

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

June 27, 1916

No. 26



A BUSY WOMAN'S RESTING PLACE, NEWARK, NEW JERSEY



LOUIS D. BRANDEIS has been installed as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court.

AT the time of the impeachment of President Johnson, one more Senator's vote against him would have made him guilty.

A SUPERINTENDENT of schools in Iowa recently ordered one thousand copies of the Anti-tobacco number of the INSTRUCTOR.

AN Alaska gold mine from which have already been taken nearly sixty millions of dollars' worth of gold was bought for five dollars.

THE fifty-fifth annual convention of the National Educational Association will meet at Madison Square Garden in New York, July 3-8. It is expected that at least 40,000 educators will take part in the sessions of the convention.

DISPATCHES coming through the American embassy say that many thousands of Armenians, refugees in Turkey, are subsisting on grass and roots. It is claimed that in Persia, Armenia, and Syria at least one million persons are starving to death.

ASSOCIATE JUSTICE HUGHES of the Supreme Court was nominated by the Republican Convention for President of the United States. He accepted the nomination, and resigned from the Supreme Court. Mr. Charles W. Fairbanks was nominated as Vice President to run with Mr. Hughes.

"ARE the other boys hurt? Leave me and go attend to them," were the last words of a young man who died as the result of injuries sustained in a recent accident. The "other boys" are being hurt all over this nation, hurt by the terrible tobacco habit. What are you doing to prevent the fatalities caused by this terrible evil?

YUAN SHI-KAI, president of the Chinese Republic, died June 6. Premier Tuan Chi-jui immediately advised Li Yuan-hung, the vice president, of his succession to the presidency. Yuan Shi-kai had been ill for several days with stomach trouble, which was followed by a nervous breakdown. It was reported that he had been poisoned, but this was later officially denied.

THIS spring a traveling salesman received word that he was named sole heir of the \$500,000 estate of a California rancher, because he had two years before saved the life of the owner of the ranch when a forest fire was sweeping over it. The owner at the time lay in his house suffering from a broken leg, and the salesman was the only man among the fire fighters who dared attempt the rescue. He wrapped sacks about his face and went through the flames and carried the rancher to safety; and received as his unexpected reward the entire property.

THE seventeenth national convention of the Anti-Saloon League of America, meets at Indianapolis, Indiana, from June 25 to 29. Among the long list of eminent speakers noted on the program are the names of United States Senator Jones of Washington, Dr. Carolyn E. Geisel, Hon. Frederick Landis, Rev. Clarence True Wilson, Judge S. D. Weakley, Rev. Ben. H. Spence, Capt. Richmond P. Hobson, Hon. John G. Willacy, Dr. Louis Albert Banks, Hon. Malcolm R. Patterson, Gov. Moses Alexander of Idaho, and Hon. John G. Woolley. The question of the national overthrow of the liquor traffic will receive serious consideration in all its most important phases.

In Africa

Faithfulness in Tithe Paying

ONE evening answering the native call "Odi," which takes the place of a knock, I had the following conversation with one of our native sisters:—

"Moni" (greeting). "What do you want?"

"Please, Bambo, here is seven pence tithe for firewood. The Lord gives me the wood for nothing, so I want to give him thanks for it."

On another occasion friends had given presents to a native living on the mission. This faithful soul brought me the ten pence tithe with the remark, "This is the Lord's share."

Trying to Hold Back the Sun

As one goes along any well-worn path in Nyasaland he is sure to notice stones lodged in the forks of trees. They are placed there by the natives journeying from one place to another. If a native finds that the sun is getting low before he has reached his destination he will place a stone in the fork of a tree to delay the setting of the sun. Sometimes they place the stones in the trees to delay a threatening rain-storm. The idea seems to be to remind the spirits that the individual remembers them, and needs the use of the sun longer than usual. When the rains are delayed, it is a common thing to hear the natives say, "God is late," that is, late to his work, or "God has forgotten to send rain."

G. A. ELLINGWORTH.

Blantyre, Nyasaland.

Miscellaneous Selections and Reflections

"SIN is an evil, fatal to peace, health, and happiness."

It is one thing to evade the law of God, but it is quite another to evade the penalty.

You must get the kingdom of God in you, before you get into the kingdom of God.

