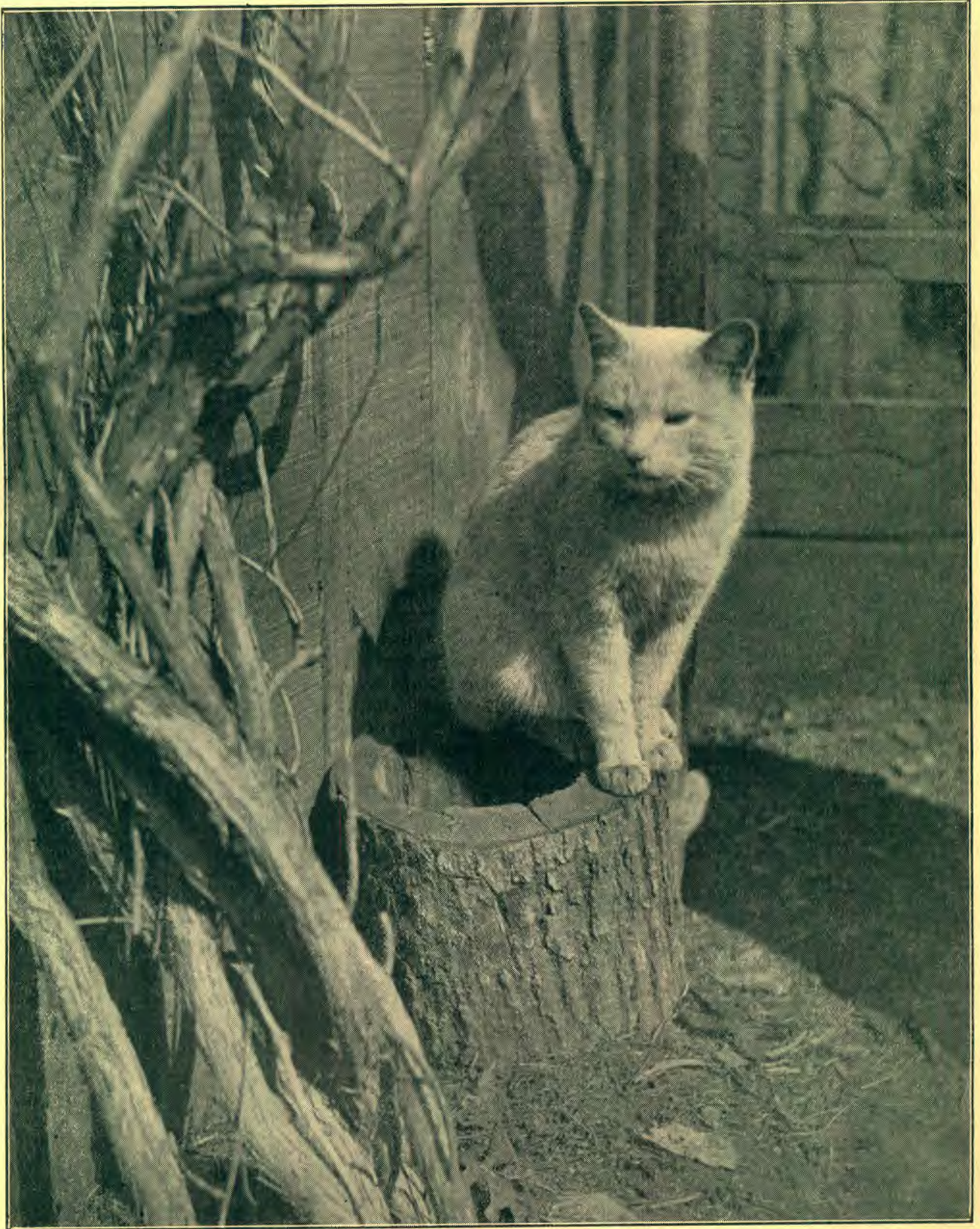


# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

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No. 18



KEEPING GUARD



## FROM HERE AND THERE

A SCOOP scale has been introduced which is a labor-saving device, as material in bulk can be weighed at the time that it is scooped.

GOOD grenade throwers are made of old guns by attaching a heavy spring and a trigger to them. This is the use being made of many of the old guns in Europe.

THE Pan-American scientific congress has been practically financed by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. The expense of sixty delegates cost \$100,000.

AN Eastern railroad prides itself on selling all the old articles that some companies put on the scrap heap. During 1914 this brought to the company \$2,157,241.24, which was \$1,000,000 less than for the previous year.

THE newspaper *La Prensa* of Buenos Aires blows a siren whenever it places good news on its bulletin board; but since the city officials consider the noise of the whistle a nuisance, the paper has to pay a fine of \$500 each time the siren is sounded.

THE war has raised the price of food and fuel in Constantinople, until sugar sells for fifty cents a pound, and can be had only upon the order of a physician, and in small quantities; kerosene is quoted at \$1.50 a gallon; and a poor grade of coal costs \$25 a ton. Robert College pays \$130 a day for heat on cold days.

THE Chicago *Examiner* decorated a Christmas tree, ninety feet high, with stones from the Tower of Jewels of the Exposition. At least a dozen powerful searchlights were thrown toward the tree, which caused the jewels to sparkle brilliantly. Many colors could be seen as the branches swayed to and fro in the wind.

THE "Simpson light," a new X ray coming from electrodes made up of a mixture of the ores of certain metals, notably a tungstate of iron and manganese known as wolfram, produces a more intense ultra-violet light than that given by a carbon arc lamp like the Finsen lamp, and promises to produce a healing effect upon diseased tissue, especially of the throat and nose. Lupus, asthma, eczema, and ulcers appear to yield to treatment with the Simpson light.

FOR slow mail delivery in United States territory it would seem that the mail service for central Alaska sets the record. It often happens that matter started in October on its way to these ice-bound regions of the North does not reach its destination until the following June. Settlers assert that similarly isolated regions in northern Canada are better served by the Dominion's postal authorities. One Alaskan settler located at Tofty, which is about half-way between Nome and Dawson as the crow flies, near the junction of the Tanana and the Yukon Rivers, on going to the post office after the long-delayed mail arrived, found an accumulation of letters, magazines, and packages for him weighing more than one hundred pounds. Filling a mail bag with a load of ninety-two pounds, he delivered that to his home and returned for the remainder.

MR. GEORGE GETZ, of Chicago, has two boys, Henry and James, aged seven and five respectively. Mr. Getz believes in getting his knowledge first-hand so far as it is possible. He has therefore provided for his boys an amateur jungle, so that when they come to study the camel they have one to examine for themselves, and do not have to depend upon another's observation. If they are to study the bear, they have only to visit the cage of bruin. If their lesson is on monkeys, they have two of the rarest type of monkey in captivity. But zoology is not all they learn at this home school. "Every branch of modern science and teaching that can be comprehended by boys is taught. The farm is at once an agricultural establishment, a complete village, an educational Mecca, a garden, and a home."

TOADSTOOLS seem as weak and fragile as any plants that grow, and yet in certain circumstances they can exert immense force. A Western engineer has taken pains to verify a story of their strength that came from a California town. In October, 1913, it appears, an old macadam road in that town was resurfaced with asphalt one and one-half inches thick. In the spring, toadstools forced their way in two different places up through the macadam and through the asphalt, which they lifted nearly two inches, when it broke and let them through to the air. In another place a large toadstool broke its way through four inches of asphaltic concrete that had been laid the year before.

THE familiar song, "Annie Laurie," says the London *Chronicle*, has special interest just now, since, according to the generally accepted story, it was written by a soldier in Flanders to his ladylove at home. The writer was William Douglas, and Annie Laurie was one of the three daughters of Sir Robert Laurie of Maxwellton. Sad to relate, Annie did not marry her ardent lover. Some say that Douglas was killed in Flanders, but whether or not that is so, Annie was led to the altar in 1709 by James Fergusson of Craigdarroch.

"WHEN Fisher, bishop of Rochester, came out of the Tower of London and saw the scaffold upon which he was to be beheaded, he took out of his pocket a Greek Testament, and looking up, exclaimed, 'Now, O Lord, direct me to some passage which may support me through this awful scene.' He opened the book, and his eye fell upon John 16:32, 'Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.' He instantly closed it, saying, 'Praise God! this is sufficient for me and for eternity.'"

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 2, 1916

No. 18

## The Return of a King

MRS. M. E. STEWARD

THE Sun looks askance, and the air grows chill;  
The birds fly away with their rapturous thrill;  
Sweet Flora lies prone, buried up in the snow;  
Wild beasts are in hiding, they see not nor know.

But oh! when the sun turns toward us again,  
His beams thrill the great heart of nature, and then  
Her dun robes she changes for vesture so fair  
That "beauty for ashes" gives joy everywhere.

The warblers haste back now to whistle and sing  
With rollicking brooks from an unfailing spring;  
Dumb creatures come forth, while from hither and yon,  
Glad voices are praising the grand old King Sun.

His quickening rays search our frames through and  
through;  
Our hearts with more vigor take up life anew;  
Life currents reviving, from nerve and from brain,  
The leaden weights lifted, lo, joy comes again.

How near now seems heaven! the Saviour how kind!  
For sunshine has energized body and mind.  
All tasks have grown lighter, all griefs less severe;  
The dark, dreaded future is full of good cheer.

## Ancient Names and Their Meanings

J. O. CORLISS



IT may be that the strange method of giving names to children in olden times was taken from Bible customs. In studying that good book we learn that a child's name was given either because of some happening before its birth or from some thought of what its future was to be. Take the name of Abraham's son, for example. When the angel said in Sarah's hearing that she would have a son in her old age, she laughed in unbelief of what the angel said. But at the proper time the son was born, and was named Isaac, which in our language means "laughter." Gen. 18: 10, 12.

