

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

June 20, 1916

No. 25



ROUGH WEATHER AT COWES



NEVER yet, it is said, has a wireless operator failed in his duty to humanity on land or sea, even when life itself was at stake. If this were true of all professed Christians, what a different world this would be!

SEVEN months after the announcement of the creation of the Naval Consulting Board headed by Mr. Edison, and the invitation for suggestions from the board to the inventors of the country, not less than 5,000 inventions, ideas, and suggestions had been received.

FOR nineteen years a man has been working so industriously in a New York insurance office and living so frugally that among his associates he has earned the contemptuous name of "tight-wad." It was only by accident that they learned the other day what has been driving him. His father was the treasurer of an important county in the Maritime Provinces. When he died, his accounts were found to be more than five thousand dollars short. The son came to the States and went to work for the insurance company. Recently he offered to the county the sum of ten thousand dollars, the savings of his lifetime of hard work, on condition that all reference to his father's remissness be blotted from the records, and the offer was accepted. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

PRESIDENT WILSON said last January, "We ought to have a great system of industrial and vocational education under *federal guidance* and with federal aid." In accordance with this idea, there are bills before Congress advising the appropriating of \$3,000,000 annually to this work. It is urged that every youthful industrial worker under sixteen, seventeen, or possibly eighteen, must be required by State legislation to go to a vocational school a certain number of hours each week for instruction in his occupation or a better one if need be. America will not waste longer the child life of the nation, nor leave little children to battle alone in industry against the world. Compulsory part-time school attendance for young workers during working hours is, in fact, only a broad social recognition of the right of the child to efficient, vital training in the pathways of life which each must tread, and that recognition expressed in terms of agreement of action. Without compulsion, there has been no measurable success anywhere.

Spring is Here

NEIGHBORS make informal visits, dropping in on their way to or from town, discussing the prospects for the coming year. Seed catalogues lying around lead to the discussion of different varieties of seeds and plants.

Birds are whistling in the trees; chickens are busy scratching in the soft earth, their bright red combs contrasting with the fresh green of the grass; the old hen is looking for a place to hide her nest.

It matters not that these things occurred the same last spring, and the spring before that, and the spring before that. To us it only matters that spring is here, and our hearts, like the budding trees, swell with love as we look upon the earth and are led to think as the Creator said when he viewed his handiwork, "Behold, it is very good." LILLIE IVERSON.

The Gospel Call

A LITTLE boy, says Mary E. Watson of Hartford, who saw for the first time the sign, "Common," in Boston at the entrance of the great park known as Boston Common, called out joyfully, "It doesn't say, 'Keep Off the Grass;' it says, 'Come on!'" And this is the gospel invitation,—not "Keep off," but "Come on!"—James D. Lawson.

Alexander's Secret

THE answer of Alexander the Great to one who asked him how he was ever victorious was, "Simply by not delaying." How many forget this in regard to spiritual things,—ever putting off,—intending to come to God, but at a more convenient season—almost Christians, but not so altogether.—Sunday School Chronicle.

Like the Hog

A BOY was crossing a field one day, and stopped to look at a beautiful oak tree. Under the tree was a hog. It was burrowing about and picking up the acorns that now and then the wind loosened from the tree. "The hog never sees the tree," the boy said to himself. "It doesn't know or care where the acorns come from." As he walked on he thought: "Perhaps I am often like the hog. I have blessings that God sends. I enjoy them, but how often do I look up to think of where they come from?"—Selected.

The Geography Game

NINE-YEAR-OLD Lillian was talking to her mother about the coming examination. She was saying, "Miss Faley drilled us on capitals today, mamma, and I do not remember very many of them, and I just can't learn them." "Did brother Laurence remember them?" asked mamma. "No, he didn't know a single one." Lillian's face looked troubled indeed.

That evening mamma looked up from her mending, and said, "Children, I know a new game we can play." The children were all attention at once while mamma said, "I am thinking of a city that begins with 'H.' It is the capital of a State that produces coal." "Oh, I know, it is Harrisburg," cried Lillian. "Now it is my turn." "Oh, mamma, please let me take my geography for just five minutes before we begin," said Laurence, who was not at all partial to his geography.

Mamma allowed them both five minutes for study, and the game began in earnest. It was great fun, for papa played too. When examination day came, Lillian and Laurence were surprised to find that they knew all the capitals. ALICE W. MYERS.

A MORAL, sensible, well-bred man
Will not affront me, and no other can.

—Cowper.

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The Youth's Instructor

LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 20, 1916

No. 25

A Thought and Picture

F. FREDERICK BLISS

LINKED up with life—divorced from death!
Creative power I have for breath!
I'm frail, but Elder Brother takes
My hand in his when stumbling breaks
Some resolution sweet I'd made;
(Here reds my face with shame's hot shade!)
And when my fingers feel the wounds
Two thousand years unhealed, and sounds
Like cries when blood starts from the pores
Break on my ears, I note the sores
On head and hands and feet and side—
Price priceless love pays for a bride!
Dazed—dazed! I turn and longing look
Again to see if in the Book
'Twas just these things foretold—foretold!
Foretold, foretold, foretold, foretold!

On holy page find I all this,
And oh, the sweetness, ah, the bliss
Of knowing that from heaven a Prince
Of glorious—sacred—influence
Had come to tottering, crumbling earth,
On sacred time, in sacred birth,
To save, to save, to save, to save!—

And until oceans earthly lave
Eternal borders, and her damps
Of molten joy find nothing cramps
In heaven 'yond heavens, in space unspaced
Where boundaries would be disgraced,—
Till then I'll joy, I'll weep, I'll shout,
O'er earth's cramped spaces in and out,
Behold, behold the Lamb of God,
Whose grave once fell in earth's foul sod!
Behold again his cross was there
Where nails had fixed this One so fair!
And, see; e'en thieves are hanging, too,
Foul hint against the Sufferer true!
There darkness blacked a once-shamed earth
Till death to life had given birth!
Ah! canst thou note these awful things,
Together with the groan that rings
Despair's despairing o'er despair,
And see not what for thee is there?

'Tis there thy heaven's portals ope!
'Tis there despair gives birth to hope!
All this I'll shout, and more if I
Can shout and not from pity die.

Overcoming

MEADE MAC GUIRE

EVERYTHING in the universe that is worth having is promised as a final reward to the one who overcomes. Overcome is an expressive word. It is defined as: "To get the better of; to surmount; conquer; subdue; as, to overcome difficulties or dangers; to overcome enemies in battle."

A wonderful array of promises is made in the second and third chapters of Revelation to the one who overcomes:—

"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the tree of life."

He "shall not be hurt of the second death."

I will give him "to eat of the hidden manna."

I "will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written."

"To him will I give power over the nations."

He "shall be clothed in white raiment."

"I will not blot out his name out of the book of life."

I "will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels."

I will make him "a pillar in the temple of my God."

"He shall go no more out."

"I will write upon him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, . . . and my new name."

I will grant him "to sit with me in my throne."

In other passages we are told what we must overcome. "Whosoever is born of God overcometh the world;" "I have written unto you . . . because ye have overcome the wicked one." The inclinations of our own sinful nature, the influences of the world, and the temptations of Satan all must be "conquered, subdued, and overcome as enemies in battle." If we do not overcome them, they will overcome us. The apostle Peter says, "Of whom a man is overcome, of the same is he brought in bondage."

In "Early Writings" we are told explicitly what must be overcome: "I saw that none could share the 'refreshing,' unless they obtain the victory over every besetment, over pride, selfishness, love of the world, and over every wrong word and action."

In our struggle to obtain victory, two things are necessary: We must have faith in God. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." We must work. "Even so faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone."

There is a mortgage against my place which I have no money to pay. My friend tells me that he will deposit the full amount of money in the bank immediately. I have faith that he has kept his word, but I must write a check and go and pay the mortgage, or I shall lose my place. Without faith it would be impossible to win a single victory over sin, but faith which does not lead to earnest, intelligent co-operation with God will avail nothing.

In this matter of overcoming, conquering and subduing our enemies, faith and works must go hand in hand. One must be constantly on the alert to meet the two classes of enemies or temptations which one encounters daily and hourly, lest one yield through carelessness or impulse to the temptations which come in ever-changing forms and through various channels, or yield to the besetting or habitual sins. The habitual sins are most dangerous. They weave chains about us which become harder and harder to break. They rob us of our confidence, so that we cannot pray with freedom, nor can we have large influence in soul-winning. Here are suggestions for those who are longing and striving for victory over sins which have become habits in the life.

Almost every one has formed some wrong habit which it is necessary to overcome. Millions are enslaved by habits from which they strive in vain to break away. Yet the secret of victory is simple, and accessible to every soul.