"The man who preaches to please the people will accomplish nothing more."

"Be courteous to all men, not because they are gentlemen but because you are a gentleman."

"Faith trusts God to do all he has promised."

"Presumption is the devil's counterfeit of faith."

Presumption expects God to do what he has not promised.

Presumption also expects God to fulfil his promises without man's complying with the conditions.

GEORGE M. POWELL.

O WHAT a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed and days well spent!
For him the wild, aye, and the yellow leaves,
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

— Longfellow.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The New Hebrides	3
Three Years at Fort R——	5
Love	6
Why Girls Should Take Music Lessons	7
Days of Opportunity	9
Kindness	12
South America	13
SELECTIONS	
The Daughter-in-Law	7
One Style for Every Woman	7
The Strike at Elm Hollow	10
Some Useful Weather Proverbs	16

The Youth's Instructor

LXIV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JUNE 27, 1916

No. 26

The New Hebrides

C. H. PARKER

THE eyes of the third angel have been turned to this land of darkness and heathenism, the New Hebrides, the soil of which has been watered with the blood of noble John Williams, Harris, and the Gordon brothers, besides the self-sacrificing labors of many who are now sleeping in their dusty beds, awaiting the call of the Life-giver.

The Presbyterian Mission has done the pioneering work for this field, and its efforts have been untiring from the time that Dr. John Geddie, of Nova Scotia, began work on Aneityum, which is at the southern extremity of this group, in the year 1848. The work has progressed but slowly. The southern islands, with the exception of Tanna, are nominally Christian. The northern islands have been harder to work, especially Malekula and Santo, which are the largest of the group, and contain the bulk of the inhabitants. Very few of the natives of these two islands have yet responded to the gospel invitation, and cannibalism in its grossest form is carried on. Just about five months ago seven native teachers of the Presbyterian Mission were killed and eaten by the people of Malekula; and only a month ago another teacher boy and a native policeman were killed and eaten by the same people.

It is among the Malekulan people that our mission has been established. We have located on a small island, called Atchin, a quarter of a mile from the mainland, on the northeast coast. This part contains the greater part of the Malekulans, and it is here that the stronghold of heathenism is to be found.

The language of this people has not been reduced to writing, and will present a difficult task, as there are so many dialects, with no root language. Every village has its own language, and there are a great many villages. But our faith is the faith of Caleb and Joshua. The God that turned back the waters of the Red Sea and Jordan, threw down the walls of Jericho, poured forth water from the rock, and fed his people from the blue sky above, has said, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." There was a motley company of people at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, but they all heard the story of a crucified and risen Saviour in their own tongue. And the promise to us is, "Behold, the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save; neither his ear heavy, that it cannot hear."

On our arrival here the people of Atchin boycotted us, being determined that we should not learn their language. But this spirit has departed, and the spirit of helpfulness has taken its place. Now they seem eager to have us learn, and they want to hear in their own language the message we bring.

This people worship their ancestors, and they have a gathering place, which they call Na Amil, where they set up carved figures in wood to their departed. In front or at the back of these figures is a stone altar where they offer pigs, sometimes as many as thirty or forty by one man.

The dead are buried in their houses with but few inches of dirt covering them, and sometimes their

faces peer out from this ghastly pile. Here relatives come and pray to their dead, asking favors and help from them.

The male pig is the chief sacrifice, though fowls and garden produce are offered. A female pig or fowl is never offered, nor is it killed and eaten. I have not been able to find out the real reason for this. All I know is that a woman is looked down upon, being considered only as a beast of burden, and is bought and sold for pigs. The pig is their chief currency, and he is treated in a lordly manner, the woman cooking his food before she cooks her own.

The home and social relations of the Atchinese are very low. The husband and wife do not live in the same house, each having a separate house to live in. They do not eat together, nor will either eat food which is cooked by the other. They cannot cook upon the same fire, nor in the same dish. Each has a fire to himself or herself, it being forbidden for one to use the fire of the other. If a man digresses, he has broken caste, and must offer a pig so that he can be restored again to caste. Women are looked upon as things which are bought, and are used as such. They are looked upon as having no soul, and it would seem that woman has no future prospects, being only as the horse or the ox,—a burden bearer. Of course where such conditions exist there is no centering of affection on each other, and the result is a loose condition of morals.