How strange it must have seemed for the parents of this child always to have called him by that name! It is possible that the Lord suggested the name in order to keep in his mother's mind the fact that she once laughed at the Lord's promise, and while being thus reminded, she would not do so again. Perhaps, too, the name was to keep in mind the gladness felt by the parents when, after living to so great age as about a hundred years, they could have a son to cheer the remaining days of their lives.

But there was another boy, the son of Isaac, who had a name not so pleasant to speak. His name was given him to show his bad spirit. He was called Jacob, which means the same as our word "supplanter." We know that a supplanter is one who by unfair means takes the place belonging to another. How it must have hurt the feelings of this boy always to be called "Supplanter" by his playmates!

However, the Lord did not allow that name to cling to him throughout his life. After having robbed his brother Esau of his place as head of his father's family, and the blessing that went with it, this boy had to leave home to save his life. About forty years later he started to return home with his family, and when well on his way, he found that Esau, with four hundred evil men, was coming to kill him. So Jacob began to pray for the Lord to save his life. He prayed so earnestly that at last the Lord said to him, Your name has been Jacob. You need not have that bad name any longer; I will give you a better one. Your name shall now be Israel, because as a prince you

have held on to the arm of the Lord for support. So the better name then given meant "Prince of God." Gen. 27: 41; 32: 28.

One other name might be chosen as an example from the Old Testament. A certain son of King David was called Solomon. This in English would simply mean "peace." David wanted the boy named thus because of some disturbing history which led up to his birth, and for which the king had suffered greatly in mind. The birth of the child, he thought, was the bringing of peace to him. But the Lord had another and better name for him, brought by the prophet Nathan. This name was Jedidiah, which meant "Beloved of the Lord." 2 Sam. 12: 24, 25.

In the New Testament the same custom is found. A Being came from heaven to earth for men's salvation, whose name up to that time had been Michael, that is, "one who is like God." Dan. 12: 1; Jude 9. But in coming to dwell with men, his highly exalted title was changed to "Son of man." The exact reason for this cannot be made very clear in a short article like this, but it may be said that this name was taken in connection with the one already carried, because he who bore it was to be to men just what Adam would have been had he not sinned. 1 Cor. 15: 45. He was also to appear as the seed of Abraham (Gal. 3: 16), and the son of David as well. Rev. 22: 16.

Another name was also his, given by the angel of God at his birth, and that name was Jesus, which means "Saviour." This was because he would save men from their sins. Matt. 1: 21. With what thrills of heart his mother must have spoken that name while he was by her side! How she must have wondered about its real meaning! Yet this name did not tell all of the Saviour's position in the sight of heaven. One more title was to be his. So when he became about thirty years old, he was baptized in the river Jordan, and was there and then anointed with the Holy Spirit from heaven to open his public work of saving souls. Mark 1: 10; Acts 10: 37, 38. The name "Christ" was therefore given him because of his heavenly anointing, and so he was known as "The Anointed." John 1: 41, margin.

Other sacred names might be cited with interest,



but these are enough to show that God would have names for men that will correctly give their standing among their fellows. The name "Christian" has been given, and it means that those carrying it are called so because they are indeed followers of Christ. Shall we not, then, bear this precious name with honor?

#### Useless

WHAT'S the use of fretting  
When the joys you want slip by?  
What's the use of getting  
Glum of lip and dull of eye?  
What's the use of moping  
When your skies are dark and gray?  
Does it help you in your groping?  
Does it ever smooth the way?

Did a whimper ever lighten  
Any burden that you bore?  
Did a glum face ever brighten  
Any sky that's gone before?  
When you let a trouble fret you  
And you put away your smile,  
Does your growling ever get you  
Any pleasures worth the while?

You can't fret away your sorrows,  
You can't mope away your care;  
You can reach the glad tomorrows  
If the troubled ones you bear.  
But your growling and your whining,  
And your face that's sour and glum,  
Will not start the sun to shining  
Or hasten joys to come.

—Detroit Free Press.

#### Our Greatest Arms Plant

WHEN we think of German arms, the great Krupp works turning out their immense daily output of big guns, immediately come to mind. When we think of the steel industry of our own country, Mr. Carnegie appears. In like manner the remarkable ramification of telephone wires by which our homes, business firms, cities, and States are inseparably united, suggests the names of Alexander Graham Bell and Theodore Newton Vail. So, too, do the electrical marvels confronting us everywhere suggest the wizard of electricity, Thomas A. Edison, as do the great Standard Oil wagons, seen in every country of the world, suggest the name of John D. Rockefeller. But there is another man, a young man, only thirty-two years of age, who represents one of the most remarkable industries in our country, but whose name is less familiar to us. In fact, this giant industry has grown up in a night, as it were, for when the war broke out in Europe, the head of this work, Mr. Hartley Dodge, was in that country, and even the thought of the work had not yet been born. But before Mr. Dodge had hardly crossed the water, the plant was conceived and far on its way toward execution. The business that Mr. Dodge has established is the Remington Arms Plant, of Bridgeport, Connecticut, our greatest arms plant. We wish there were no need in all the world for munitions of warfare. Our interest in this great plant is because of its remarkably rapid growth and the bigness of the enterprise, and not because of its products.

#### Origin of the First Remington Plant

Boys' interest in guns is not of recent origin, for in 1816, just one hundred years ago, a New York boy, Eliphalet Remington, asked his father to buy him a gun. The father, supposedly for good reason, refused to grant the request, whereupon the resourceful lad collected scrap iron and himself welded it into a gun barrel on his father's forge. He then walked fifteen

miles to Utica to have it rifled. So well had he done his work that the Utica gunsmith, finding the barrel was of excellent quality, bought it, and induced the boy to make others for him. As Eliphalet's business increased, his father determined to add a firearms department to his forge, and in a few years the firm of E. Remington & Son, at Ilion, New York, became prominent manufacturers of firearms in America; in fact, it is said that this was the first plant of the kind in this country, all gun barrels having been heretofore imported from Europe. The Remington plant has been in operation ever since its establishment, though in 1888 it passed into the hands of Marcellus Hartley, grandfather of Mr. Dodge. On the death of Mr. Hartley, Mr. Dodge became the owner.

#### The New Remington Arms Plant

This plant at Ilion has been devoted to the manufacture of arms solely for the sporting trade, and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, owned by the Remington Company, made cartridges for the same trade. But the war in Europe created a demand for *military* weapons, so Mr. Dodge, owner and proprietor of the Remington Arms Company at Ilion, and the Union Metallic Cartridge Company at Bridgeport, Connecticut, determined to create a plant at Bridgeport that could meet any demands for military weapons that might be made upon it. What this determination comprised is seen in the new plant at Bridgeport, which was not in existence in March, 1915, but was turned over to the company by the contractors in November of that year—a most remarkable building feat; for the plant consists of thirty-eight buildings, thirteen of which constitute the main units. These are five-story brick buildings, 272 feet long and 60 feet wide. They are all connected with each other by five-story "service buildings," 80 feet long by 48 feet wide. The building that ends the row is a single-story building, 272 feet long by 94 feet wide, connected on the ground floor to the main unit by a "service building," 80 by 48 feet.

The complete force required by Mr. Dodge's enterprise when in full running order, is to be at least 50,000 men. There are already employed many thousands. The pay roll at the beginning of the year was \$110,000 a week, which does not include the heads of departments or other high officials. These are given monthly salaries. Three hundred ex-soldiers and sailors from the regular service are employed as guards of the plant, and have their barracks. Their commander was an officer of the Connecticut National Guards.

One large building is devoted to the employment problem. The Remington Employment Bureau is said to be one of the largest individual employment offices known, a staff of eighteen persons being employed to interview applicants who are examined at the rate of five hundred a day. The work of this staff is an exceedingly responsible one, for highly skilled laborers are required. Many of these are being imported, since there are so few men in this country who understand the making of military rifles and cartridges. The bureau conducts this work much after Civil Service principles. "Many of the departments are headed by former officers of the army and navy who resigned to take up the work, while others are conducted by college professors."

Besides the buildings for forges, drilling, testing, turning, woodworking, designing, and all the other various phases of the manufacturing work, there are



buildings for restaurant, hospital, and welfare work. More than one thousand persons can be served at each meal by the restaurant accommodations.

The welfare work is well organized and effectively conducted under the direction of Mr. Joseph A. Page, "who was lent to the company by the Young Men's Christian Association. He was in charge of the welfare work at Panama for four years. It is his duty to investigate the cases of all persons discharged by the foreman. If a man seems to have been unjustly discharged, the fact is reported to the works manager for action. Another duty is to keep the men out of the hands of the loan sharks. When a man needs money, if on investigation his case proves worthy, he can borrow it from the company instead of from the sharks. He investigates all cases of accident or sickness, with a view of relief or assistance. He organizes helpful clubs in the various departments, and has a wholesome watchcare over every employee."

Mr. Charles Willis Thompson, a representative of one of the New York papers, who has written at length on the Remington plant, says:—

"One of the most interesting divisions of the plant is the testing department, which is under the direction of W. T. Marshall, formerly professor of machine design at Yale University. This has several subdivisions. Here steel is tested to determine its strength, its resiliency, and its resisting qualities. It is an amazing thing to one unfamiliar with such processes to go through this department and see how the steel is literally pulled apart, as if it were molasses candy. Some parts of the gun require higher-grade steel than others; for instance, the bold head has to resist the force of the explosion and must be of high-grade steel. The spring steels have to be high grade in order to be elastic enough to keep on doing their duty. All steels have to be specified according to the particular work they do."

