts,
And every wind that blows.
I think of sparkling nighttime
With all the starry crew;
I think of great Orion
On the midnight blue.
I think of chestnuts in the fire,
Bursting and telling fates;
I think of sleigh bells in the dark,
Of sleds, and skees, and skates.

When I think of springtime,
I think of rushing rains;
Of grass that springs to meet the sun
In all the country lanes;
Of venturous dandelions
Glowing with friendly gold;
Of willow trees that on the wind
Their yellow fringe unfold.
I think of apple blossoms,—
As if the world had wings!—
And gardens that I mean to make
In the time of pleasant things.

When I think of summer,
Comes sweetness on the air,
With roses, roses, roses,
Blowing everywhere!
I think of ringing scythes; of sails—
The outbound fishing fleet;
The rhythmic sound of distant oars
That in the rowlocks beat;
Of thrushes singing in the shade
O'er swimming pools, and all
The strawberries in the mowing field,
The peaches on the wall.

When I think of autumn,
I think of scarlet heaps
Of apples underneath the trees
Where the gray squirrel leaps;
Of towering woodsides' crimson glow—
Bare boughs against the sky
In lacy lines; of wings that sweep
Southward, with trumpet cry—
The wild geese clanging from the north;
Of Indian summer days,
And of the first fire on the hearth;—
And warm me in its blaze.

—Harriet Prescott Spofford, in *St. Nicholas*.

Her Narrow Life

THE wind upon the prairie in western Iowa is very businesslike in its methods. It is, indeed, so very thorough and practical in its chosen vocation of shaping and shifting snow banks or throwing clouds of dust into the air, that all travelers, when possible, give it unquestioned right of way by seeking shelter from its rude blasts.

During one of its recent furies young Mrs. Nellie Brown, while awaiting her husband's return to dinner, drew her chair near the comfortable heater, and taking a paper from a stand near by, read with deep interest a sketch from the pen of a gifted writer, who pictured the grandeur of old ocean as witnessed by her in a late visit to its shore.

The paper dropped from Nellie's hands. She leaned her head wearily against the chair back, while tears sprang to her eyes. Her life seemed so narrow—this homely, everyday life.

"If I could but have money and leisure to travel and see some of the wonders of nature and art; to witness with my own eyes God's handiwork in mountain, valley, and sea; to stand on the very ground where he stood in the Holy Land, I feel that I could then spend my life in profitable service for him—work that counts for Christ." Thus she thought, discontentedly.

"It is hard to be so poor," she remarked, half audibly, smiling at the absurdity of the thought, "that one can scarcely maintain herself a true Christian. I could not give a subscription to the missionary cause this winter unless I denied myself a new cloak, and it seems as if people snub me for looking shabby. This has made me angry and resentful."

Nellie's naturally cheerful countenance resembled an April day as her wounded pride found vent in tears, although there was the suspicion of a sunny

smile in the appearance of the usual dimples around her mouth, as a sense of the ludicrous got the better of her.

A loud knock at the door caused her hastily to wipe traces of emotion from her face. A young foreigner, a peddler, stood panting for breath as he put his heavy pack inside the door, and seating himself on the nearest chair, said briefly, "Bad wind. Tired."

"Yes," assented Nellie, pleasantly. "It must be hard traveling on foot today." Then noticing how wearied he was and that his dreamy brown eyes were sad, she added, "It is just noon; will you have dinner with us?"

A look of surprise and gratitude flitted over his swarthy face as he replied, "Yes, thanks; very kind."

"Where are you from?" asked Mr. Brown, who had entered shortly after the stranger.

"Damascus, in Syria," was the prompt reply; "came when I was sixteen."

Nellie was lifting vegetables from the stove. "From the old world of the Bible," she said with surprise, looking upon her guest with augmented interest. "Tell me about your home," she continued. "I long so much to see those interesting places."

The peddler raised his dark, intelligent eyes to the fair face of his hostess.

"I vill try, ma'am, though I not much speak your language." Then he told, in his quaint, broken way of the fruits and scenes of Damascus; of Bethlehem and the manger—claimed by the monks of the convent located there, to be on the very spot where Christ was born. He then spoke of the political situation, and the school system of that land, making comments favorable to our own country in contrast with it.