A habit is formed by the operation of a natural law of the mind which makes us do "easily, naturally, and with growing certainty what we do often." Some

have learned the secret of gaining the victory over every besetting sin through faith in God, but to others the way seems dark and mysterious, and try as they may, they feel helpless in the grasp of evil habits.

But God is not partial, and he is no respecter of persons. An intelligent and reasonable conformity to the laws he has fixed, and which control in the realm of thought, will bring the same results to all. All our conversation and conduct, which go to make up character, have their birth in the mind. There is the thought, which if cherished becomes an act; and the act if repeated becomes a habit. It is obvious, then, that each overcomer must learn the secret of *mastering his own thoughts*. "But," says one, "that is precisely what I cannot do. I have tried in vain for years." But all must agree that no one can attain the heights of Christian character unless he learns the secret of absolute mastery of his thoughts. No one is prepared to render his best service to God and men while his thoughts and imagination run riot like an unbroken horse.

But the Word of God absolutely assures us of this victory. "(For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds;) casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing *into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ*." This is the normal Christian experience — the exercise of the mind of Christ.

Now these "mighty weapons" are, primarily, *the promises of God and our own will*.

The Will

In "Steps to Christ" we read, "What you need to understand is the true force of the will. This is the governing power in the nature of man, the power of decision, or of choice. Everything depends on the right action of the will." "Through the right exercise of the will, an entire change may be made in your life."

We do not ignore the fact that some naturally have more will-power than others. Broadly speaking, the will is strengthened and developed by the operation of the two great principles of *resistance and persistence*. Therefore some may reason that one who is naturally endowed with a strong will and who has strengthened his will wisely by resistance to wrong and persistence in right may succeed, while one who has but little will-power and who has weakened that little by yielding to evil must hopelessly fail. But the same God who made all the laws of nature and of our being paid the infinite price of his only Son to redeem and save sinners. To say that this wonderful plan of redemption is able to save only a certain class of sinners, but is inadequate to redeem and regenerate the vilest and most depraved, is to insult God.

No sinner has sunk so low or dissipated his will-power to such an extent that he cannot reach out his hand for the help God has already pledged his word to give. In many cases which seem desperate or hopeless from a human viewpoint, God has worked miracles of healing to body and soul, removing deep-seated appetites and passions in a moment; but these miracles do not conflict with the natural laws of which we are speaking, and which must be observed in the subsequent life of the captive who has been set free.

First, then, we must believe that what God has said

is true, and that absolute mastery of our thoughts is possible for us. Then we must cooperate with him by beginning the work of consciously and definitely educating the will. The first act of the will must be absolute surrender to God, and this act must be continuous, every day, every hour, every moment. A will thus surrendered becomes immediately endowed with divine power.

The Thoughts

The operation of this divine power in the control of the thoughts is marvelous. During our waking hours a stream of thought is constantly flowing through the mind. Some object or idea is always uppermost, or occupies the center of this stream of consciousness. New thoughts or ideas flash out into the center of this stream, continue a short time, and are gone. But the old thoughts which have resulted in acts and eventually crystallized into habits, recur again and again with more or less regularity.

It is possible by the exercise of the surrendered will to expel absolutely any given thought from the mind. This is done by the introduction of some other idea. Two thoughts cannot remain uppermost in the mind at the same time. If an unkind, impure, or undesirable thought flashes into the mind, it is possible by a determined act of the will to introduce a generous, pure, noble thought; and by persistently focusing the mind upon the desirable thought, the evil is effectually expelled. Paul says, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." This is the law of controlling the thoughts.

If you have struggled long and vainly against evil thoughts; if this is a monster which has left you a thousand times crushed and defeated and in despair, let me urge you to lay hold upon this simple law and rejoice in the victory. Do not give up if the first trial does not accomplish all you expect. It may require a little practice and skill to attain complete success. But as you witness the mighty expulsive power of God's promises, wielded by a surrendered and divinely empowered will, you cannot but rejoice in a victory that will work an entire change in your life.

The Actions

Now, perfect mastery of the thoughts means perfect control of the actions and words. Many have indulged in foolish talking and jesting until it has become a habit fixed in the very tissues of the brain. They resolve and promise to stop again and again, and as often they go down in defeat and humiliation.

How is this law to be applied to give them victory? First, there must be humble confession and complete surrender of the will to God, realizing that he alone can impart power to overcome. Then the victim of this wrong habit deliberately plans beforehand to resist and overcome the next temptation. Some precious promise, some dear friend, some cherished plan, some noble purpose — any or all of these may be called into action at the instant of temptation, and he will find the divine power present to reinforce the human effort.

Whatever the evil habit or practice may be, an intelligent application of this simple rule will bring victory because it embodies the divine principle of overcoming evil with good, and the promise of God stands back of it.

When the final battle is fought and we are crowned

victors in the kingdom above, "affliction shall not rise up the second time," because the redeemed have learned in the earthly school to bring "into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ." Then we shall spend the ages in seeking to comprehend the fullness of the promise, "He that overcometh shall inherit all things."

The History of Liberty Bell

ONE of the most interesting relics of colonial and Revolutionary times is Liberty Bell. It is of particular interest, not only because of the motto inscribed upon it, which itself seemed both providential and prophetic, but because its history is so intimately associated with the signing of the Declaration of Independence, the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and the enunciation and development of those principles which have made this nation great.

"The bell was ordered made, by a resolution passed by the Pennsylvania Assembly of 1750-51, for the Pennsylvania Statehouse, at Philadelphia, later known as Independence Hall. The order for the casting of the bell was first given to a firm in England. The bell made, however, was not satisfactory, and it was broken up, and, with some added metals, recast by the firm of Pass & Stow, of Philadelphia. This, again, did not prove satisfactory, and the same firm cast it a second time. This last effort was more successful, and produced the bell which announced to the people on the evening of July 4, 1776, the fact that the motion to adopt the Declaration of Independence had passed the assembly.

"A point worthy of note is the fact that each time the bell was cast, there were inscribed upon it the words: 'Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. Lev. 25:10.'

"This is the Jubilee proclamation which God ordained should be proclaimed throughout the land of Israel every fifty years, when every servant should be set free, every debt canceled, and every one return to his original possession of land lost or pledged away through misfortune or adverse circumstances. That such a bell, with such a motto, should be the one first to announce American independence seems indeed fitting and significant.

"The signing of the Declaration of Independence meant much,—a war lasting through eight long years! a victory for human rights and liberties! and a new nation, established upon 'a new order of things'! Many feared the results of such a bold and decided step; others questioned its propriety; and some, like the old bell ringer in the belfry, kept shaking their heads, and saying, 'They'll never do it! they'll never do it!' But they did do it, and the old belfryman's eyes expanded and he grasped the rope with a firmer hold when a blue-eyed boy flew up the stairs, shouting, 'Ring! ring! they've signed!' For hours the vibrant lips of old Liberty Bell pealed forth the birth notes of American freedom. The message was taken up in other parts, and many bells throughout the land proclaimed the joyful news. When the courageous American patriots had completed signing the immortal document, and the importance of all 'hanging together' was mentioned by some one, Benjamin Franklin said, 'We must all hang together, or we shall all hang separately.'

"For nearly sixty years Liberty Bell did service in Independence Hall, excepting a short period during

the Revolutionary War, when it was taken down and secreted to prevent the possibility of its being taken as 'the spoils of war.' But on July 8, 1835, it sounded for the last time. While being slowly tolled during the funeral of Chief Justice John Marshall on that day, it cracked, and was silent henceforth forever. And we are not so sure but that this seemingly most unfortunate occurrence was also prophetic. Human slavery was then taking such deep root in this country as to bring on a little later a prolonged and most bloody internecine war for its extirpation; and other elements were also at work, and have since developed to great proportions, to trample upon the dearest rights of all, the rights of conscience, and turn this nation back into the 'old order of things,'—the evils of religious bigotry and intolerance.

"Old Liberty Bell is now preserved, and may be seen, in a large glass case standing on the ground floor of Independence Hall. It has several times been placed on exhibit at world's fairs and the like. The Declaration of Independence, so closely associated with Liberty Bell, is now deposited in a safe in the State, War, and Navy Building at Washington, D. C., just west of the White House. It was formerly on exhibit in a glass case here; but as it was fading so rapidly, it was, by order of the Secretary of State, in 1902, laid away, never again to be exposed to public view."