A specimen that Mr. Thompson saw tested broke only under a pressure of 118,500 pounds to the square inch.

"The hardness of steel is tested here by a curiously interesting process. A piece of steel is held in a small receptacle and suddenly struck by a heavily weighted plunger, which makes an indentation like a smallpox mark in the steel. The diameter of the indentation determines the 'hardness numeral' of the steel. The harder the steel is, the smaller the indentation.

"There is another machine for the same purpose, which is more interesting to watch, but it is said to be less accurate. There is a little hammer imprisoned in a case that looks like a thermometer. It strikes the steel and rebounds, and by the height of the rebound, as registered in the seeming thermometer, the hardness numeral is determined."

The floor space of this great plant covers more than thirty-five acres of surface, the plant itself covering hundreds of acres of ground. The lumber used in the erection of the buildings was 15,000,000 board feet; steel, 11,500 tons; concrete, 20,000 cubic yards; glass, 850,000 square feet, an amount sufficient to cover nineteen and one-half acres of ground, and which required 160,000 pounds of putty for the glazing.

The company has not only to look after its own buildings, but is having to provide hundreds of houses for its employees. When it is taking on help at the rate of 2,000 a month, the question of providing homes is not a small one. The providing of educational facilities for the children of employees is also receiving the company's attention.

The entire cost of the plant itself is given as \$12,000,000, and the total yearly business is expected to be not less than \$100,000,000.

Russia and Great Britain have already given large orders to the Remington plant. Russia's first order was for a million rifles. The Remington Arms Plant represents a stupendous enterprise marvelously executed. We wish it served a less belligerent purpose.

### Some Things Missions have Done

THEY have made the name of Christ the best-known name in the world.

They are proclaiming the gospel in over ten thousand different places.

They have planted in the leading foreign lands the church of Christ, with a Protestant membership of over 2,644,170.

They have created a great system of Christian schools and colleges, having a present enrolment of over a million and a half pupils.

They have stimulated the governments of the leading nations of the East to establish educational systems of their own.

They have introduced modern medicine, surgery, and sanitation into the darkest quarters of the globe, by means of 675 hospitals and 963 dispensaries.

They have been the principal agents of relief in famine, and have made scientific investigation of the causes which lie at their root.

They have taught people habits of cleanliness and the laws of health, thus lessening the spread of plague and pestilence.

They have upheld the idea of the dignity of labor among those who regard toil as menial.

They have established a multitude of trade schools, in which development of Christian character keeps pace with growth in manual skill.

They have helped to abolish human slavery and shown the Christian way of caring for the aged, orphans, blind, deaf-mutes, insane, and lepers.

They have lifted women from a condition of unspeakable degradation, and trained a new generation of Christian mothers, wives, and daughters, who are making homes and introducing new ideals of social life.

They have translated the entire Bible, or portions of the Scriptures, into 500 languages and dialects, distributing last year alone 9,272,221 copies.

They have reduced many strange tongues to writing, and have created a literature for whole races, producing annually a vast amount of good reading in the shape of books, hymnals, and papers for all ages.

They have transformed the people of the Fiji Islands, Melanesia, and other island groups from cannibals to civilized beings.—*Onward.*

### Incidents in Porto Rico

A MAGAZINE devoted to religious subjects has, for four months, been publishing articles against Seventh-day Adventists. The increasing columns now cover four pages. One article is a translation of "Hard Nuts for Seventh-day Adventists to Crack." In the meantime a brother-in-law of one of the editors and his wife have identified themselves with us. He is busily employed in distributing our literature. Formerly he was a Bible teacher in the Young Men's Christian Association and pastor of a native Baptist church. We are accused of taking from them their best Sunday school superintendent. He is a man of excellent spirit and will be a strong factor in the work in Porto Rico.

One of our members invited a neighbor to go with her to see pictures, meaning the stereopticon used to illustrate the Sunday evening lectures. She supposed she was going to another place rather than a church, and dressed accordingly. She was soon converted, and is diligently seeking more light. Her present attire



is far different from that in which we first saw her.

One member of the Santurce church is ninety years of age, and although quite infirm, walks a mile to the meetings. She saw the stars fall. Though she can read but little and has been in the truth only three years, she almost invariably repeats in an undertone any text being quoted or read from the pulpit.

Both old and young of the Santurce church are very willing to engage in any phase of the work suggested. Frequently in the missionary meeting a practical quiz is instituted, in which some member is requested to be seated facing the audience, and the leader purports to be an inquiring stranger. It is remarkable how well informed these people are.

A young man who was just beginning to attend the services, gave as a reason for believing in the sleep of the dead this thought: "When Jesus comes, it is for the purpose of taking his children to heaven."

The captain of a United States vessel lying in the harbor of San Juan, had become interested in the truth to the extent that he had bought and was studying two of our largest books.

One Sunday, services were to be held on the boat. As we reached the city, an unusual number of flags were seen floating in the breeze. As we met the captain, one of the party said, "Captain, what day is this?" supposing it to be some holiday, of which there are very many. The genial captain replied as demurely as he could, "This is Sunday, the day set apart by Constantine the Great as a day of religious worship."

Now that he with his ship has returned to the States, it is to be hoped that his interest will not abate in the least.

A few months ago the Drs. Otis of Santo Domingo were spending a few days with us. One of these days was devoted to free practice, making our house a sort of dispensary. During the time the patients were waiting, one of our Spanish girls improved the opportunity to explain to them individually the reasons of the Christian's hope. Certainly such an example is worthy of being followed by those who are more favorably situated.

In Porto Rico almost every grocery and some other stores sell alcoholic liquors. Children and young people who go there on legitimate business are exposed to temptation. They must see men and perhaps women drinking, and thus become so used to it that it is taken as a matter of course. An effort is being made to get it relegated to the rear rooms, hoping it will soon be prohibited entirely.

We are told that tradesmen will give free drinks to patrons from the country if they purchase a large bill of goods.

Is there any way that Satan can invent by which more harm can be done than he is now doing through the medium of intoxicating drink?

May the day be speedily hastened when the whole world will be free from the thralldom in which it is today bound.

A young man, recently converted, decided to enter the canvassing field. His territory was in the country. He found a stopping place in the home of one John, with whom he became quite friendly.

After a time, wishing to be in another locality, he left his grip there, and it was placed at the head of John's bed.

A stranger engaged lodging for the night, and about midnight undertook to rob John. In order to carry

out his purpose the stranger nearly took John's life. He fled, but was pursued by a neighbor who was coming to the help of the dying man. Other help came, but there was no help needed. The man was dead. Brother Fuente's grip was found with drops of blood on it, and he was arrested as the murderer. Two things cleared him, the testimony of the man who followed the culprit and the character of the literature found in his grip. Thus the life and reputation of the colporteur were spared, that he might distribute more literature, and he is faithfully following his appointed task.

His wife, a bride of only a few months, proves an excellent interpreter for an English speaker, and is about to begin work as a mission Bible worker.

Quite a number are studying as candidates for baptism, to be administered in the near future. Encouraging reports come from several parts of this beautiful island field.

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.

### Power of the Bible

WHEN Nicholas I became emperor of Russia, his first task was to put down a formidable sedition among the aristocracy of his realm. Many nobles were detected in guilt, and thrown into prison. One, who was innocent, was by nature a man of fiery temper; his wrongful arrest infuriated him, and he raved like a wild animal. Day after day, brooding over his treatment, he would stamp shrieking through his cell, and curse the emperor, and curse God. Why did He not prevent this injustice?

No quiet came to him save in the intervals of exhaustion that followed his fits of rage. A visit from a venerable clergyman, on the ninth day of his confinement, produced no softening effect. The good man's prayer was heard with sullen contempt. The divine words, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest," sounded like mockery to the embittered prisoner. The aged minister went away, leaving a Bible in the cell, which he begged the prisoner to read.

As soon as his visitor was gone, the angry nobleman kicked the Bible into a corner. What to him was the Word of a God who let tyrants abuse him?

But when the terrible loneliness of succeeding days had nearly crazed him, he caught up the volume and opened it, and his first glance fell on the middle of the fiftieth psalm: "Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee." The text surprised and touched him, but his pride resented the feeling, and he dropped the book.

The next day desperation drove him again to the only companion of his solitude, and from that time he read the Bible constantly. Then he began to study it, and commit whole chapters to memory. The story of the Saviour's life and death totally changed him. He saw himself a fellow sufferer with the Christ who was unjustly accused and slain.

Revengeful rage gave way, and the spirit of a martyr took its place. Like the persecuted Christians shut up in the Roman catacombs, he forgave his enemies. An unworldly joy took up the time he had once spent in harsh thoughts and words. The shadows of wrong and death vanished in the new light that shone upon him from beyond.

The company of a Book—the one Book in all the world that could have done it—had given the proud noble another heart.



Madame Dubois, once a beloved prison missionary in New York, from whose writings this story is taken, was in Russia when the condemned man's aunt and sister, with whom she was visiting, received a letter which was believed to be his last. It was the outpouring of an exalted soul superior to fate.

He had undergone his trial, and unable to prove his innocence, had been sentenced to death. On the day set for his execution, while the ladies of his mansion walked in tears through the crape-hung parlors, suddenly the sight of their doomed kinsman himself at the door astonished them.

It was an un hoped-for deliverance at the last moment. When the jailer's key unlocked the prisoner's cell, instead of the messenger of death, the czar of Russia stood before him. A conspirator's intercepted letter had placed the innocence of the suspected nobleman beyond question, and the czar made what amends he could by bestowing on him a splendid castle and a general's commission.