When a male child is born, there is great rejoicing. When a female child is born, little attention is paid to her. When the baby boy is old enough to assert himself, he looks down on his mother, and does not associate with her, but with the men. He may at the age of four or five leave the mother for the father. It is sad to see the mother thus cruelly set aside, but Atchin custom demands such a course.

Girls are bought to be wives when they are children. The man, whether gray-haired or a beardless youth, who will give the most pigs for her becomes her lord and master. It is only a business transaction, and it is a pathetic scene: a girl of nine or ten in tears at the thought of being torn from her mother's side; the man with a stern, austere look, with only an eye to business, and a string of ten or twelve pigs, which is the price to be paid. Many of the girl wives run away, and frequently, as a punishment, a hot stone has been put under the bend of the knee, which burned the sinews and crippled the poor thing for life. How we long for the regenerating of the Spirit of God in these hearts, that love may take the place of this cruel tyrant, custom. This people have one good law relating to marriage,—a law which forbids relatives intermarrying.

The houses in which the Atchinese live are nothing more than thatched roofs placed on the ground; there are no elevated sides. A hole in the end of the house serves as a door, through which they crawl. The inside presents a cheerless picture: a dirt floor, upon which the people lie in their nakedness, with no covering except the vermin which swarm in the houses.

No clothes are worn by the men, and the women wear only a narrow strip of calico around the waist. A belt made from the skin of a tree is worn by the men, as a convenience in which to carry their pipes, tobacco, and any small article they wish to preserve.

Very often they make large dances in their Na Amil, where they keep time with their feet, hands, and bodies, to recitations of events which have occurred in their neighborhood, or which they have bor-



An Atchinese place of worship. Pigs are offered as sacrifices on the stones in front of the carved figures.

rowed from others. These are set to dirges, which sound very monotonous to a white man. These dances, like the white man's, are held mostly at night. The women sit around the Na Amil, but are not allowed to engage in the dance. Their faces are painted red, while the men's are painted black. At stated times the women have a dance among themselves, and it is held in the day. No man can be a spectator.

Their Religion

In many ways the religion of this people is very much like the worship of the old Druids. They worship at night and in groves. They have their pillars, stone altars, and figures. Shouting and singing with fantastic movements of their bodies, and the sacrifice of pigs, compose the greater part of their ceremonies. The boar pig alone is used, never the female. The boar to be of much value must have large tusks. When the tusks make a complete circle and touch the jawbone, conch shells are blown, and a great feast is made in honor of the event. Women are not included in these feasts or ceremonies. They may look on, but never offer sacrifices. The singing pertains to one who is dead. The women have their meetings in the daytime, never at night. They paint their faces Venetian red, striped with black. To a European it is a most ghastly spectacle. Small girls and babies as well as the women are painted.

Their ceremonies, like the Druidistic, follow cycles of time. A cycle culminates every fifteen years in what they call a *mankie*. All the carved wooden fig-

ures in their Na Amils, which are set up in remembrance of their distinguished dead, must be remade; new tom-toms (native bells) replace the old ones. Special ceremonies and feasts attend each. Sometimes a live pig is put into the hole where the tom-tom is to be set up. Human heads are often placed under these bells. Such occasions call for the sacrifice of a great many pigs. It is quite a common sight to see from one to two hundred pigs killed.

All debts must be settled at the time a *mankie* takes place. If some man fails to do this, he is looked upon with contempt. The man who offers the most pigs and those that have the largest tusks, is considered a great man.

Most of the singing connected with these events is historical and geographical. Masks of all shapes, forms, and colors are worn at this time. A great deal of superstition attaches to these masks, and most of them are destroyed after the *mankie* is over, lest some one from another tribe get hold of one of them, and through magic cause the death of some of those who wore them.

These occasions work the people up to a frenzy, which lasts for a long time. It is hard to engage their minds in gospel subjects, and influences set in operation on their lives before the *mankie* are all neutralized by this strange influence, which we cannot but regard as satanic.