Recently the Liberty Bell made a trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco. It stopped at several hundred cities and towns along the way. On its journey home, the train that conveyed the special car containing Liberty Bell stopped at Loma Linda, California, by special request of the Council of the General and North American Division Conferences. The writer was asked to make a presentation speech to those in charge of Liberty Bell. At the conclusion of his short address, Senator Penrose of Pennsylvania, and the government officials in charge of the Bell, presented a miniature cast of Liberty Bell to the speaker, which he values very highly. May the principles for which Liberty Bell stands, live long in America.

C. S. LONGACRE.

Economy

"I WILL give five pounds toward the expenses of the city mission," said a Scotchman, without solicitation, to a clergyman whom he met on the street.

"Thank you!" exclaimed the clergyman, earnestly; "the money is greatly needed, and will do a great deal of good."

"I wonder," he mused, as he left the other, "how so close a man happens to be so generous of his own accord!"

"Wait a minute," said the Scotchman, who had turned to follow the minister. "I have the five pounds about me, and I may as well give it now as send it; it will save a postage stamp."

The trait which led him to avoid using an unnecessary postage stamp had ruled all his business transactions and enabled him to give the five pounds which the clergyman had not thought of receiving from so "close" a man.

"We shan't get much here," whispered a lady to her companion, as John Murray blew out one of the two candles by whose light he had been writing when they asked him to contribute to some benevolent object. He listened to their story and gave one hundred dollars. "Mr. Murray, I am greatly surprised,"

said the lady quoted; "I did not expect to get a cent from you." The old Quaker asked the reason for her opinion; and when told, said, "That, ladies, is the reason I am able to let you have the hundred dollars. It is by practicing economy that I save up money with which to do charitable actions. One candle is enough to talk by."

Emerson relates the following anecdote: "An opulent merchant in Boston was called on by a friend in behalf of a charity. At that time he was admonishing his clerk for using whole wafers instead of halves; his friend thought the circumstances unpropitious; but to his surprise, on listening to the appeal, the merchant subscribed five hundred dollars. The applicant expressed his astonishment that any person who was so particular about half a wafer should present five hundred dollars to a charity; but the merchant said, 'It is by saving half wafers, and attending to such little things, that I have now something to give.'"

"I once knew a man many times a millionaire who would, upon leaving his library for dinner, always go around and lower the gas at every jet. Yet he would not stoop to pick up a coin, because stooping, he said, made him dizzy, and he would not think of incapacitating himself for any amount of money. I used also to know another very rich man whom I occasionally chided in a humorous way for burning so much gas,—having his rooms so brilliantly illuminated,—but his answer invariably was: 'What is the cost of gas compared to the cost of eyesight?' This man was a thorough, scientific economist, and so was the last-named man. They understood what the grand old word 'thrift' really means.

It is not the aim of thrift, or the duty of man, to acquire millions. It is in no respect a virtue to set this before us as an end. Duty to save ends when just enough money has been put aside to provide comfortably for those dependent upon us. Hoarding millions is avarice, not thrift.

"Thrift is so essential to happiness in this world that the failure to practice it is to me incomprehensible," said Russell Sage, in the *Saturday Evening Post*. "It is such an easy, simple thing, and it means so much. It is the foundation of success in business, of contentment in the home, of standing in society. It stimulates industry. I never yet heard of a thrifty man who was lazy. It begets independence and self-confidence. It makes a man of the individual who practices it.

"I think the greatest fault that characterizes our education of the young today, is failure to teach thrift in the schools. From the very outset a child ought to understand the value of saving. In some schools, I understand, penny savings funds are now established. Out of these funds, if they are administered with practical common sense, will grow more sound teaching than out of anything else in the curriculum. I mean teaching that will make for success;

and that, after all, is what the mother hopes for her child and a nation for its citizens."

"True economy consists in always making the income exceed the outgo. Wear the old clothes a little longer, if necessary; dispense with the new pair of gloves; mend the old dress; live on plainer food, if need be; so that, under all circumstances, unless some unforeseen accident occurs, there will be a margin in favor of the income. A penny here, and a dollar there, placed on interest, go on accumulating, and in this way the desired result is attained. It requires some training, perhaps, to accomplish this economy; but, when once used to it, you will find there is more satisfaction in rational saving than in irrational spending. Here is a recipe which I recommend, for I have found it to work an excellent cure for extravagance, and especially for mistaken economy: When you find that you have no surplus at the end of the year, and yet have a good income, I advise you to take a few sheets of paper and form them into a book, and mark down every item of expenditure. Post it every day or week in two columns, one headed 'necessaries,' or even 'comforts,' and the other headed 'luxuries,' and you will find that the latter will be frequently greater than the former."

Very few men know how to use money properly. They can earn it, lavish it, hoard it, waste it; but to deal with it wisely, as a means to an end, is an education difficult of acquirement.

Nature is Liberal, Not Lavish

"Nature uses a grinding economy," says Emerson, "working up all that is wasted today into tomorrow's creation; not a superfluous grain of sand for all the ostentation she makes of expense and public works. She flung us out in her plenty, but we cannot shed a hair or a paring of a nail, but instantly she snatches at the shred and appropriates it to her general stock." Last summer's flowers and foliage decayed in autumn only to enrich the earth this year for other forms of beauty. Nature will not even wait for our friends to see us, unless we die at home. The moment the breath has left the body, she begins to take us to pieces, that the parts may be used again for other creations.

Liberal, not lavish, is Nature's hand. Even God, it is said, cannot afford to be extravagant. When he increased the loaves and fishes, he commanded to gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost.—*"Economy," by Orison Swett Marden.*

Bible Year	
1916	
NASHVILLE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY	
NAME	J F M A M J J A S O N D
Alice Beard	* * * *
E. Glude Gallieatt	* * * *
F. A. Christian	* * * *
Ethel Denslow	* * * *
Mrs. M. A. Parnsworth	* * * *
Minnie B. Foree	* * * *
Mrs. R. C. Gray	* * * *
W. A. Harvey	* * * *
Gerrie Honeycutt	* * * *
Earl F. Jeys	* * * *
J. B. Krauss	* * * *
Mrs. J. B. Krauss	* * * *
Aleene Knox	* * * *
Lillie M. Alexander	* * * *
O. L. M. Alexander	* * * *
Mrs. O. L. M. Alexander	* * * *
Esther Noy	* * * *
Roy Nance	* * * *
Helen Sinclair	* * * *
Lenna Simkin	* * * *
Lolita Smith	* * * *
Archie Smith	* * * *
Howard Stark	* * * *
Mrs. H. A. Varney	* * * *
H. A. Varney	* * * *
Edith White	* * * *
Leta Wight	* * * *
Hazel Wood	* * * *
Maude G. Wood	* * * *
Lynn H. Wood	* * * *
Flossie Hall	* * * *
Irene Pipkin	* * * *
John Bruner	* * * *
Annie Adams	* * * *
Roscoe Gray	* * * *
Edna Bruner	* * * *
Lawrence Parnsworth	* * * *

Reading the Bible Through

ONE of the objects of the Missionary Volunteer organization is to get as many as possible to read the Bible through during the year. A great many people realize that this is a good plan, and they make a good resolution when the subject is presented and sign the enrolment blank signifying their intention of reading the Bible through; but as the days pass and

other interests come in, they find themselves confronted with so much work that they neglect to give time to the reading of the Word.

When the Morning Watch came out for 1916 with the Bible Year outline in the back, a number cut out this outline and pasted it in their Bibles. Then day by day as they read their Bibles, they marked off the assignment. This proved to be a great help, and the thought of cooperating one with another to secure enthusiasm helped suggest the idea of getting up a chart containing the names of those who had enrolled for the Bible year, space being allowed so that the names could be checked up once a month. This chart was to be large enough to be easily read from any part of the church. The cut on opposite page shows the chart made out for the Nashville Young People's Society. Last year there was only one in this society who read the Bible through. This year there are thirty-seven who have enrolled, and it will be noticed that there is a large percentage who have kept up to date.

Not only has this been tried in the different young people's societies, but the movement has also spread to the church. All over our union, one will find these charts hanging in the different churches, and the different members, young and old, are reading their Bibles as never before. At the present time there are 3,054 Adventists in the Southern Union, and there are 1,244 members of the Bible Year. When one takes into consideration the fact that one conference has not reported, it means that almost one half of our constituency have definitely pledged themselves to read the Bible through during the year. Eternity alone will reveal what the results will be from this enthusiastic campaign.

The Spirit of prophecy says: "Only those who have been diligent students of the Scriptures and who have received the love of the truth will be shielded from the powerful delusion that takes the world captive."

We are praying that through the daily study of God's Word, we may be so closely connected with the work that God can shield us from the delusions that are already sweeping through the earth.

LYNN H. WOOD.

Miscellaneous Selections and Reflections

THE employment of force in religious matters is both futile and brutal.