"What is your religious belief?" was asked, as he finished speaking.

"Greek Cat'olic," was the reply. "We not believe like t'e Cat'olics here. No Pope; and t'e priests marry."

The meal ended, all returned to the sitting room, when he asked, "Vat vill I pays you? Shall I pays you in towels or somet'ing?"

Nellie paused a moment. She was thinking of language so simple that this stranger in a strange land should readily comprehend it. Then she said quietly:—

"We do not want pay for your dinner. We believe in the same Jesus, whose manger cradle you say you have seen. This makes you our brother. When you were tired and hungry, we were glad to give you rest and food for his sake."

The young man's face actually turned pale with emotion. He seated himself on the couch as if overcome.

"Do you know," he said brokenly, "I am here ten year, all alone. No one before this did said to me, 'Jesus,' or take my hand to said 'broder.' Lady, I t'ank you. T'is country to me vill seem so tifferent now. Ven I sit by t'e roadside to rest, I vill t'ink, In t'is new world I am not alone, for one did said to me 'Jesus' and 'broder.'"

The statement seemed almost incredible to Nellie. "Where," she asked herself, "is Christian America's proud boast now, with her multitude of churches and myriads of Christian workers, that a mere boy of sixteen years should seek her hospitality and wander through her streets and on her country roads for ten years with not a soul to extend the hand of fellowship, or comfort the homesick heart by pointing him to our common Saviour? Surely, there is a wide field of missionary work at the very door of the most humble worker!"

Her guest moved toward the door, then turned with a hesitating, yet deferential manner.

"Vill t'e lady tells me her church?"

Nellie spoke the name of her church, adding, "All Protestant churches do work for Christ."

His answer was very earnest: "Ven I stops over Sunday in a town, I goes to your church, 'cause you did said 'Jesus' to me. Sometimes," he added,—and there were manly tears in his eyes,—"I t'inks I dies for kind word—for some one to have interest in me."

Nellie was awed at the intensity of his feeling. She thought of how she had longed to stand on holy ground; surely, this was holy ground upon which she now stood, for it seemed that God had chosen her, weak and unworthy as she was, to be instrumental in leading this poor wanderer, this homesick soul, into a haven of rest.

The young people's meeting of the next Sunday evening was spoken of by many as "so very interesting." It was Nellie's turn to lead, but her shabby cloak did not have any place in her thoughts as she commented earnestly on the text, "Let your light so shine," urging her young friends never to lose an opportunity to speak for Christ, or to do a kind deed unto the least, "in his name."—*Inez E. Barr Cornish, in Union Signal.*

EACH deed thou hast done dies, revives, goes to work in the world.—*Browning.*

Animal Chums

HUMAN beings have their select friends, commonly known as chums. So do members of the animal kingdom. In the accompanying picture are two ox chums, which have been brought up together. Diamond, on the right, and Leland, on the left, are now over ten years old. These two oxen are so accustomed to each other that it is difficult to separate them. In the yoke they work side by side, in the kraal they may be found lying side by side, and at pasture they feed together.



Diamond and Leland.

A few weeks ago Leland was lame, and I could not inspan him; so we took another ox and inspanned with his mate, and went to skip water with our cask. Meanwhile I caught Leland and looked at his foot. There I found a large boot protector lodged in the center of one of the toes, causing him much pain. He seemed very grateful, for he stood quite still while I took it out. When I let him go, he went directly to the spring to look for his mate. On finding him, he gave a low of satisfaction, and followed Diamond back and forth from the spring to the house. In spite of his sore foot he wanted to serve with his mate.

In the picture, Brother de Beer is on the planter, ready to begin planting our fields. He is driving these two faithful animals. They were trained by Brother Armitage, and are very tame and gentle. They are both red in color, and look much alike. They are a trifle larger than the ordinary working ox.

H. M. SPARROW.

Somabula Mission.

Keeping at It

MRS. BENSON had sought her rector. "I wish you could put a little more heart into my boy, Doctor," she said earnestly. "When he had that chance in the bank, he began with such enthusiasm and determination to succeed! After a year in the same position I can see he is becoming discouraged. He seems to feel that there is no future for him."