They believe in the continued existence of man after death, and an earthly place of pleasure to which they are ferried across the ocean. When a man dies, a hole is dug into which he is placed. A small pig is put in with him, and they are covered up together. The man's spirit is supposed to cross over to Malekula and to go down the coast to a promontory. Before he reaches this he has to cross a river. Here he is met by *tamats* (the devil), who asks where the pig is. The man gives to *tamats* the pig which was buried with him, and then he is allowed to go on. At the promontory he builds a fire. His friends over in the place of pleasure, which to them is the island of Ambrym about fifty miles away, see the lights, and come over in a coconut husk, and ferry him across; thus he joins that innumerable throng that enter the halls of death.

It is quite a common saying here that the *tamats* (spirit) of a father, or relative, jumped down one's throat when he was over on the big island, and he has the same sickness that the parent or relative died of.

Circumcision is practiced, and elaborate ceremonies are connected with it. At some places it lasts for ten days, while at others a full month. It is a time of mirth and feasting.

Without chart, compass, captain, or pilot, the bark of this poor benighted people is drifting over life's ocean. But the voice of the great Captain is beginning to speak to them, "It is I, be not afraid."

Their Moral and Social Condition

"Because that, when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things. Wherefore God also gave them up to uncleanness through the lusts of their own hearts, to dishonor their own bodies between themselves: who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshiped

and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever. Amen. For this cause God gave them up unto vile affections: for even their women did change the natural use into that which is against nature. . . . And even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things which are not convenient; being filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, wickedness, covetousness, maliciousness; full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, backbiters, haters of God, despiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things, disobedient to parents, without understanding, covenant breakers, without natural affection, implacable, unmerciful," gives a faithful representation of the moral and social condition of this people. They have sunk to the lowest depths, and to use the words of a high government official, "It is the saddest place in the Pacific from almost every point of view."

Women have no independence, and are disposed of like cattle to the highest bidder, thus becoming the property of the one who buys them. Love has no claims upon them, and they slave at the command of their master. Children are looked upon as a burden to the woman, as she has the heavy loads of food, wood, and nuts to carry on her back, besides caring for the gardens. No ray of sunshine lights up her surroundings, and gross darkness covers this great abyss of heathen moral and social life.

Women cannot attend a meeting at which men are



Seventh-day Adventist church and school building,
Atchin, New Hebrides

present; thus in working for them we must have separate services. It is difficult for the women to comprehend that some one loves them, so it is very hard to work for them. They are taught that in their relations with their husbands they have no part but that of drudge.

But the Lord can wonderfully change the most disheartening circumstances; and we shall yet see these poor Atchinese women, with the Malekulan women,

sharing in the affections of their husbands, eating with them around one common table, sitting with them in the presence of Jesus, and praying together before the throne of all grace. And over the moral and social life of this people we trust to see written, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Three Years at Fort R—

(Translated from the French *Messenger*)

You have heard of the work developing in the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, the nearest land to which is the vast island of Madagascar, and how our dear missionary over there is valiantly struggling against fierce attacks, to establish truth above error. He has a brother stationed in a fort in France doing military service, and the object of this narrative is to call attention to the way God uses a man in such a position to live the truth and make it shine before men, recalling the summary with which Christ concludes that part of his Sermon on the Mount which lays stress on this subject, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." Matt. 5:16.

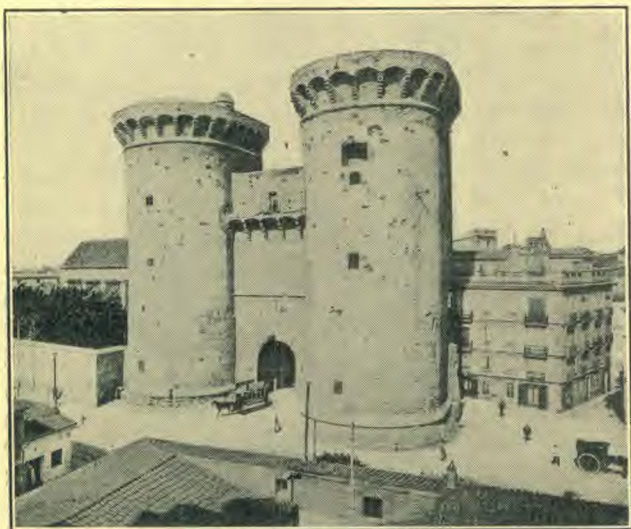
"I am still at Fort R—, where I have been in barracks about three years. When I first saw these great fortresses with their frowning aspect spread out in tiers on the slopes of the mountain which overlooks the city, I never dreamed that my stay here would be so very long. I also was far from expecting to be so well received and to obtain such excellent conditions as by God's wonderful intervention I have found. All this makes my soul thrill with gratitude toward my Lord and Saviour. It was his hand that placed me here, and which has daily led my steps in trial and in joy, in my struggles against odds, and in my continued victory over them. It is his grace that has so far always smoothed the way to allow me to obey his word, and heed the dictates of my conscience, in spite of my duties and of the necessary military exigencies. I do not deny that the way has often been rough and unpleasant, especially since war conditions rule, and many times clouds have gathered and threatened to break over my head, and barriers have been raised which were to human minds insurmountable, yet they have vanished before God's sustaining arm.