Christians will not defy, and cannot deify, civil authority.

"Obedience to God must never depend upon the consent of men."

"The great church federation would drive where Jesus invites — would compel where he persuades."

"The love of power destroys the power of love."

"If ceremonies could make saints, a union of church and state would be desirable."

"Sunday laws create a man-fearing, hypocritical form of Sabbath observance — a reproach to religion."

A religion without Bible authority is a counterfeit. A religion domineering over others is a conspiracy.

"If God should compel worship, his subjects would be degraded into slaves."

Civil law may restrain evil, but it cannot force good. Jesus drove men out of the temple, but drove none into it.

GEORGE M. POWELL.

How do You Treat Your Friends?

"A MAN that hath friends must show himself friendly." The title may suggest to different ones different things; for what appeals to one as a friend might not appeal so strongly to another, as one chooses to make friends of the mammon of this world, another chooses a good book, another a neighbor; but all should choose the Friend of sinners, our Saviour.

As young people the money question does not concern us so much as do good literature and proper associates. How friendly are we showing ourselves to be to our message-filled papers and books, and our Guidebook? How do we read? Are we able to impart to others the thoughts expressed in the article, or do we forget as quickly as we have read it? Such reading is harmful, for it does us little good and our neighbor none. Benjamin Franklin had a practice of telling in his own words what he had read a day or two before, to be sure that he was benefited. I know a man who employs a similar practice, and it has wonderfully strengthened his memory.

The message to the world in this generation demands of us our best talent and the most we can make of ourselves. How are we going into the highways with this truth unless we are able to reproduce thoughts that are true, generous, and noble, and be so tactful that we can converse on the topics of the day without offending, and yet show their place in this message? How is this power obtained, you ask? — By good reading, by thinking the good thoughts after the most thoughtful and talented writers. While it is wrong to steal the words from our neighbor, yet we may make his ideas ours and thus pass them on.

First, we are told that there is nothing so calculated to enlarge and strengthen the intellect as the study of the Word of God; so study and reproduce those thoughts after him. Let us keep in his good company, for it was said of the ignorant fishermen of old that after associating with Jesus for a while, others perceived that they were growing like him. "They took knowledge of them, that they had been with Jesus." Philip learned how to begin at the words read by the Ethiopian eunuch, to teach him of Jesus. Acts 8:35.

Showing ourselves friendly to good reading, we ourselves are growing and are enabled to be better friends to those around us, who are thus placed for us to benefit. Let us make the most of the talent lent us, and return to the Lord his own with usury. "Let your light so shine." Matt. 5:16. "Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." John 15:14.

MRS. FLORA E. POST.

Reading His Will

A MISSIONARY in Brazil was making her usual visits when she came upon a poor, ignorant, ragged woman whose face was radiant, sitting in her little thatched hut with a copy of the Gospels on her lap and an A B C book by her side. When she saw the missionary, she said, "O Señora, I'm an heiress! Just think of all these riches for me." The missionary saw her labor hard to read the words, and asked, "Why do you take so much trouble to read?" The reply came, "It is His will. Just think how ashamed I would be to meet my Lord and have him ask, 'Did you receive the inheritance? Did you read my will?' And I should have to answer, 'No.' O Señora, I want to learn it by heart, for he left it all for me." — *From "The Children's Friend."*

“Have I Missed Something—or Escaped Something?”

Let the Reader Decide

BY UNITED STATES CONGRESSMAN EDWARD J. KING OF ILLINOIS



IF I were to have my life all over again, I believe I would be half-tempted to have the first twenty years somewhat less associated with hardships. Yet I am not able to put my finger on any item of misfortune, as I look back over the past, that I can say did me more harm than good, although I do feel that a rather long procession of difficulties seemed to pursue me for a good many years with surprising persistence.

If the Second Baptist Church on State Street, in the city of Springfield, Massachusetts, had not been built so well as it was, or if it had cost the congregation a little more money, this story probably would not have been told. For a number of years my father had been a good carpenter. Then he became a contractor—and a poor one. When he took the contract for the Second Baptist Church, he did so at a figure that made him a bankrupt. Thus it came about that with the building of that church, which I believe is still standing, my troubles began—even though I was yet unborn.

After my father went broke from housing that Second Baptist congregation according to the plans and specifications, he set forth to start anew in an Iowa town called Hamburg, as near as I can remember, and heralded as the coming metropolis of the West. If Hamburg had conformed with the advance notices, various things affecting my own personal welfare might have been different; but the construction of a railroad into Omaha completely spoiled the plans to make Hamburg a town the size of Chicago, and my father found himself a great deal more bankrupt, even, than before. From that time on we became practically itinerant. When I was twelve or thirteen years old I had attended fifteen different schools. Owing to some little quirk of fate, I invariably changed schools just when I was trying to master the multiplication table, and I never did succeed in getting as far as the nines. The eights I came to know perfectly, but the nines—even today I cannot tell how many are “nine-tums-nine” without pausing a moment to figure. All through my later schooling I was severely handicapped in mathematics, and neither my teacher nor I realized at the time that the difficulty lay in such a simple matter as my never having learned the multiplication table.

This proved a disguised blessing, for a few years later I was tempted to take a job as bookkeeper in a small retail store. I would have quit school and taken the job, only I knew that I couldn't add a column of figures correctly. If I had been just a shade better in mathematics I probably would have become a low-grade, low-salaried accountant, and remained one. It wasn't long before I realized what a mistake that would have been. And whenever I was up against what seemed like hard luck I cheered myself with the thought that it might show up as good luck by and by. That is one fine thing about life, as I see it—misfortune cannot always be set down for a certainty as misfortune unless one judges it in the light of later events, and by that time it frequently proves to be not misfortune at all.

Some thirty-five or more years ago, when my father was out selling washing machines, my mother

and I boarded at the old Albro House in Galva, Illinois. There was a cupola on that hotel, and I used to play there with a little boy who wore a blue sailor suit. In 1914, in conversation with Frank Kranz, editor of the *Oneida News* at Oneida, Illinois, and chairman of the committee which was handling my campaign in his county, I discovered that he was the boy.

From Galva we went to Burlington, Iowa, in connection with which one or two trivial items somehow stand out in my memory. One was of having just one little pair of trousers, which I had to clean with soapsuds and ammonia every Sunday in order to make them look clean enough to wear to Sunday school.

With my mother I then went back to Springfield, Massachusetts, for the sole purpose, as I afterward learned, of living on some of her relatives, little as they could afford the burden of two more mouths to feed. It was soon after our return to Springfield that I met with a rather disheartening mishap, which remains in my memory yet as one of the worst in my whole life. I occasionally earned small sums of money by doing chores for neighbors, but always turned such earnings over to my mother to help buy the clothes I needed. One day, however, I had a nickel that I had made up my mind to spend for pleasure. After considerable reflection I decided that what I wanted more than anything else I could buy with a nickel was a horse-car ride. I picked out the line with the longest route, but my nickel would not pay for the round trip. So I determined to walk out to the end of the line and ride triumphantly back. Toward the end of the route it began to rain, but I did not mind, for I was thinking how jolly it would be riding back through the rain comfortably seated in the street car. Well, I boarded the car, reached for my fare, and—

It had dropped through a hole in my pocket!

A few weeks after that I had accumulated twenty-five pennies. I felt guilty for even thinking of squandering so much for pleasure, but it seemed to me, after my misfortune in connection with the contemplated car ride, that I was entitled to a little fun. I had never seen a show of any kind. Buffalo Bill was to give a performance in Tillie Haynes's Opera House. Gallery seats were twenty-five cents. An hour before the show opened I was at the gallery entrance with a quarter clutched in my hand. A tall youth a little ahead of me in line, and whom I knew only slightly, called back to me: “Here, Kingie, give me your quarter, and I'll get your ticket for you.” I thanked him and handed up the quarter. For a long time I stood there waiting for my ticket. The crowd passed on upstairs into the theater, and soon the space about the ticket window was deserted. I waited until the show was half over, but could not find my tall, kind friend. He was inside enjoying the show. I tried to explain the situation to the man who took tickets at the door, but it was of no avail. Those two bits of hard luck were trivial, of course, but they came near making my life a desolate failure—simply because I began to believe that I was doomed to ill luck, whatever I did.

I was saved from this, however, by having the thought occur to me that same day all such troubles would be nothing but recollections, and as such would be amusing. It was really a very happy thought, and tided me over a lot of rough places. Whenever things were not breaking right for me, I said to myself: "Oh, well, I'll laugh about this sometime."