A few evenings later, as Frank Benson was sitting on his front steps, Dr. Brown came into the yard and sat down beside him. After a few moments' casual conversation, the clergyman turned to the young man.

"Frank," he said, "suppose I needed to dig an inch hole into this stone step, but had only my fingers to work with?"

"You'd find it a pretty hopeless task, Doctor," Frank said with a laugh.

"And yet," returned the doctor, "that very thing can be done. If you notice the little marble slab in front of the ticket-seller's window at the elevated sta-

tions, you will see where people's thumbs have worn deep holes in the marble. Often, in caves, a drop of water has fallen slowly but regularly on the same spot for years, and it has worn a very deep hole into the solid rock. A copper roof was put over the train shed in a large railway station a few years ago. In six months' time the smoke from the locomotives had literally eaten it away."

The young man did not seem greatly interested.

"Do you know what I'm getting at?" asked the doctor.

"I can't imagine," said Frank.

"It's just this," returned his friend; "those and many other surprising results never could have been achieved by one or two or two hundred attempts. They all were the result of persistently keeping at it. A soft finger plus persistency can wear away a stone! It doesn't matter much how hard the thing is that is to be worn down and conquered. It doesn't matter much how feeble the instrument we have to work with. It does matter supremely how great and how tireless our persistence is.

"I have heard that the stupendously strong Sandow began taking physical exercises because he was an abnormally frail child. Demosthenes, the world's greatest orator in history, couldn't speak at first without exciting contemptuous laughter. Those men started below normal. Each ended supreme in his field. It was keeping at it, continued and unending keeping at it, that did the thing.

"Almost any one of us can do nearly anything he wants to, if he wants to hard enough and if he continues to want to. The experience of the race bears witness that if a normal person wants anything so much that he never ceases to strive for it, he will usually gain his desire. You can apply the rule to goodness, or learning, or business success, or anything else. 'Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one . . . that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.'"—*Youth's Companion*.



Self-Denial

(See article "Self-Denial")

(Texts for April 9 to 15)

MEDITATION.—With Paul I deeply realize that "the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do." God knows it is impossible for me to do good. Jer. 13:23. In myself I cannot possibly hope to make improvement, and perfection is higher than my thoughts can reach. But let me read it again: "The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men." Here is the power I need, to be saved from myself, my wrong habits, my secret sins. Here is the power I need to obey the command of Rom. 12:1, 2. I am determined to live first of all for the one purpose of pressing forward toward this high calling, remembering that since the Master has called me to be perfect, by his grace *I may attain unto perfection*. I know he will help me to keep my heart with all diligence.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—No matter where you are or who you are, please join with us in praying for the isolated young people everywhere.

M. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON Assistant Secretary
MRS. I. H. EVANS Office Secretary
MEADE MAC GUIRE } Field Secretaries
C. L. BENSON }
J. F. SIMON }

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending April 15

THE programs for the Missionary Volunteer Societies, Senior and Junior, for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for April.

The Bible Year

Assignment for April 9 to 15

April 9: 2 Samuel 22 to 24.
April 10: 1 Chronicles 1 to 4.
April 11: 1 Chronicles 5 to 7.
April 12: 1 Chronicles 8 to 11.
April 13: 1 Chronicles 12 to 16.
April 14: 1 Chronicles 17 to 20.
April 15: 1 Chronicles 21 to 25.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* of April 6.



III — The First Lord's Supper

(April 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26: 17-35.

MEMORY VERSE: "Woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed!" Matt. 26: 24.