Nearly a hundred years have passed since then, and with them the life of the almost-martyred Russian; but the fruits of his devout fidelity and kindness among his fellow men, the hospital he built for the sick and friendless, and the very Bible he was shut up with in his own distress, still bear witness to a consecration that was worth all its personal cost.—*Selected.*

### The Ideal Missionary Volunteer

OUR understanding of the word "ideal" is an imaginative conception of, and conformity to, a certain standard of perfection. There is only one standard of perfection for the Christian—the Christ life; and fundamentally there is only one course to pursue to reach that standard. Christ's life was that of an ideal missionary volunteer. The term "missionary volunteer" at once suggests those qualities essential to the achievement of idealism in a young person's Christian life. Think of the two words, "missionary volunteer," separately. *Missionary* really means service for Christ; service for him every day, all the way through life. *Volunteer* means to offer one's services willingly, never seeking to be excused. Therefore we can see only one standard of perfection, one ideal, for our youth in this young people's movement, that of whole-hearted, willing devotion and service to Christ every day.

This ideal is not all reached in one day, nor in one year, no more than is the development of Christian character. The young person must employ certain agencies, undergo certain training, in order to attain this ideal. These agencies are all found in our Missionary Volunteer movement, which is making the development of the missionary spirit possible in the lives of hundreds of young people in this cause today. Owing to the misconception of the scope of the young people's work in the minds of many, the strength of this truth has not been so fully realized as it might have been.

The Missionary Volunteer movement deals with every phase of the young person's life in accomplishing the ideal. For convenience rather than for exactness we will divide his life into four phases,—the spiritual, the intellectual, the social, and the missionary,—as these have a direct bearing upon the proclamation of this message. We have definite features prepared to foster and develop each one of the four phases. The youth's spiritual life is encouraged by

the use of the Morning Watch Calendar, the prayer bands, and the reading of the Bible. His intellectual life is stirred to activity by our educational work, such as the Standard of Attainment, the Reading Courses, and the training derived from service on the programs rendered by the society. This work in the home churches tends to turn the minds of our young people toward our training schools. Their social life is being more definitely planned for, and possibly offers one of the largest problems in the movement. We are ever urging the youth to follow more closely the principles given through the Spirit of prophecy.

The spiritual, educational, and social all bear upon the fourth phase—the missionary. True to its name, the young people's movement is one gigantic missionary enterprise, and therefore calls for the development of the real missionary spirit. We must diligently cultivate the first three features mentioned in order to make the missionary spirit possible. It is evident that the person who does not pray nor observe the Morning Watch, who does not study and read his Bible, who associates with worldly companions, enjoying their evil ways, can never become a missionary if he continues these things; on the contrary, the one who brings into his life prayer, Bible study, and proper associations, will have an inborn passion and love for souls, which will cause him to exclaim, I will give my life, my all, for suffering humanity, whether it be at home or abroad.

So in conclusion let me emphasize the fact that we must recognize our present Missionary Volunteer methods as means to one common end, that of the development of ideal missionaries. Consequently the ideal Missionary Volunteer will be found observing the Morning Watch, for his life will be the prayer life. The prayer band will find him there. He will endeavor to read his Bible through at least once a year, and earn a Standard of Attainment certificate. He will prefer the Reading Course books to cheap, unwholesome literature; and he will cultivate his taste for the higher kind of music, for any other would be distasteful to him. He will not be found enjoying the company of the pleasure seeker, the boisterous and uncouth, for he is living with Christ, above worldly things. To the ideal Missionary Volunteer, service for Christ will be the sweetest and most satisfying, and to this end will his energies be spent.

CHESTER S. PROUT.

Be kind, be glad, be true,  
Trust God the whole day through;  
When things go wrong,  
Or troubles throng,  
Look up in song,  
And all is well with you.  
Look up and not down,  
Look forward and not back,  
For we know not every morrow  
Can be sad;  
So, forgetting all the sorrow  
We have had,  
Let us fold away our fears,  
And put by our foolish tears,  
And through all the coming years  
Just be glad.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

"CHEER up! Some successes are more disastrous than failures. Aim at big achievements, and take the incidental backsets as they come. Go after the best, and be willing to pay the highest price. Something got for nothing is worth just what it costs."





### The Medicinal Value of a Piece of Wood

IN the curious old Virginia Almanac, published in the eighteenth century, among other quaint prescriptions and receipts is an amusing "Receipt to keep one's self warm a whole Winter with a single Billet of Wood."

"Take a Billet of Wood of a competent size, fling it out of the Garret Window into the Yard, run down Stairs as hard as ever you can drive; and when you have got it, run up again with it at the same Measure of Speed; and thus keep throwing down and fetching up, till the Exercise shall have sufficiently heated you. This renew as often as Occasion shall require. *Probatum est.*"—Paul Leland Haworth.

### The Optophone

FOURNIER D'ALBRE, a scientist connected with one of the English universities, has invented an instrument which he calls the optophone, to aid the blind. One part of the contrivance looks like a camera. One end is open. When pointed toward the light, the instrument produces sound, which is transmitted to the ear by telephone receivers.

It aids the blind to locate light by means of sound. The varied tones and degrees of sound enable the user to gain an idea of the character of anything between him and the light. When the device is taken into the sunlight, the sound is increased with marked intensity.

It is based on the property of selenium for changing its electrical resistance under the influence of light. It took the inventor five years to perfect it.—*Young People's Weekly.*

### The War and Your Toothbrush

THE humble toothbrush will become a luxury if the European war continues another year. Unless peace is declared soon, fifty cents or even one dollar apiece may become the price of the handmade toothbrush that has been selling for twenty-five or thirty-five cents. The "brush towns" of France have been desolated by the German army. They are in the valley of the Oise. In those towns are the factories for sorting and bleaching the bristles, piercing the bone handles and preparing them for the peasants to fill with bristles.

It is in the valley of the Oise, too, that the peasants who fasten the bristles in our handmade toothbrushes live. All through that valley the red-tiled stone cottages of the peasants sheltered girls and old women who made toothbrushes during every spare minute of the day. Twelve cents a dozen was the price paid for the work when the American importers went into the toothbrush business in France. They contracted for a large part of the output of the French factories, and raised the price paid to the bristle workers to fifteen or even eighteen cents a dozen.

The price of good bristles has doubled and trebled since the European war broke out. All toothbrush bristles come from Russia and China. The best grades are the Russian, and the best of the Russian bristles grow in winter on a sort of half-wild boar that is

native to the Russian steppes. The boars rub on the forest trees and shed their bristles. These the peasants collect at certain seasons of the year. Every hog that is slaughtered for food is carefully shorn of its bristles. The bristles are seven or eight inches long, and very thick at the base. Inferior bristles used in Japanese brushes come from China, where the winters are not so cold and the bristles do not grow so stiff.

Since fighting began in Europe the Russian people have been too poor to eat meat. And there is no time to save the bristles from hogs killed to feed the soldiers. The Hebrew peddlers who went through the Russian country exchanging tinware and household utilities with the peasants for these bristles, have stopped their trips. Good bristles cost ten dollars a pound now, and they will go still higher.—*Youth's Companion.*

### An Elephant's Sense

IN India domesticated elephants are usually given drink from large wooden troughs, filled with well water by means of a pump, and it is commonly an elephant that fills the trough. Every morning he goes regularly to this task. While visiting a friend at his fine residence in India, a correspondent of a paper saw a large elephant engaged in pumping such a trough full of water. He says: "In passing, I noticed that one of the two tree trunks which supported the trough at either end had rolled from its place, so that the trough, still elevated at one extremity, would begin to empty itself as soon as the water reached the level of the top at the other end, which lay on the ground. I stopped to see if the elephant would discover anything wrong. Soon the water began to run off at the end which had lost its support. The animal showed signs of perplexity when he saw this; but, as the end nearest him lacked much of being full, he continued to pump. Finally, seeing that the water continued to pass off, he left the pump handle and began to consider the phenomenon. He seemed to find it difficult to explain. Three times he returned to his pumping, and three times he examined the trough.

"I was an absorbed looker-on, impatient to see what would be done. Soon a lively flapping of the ears indicated the dawning of light. He went and smelled of the tree trunk, which had rolled from under the trough. I thought for a moment that he was going to put it in its place again. But it was not, as I soon understood, the end which ran over that disturbed his mind, but the end which he found it impossible to fill. Raising the trough, which he then allowed to rest for an instant on one of his huge feet, he rolled away the second supporting log with his trunk, and then set the trough down so that it rested at both ends on the ground. He then returned to the pump, and completed his task.—*The Girls' Companion.*

### Stevenson's Kindness

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON detested cruelty, and many pretty instances are related of his thoughtfulness and kindness of heart. Once, at Pitlochry, the great novelist interfered to stop the ill treatment of a dog. "What business is it of yours?" the man retorted, roughly. "He ain't your dog."

"No, but he's God's dog," Stevenson declared, stoutly. "and I'm here to protect him."—*Selected.*





# THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:  
The work of the world is done by few;  
God asks that a part be done by you."



## A Lesson Learned

**D**ID you ever have an uncontrollable desire to go swimming, even to the extent of sneaking away without mother's or father's consent? And then, did the excursion end in a near disaster? Well, then, you are human, just like other boys, and can appreciate an experience which I had some years ago.

My parents had moved, when I was about twelve years old, to one of the suburbs of the city of Los Angeles, California, and I was enjoying to the fullest extent the opportunity of roaming the country. Not that it was all play, for there was the garden to tend; and, besides, we were planning for a new house, and the task of excavating for the cellar was rather difficult in the hard sandstone.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and I had reluctantly started in at the day's tasks, when two of the neighbor boys appeared on the scene.