One winter I was compelled to wear a pair of my mother's old shoes to school. I did my best to conceal the fact, but the scalloped edge around the top was a give-away and called forth the derision of all the other pupils. I guess there is nothing quite so heartless as the average boy under ten years of age in his treatment of his associates. After I had a boy of my own, I always insisted on getting him the most masculine-looking, extension-soled shoes or copper-toed boots there were in the shop. Yet I am inclined to think that the ordeal did me good. The shame of having to wear my mother's shoes came nearer than anything else I ever had to making me give up all idea of going to school. After I struggled through that winter I felt as if I must finish school then, no matter what happened. As I looked at it, I would never have any worse obstacle to overcome, so I must follow up my investment.

Time went on, and we moved to Windsor, Connecticut; and in that town occurred a little incident which made me seriously wonder just what fate had up its sleeve for me. I became half convinced that for reasons clear beyond my control my horizon would ever be gray and hopeless. I had never owned a "pig sticker" sled. On an ash heap of a neighboring house I found the frame of an old sled which had been thrown away as useless. I took it home, and at the expenditure of a good deal of time and effort succeeded in putting a new top on it. A man gave me some green blind paint, and after I had applied a coat of that my sled presented a rather natty appearance. One night as I was coasting down an eight-knoll declivity known as Pigeon Hill, a big boy about seventeen years old came up, and without much explanation took my sled away from me, declaring that it was his. He lived in the house that belonged to the ash heap where I had found the framework.

I know now that the mean trick of the boy who took the sled from me by superior force was another thing which proved to be for my own good. I spoke about the incident to a neighbor, and he said I could see a lawyer and recover the sled.

Instantly the idea popped into my head that I would like to be a lawyer when I grew up. It would be fine, I thought, to be consulted over such disputes as that, and help settle them on a basis of right and justice. I had been wondering vaguely what I wanted to make of myself, and for some reason had leaned to the idea of becoming a house painter. All that kept me from being a house painter, I think, was the fact that I got dizzy when I climbed to any great height. I had a horror of working at my trade some day and having the boss come around and order me to paint a high church steeple. I even had in mind a steeple or two, and their height did much toward causing me to abandon all idea of house painting as a calling in life.

Being a lawyer, though, was different. I was surprised that I hadn't thought of that before. There were no risks, so far as I could see; and even the least successful lawyers managed to make a living.

I sat down one day and devoted about an hour to deciding what I would make of myself; and after

carefully considering various lines of endeavor, I definitely made up my mind once and for all that I would be a lawyer. Later on, I added to my plans a provision that, besides being a lawyer, I would go to Congress. Once I had made up my mind what I wanted to do when I became a man, it seemed to me that half my troubles were over. Never before had I had a goal. Now I was headed toward some place in particular. And I hadn't the slightest doubt that I would get there. If I were obliged to pack a lot of advice into a few words for the benefit of poor boys, I should tell them to decide as early in life as possible what they intend to do. There is nothing so helpful to a tired traveler as a destination. This thing of not knowing where you're going, but being merely on your way, is a delusion and a folly.

It was about this time that I began to make sums of money from certain useful occupations. I walked through snow a mile and a half to school all winter, arriving before any of the other pupils in order to build a wood fire, for which service I received three cents per diem. The following summer I was employed picking tobacco worms on a farm near Suffield, Connecticut.

A little later, my father, who had acquired a small stake in Galesburg, Illinois, came and took me out there with him.

We arrived in Galesburg in December, 1880, and spent the first night at Brown's Hotel — in connection with which I might mention the odd fact that I happen to be one of the executors of the estate of the man who owned it.

From that time on until I was married I never had a home, and most of the time I did not even have a real bed to sleep on. My chief companions were horses and livery-stable habitués. Father had got hold of a little livery business, and a great many of our customers were customers also of one of the toughest road houses in that part of Illinois. It looked like a case of all hope abandon for a boy to have to grow up in a livery stable under such conditions. I slept on a rude bunk in the stable office, except sometimes I went back and made myself a bed in a box stall with a friendly old blind trotter. It was many a year before I knew what it was to sleep between sheets in a regular bed. A horse blanket or two comprised my bedclothes.

There were about fifteen or eighteen regular frequenters of the livery stable office, and a number of these eventually did time in the penitentiary.

I did chores for a man who ran a little grocery and bakeshop, taking my pay chiefly in old cakes and odds and ends that he couldn't sell. These formed my principal diet, and I really seemed to thrive on them rather well. I kept on in school and was graduated from the Galesburg High School, the sole boy among eighteen girls, in 1886. Being the one boy in the class proved to be the greatest blessing of my life.

Across the schoolroom one day, a year or so prior to my graduation, I saw a face that was destined to be the inspiration which enabled me to overcome the serious difficulties of the several years which followed. She was a class ahead of me, and I began to thirst for learning — chiefly because of my desire to make up a year and be in her class. I did so. My clothes were shabby, and I did not present a romantic appearance, but extraordinary opportunities for courtship incident to being the only boy in the class gave

(Continued on page fifteen)



CONDUCTED BY THE MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT
Judge Not
 (Texts for June 25 to July 1)

ONE thing is certain: Our calling in life is not judging. We are not here to read the motives behind the words and deeds of others. That work God has not assigned to us, and so, of course, he has not equipped us for that kind of service. And really we cannot help God, nor benefit others, nor yet improve our own lives, by trying to do what he has strictly forbidden our attempting. We are doomed to fail in any such undertaking.

But even so, judging is very popular with us humans. How natural it is to judge others! In no other work does the competition seem so great. Inability discourages very few. And why should it discourage any? The kind of judging most of us do requires no skill, no insight into the deep workings of another's heart and mind. Most of our judging is faultfinding, grumbling, and criticism, gurgling along in that open, ill-smelling sewer known as neighborly gossip. Anybody can find fault, but it takes a great and noble nature to rise above this well-nigh universal habit.

If you must judge, judge kindly. Let the golden rule mete out your words. Imagine you are the *other person*, telling about *you* the story that is falling from your lips about him. Now, what should you like to have him say about you to the person with whom you are talking? Should you be delighted to have him tell the story you are relating? No? Well, then, should you tell it? Be as fair to the absent one as you wish your friends to be to you when you are not present. Always remember that—

"We know so little of the hearts
 That everywhere around us beat,
 So little of the inner lives
 Of those whom day by day we greet!
 Oh! it behooves us one and all
 Gently to deal with those we meet."

You never judge others? Do not be overconfident. Test yourself today. Try to live today without uttering one word of criticism or thinking one faultfinding thought of others. At night, take an inventory of your words and thoughts.

Judging is dangerous. It is a poisonous habit, and you cannot afford to leave any room for it in your heart. "John Wesley wrote in his diary one day, 'Today I grieved the divine Spirit by speaking uncharitably of one who is not sound in the faith. Immediately I was in great darkness.' We cannot keep the peace of God in our hearts unless our human relations are as they should be."

There is only one way to get liberty from the wicked habit of judging. That is to let the love of God crowd it out of the heart. His love will cleanse the heart, and write therein the law of kindness. It will fill the heart with that heavenly, inexhaustible love that never changes. Then kindness will not be intermittent. It will not be dependent upon the attitude of others, but it will be as constant as the rays of the sun that bring us light and heat, regardless of what we say about that bright orbit, whose shining depends

upon what the sun is, not what we are. What a glorious privilege—to let life be a receptacle for the love of God, from which all may drink and "see that the Lord is good." By consecrating our lives to this purpose we shall become blessings to others, and thus, and only thus, shall we steer clear of that cannibalistic, suicidal habit of judging.

MEDITATION.—"Dear Lord and Master, may we learn the blessedness of victory over our own tongues. Keep us today from saying the unkind or unnecessary thing about another. Help us to repeat the good and bury the evil, and learn to win others by a steadfast and hopeful nature. In Christ's name. Amen."

SPECIAL PRAYER.—This week let us all join in praying for Manchuria and Mongolia.

M. E.



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

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending July 1

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 July.

The Bible Year

Assignment for June 25 to July 1

- June 25: Amos 1 to 5.
- June 26: Amos 6 to 9.
- June 27: Hosea 1 to 7.
- June 28: Hosea 8 to 14.
- June 29: Isaiah 1 to 3.
- June 30: Isaiah 4 to 6.
- July 1: Isaiah 7 to 9.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for June 22.