Questions

1. As the Passover drew near, what question did the disciples ask Jesus? Matt. 26: 17. Note 1.
2. What two disciples were chosen to make the preparation? Luke 22: 8.
3. On what errand did Jesus send them? Matt. 26: 18.
4. How did the disciples carry out this instruction? Verse 19. Note 2.
5. What did Jesus do when evening came? Verse 20.
6. As they were at supper, what startling statement did Jesus make? Verse 21.
7. How did this make the disciples feel? What question did they ask? Verse 22.
8. How did the Saviour reply to their question? Verse 23.
9. What solemn announcement did he make regarding the one that should betray his Lord? Memory verse.
10. How was Judas finally pointed out as the betrayer? Verse 25.
11. While they were eating the Passover, what new service did Jesus give them which would keep in memory his own broken body and spilled blood? Verses 26-28. Note 3.
12. What promise did Jesus make as they were about to drink the wine? Verse 29.
13. What did Jesus and the disciples now do? Verse 30. Note 4.
14. What did Jesus say would cause them all to be offended that night? Verse 31, first part.
15. What prophecy would thus be fulfilled? Verse 31, last part. Note 5.
16. Where did he say he would meet them again after his resurrection? Verse 32.
17. Of what did Peter feel very sure? Verse 33.
18. Yet what did Jesus declare to him? Verse 34.
19. What did Peter feel he would be ready to do rather than to deny his Lord? Verse 35, first part. How did the other disciples also feel? Verse 35, last part.

Notes

1. The Passover feast was instituted when the children of Israel left Egypt. It was held once a year. A lamb was slain, and eaten with unleavened bread. The parents repeated to their children the story of how they were delivered from the cruel bondage they had suffered in Egypt. The Passover was not only to bring this to mind, but it pointed forward to the Saviour, the Lamb of God, who would come to save his people from their sins, by dying in their stead.

2. In Luke 22:10-12 we are told just how Peter and John would be able to find the place where they were to eat the Passover. During the Passover week, the people of Jerusalem were very hospitable, and pilgrims and strangers were welcomed to their homes, and rooms were made ready for them, in which to partake of the Passover.

3. The following abbreviated extracts from "The Desire of Ages," pages 656-659, help us to understand the importance and meaning of the Lord's Supper celebrated as he directed:—

"When believers assemble to celebrate the ordinances, there are present messengers unseen by human eyes. . . . Christ by the Holy Spirit is there to set the seal to his own ordinance.

. . . All who neglect these seasons of divine privilege will suffer loss. . . . The administration of the sacrament was to keep before the disciples the infinite sacrifice made for each of them individually. . . .

"The communion service points to Christ's second coming. It was designed to keep this hope vivid in the minds of the disciples."

4. "Before leaving the upper chamber, the Saviour led his disciples in a song of praise. His voice was heard, not in the strains of some mournful lament, but in the joyful notes of the Passover hallel (Psalm 117):—

"O praise the Lord, all ye nations:

Praise him, all ye people.

For his merciful kindness is great toward us:

And the truth of the Lord endureth forever.

Praise ye the Lord."

"After the hymn they went out. Through the crowded streets they made their way, passing out of the city gate toward the Mount of Olives."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 672.

5. The word "offended" as here used, does not mean "angry," as we understand the word, but "caused to stumble." The disciples had cherished the hope that Christ would set up an earthly kingdom, but Jesus knew that in the events soon to take place, they would be filled with fear and disappointment, and instead of seeking a place close to the Saviour, would flee to save their own lives, thus leaving him alone.

III—The First Lord's Supper

(April 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 26:17-35.

Questions

1. At the beginning of the feast of unleavened bread, what did the disciples ask Jesus? Matt. 26:17.
2. What directions did Jesus give them? Verse 18.
3. What did the disciples then do? Verse 19.
4. What did Jesus do when evening came? Verse 20. Note 1.
5. While they were eating, what did Jesus say? Verse 21.
6. How did they all feel? What did they begin to say? Verse 22.
7. How did Jesus answer them? Verse 23. Note 2.
8. What did Jesus then say about himself? Verse 24, first part.
9. What woe did he pronounce and comment upon? Verse 24, last part.
10. How was the betrayer identified? Verse 25. Note 3.
11. By what final act was the betrayer revealed to all? John 13:23-30.
12. While they were eating, what did Jesus do? Matt. 26:26. Note 4.
13. What did he next do and say? Verses 27, 28.
14. What declaration did Jesus then make? Verse 29.
15. What did Jesus and the disciples now do? Verse 30.
16. What solemn statement did Jesus then make to his disciples? Verse 31.
17. What promise did he make to them? Verse 32.
18. What was Peter's response? Verse 33.
19. What did Jesus declare to Peter? Verse 34.
20. What positive assurance did Peter and all the disciples give to Jesus? Verse 35.