"Come on and let's go to the river for a swim, Charles," shouted Lee from the road. "The water will be fine today, and you know we haven't been for a long time."

"I wish I could, but mother isn't here, and I ought to stay and work," I answered.

"She won't care, and besides, we will be back early in the afternoon. You would better come," argued Ross.

It was a great temptation to me, and I debated for quite a few moments before I decided that I would go. I didn't want to ask mother, for I knew what her reply would be, and I thought it would not be such a serious offense if I didn't ask her.

Mother had gone down the hill to visit a neighbor; so I went into the house, found my suit, and started away over the hill in great glee. Lee and Ross had brought their lunch, intending to spend most of the day on the trip, but I thought that, if possible, I would be back in time for dinner.

The warm sun was hardly to our liking, but we trudged over the hill, down the other slope, then followed the car line down through a little gorge, turned to the right, through the woods, and after about a half-hour's walk came to a little bend in the river, which seemed to be just the place we were looking for. It was entirely shaded from the view of any one who might be passing that way; and besides, the green grass on the bank would make a delightful lounging place and tablecloth when we were tired of bathing.

At this distance from the city the river had dwindled to a mere thread, and it was all we could do to get in far enough to get wet, but to small boys such things are immaterial, and we were enjoying the fun immensely.

Suddenly we heard a rustle in the bushes to the right, and a tall, muscular man stepped out into the open. I was not in the least frightened, but when he

asked in a terrifying voice, "What are you doing here?" I was too startled to answer. Ross attempted to reply, but the voice came again, "How many times do I have to tell you that it is against the law to bathe in the river?" I saw immediately that we were in a bad place, but thought the best thing for us to do was to tell him in a straightforward manner just how we came to be there. He listened to our story patiently, but could not be persuaded that we were not the boys whom he had warned on previous occasions.

Finally, he pulled a revolver out of his pocket, and pointing it in the air, he fired three times, at the same time telling us to get our clothes on, and get ready to come with him when his assistant should come in response to his shots.

We were too frightened to respond, and it must have been our look of helplessness that appealed to him, for as we were dressing, he said in a gruff voice, "Now, I will give you just three minutes to get out of here, and if I ever catch you here again it will not go so easy with you."

Then came the terrifying thought, "What will mother say?"

"Let's not tell anybody about it," said Ross.

"If we do, our mother will be so frightened that she won't even let us go down to our wigwam in the woods," answered Lee. "I know mother, and I know just what she will say."

I didn't have much to say, for I knew that I was more guilty than Lee and Ross. I knew that mother wouldn't whip me, but I dreaded her pained look far more than any punishment she could give me. However, I was perfectly agreed that it was best not to tell her anything about our experience; indeed, I hoped that she would not even find out that I had gone on such an outing without her permission.

Our courage returned when we had put a half mile between us and the river, and we began to be quite high-spirited. "Let's take a short cut and go up through Mr. Wing's market garden," I suggested. "It will cut off about a half mile, and besides, I am hungry, and we can find some fruit on the ground for our lunch."

"All right! But we don't want to let old Louie see us, for he might think we were trying to steal some of his vegetables," said Lee, starting to climb the fence. There was no path through the field, but we knew the way to the apricot orchard, and in a few moments we were eating the luscious fruit which we found on the ground. I put a few apricots in the bag I was carrying, and we went on our way. But things did not go as we expected. "Old Louie" spied us as we were going out of the gate, and he hobbled out to meet us.

(Concluded on last page)





### The Book and Other Books

(Texts for May 7-13)

THE Bible is a wonderful book. We do not half appreciate it. Before the scribes of Babylon and Assyria dipped their quills into the inkhorn, the shepherd of Midian wrote the words of God to Job. Yes, the Bible is "as old as the hills," yet as fresh as the morning dew. Its influence has ever flowed and still flows through the realms of literature, enriching and purifying all along its way. Wherever unadulterated truth is found, wherever untainted beauty is revealed, there the Bible has wielded its influence.

Ever since Satan's triumphal entry into Eden, two great powers have been struggling for supremacy. In this controversy all have taken sides. As with men, so with books. They have ever placed their influence on the side of truth, or have joined the rebel forces. There is no exception, I think, to the rule that the literature which has stood on the side of truth, which has appealed to the noblest impulses and tended to better mankind, has been written by men and women who have obeyed and revered the precepts of God's Word. Again, wherever the Bible has been suppressed, and writers have ignored its principles, there has passed into circulation literature which tended to subjugate man to his human passions.

All good literature is deeply indebted to the Bible for its valuable contents. Read Ruskin, and in the atmosphere of truth and beauty feel the quickening of the nobler motives. No life not inspired by the energy of God's Word could produce such literature; and Ruskin himself, speaking of his Bible study, says, "To that discipline I owe the best part of my taste in literature." In line with Ruskin stand Milton, Thomas a Kempis, Wordsworth, and many other famous writers.

The moral strength of all literature comes from the Bible, and that Book is always the writer's best friend, the reader's choicest companion. Its wide range of subjects in itself constitutes a library. "In its pages are found history the most ancient, biography the truest to life. . . . It contains philosophy the most profound, poetry the sweetest and most sublime, the most impassionate and most pathetic. Immeasurably superior in value to the productions of any human author are the Bible writings." How could Patrick Henry more effectively have aroused the people than by the terse Bible selections he crammed into his speech? Read Bryan's "Cross of Gold," which ranks among the world's famous orations, and see how fully it is studded with gems from the Sacred Book.

The noblest of men whose lives have flowed through the arteries of world-wide literature, esteem the Bible as the Book of books. Says Moulton, "The agnostic cannot deny that if every particle of authority be taken from the Bible, it will still remain one of the world's greatest literatures, second to none." Another adds, "Take from our writings all Biblical connections, expunge the Bible from our literature, and you leave a colorless garment." Inquire of Goethe, and he answers, "It is belief in the Bible that has served as the

guide in my literary life. I have found it a capital safely invested and richly productive of interest." And thus for all that is best and noblest in literature we must turn to those who had faith in God's Holy Word, and had a living connection with him who is the source of all truth and wisdom. Many others speak in equally estimable terms of this wonderful Book of books.

Looking back over the battle field of the great democratic past, where the smoke of strife has cleared away, there the Bible stands forth the conqueror. Foes have arisen and fallen; friends have come and gone, but today in the struggling present that Book still reigns as the king of books. Wherever it goes, it enriches and ennobles. Its influence cannot be measured by the human mind. The untarnished gold in other books is ore from the Bible's inexhaustible mine; the sweetest drafts in other writings are but sips from the clear, refreshing stream of which David sang. Young friends, the Bible is a remarkable book; it is the one book without whose counsel we cannot truly live, without whose promises we should not dare to die. Then let us love it more, read it oftener, and obey it implicitly.

**MEDITATION.**—How often I have turned to my Bible as a sick man turns to his food. But I do thank God for his wonderful Book, and I am happy to know that it is becoming more and more precious to me. It is the one indispensable book in my library. The more I read it, the more I love it, and the more I marvel over its store of matchless treasures. I am resolved to spend much time with it, that its transforming influence may mold my life according to the divine Pattern.

**SPECIAL PRAYER.**—This week let us all join in praying for the ministers and Bible workers everywhere. Just now in the North American Division, plans are being laid for the special summer tent meetings. Let us contribute to their success by praying earnestly for the workers who conduct them.

M. E.

## MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending May 13

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 May.

#### The Bible Year

##### Assignment for May 7 to 13

May 7:	Psalms 12, 23, 28, 29.
May 8:	Psalms 65, 121, 122.
May 9:	Psalms 124, 72.
May 10:	1 Kings 1, 2.
May 11:	1 Kings 3 to 6.
May 12:	1 Kings 7, 8.
May 13:	1 Kings 9 to 11.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* of May 4.

LET your heart feel for the afflictions and distresses of every one, and let your hand give in proportion to your purse.—George Washington.



## How Our Work Started and Progressed in Spanish Honduras

ISAAC BAKER

**I**N the year 1885 Sister E. Gauterau, of Honduras, who had accepted the message in California, returned to her home in Central America, carrying with her a large supply of reading matter. She scattered it throughout the Bay Islands and in British Honduras, furnishing many names to the International Tract Society secretaries. They did their part faithfully, and soon there were many interested ones in that field.

Sister Gauterau is a sister to Thomas Elwin, who now resides in French Harbor, Ruatan, whose family have nearly all accepted present truth. While he has never lived the truth, he has been a strong advocate of it ever since that time, and has encouraged his family to be faithful in living it.

The interest for the gospel message increased until the call for help was heard by the General Conference in 1886. The next year Elder T. H. Gibbs came to the Bay Islands, and landed in Coxen Hole, Ruatan. The news of his arrival soon spread from one end of the island to the other, and many were anxious to hear what he would have to say concerning those strange ideas of which they had read or heard a little. He appointed services, and when the time arrived, the place was filled with people. He took his text from the book of Daniel, and began to expound to them the prophecies and the signs of the times. Some, like Paul's hearers on Mars Hill, believed; and others said, We will hear thee again concerning these matters. Although he was permitted to remain here only a few weeks, he preached several sermons, gave a number of Bible studies, and handed out many tracts, securing the names of many interested ones, and left without baptizing any one. Among those who began the observance of the Sabbath at that time is Brother J. R. Green. He says, "Not long after this my wife, by the help of a first-day preacher, began to keep the Sabbath." They are now living at West End, Ruatan, where they are doing what they can to encourage the little company at that place to be faithful in their service to the Lord.