Our South American Missions

THE Neglected Continent of yesterday has become the Continent of Opportunity today. From Panama on the north to Cape Horn at the southern extremity, every country offers some inducement to the foreigner. To the historian, South America is a most fascinating field: the story of her Incas never loses its charm; and of the wars and bloodshed that have drenched her through past centuries, the half has never been told. To the tourist, Lima is the Paris of South America; Bolivia is both its Switzerland and its Hermit republic; Santiago its Jamestown; and in fact, every place is an opportunity for contrasts and comparisons. There are ruins of supreme interest to the archeologist. The naturalist discovers birds, beasts, trees, and shrubs found in no other part of the world. The entomologist finds plenty of bugs, and the geologist revels in minerals of every description. Then there is the wealth of natural resources that allure the foreign capitalist. Nor is this surprising. A few years ago, according to reports, the average exports in Argentina were \$60 per capita, proportionately two and one-half times as large as the exports of the United States, about fifteen times as large as those of Japan, and more than a hundred times as large

as those of the Chinese Republic. The foreign trade of Argentina alone is almost as great as that of Africa.

But South America is more especially a continent of opportunity to those who heed the cry that arises from the millions who there grope in the darkness of ignorance and superstition. Had South America had a "Mayflower" and a Plymouth Rock, her conditions religiously, educationally, and industrially doubtless would have compared more favorably with those of her sister continent in the northern hemisphere. Had she been blessed with Franklins, Washingtons, and Lincolns, instead of Pizarros, Almagros, and Bolivars, her history probably would contain less carnage and bloodshed. She is still suffering from the selfish lust for gold and power that cursed the land in the early days of Spanish conquest.

Her Need Calls Us

Yes, South America is a continent of opportunity to those who seek to uplift downtrodden humanity. Her needs plead urgently for educators. While there is a highly intelligent class, ignorance and illiteracy prevail among the masses of the people. Robert E. Speer, in his report to the Rochester convention, 1910, said: "The average illiteracy in the American nation is ten per cent and a fraction over. If you add to that number all the children under ten years of age who are out of school, you will have a total illiteracy in the United States of about sixteen per cent. According to the last official census, the proportion of illiteracy in the republic of Brazil was eighty-five per cent, including children under six years of age. In the Argentine Republic it is fifty per cent among those over six years of age; in Chile, according to the official census, it is sixty per cent; in Bolivia, according to the Statesmen's Year Book, it is eighty per cent among those over ten years of age. . . . We can put it more concretely in one simple parallel: In the year 1901, seventy out of every one hundred conscripts in the Chilean army were illiterate. In 1904, out of every twenty-five hundred recruits for the German army, one was illiterate. Argentina, the best-educated land in South America, has nine per cent of her population in school, Chile five per cent, Peru and Brazil each three per cent; while in North America nineteen

per cent of the population are in school, fifteen per cent in Germany, and thirteen per cent in Japan."

If the great intellectual need of South America makes it a continent of opportunity to the educator, then the more distressing need of spiritual help makes it a continent of greater opportunity to the Christian worker. South America needs the gospel that saves from sin, and enables men and women to live unspotted from the world. In many places the sanctity of home life is lost sight of, and the moral standard is trailing in the dust. For four hundred years the Catholic Church has been at work. But if the moral standard of students in heathen China today is fifty per cent higher than that of South American students, she needs something better than the Catholicism which in the past has ruled her people, regulated her homes, taught her children, and saturated the whole social fabric.

Our Own Work

in South America began about 1890, when an interest sprang up in Argentina through reading a newspaper account of a baptism in Switzerland. The work grew



rapidly. Colporteurs and ministers entered the field, many honest hearted were gathered out, and conferences and union conferences were organized. In February of the present year the South American Division Conference was organized at La Plata, Argentina, Elder W. W. Prescott, field secretary of the General Conference, being present. The division conference is made up of the Austral Union Conference (formerly the South American Union Conference), the Brazilian Union Conference, and the Inca Union Mission.

These three unions are indicated on the map on page eleven and include all of South America except Colombia, Venezuela, and Guiana, which belong to the West Indian Union. They are made up as follows:—

AUSTRAL UNION CONFERENCE

Argentine Conference

Organized 1902.

Territory—Argentina (except the territories of Misiones, Formosa, Chaco, and Corrientes).

Headquarters and publishing house—Buenos Aires.

Training school and sanitarium—Diamante.

Chile Conference.

Organized 1907.

Territory—Chile.

Headquarters—Santiago.

School—Pua.

Alto Parana Mission

Organized 1906.

Territory—Paraguay, territories of Misiones, Chaco, Formosa, and Corrientes.

Headquarters—Posadas.

Uruguay Mission

Organized 1906.

Territory—Uruguay.

Headquarters—Montevideo.

Patagonia Mission

Organized 1916.

Territory—Patagonia and Falkland Islands.

Headquarters—Punta Arenas.

BRAZILIAN UNION CONFERENCE

Rio Grande do Sul Conference

Organized 1906.

Territory—State of Rio Grande do Sul.

Headquarters—Porto Alegre.

Santa Catharina Conference

Organized 1906.

Territory—State of Santa Catharina.

Headquarters—Sao Jose.

Parana Mission

Organized 1906.

Territory—State of Parana.

Headquarters—Curityba.

Sao Paulo Mission

Organized 1906.

Territory—State of Sao Paulo.

Headquarters—Sao Paulo.

Training school and publishing house—Sao Paulo.

Rio Espirito Santo Mission

Organized 1910.

Territory—States of Espirito Santo, Rio de Janeiro, and the Federal District.

Headquarters—Rio de Janeiro.

East Brazil Mission

Organized 1910.

Territory—States of Bahia, Sergipe, and Pernambuco.

North Brazil Mission.

Organized 1906.

Territory—States of Parahyba, Rio Grande do Norte, Piauhy, Ceara, Maranhao, Para, Amazonas, Matto Grosso, Goyaz, and Minas Geraes.

INCA UNION MISSION

Bolivia Mission

Organized 1907.

Territory—Republic of Bolivia.

Headquarters—La Paz.

Peruvian Mission

Organized 1906.

Territory—Republic of Peru.

Headquarters—Lima.

Lake Titicaca Indian Mission. (Under Peruvian Mission.)

Headquarters—Puno.

Ecuador Mission

Organized 1906.

Territory—Republic of Ecuador.

Headquarters—Quito.

South America needs hundreds of Christian workers whose lives will demonstrate the saving power of the gospel; and she needs them now. Her teeming millions are marching rapidly toward eternity. While we wait, some go whither we cannot follow them with the glad tidings of salvation. Her need is our opportunity. Many noble workers are giving their lives to South America. Will not others pray, give, and work for the salvation of the lost in the Continent of Opportunity? MATILDA ERICKSON.

Christian Help Work

THIS title has come to be a denominational expression with Seventh-day Adventists, and so it should be both in theory and practice, for it is by ministering to the physical needs of fellow creatures that we gain access to hearts susceptible to the influences of the gospel.

Next to the record left us of the ministry of Jesus himself there may be no other more interesting than that of Job. Are we all as diligent in Christian help work as was Job? He left on record the fact that he had been eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. He was a father to the poor. Not only did he undertake that which came in the range of his vision, but the cause he knew not, he searched out.

It is scarcely supposable that Job had any selfish object in view in what he did to alleviate the woes of mankind. He and we might do much that would relieve suffering without an iota of the Christian element actuating us. One can be eyes to the blind by reading or by performing other service to the afflicted one and not remember that it was the mission of Christ on earth to do the same thing. Where then is the difference? Does it not exist in the fact that it is not done as unto Christ?

Even the searching out of causes not heretofore known may be done with no more lofty motive than the praise of men. Can it be that Job was thinking only of physical needs? No doubt he ministered spiritually to all he met, using his eyes to open theirs to the beauties of the Christian pathway and his feet to lead theirs therein. MRS. D. A. FITCH.

“THE bigger the work, the greater the joy in doing it.”—Stanley.



The Curved Scar on My Forehead

NO one but my oldest brother and I have known the real cause of the slightly curved scar on my forehead, until now. As it has been five years since the incident which I am to relate occurred, I am sure he will not care if I tell it.

I had gone to my friend's home in the country and spent the day happily with her. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon when I started home, and the fresh, cool breeze of the evening was beginning to cool the hot air of the summer day.

I had enjoyed the day and started home with a light and happy heart. The half-mile walk was soon covered, and on reaching home, I hurried to the telephone to tell another friend of the good time I had had.

I had not been talking to her long when my oldest brother came home from work, and as he sometimes enjoyed teasing me, he took the receiver from my hands and would not let me hear what my friend was saying. My temper soon got the best of me, and I struck at him. I was too short to reach the telephone, so I was standing on a stool, which was rather unstable. As I struck at him the stool tipped, and I fell against the transmitter of the telephone. It was such a hard blow my forehead was numbed at first and I did not realize that I was hurt seriously, but as I wished him to think that I had been, I put my head upon my arm and started to cry. Soon, however, I looked up to say something to him, for he was laughing at me. I never have seen my brother quite so frightened as he was then. All he could say was, "Bernice, what have I done?"