Notes

1. The expression "he sat down" reads literally in the original, "he was reclining," that is, at table, according to the customs of the times to recline on couches while eating. The Revised Version reads, "he was sitting at meat," which gives the true idea.

2. This answer by Jesus does not necessarily point out the individual traitor. As they were eating the Passover supper, all would dip unleavened bread and bitter herbs into a dish

of sauce made up probably of fruits and vinegar. Judas could hardly be pointed out by Jesus' words unless he was dipping with Jesus at the particular time he spoke. It is more likely that Jesus was here giving the substance of the prophecy quoted in John 13:18, without identifying the individual; it was after this that Judas asked if he was the betrayer. See also Luke 22:21.

3. "Judas, the betrayer, was present at the sacramental service. He received from Jesus the emblems of his broken body and his spilled blood. He heard the words, 'This do in remembrance of me.' And sitting there in the very presence of the Lamb of God, the betrayer brooded upon his own dark purposes, and cherished his sullen, revengeful thoughts.

"At the feet washing, Christ had given convincing proof that he understood the character of Judas. 'Ye are not all clean,' he said. These words convinced the false disciple that Christ read his secret purpose. . . .

"As they realized the import of his words, and remembered how true his sayings were, fear and self-distrust seized them. They began to search their own hearts to see if one thought against their Master were harbored there. With the most painful emotion, one after another inquired, 'Lord, is it I?' But Judas sat silent. John in deep distress at last inquired, 'Lord, who is it?' And Jesus answered, 'He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me. The Son of man goeth as it is written of him: but woe unto that man by whom the Son of man is betrayed; it had been good for that man if he had not been born.' The disciples had searched one another's faces closely as they asked, 'Lord, is it I?' And now the silence of Judas drew all eyes to him. Amid the confusion of questions and expressions of astonishment, Judas had not heard the words of Jesus in answer to John's question. But now, to escape the scrutiny of the disciples, he asked as they had done, 'Master, is it I?' Jesus solemnly replied, 'Thou hast said.'

"In surprise and confusion at the exposure of his purpose, Judas rose hastily to leave the room. 'Then said Jesus unto him, That thou doest, do quickly. . . . He then having received the sop went immediately out: and it was night.' Night it was to the traitor as he turned away from Christ into the outer darkness."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 653, 654.

4. "Christ was standing at the point of transition between two economies and their two great festivals. He, the spotless Lamb of God, was about to present himself as a sin offering, and he would thus bring to an end the system of types and ceremonies that for four thousand years had pointed to his death. As he ate the Passover with his disciples, he instituted in its place the service that was to be the memorial of his great sacrifice. The national festival of the Jews was to pass away forever. The service which Christ established was to be observed by his followers in all lands and through all ages."—*Id.*, p. 652.

The Attic Window

Of all the windows in our house,
I like the attic window best;
Because it's high and small and round,
And oh, so different from the rest!
For every single way you look
Is like a fairy picture book!

Such lovely things there are outside!
Red chimney stacks, and near, blue sky,
And fat cats walking on the roofs,
And baby cloudlets skipping by;
And pigeons cooing on the sill,
So I can stroke them, if I will!

The smoke plumes from the chimney stacks
Are banners waving to and fro,
While gallant knights, with prancing steeds,
Through the long roof lanes come and go.
The clouds at sunset often hold
Great palaces of shining gold.

The wind comes rushing round the eaves,
Shakes the loose catch, and cries, "How do?"
Then whirls away to chase the birds
And tumble down a nest or two;
But though he's rough as he can be,
He always has a laugh for me.

The sun steps in and cries, "Hello!
Here's just the place I'm looking for!"
He sees my books upon the shelf,
He sees my toys upon the floor—
And then he sees me sitting there,
And runs warm fingers through my hair.

Just think! if some day I should be
A great white bird with beating wing,
And from my window fly away
Over the edge of everything,
Oh, wouldn't it be fine to know
Where all the summer daytimes go!

—Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, in *St. Nicholas*.

The Youth's Instructor

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Spring

"A BURSTING into greenness;
A waking as from sleep;
A twitter and a warble
That make the pulses leap;
A watching, as in childhood,
For the flowers that, one by one,
Open their golden petals
To woo the fitful sun;
A gust, a flash, a gurgle;
A wish to shout and sing
As, filled with hope and gladness,
We hail the vernal spring."

Build on Christ

IN the quadrangle of Leland Stanford University, near San Francisco, there stood a magnificent memorial arch, built so largely, solidly, and splendidly that it seemed as if it would stand forever. But when the earthquake came, the great arch collapsed in ruin. Its foundations were disclosed, and then the truth was seen. Instead of being of solid stone, as they should have been, the builder had put in chips and rubble.

The Leland Stanford Arch is a type of many lives which seem successful for a while, and then suddenly collapse. The secret sin comes to light; the foundation's rottenness is disclosed; the whole structure falls in wreck.

Build on Christ. Build on him, and your life-structure will stand.—*The Expositor*.

Stopping the Machinery

SOME time ago I was taken through a large factory where there were hundreds of looms at work in the spinning of very fine linen thread. . . . The manager of the mill said to me, "So delicate is this machinery that if a single thread out of the whole thirty thousand which at this moment are weaving, should break, all of these looms would stop instantly." . . . He stepped up to one of the machines and broke a single thread, and instantly every loom stopped, and remained stationary until the thread was rejoined. Then they went on automatically.

That mechanical wonder can be used as an illustration of "that which is spiritual." It is through one sin, one disobedience, one departure from the clearly seen pathway of the will and the fear of God, that I lose the ministry of the Spirit, and not until that thread is rejoined, is it that—automatically, if

I dare use the term—the ministry of the Spirit in his illumination, in his refinement, in his satisfying of my heart and mind, and in his reenforcing of my efforts, is continued.—*J. Stuart Holden*.

The Girl Who Would be Waited On

WAIT on yourself. Some girls are always looking for a chance to get somebody to do something for them. Younger brothers and sisters are sent on errands. Mothers are appealed to for quite unnecessary assistance.

"Why, you're going right by the library, aren't you?" such a girl will exclaim. "Then you can carry back my library book." Or perhaps she puts it a little differently, "It won't be much out of your way to go round to Milly's. Please ask her if I may borrow that piece of music she was telling me about."

Most people dislike to say no when asked for a favor, and so these labor-saving devices are eminently successful. Girls of this sort sit idle while fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, "fetch and carry" at their orders. Few things are more destructive to the spirit of self-respecting independence than the determination never to wait on yourself when you can force some one else to wait on you.—*Girls' Companion*.

Why Not Permanent?

THE London *Spectator* is urging forward a popular movement under the slogan, "Down Glasses During the War." Its purpose is obviously what might be described as temporary total abstinence.

The *Spectator* states the case for the reform with effectiveness: "We must fight the Germans with both hands, and not with one hand grasping a glass of beer or spirits."

In the midst of one's admiration for the proposed self-denying ordinance, another thought persists in intruding. If a man needs two hands to fight with successfully, how can he get along effectively with fewer to work with? If a nation at war cannot spare a hand to hold the liquor glass, how can a people at peace?

Some one should move to amend the "Down Glasses" program by striking out the word "temporary."—*The Independent*.

A Trinity of Evils

DOUBT, fear, and worry—these are the three diseases of the soul; and the greatest of these is worry. On a winter's day at Erfurt, when to the anxious mind of Luther the Reformation was reduced to a forlorn hope, he heard a robin redbreast chirping under his window; and straightway his Master seemed to be saying, "If your Father careth for these, shall he not much more care for you, O ye of little faith?" Seeing Melancthon's like despondency, he called to his friend, "Come, Philipp, let us sing '*Ein feste Berg*,'" whereupon two hearts, now stayed on God, gave praise in the forty-sixth psalm: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea."—*The Christian Herald*.

"Don't be afraid of long hours or constant attention to your work."