It was a long time after Elder Gibbs left before another minister was sent. Brother Green felt it his duty to do all he could to take the good news of the message to the people of the islands. In speaking of one of the tours he made over the island of Ruatan, he says: "As I was returning home, some enemies to the truth waylaid me, and began throwing stones at me. I do not know how many were thrown; but I know that only one hit me, which caused me great pain for a long time." Then he concludes: "I am pleased to say that the very man who hit me with that stone died an Adventist. At one place while I was preaching, a deacon came up and took the Bible out of my hand. For this he was called Deacon Valiant." There were about fifteen that began to keep the Sabbath as a result of Brother Green's work in the Bay Islands.

Brother Green wrote several letters to Battle Creek for them to send some one to look after the interest of the work in this field. In response to these requests Elder and Mrs. F. J. Hutchins were sent in 1892 to pioneer the work along the Central American coast. They found about fifteen or twenty believers

on the island of Ruatan. Soon Utila and Bonacca, other Bay Islands, had believers in the message. The progress of the message was so rapid that a church building on the island of Bonacca, begun as a union church, was finished as a Seventh-day Adventist church, almost all connected with it having accepted the truth during its erection.

In this same year Elder C. L. Emmerson and wife came to the Bay Islands to assist Elder and Mrs. Hutchins. They soon found that the modes of travel prevailing were such that it seemed necessary for them to have a boat of their own. Accordingly in 1897, the "Herald," a trim little schooner of thirty-five tons' burden, fifty feet long and eleven feet beam, was put into commission. She had accommodations for passengers, and abundant room for a large supply of books and other literature, and for several years was well known all along the coast.

Methods of communication having improved somewhat in 1901, the "Herald" was sold, and a portion of the proceeds used to purchase the mission property in Bocas del Toro, republic of Panama. A gasoline launch was also purchased to operate among the little isles dotting the lagoons around Bocas.

In 1902 Elder Hutchins, stricken with a tropical disease, died in Bocas del Toro, and there awaits the Life-giver.

The year 1895 witnessed the strengthening of the work in north Central America by the coming of Elder James A. Morrow and wife, and Frank Moser as a canvasser.

The school work, started in 1893, in Bonacca, was making itself felt in the Adventist community in the Bay Islands. After being without a teacher for some time, in 1898 H. A. Owen and wife arrived. They planned to establish an industrial school in the interior of Bonacca amid beautiful surroundings. Before these plans were fully carried out, they became interested in the mainland, and transferred their efforts to the interior of Spanish Honduras. However, each of these efforts was without success. In 1899 William Evans and wife, assisted by their daughter Ada, successfully launched the Bonacca Industrial School, and with indomitable courage built up a work that has proved again in this field that those older in years can do a successful work in new regions.

At the beginning of that work, Brother Evans had to shoulder his ax and cut off the pine timber, hewing some of the logs the desired size and shape for the necessary buildings. The houses were soon up with native pine frames, floors, and shingles. Land was cleared and set out to oranges, alligator pears, grapefruit, mangoes, guavas, etc., besides ornamental shrubs and flowering vines. The old yellow cow is still alive and finds her way to the same old house in which the school was conducted, being owned by Brother Richard Wood, who labored hard for the establishment of the school.

Brother Carl Snow is now conducting a very successful school in Siguatepeque, where Professor Owen went from Bonacca. While the school is not very large, yet it is having a good influence in the country, and the governor of that department is doing all he can to advertise it and make it a success. Brother



Snow is running it on a self-supporting basis, so has found it very hard during the hard times caused by the war and the destruction of the crops by the locusts; but he is bravely holding on and manifesting a true missionary spirit.

In 1900 F. Holmden located in Utila, one of the Bay Islands. Miss Winifred Holmden started a school, which grew to an enrolment of sixty. Later L. O. Corwin and wife came to Utila and conducted a school for some time, which proved very successful.

The years 1900 and 1901 record further accessions to the ranks of workers. Elder H. C. Goodrich and wife entered north Central America, and remained for about seven years, working among the Bay Islands and at Belize. They did a good work in this field and were beloved by all who knew them. Brother A. N. Allen arrived in Bonacca while Elder Goodrich was residing there. He sold a great deal of literature on the islands and on the mainland. He married the oldest daughter of Brother and Sister Goodrich, and then taught school for a time in Bonacca and Utila, and was later sent to South America as a missionary, but is now working in Cuba.

Not long after Elder Goodrich left the field, Elder E. L. Cardey came to fill the vacancy, but on account of the failing health of his wife he could not remain. It was during his stay that the headquarters of the conference was moved to Guatemala City, where it remained for about four years; but being so far away from the established work, it was thought best to move it back again to the Bay Islands, and place another man over the work in Guatemala City, which was done in the spring of 1913.

Elder N. V. Willess arrived in the field in the fall of 1909, but after being there for about two years he contracted a dreaded tropical disease, and early in the fall of 1912 was compelled to return to the States as the only hope of recovery.

Since the removal of the headquarters of the conference from Guatemala City to the Bay Islands, several changes have taken place in the field. Guatemala was cut off as a mission field, and Elder J. B. Stuyve-

sant placed in charge of it. Then at our last conference meeting it was voted that Spanish Honduras be divided into a north and a south mission field, and that Salvador should also be a separate mission. This action was placed before the last General Conference council, held in California, and was accepted by them.

We now have a mission house in Coxen Hole, Ruatan, 24 x 40 feet, containing six small rooms and an eight-foot veranda on either side. Two families occupy the building; also the tract society and conference offices are in it. We thank the Lord for these comfortable surroundings.

The outlook for the work is brighter in this field than it has been for several years, and I think it is safe to say than it has ever been. We ask your prayers that the work may grow and that the truth may soon find its way to the hearts of the dear people of these Central American fields.

#### Stretch Forth Thy Hand

HELPLESS and poor, with a withered hand,  
Waiting the Master, O see him stand,  
That man so long ago;  
Buffeted, spurned, in the jostling throng,  
Patiently waiting the whole day long,  
The healing power to know.

Listen, the Master is saying now  
Words that bring peace to the weary brow,  
And hope springs in his breast;  
"Stretch forth thy hand," are the words he hears;  
Gone are the weariness and the fears,  
And in his heart sweet rest.

Wonderful words to the stricken one!  
Quickly the hand is upraised—'tis done,  
The streams of lifeblood flow;  
Joyous the feeling of power divine,  
Grateful the sin-troubled mind to resign,  
The Master's power to know.

Tell the good tidings abroad today!  
Jesus the Healer still comes this way,  
As in the long ago.  
Welcome his presence within thy heart,  
Bid him with healing thy pulses start,  
And saving freedom know.

MAX HILL.

### For the Finding-Out Club

1. WHAT bird was first sent out by Noah?
2. Representations of what fruit adorned the robe of the high priest?
3. What tree is symbolic of the prosperity of the wicked?
4. What three birds are used by the psalmist to express his loneliness?
5. What bird is used by Jeremiah as a simile for cruelty?
6. To the beautiful wings of what bird does Job refer in enumerating the wonderful works of God?
7. What tree does Hosea mention in speaking of the false judgments of Israel?
8. What insect does Solomon cite as being in kings' palaces?
9. The breeze in what trees was the signal for David to attack the Philistines?
10. For what fruit of Egypt did the murmuring Israelites long?
11. The poison of what reptile is a symbol for the speech of the wicked?
12. To a lodge in what kind of vegetable garden did Isaiah compare desolate Zion?
13. To what insects did David compare his encircling enemies?
14. To what trees did Isaiah compare the offspring of Jacob under the blessing of God?
15. What birds were sent as food to the murmuring Israelites?
16. What does the psalmist use to illustrate the brief life of man?
17. To what bird does the psalmist refer as an illustration of renewed youth?
18. What flowers does Christ use as an example of divine care?
19. To what two flowers is the Messiah compared?
20. A branch of what tree appeared to Jeremiah when he was called of God?
21. What weed and what tree were used as a parable by Jehoash, king of Israel, before giving battle to the king of Judah?
22. To a hunt for what bird and what insect was Saul's search for David compared?
23. What fruit did the spies bring back from the Promised Land?
24. What tree did Zechariah behold in vision?





## How We Helped the Philippine Islands

**T**HE readers of the INSTRUCTOR, I am sure, will enjoy hearing how a small country Sabbath school in the most southern county of California celebrated the thirteenth Sabbath of the first quarter of 1916.

There are only eight families in our Sabbath school, and the fathers of four of these families do not attend, so our membership is only about thirty. Please remember, too, that in January of this year Southern California was visited by a terrible flood, and some of our brethren lost much of their land, while all suffered some loss.

But the loss and trouble caused by the flood seemed to draw us nearer to God and to each other, and strange as it may seem, our general contributions each Sabbath of this past quarter have been larger than for a long time before. But I must get back to the story of this thirteenth Sabbath.

Our Sabbath school has but three classes of children—a kindergarten, a primary, and a junior. Early in the quarter the junior teacher suggested to the superintendent the plan of letting her class take charge of the program for the thirteenth Sabbath. It seemed a good plan, so the program was made out, and the work divided among the four juniors, for they numbered only four. Mabel was eleven, Donald and Helen twelve, and George fourteen years of age.

As soon as it was learned where the Thirteenth Sabbath Offering was to be sent, the superintendent made some mention of the Philippines each week. Once she told some of the missionary stories about the children in the Philippines; another time she talked about how children might earn money in order to have the joy of giving what was their very own for the offering at the end of the quarter. And all this time the junior class studied and rehearsed, and *worked* to earn money, for they each wanted a whole dollar to give.