"Why?" I asked; but I soon found out, when the blood started to trickle down my cheeks. It did not bleed much, but oh, how it ached! My brother bathed my head in cold water. He cried during the performance, although he was a young man.

We then went to the doctor's office, but had to wait for over three hours, for he was out in the country on a case. The time seemed to pass more slowly to my brother than it did to me, even.

When the doctor did arrive and I was in the big chair, my brother could hardly endure the sight of the doctor's work. The doctor could not understand why my brother felt so about it, and when he had repeated several times the remark, "I wish that it

were I instead of her," he turned to him and asked, "Why do you wish you were in her place?"

My brother replied, "Because it is my fault, sir." The doctor did not question him further, but simply said, "I understand."

On the way home from the doctor's office that evening my brother and I had a heart-to-heart talk such as we had never had before. He told me he was truly sorry for being the cause of it all, and promised he would never tease me again. I likewise promised that by God's help I would try never again to lose

my temper. When we reached home our parents were there, and they wanted to know the reason for the plasters and bandages on my forehead. I told them that it was all an accident. I had fallen against the telephone.

Since that time no one has known the real cause of the scar, but as my brother always kept his promise, and it has been so long since it happened, I am willing to tell it, if thereby some one else may be helped to control his temper.

BERNICE WEBBER.

Gave It Up

AT our Maranatha Mission, South Africa, a young man who attended the mission school was a heavy smoker. It was a question whether he could be retained in the school, the habit had so

strong a hold upon him. The mission teacher, however, endeavored to show him the evil of his course, and to persuade him to relinquish the use of tobacco.

One night after one of these Christian talks, the young man went to his room, and getting a home-made bag with about two pounds of tobacco in it, took it to the teacher and said:—

"O Mistress, you must please pray for me, it is so hard to give it up! I have smoked since I was seven years old."

They knelt and prayed together, he for the first time. He poured out his soul before the Lord, pleading for the victory over the filthy thing, and God did not disappoint him. He has not used it from that time, and is having a sweet Christian experience. When he said good-by at the close of school, he told the teacher he was going to keep the Sabbath at home, and solicited her prayers. To her surprise he came back just before the quarterly meeting, walking twenty miles each way, and asked to be baptized.



KERMIT

EVERET

"By Many Infallible Proofs"*

OF Hans Egede, the first Moravian missionary to enter Greenland, it is said by Dr. Christlieb, of the University of Bonn (in "Modern Doubt and Christian Belief"), that before he had mastered the language of the Eskimos, he had given them a pictorial representation of the miracles of Christ. "His hearers, who, like many in Christ's own day, had a perception only for bodily relief, challenged him to prove the power of his Redeemer upon their sick people. With many prayers and sighs he ventured to lay his hands upon the sick, prayed over them and bade them to be whole, in the name of Jesus Christ, and in scores of instances they were healed."

"It would seem as though, in this case," comments Dr. A. T. Pierson in his preface to the first of his series of volumes on "The Miracles of Missions," "the Lord was not able to reveal himself to this mentally blunted and stunted race by means merely spiritual, and that bodily signs were needful."

Dr. Pierson enlarges upon this thought of "the supernatural factor in missions" in the preface to the second of his volumes on "The Miracles of Missions." "Eliminate God from this work," he declares, "and nothing is left but a human enterprise; all the grandeur and glory are gone; for the one supreme charm and fascination of missions is that, in idea and plan, in origin and progress, the work is divine." And he continues:—

"The 'many infallible proofs,' which put beyond a doubt the resurrection of our Lord, were not more unmistakable and unanswerable than the proofs of the advent of the Holy Spirit and the presence of a divine Providence in human history, . . . and pre-eminently the history of missionary enterprise."

During the council of the General Conference brethren held at Loma Linda, California, in November, 1915, Elder R. F. Cottrell, superintendent of the Central China Union Mission, told of the conversion and marvelous spiritual development in his field of two men now numbered among our most successful native evangelists. "If a new volume of The Acts of the Apostles were penned by inspiration," he challenged in closing, "there would be included among the apostles of our Lord and Master the names of Liu Djen Bang and Hwang Dzun Dao."

And it is even so. The missionary advance of our day is attended with multiplying evidences that confirm faith in divine leadership. No more sure of the certainty of their message were the apostles of our Lord at the very beginning of the Christian era, than may we be of the certainty of our message concerning the closing events of this earth's history and the ushering in of God's everlasting kingdom. The "many infallible proofs" that gave the early disciples boldness of utterance are not lacking today.

The glad tidings of salvation proclaimed by Peter and James and John, by Philip and Stephen and Paul, as recorded in The Acts of the Apostles, were, in fact, tidings of a crucified, risen, and ascended Saviour. "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them." Acts 4:33. Christ himself had given them special preparation for bearing positive witness; "unto the apostles whom he had chosen . . . he showed himself alive after his passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and

speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God." Acts 1:2, 3.

The story of Christ's appearances to his disciples, following the resurrection, is one of dramatic interest, and is given in considerable detail by the evangelists. Eleven distinct appearances of the risen Saviour are mentioned; and the apostle Paul, in enumerating some of these, is careful to add that Christ had appeared to him also—the twelfth recorded instance of our Lord's effort to establish beyond the possibility of a doubt the confidence of his chosen messengers in their Master as a living Saviour. And thus it was that Paul was enabled to write with full assurance to those among whom he had labored:—

"I declare unto you the gospel which I preached unto you, . . . how that Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures; and that he was buried, and that he rose again the third day according to the Scriptures: and that he was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve: after that, he was seen of above five hundred brethren at once; of whom the greater part remain unto this present, but some are fallen asleep. After that, he was seen of James; then of all the apostles. And last of all he was seen of me also." 1 Cor. 15:1-8.

The providential occurrences by which the Lord Jesus girded the early apostles with courage for the preaching of the gospel of salvation throughout the world, proved all-sufficient. Their witness for Christ bore rich fruitage; in their generation the tidings of a risen and living Saviour were proclaimed all over the world.

We are living in a time when God is working as marvelously for confirmation of faith as during those forty days following the resurrection of Christ from Joseph's new tomb. Today, if our eyes are open to recognize the divine evidences accompanying the worldwide proclamation of the everlasting gospel, we need not lack for the "many infallible proofs" that gave to the apostolic church its power for witnessing. The columns of the *Review and Herald* from week to week, the reports from our missionaries at home and abroad, the stirring addresses from those who have been called to lead out in the work of God on earth today,—these all are filled with evidences that a divine hand is directing in the mighty missionary movement now encircling the globe. The story of The Acts of the Apostles is today being continued in the lives and labors of a noble band of men and women preparing the way for the return of our Lord to this earth and to his own.

Let us be watchful for divine providences in connection with our denominational activities. Let us not be unmindful of the "many infallible proofs" which, if discerned, will inspire faith and courage and hope. And as we learn to recognize on every hand the unmistakable evidences of God's supervision over his work and workers, let us bear faithful witness to that "which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life," in order that others also "may have fellowship with us." 1 John 1:1, 3.

C. C. CRISLER.

BUT who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boast,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchless skill,
And lose them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows?

—Thomson.

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for July 1, 1916, on "Power for Witnessing" (Acts 1:1-8).



I — Power for Witnessing

(July 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: ACTS 1:1-8.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye shall be witnesses unto me." Acts 1:8.

Questions

1. Who wrote the book of Acts? How many chapters in the book? To whom is it addressed? Verse 1. Note 1.
2. What other book was written by the same author? Luke 1:1-4. Note 2.
3. What biography is contained in the book of Luke? Acts 1:1. To what time did this history reach? Verse 2, first part.
4. What ground does Luke cover in the book of Acts? Note 3.
5. What commandment did Jesus give before he ascended to heaven? Matt. 28:19, 20.
6. By whom was Jesus seen after his resurrection? Acts 1:3; 1 Cor. 15:3-6. Note 4.
7. How long did he remain on earth after that event? Of what did he speak? Acts 1:3. Note 5.
8. What command did he give at this time? For what were the apostles to wait? Verse 4.
9. What had God promised to give them? Verse 5.
10. What question did the disciples now ask Jesus? Verse 6.
11. What was his reply? Verse 7.
12. What did he say they should receive? Why was power given them? Verse 8. Note 6.
13. Where were they to begin to witness? To what places near by should they go? How much of the earth should hear their testimony about Jesus? Verse 8.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. What persons are called "friends of God" in the Scriptures? Give references.
2. Find two promises that God will give his Holy Spirit to his people.

Notes

1. It is evident that Luke wrote the Gospel bearing his name, and also the book of Acts. Both were addressed to Theophilus, and the book of Acts begins where the book of Luke leaves off. Both are written in the same style. All ancient writers believed that Luke was the author of Acts. "Theophilus,"—the name means "Friend of God." The book of Acts is written to us if we are his friends. From the way Luke addresses him in Luke 1:3, some have thought Theophilus occupied some high position. It is likely that he was a Gentile of rank who had been converted through the influence of Luke or Paul.
2. Luke refers to his Gospel as "the former treatise." A treatise takes up all parts of a subject; so when Luke wrote about Jesus he began with his earthly life as a babe, and he wrote of him as a child, of his home, and of his manhood,—even of all things connected with his early history.
3. In the book of Acts, Luke continues his story of the work of Jesus on earth through the apostles, after his ascension. The Acts is full of life and energy, and "power" is its key word. Here we find people actually doing things,—not simply talking about them. It is a book for the young,—a story showing how Satan tried to defeat the work of God, and how the Holy Spirit gave victory over him.
4. The word "passion" means, "The sufferings of Christ, especially in the garden and on the cross." The proof Jesus gave that he had risen from the grave was "infallible;" that is, there was no error about it, and there was no uncertainty or failure in it.
5. "The commission ["Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature"] had been given to the twelve when Christ met with them in the upper chamber; but it was now to be given to a larger number. At the meeting on a mountain in Galilee, all the believers who could be called together were assembled. . . . Suddenly Jesus stood among them. No one could tell whence or how he came. Many who were present had never before seen him; but in his hands and feet they beheld the marks of the crucifixion. . . . This was the only interview that Jesus had with many of the believers after his resurrection."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp 818, 819.

6. In some places large dams are built so water can be stored to use for irrigation, or as power to turn machinery. Ditches are dug to convey the water to the thirsty earth, the machinery is put in place, and everything is ready, but there are no results. Why?—Because the water has not been turned into the great pipes that carry it where the fields wait and wheels are ready to revolve. What is lacking?—*Power*. So it was with the disciples before the Holy Spirit came. They were timid and were hiding, fearing they should be put to death as Jesus had been; but when power came from heaven, they were filled with boldness and courage. Electric power, water power, wind power, man power, come from heaven. "Power belongeth unto God."

"Have I Missed Something — or Escaped Something?"

(Concluded from page nine)

me my chance, and turned the tide of my life from misfortune to good fortune.

For ten years we were engaged. I could not marry because I did not have the money, and was struggling most of the time to work my way through college and carry on my law studies. During all those ten years she was a constant inspiration. She was full of sympathy, for she, too, has known chill penury.

I entered Knox College without a cent, after paying my tuition, and had not the remotest idea how I was to keep alive while getting a college education.

Yet I was cocksure that somehow or other I would manage to get along. Not since I decided on what I was going to do had I entertained the slightest doubt about that. It was surprising what a lot of encouragement I got from looking back on the difficulties I had already gone through.

"It isn't likely that I'll strike anything much worse," I would say to myself, "and I'm still here. So I guess I can keep going awhile longer. Some day I'll be a lawyer, and then I can earn all the money I need."

I really had absolutely no fear of misfortune any longer. I found that some of my associates who were much better off than I worried a lot more than I did. They had a dread of their affairs sometime taking a turn for the worse. I rested secure in the thought that mine *couldn't* be noticeably worse.

What little money I could earn at odd jobs was so precious that I did not feel that I could afford more than one meal a day. For some time I devoted myself to painstaking experiments in an effort to ascertain just what time of the day this one meal could be eaten with the best effect. After repeated trials I came to the conclusion that about five o'clock in the afternoon was the most advantageous time. The trouble with this was that most of my recitations had to be given on an empty stomach. As a consequence of this frugal living, I was taken ill, and it looked for a time as if my life was not only going to be full of trouble but comparatively brief.

An opportunity came to me then to work as waiter in a restaurant, and to help a caterer in serving fashionable parties. I took the chance—partly, I now think, because of the exceptional opportunities that I thought the position would offer for obtaining an occasional square meal.

I recall waiting on the guests at a big reception in a big home that was one of the show places of our town. The next time I entered that home it was as a lawyer to draw up the will of the woman who had given the reception.

In the latter part of my college course I had a job

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE
 REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.
 TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - Editor
 ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - Associate Editor

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - - \$1.25
 Six Months - - - - .70

Club Rates

	Each
In clubs of five or more copies, one year	\$.85
Nine months at the rate of	.90
Six months at the rate of	.95
Three months at the rate of	1.00

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

taking care of a man's horses, and I shall never forget the Christmas Day that he came out and gave me an old pair of trousers along with a word of good cheer. Never since then have I had a Christmas gift that so impressed me with its opportuneness and thorough desirability. I do not like to think now how greatly I was in need of that pair of trousers.

When about halfway through my college course, I was guilty of the greatest extravagance of my life, an extravagance, too, which I have never ceased to look back on with a warm glow of pride. I won thirty dollars as a prize in an oratorical contest. The money comprised my entire worldly possessions, and I had no definite knowledge or assurance of any more on the way. One would think that my years of poverty might have instilled into me a spirit of saving and frugality. But here is what I did: I went and bought the nicest ring I could find for thirty dollars and gave it to her who is now my wife. It was improvident, of course, but I not only have never regretted the expenditure, but, as I say, look back on that extravagance with a great deal of self-satisfaction.

If I were asked, as people sometimes are, what book has had the most influence on my life, I could tell right offhand without ever pausing to think. When I found this book, the clouds began to roll away, the waters ceased their fury, and I found myself clinging to that which proved to be the rock of my salvation. It was a complete recipe book, household physician, and compendium of knowledge.

No matter what one wished to know it was in that book. If you wished to learn the ingredients of a lemon meringue pie, the thickness of ice necessary to bear the weight of a mule, the distance of Jupiter from the earth, the number of linear feet in an adult person's intestines, or what to do for ingrown nails, the information was right at hand. I have my sample copy yet, and often consult it.

I sold it from house to house during vacations and met with much success, and, besides, I was "general agent," recruiting my other agents from among the college boys. That book put me the rest of the way through college and was an important aid in getting me through my law studies. I owe it a great deal.

By the time I had finished college and entered law school, my difficulties had become a good deal of a joke. They were by no means over; but I was so

much nearer my goal that I had not the slightest doubt about covering the remainder of the distance.

I foolishly looked upon the gaining of my law diploma as the end of every possible trouble. I assumed that acquiring a paying practice would be a mere detail. Becoming a lawyer was the hard part, I thought; being one appeared easy. Maybe that was one reason I picked the legal profession for my goal. I never was more mistaken. The law is not only a jealous mistress, but a slave driver.

In due course I became a lawyer, and a little later was elected city attorney. I prosecuted various offenders with a good deal of diligence, so much so that they made a strong fight against me when I ran for election. On the other hand, the good citizens who stood for law enforcement, and had civic federation tendencies, forgot all about me, and so I was defeated.

This proved to be for the best, as I set in then to build up a law practice. Some years after that I served in our State legislature, and now I'm in Congress. I appreciate, as well as any one, that there is nothing very remarkable about a man's becoming a member of Congress. But I can't help thinking and wondering: What would have become of me if that Second Baptist Church had given my father a big profit instead of making him a bankrupt? Would I be serving now in jail, in the House of Representatives, the United States Senate, or in a restaurant? My own experience inclines me to the belief that most of the things that happen to us are for the best. I contend, also, that life is indeed a funny game. *Isn't it?—The American Magazine.*

Money Hidden in Family Bible

SOME years ago an old man in New Jersey found \$5,000 scattered in bills of large denominations through the family Bible. In 1874 this man's aunt died, and a paragraph of her will read as follows: "To my beloved nephew I will and bequeath my family Bible and all it contains, with the residue of my estate after my funeral expenses and just lawful debts are paid." The estate amounted to only a few hundred dollars, which was soon spent, and her nephew, neglecting to read the Bible, did not find the treasure put there for him. He lived in poverty all that time, and it was while packing up his things to remove to his son's home for the remainder of his days that he discovered the money. How many people miss the precious treasures that are placed in the Bible for them by a failure to read its pages! How many rejoice in having found Christ in the blessed Book worth more than all the money of all the banks, the pearl of great price worth more than all the costly jewels of the earth! Christ thus bids us all to secure this wealth: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: and they are they which testify of me."—*The Christian Herald.*

If a man does not make new acquaintances as he advances through life, he will soon find himself left alone. A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.—*Johnson.*

"EVERY person is likely to be a specialist in something. Your man's specialty may be extremely valuable to the company. Discover it; develop it; adjust it."