The rest of the members of the Sabbath school did not know just what was to happen on the thirteenth Sabbath, but they were certain it would be something interesting. They, too, planned and worked to make their offerings as large as possible.

On the twelfth Sabbath, when the superintendent went in to visit the junior class, the teacher handed her a paper.

"Will you please write this on the blackboard in the main room?" she asked.

On the paper was written:—

\$15 for the Philippines.

\$1 a member, as far as possible.

The superintendent thought of the flood, she thought of all the alfalfa land and the fruit trees it had washed away; she caught her breath in a little gasp, then looked up and saw those four eager, smiling young faces before her.

"Do you think we ought to expect that much after the flood?" she asked doubtfully.

"Yes," answered the children, and "Yes," echoed the teacher, who added, with shining eyes, "Why not expect *great* things? Why not have faith?"

The superintendent had been talking "faith" to the Sabbath school, so what could she say? She smiled as she thought how much easier it is to talk than it is to act, but her courage rose as she went into the main room, and wrote the words from the paper on the blackboard where all the school could see.

At the close of the hour she reminded the grown folk to be ready to review all the chapters in Matthew they had studied during the quarter. The children were reminded to study to know all the memory verses, and every one was urged to pray and work for the last week.

The thirteenth Sabbath was a perfect California day, clear, sunny, and warm. The church was beautiful with flowers,—great masses of bridal wreath, calla lilies, and white roses. The juniors were all there early for a few last words of instruction.

Just a little before the hour for opening, Mabel began playing a voluntary on the organ. When the members of the Sabbath school and the visitors were seated, all sang, "Go Ye into All the World," then the junior teacher prayed.

After the secretary's report, the superintendent announced that the junior teacher and her class would have charge of the exercises for the rest of the hour.

First there was a quartet by the four juniors, "So, too, can we." They had never before sung the different parts of a song in public, but "practice makes perfect," and they did it beautifully.

Donald now stepped to the platform and began the senior review. I do not believe those seniors ever had a more thorough review, but they also had been studying, and answered promptly and well.

Helen and Mabel now sang a duet, after which Helen reviewed the memory verses. She held in her hand twelve sheets of paper, on each of which was a date, and a simple outlined picture in crayola of some object that suggested the verse for that Sabbath. Holding up the first she said,—

"Here is a picture of a book, and across it is written the words, 'Book of Life.' Have we had a memory verse speaking about the book of life?"

For an instant no one spoke; this was all new to the children, and different. But eyes and minds were busy, and soon the answer rang out,—

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life."

After that the answers came readily, and how the eyes shone with eager interest as each new picture



was held up. At the end, one small boy repeated all the verses for the quarter.

Next was another duet by the girls; then George gave a talk on the Philippine Islands, using a large map he had prepared to show just where they were situated. He told of their history, people, and climate, of our denominational work there, and of their many needs in order to learn of Christ's coming.

When he had finished, Mabel recited an appropriate poem, then Donald announced that an offering would be taken to send the message to this needy field. While he and Mabel passed the baskets for the offering, Helen and George played a voluntary on organ and violin. The money was quickly counted by two of the seniors, and the amount written on the blackboard by Mabel:—

\$20.35

"Ye have done it unto me."

The superintendent and the junior teacher now came forward, the two children holding their baskets stood before them, the congregation rose, and while the music continued to sound softly, the four in front repeated in concert,—

"Our Father, bless this little pile,  
And guide it safely to the isle  
That needs it most. Then by and by  
May we see fruit beyond the sky."

As the people passed slowly out of the church, the junior teacher turned to the superintendent a face touched with awe, and whispered softly,—

"Twenty dollars! Isn't it *wonderful*?"

"Yes," answered the superintendent reverently, but with a very happy face.

And it is wonderful what God's Spirit *can* do, and *will* do when we let it dwell in our hearts by faith.

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS.

### My Experience with Guineaes

FROM childhood I took a great fancy to guineas. To my mind, they were about as beautiful as the peacock. Often I tried to interest my father in them to the extent that he would get some, but my efforts were in vain. He could see no need of getting them.

About eight years ago this winter while visiting a friend, I met his neighbor who had about twenty-five guineas which were for sale at twenty-five cents each. The temptation was greater than I could withstand, so I bought a hen and took a chance on father's letting me keep her. It was getting late when I reached home, so I put her in the barn and shut the door. The next morning I went to the barn to crop my guinea's wing. She managed to keep out of my way, and finally found a hole under the eave and out she flew into the garden. My father soon came to my assistance, and in time we cornered her between the barn and a high woven fence. Just as father reached down to catch her, she flew straight up into his face, over the fence, and out across the pasture for at least forty rods. By this time she had become much frightened. I ran across the pasture as fast as my legs would carry me, trying to keep her in sight. After alighting, she ran for the hills about a quarter of a mile distant.

Here she made a great mistake, reminding me of an ostrich when being pursued. I was just coming over a ridge in the pasture when I saw her dart into a hole under a big stump. I lost no time in getting there, as I saw that I must trap her if I ever expected to catch her. I succeeded in reaching the stump before

she got out, and had but little trouble in catching her. I took my guinea to the house and cropped her wing, then put her in the henhouse where she remained until spring.

About a month later I succeeded in getting a guinea rooster. When spring came the guineas were turned out with the chickens, and came back at night to roost with them. I had been told that it was impossible to get guineas to roost in a henhouse, but as they couldn't do otherwise for about two months, they seemed to think it was all right.

The hen began laying about the first of June, hiding her nest as guineas always do. I knew about where it was, but as there were many ironweeds in the pasture where they ran it was some time before I was able to find the nest. Until the time the hen finished her laying, the two guineas were always together; but as soon as the hen began sitting, the old rooster stayed as far away as possible from the nest. I carried corn to the hen every few days, and looked to see if she was hatching. One morning before I had time to go to the nest, I heard the rooster calling as loudly as he could in the direction of the nest. I immediately went to see what was the trouble. When I came within three rods of the nest, there stood the proud rooster dancing around the hen as she hovered eighteen little guineas, each of which had its head sticking out viewing its new world, making an unbroken chain of heads. I was unable to get closer, as the rooster flew with all vengeance straight for my face, and if I had not run I should have received a severe scratching and pecking.

The next day the mother left her nest with her eighteen babies. In size, they were about halfway between a young quail and a young chicken and about the color of a quail. I thought it would be fun to catch some of the little fellows and take them to the house. Again I failed, for when I was within a rod of the hen she gave a queer call, which every one understood perfectly. The next minute not one was to be seen. I searched in vain; each one had found a good hiding place in the tall grass. If one has ever tried to catch young quails, he can imagine how hard it is to find little guineas, if there is any possible chance for them to hide.

I had promised a boy in town to sell him two of the little ones when they were a few days old. As it was in the summer and I had much work to do, three weeks passed before I found time to catch them. I thought there was no hurry as they would be all the easier to raise, and they were taking none of my time, for they lived on the insects they caught in the pasture. When they were three weeks old, I went out about four o'clock one afternoon to catch them, and to my great surprise they all rose and flew into the lower branches of a near-by tree. When I again attempted to catch them, they flew still higher into another tree. I was never more surprised in my life. They were not so large as full-grown quails, but could keep out of reach. The guineas did not again roost in the henhouse until winter set in, but always flew up in some tree in the pasture, which put them out of reach of enemies. Suffice it to say, I was unable to fill my order until the old guinea brought her drove to winter shelter.

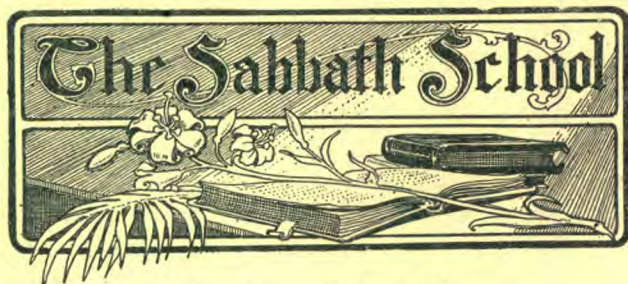
I had heard that it was almost impossible to rob a guinea's nest without the guinea's leaving; and that if it was done at all, the eggs must be rolled out with a stick. I thought the way to find out was to try it;



so the next year, being fortunate enough to find her nest just after she started laying, every other day for some time, I picked up an egg and took it to the house. Then I began taking two in succession, until in this way I kept her laying most of the summer.

The next winter I left home to attend school and could not look after them any longer. My father then sold them for twenty-five cents each.

PAUL FORD.



## VII — Jesus Before Pilate

(May 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 27: 1-18.

MEMORY VERSE: "Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth." 1 Peter 2: 22.

### Questions

1. What did the chief priests and elders do the morning after the trial of Jesus? Matt. 27:1.
2. What did they do with Jesus? Verse 2.
3. When Judas saw that Jesus was condemned, what did he do? Verse 3. Note 1.
4. What confession did he make? What unfeeling reply did the priests make? Verse 4.
5. In his despair what did Judas do? Verse 5. Note 2.
6. What was done with the money for which Judas had sold his Lord? Verses 6-8.
7. What prophecy was thus fulfilled? Verses 9, 10.
8. When Jesus was brought before Pilate, the governor, what question was asked him? Verse 11, first part.
9. What reply did Jesus make? Verse 11, last part.
10. When accused by the chief priests and elders, what course did Jesus take? Verse 12.
11. What did Pilate then ask him? Verse 13.
12. How did Jesus treat Pilate's question? What did this cause Pilate to do? Verse 14.
13. What was it the custom for the governor to do at the Passover feast? Verse 15.
14. Who was held as a prisoner at that time? Verse 16. Note 3.
15. What question did Pilate put to the people? Verse 17.
16. Why did Pilate thus open the way for Christ to be released? Verse 18.
17. What did Peter, writing years after, say of Jesus? Memory verse.

### Notes

1. "When Judas had become annoyed at the implied rebuke of Jesus because of his covetous spirit upon the occasion of Mary anointing her Lord with costly ointment, he yielded to the tempter, and gave Satan easy access to his mind. But when he decided to sell his Master to the murderous priests and rulers, he had no thought that Jesus would permit himself to be taken."—*Spirit of Prophecy*, Vol. III, p. 125.

2. Judas was not always a traitor. He was once a boy, with a tender heart and good desires. He was accepted as a disciple of Jesus, and had the privilege of living and working with him. But he was covetous and loved money. Little by little he rejected the teachings of Jesus, and listened to the temptations of Satan. He thought he knew more than the other disciples, and that he was wiser than his Master; but he was very blind to his own faults and weaknesses. His love of money made him dishonest, and he began to take small sums from the fund that was provided to support Jesus and his disciples in their work. He loved himself more than he loved Jesus, and this led him finally to become a traitor and a murderer.

3. "The Roman authorities at this time held a prisoner named Barabbas, who was under sentence of death. This man had claimed to be the Messiah. He claimed authority to establish a different order of things, to set the world right. Under satanic delusion he claimed that whatever he could obtain by theft and robbery was his own. He had done wonderful things through satanic agencies, he had gained a following among the people, and had excited sedition against the Roman government. Under cover of religious enthusiasm he was a hardened and desperate villain, bent on rebellion and cruelty. By giving the people a choice between this man

and the innocent Saviour, Pilate thought to arouse them to a sense of justice. He hoped to gain their sympathy for Jesus in opposition to the priests and rulers. So, turning to the crowd, he said with great earnestness, 'Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ?'

"Like the bellowing of wild beasts came the answer of the mob, Release unto us Barabbas. Louder and louder swelled the cry, Barabbas! Barabbas! Thinking that the people had not understood his question, Pilate asked, 'Will ye that I release unto you the King of the Jews?' But they cried out again, 'Away with this man, and release unto us Barabbas!' 'What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ?' Pilate asked. Again the surging multitude roared like demons. Demons themselves, in human form, were in the crowd, and what could be expected but the answer, 'Let him be crucified?'—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 733.

## VII — Jesus Before Pilate

(May 13)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 27: 1-18.

### Questions

1. What did the chief priests and elders do after the trial of Jesus? Matt. 27:1. Note 1.
2. What did they do with Jesus? Verse 2.
3. When Judas saw that Jesus was condemned, what did he do? Verse 3. Note 2.
4. What did he say to the priests and elders? Verse 4, first part.
5. What answer did they give? Verse 4, last part.
6. What did Judas do in his despair? Verse 5.
7. What did the priests say about the betrayal money? Verse 6. Note 3.
8. What did they do with this money? Verse 7.
9. What name was given to the potter's field? Verse 8.
10. What prophecy was thus fulfilled? Verses 9, 10.
11. When Jesus was brought before the governor, what question did the governor ask him? Verse 11, first part.
12. How did Jesus answer him? Verse 11, last part. Note 4.
13. How did Jesus receive the charges of the priests and elders? Verse 12.
14. What did Pilate then ask him? Verse 13.
15. When Jesus gave him no answer, how did it affect Pilate? Verse 14. Note 5.
16. What was it a custom for the governor to do at the feast? Verse 15.
17. What noted prisoner was in bonds at that time? Verse 16. Luke 23:18, 19. Note 6.
18. What question did Pilate put to the people? Verse 17.
19. What did he know about the people's motive in arresting Jesus? Verse 18.

### Notes

1. The Jewish leaders thirsted for the life of Christ. Though the Sanhedrin could come to the decision that he was worthy of death, it had not the authority to carry out its own sentence. The leaders therefore took counsel as to how they could present Jesus to the Roman governor so as to secure his condemnation. Their charge against him must be a political one. Evidently they made the charge of conspiracy against Caesar. See Luke 23:2.

2. There are several things which show that the repentance of Judas was not of the genuine kind that brings remission of sins: (1) It did not come till he saw that Jesus was condemned—it was based on consequences, not on the sinfulness of betrayal; (2) if the repentance had been of the right kind, he would not have taken his own life; (3) the word "repented" used here is not the usual one for repentance of sin; it rather denotes a growing anxious over a thing after it is done, and could very properly be rendered here "filled with regret or remorse."

3. This is a striking example of straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel. See Matt. 23:24. It was a matter for serious counsel what to do with this "tainted" money—tainted by themselves in taking it out of the Lord's treasury and using it to bribe the betrayer of Jesus. It was not "lawful" to put it back into the treasury, but it was lawful to murder the innocent Son of God—"We have a law, and by our law he ought to die." John 19:7.

4. Jesus' answer, "Thou sayest," is similar to that used before Caiaphas when urged to say whether he was the Son of God or not. See Matt. 26:64. It is equivalent to an affirmative answer. Jesus could not deny that he was the Son of God or King of the Jews.

5. "Pilate expected an answer. He knew the substantial falsehood of both charges, but he would have them met by a reference to well-known facts, that he might have ostensible grounds for requittal, which from first to last it was evidently his wish to pronounce. But our Lord was silent."—*Dean Mansel*.

6. See Note 3 of preceding lesson.



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## "Philosophy"

WHAT'S the use to worry, always feeling blue?  
The burdens of the universe don't rest alone on you.  
What's the use to drop your head and look so all forlorn?  
God ran the world and its affairs before you e'er were born.  
What's the use to seek for trouble, meeting it halfway?  
Two thirds of all your worries will never come your way.  
Yesterday belongs to God, then what's the use of weeping?  
Tomorrow's morn is also his, its secrets in his keeping.  
Today is all you have to live, then do your very best;  
Lift up your head with smile and sun and leave to God the rest.

RUTH LEES OLSON.

## Made Him Vote Dry

EX-GOVERNOR HANLY closed a recent address by telling the story of William Wolverton, the story given on the first page of the 1916 TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTOR. A saloon keeper of the city, who, with two or three friends, had drifted into the audience, suddenly arose in great agitation and hurried out of the opera house, exclaiming to those who had come in with him, "Boys, I can't stand it—I can't stand it! It's all true. I've got a little fellow of my own, and so help me God, I am going to quit the business, and I will vote dry Tuesday. I will vote dry. I am done—done with it all. I can't stand it any longer."

Let the INSTRUCTOR tell the story throughout the land. It will make dry votes.

## The Prison League

THE convicts have formed a Mutual Welfare League at Sing Sing prison, New York. This league is chosen and officered by the prisoners themselves, and it has its own rules, bannér, and motto. The motto is short and strict, "Do Good—Make Good."

The men of the league in Sing Sing have come from all classes and all places. Some are black, some are white, some are uneducated, and some have college diplomas. But among them all they have chosen those four short words for their motto. They all agree in trying hard to live up to it, too.

But alas! in choosing it, every convict made one terrible mistake. He chose it too late. Every one of those convicts could have chosen it at home, when he had parents and friends to help him, and a chance of education and an opportunity to get good honest work. Instead of that, he turned away such a motto

in his heart. "Do Good"—why, that was "Sunday school talk." He preferred drink and cigarettes and bad company—and so he never learned the truth about living until he became a convict and an outcast.

"Do Good—Make Good." Why shouldn't every boy choose that motto before he stands in danger of going to jail, instead of waiting till he wears the stripes? The ten commandments are commandments of freedom and power and happiness, boys. Don't forget that, or you may remember when it is too late.—*Home and School.*

## Small Samuel's Difficult Task

MARK TWAIN (Samuel L. Clemens) entered upon his scholastic experience somewhat as one might expect. The rules of conduct interested him even on the first day, and being of an experimental turn of mind, he wished to test their tension and elasticity. Proceeding to do this, he received in the forenoon a warning of coming danger if he did not exercise greater care as to his conduct. Not appreciating, however, the seriousness of the warning, he made no great effort to mend his ways; so was soon startled by a command to go out and bring in a stick for his own punishment. He went; but though he had an extensive forest to choose from, he had difficulty in finding what he regarded as a suitable rod of correction. "Everything looked too big and competent; even the smallest switch had a wiry look." Finally from the cooper's shop over the way there was blown a shaving across his path. At once the youthful culprit saw in this the proper object of his search. He picked it up, and gravely carried it to the teacher.

With a reprimand she bade him be seated, and sent out to choose a rod one whose judgment would not be biased by personal feelings. This one succeeded better, much to the chagrin of the young student.

## A Lesson Learned

(Concluded from page nine)

"Wot you got there?" he asked angrily, and immediately grabbed the bag and looked for himself. He was so enraged that he could not express himself, but he dropped the bag and started after Ross as fast as he could go. Of course, he could not catch him, and Lee and I also made our escape, taking the bag with us.

By this time my back and shoulders were beginning to feel strange, and I wondered if I had got into some poison. I dismissed it from my mind, but when I had succeeded in getting into the house without mother's seeing me, I decided that something was the matter. I could not move without considerable pain, and when I rolled up my sleeves, I found that my arms were pink and blistered from exposure to the water and the hot sun.

Mother did not say anything to me, but helped me to bathe my arms with alcohol and soothing lotions. I crept into bed that night feeling about as miserable as a boy could. I knew that I ought to be punished, but she evidently thought that my punishment was already sufficient to teach me the necessary lesson. It was three days before I could wear my clothes with comfort, and I have never forgotten the adage, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

CHARLES W. MARSH.