"Good-hearted comrades and kind officers have come to me, and with expressions of sympathetic commiseration have said: 'It is true, my dear B—, your luck is about to leave you. You will have to come into line like every one else.' Yet marvelous as it may appear, each time my heavenly Master has mercifully interposed in my behalf, the road has been leveled, and the mountain has been literally heaved into the sea, while I have continued my way without the slightest hindrance. My heart is overflowing with gratitude and admiration at these wonderful manifestations of the boundless love with which my God protects me, and the words burst forth from my heart, 'It is good to serve such a master!'

"One day, if God wills, I hope to relate some of my barrack experiences. They will all go to establish the truth of this fact,—that the child of God is successful and prospers where the man of the world with all his astuteness, foresight, and tact, absolutely fails; and the reason?—Because he has learned to put all in God's hands and await guidance from him. Here is the secret of success,—a patient waiting for

the manifestation of God's will, and then an application of all our energies along the path shown us. Of course that often demands suppression of 'self,' taking a low seat, recognition of one's own powerlessness, complete humility; but is that not what is meant by walking in the footsteps of our Master? Our God knows our needs and supplies them at the right moment; we must wait his time.

"There was a time, not so long ago, when I complained . . . at the loss of these years out of my



Remains of Moorish wall around Valencia, Spain. The holes in the tower resulted from the Spanish bombardment.

activity in the mission field. . . . But I have learned to view these things from a new standpoint. It is right here where I now am that God wanted my services. I see it. Had they been needed elsewhere, then it is there I should have been sent. I ask myself, Should I not have been still more useful to God's work elsewhere? And I see plainly that I should not until I have learned to serve him in this place among these comrades. Then only do I perceive the vast field awaiting my energies which lies in my path and which God would confide to me.

"I have discovered men here who are sincere and upright and who only need to learn to love God more to become workers according to his will. I ask that I may be enabled to be the instrument used to develop this understanding love. Remember me in your prayers, dear brother. These years of military life in the army, with the numberless lessons they have brought and taught me, shall never be forgotten. May they on the contrary contribute to the efficacy of each moment of my life here on earth in the service for my Master.

Yours cordially,

"— — —"

R. T. E. COLTHURST.

Love

WHAT is one of the prevailing sins of the last days?

"Because iniquity shall abound, the love of many shall wax cold." Matt. 24:12.

What did the Lord find to condemn in the church of Ephesus?

"Nevertheless I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." Rev. 2:4.

How can the world know that we are Christ's disciples?

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." John 13:35.

How much are we commanded to love each other?

"This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you." John 15:12.

What commandment is given to those looking for the appearing of Christ?

"Let us consider one another to provoke unto love and to good works." Heb. 10:24.

Should we bestow love where unappreciated?

"I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." 2 Cor. 12:15.

How may we know when we are in the saved state?

"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren. He that loveth not his brother abideth in death." 1 John 3:14.

For what did Paul pray concerning the Philippian church?

"This I pray, that your love may abound yet more and more in knowledge and in all judgment." Phil. 1:9.

How often did Paul pray for them?

"Always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy." Phil. 1:4.

Can anything profit us without love?

1 Corinthians 13, R. V.

NELLIE M. BUTLER.

Chapter from the Canvassers' Chronicles

It came to pass in the reign of King Disorder, in the stenth year of his reign, that there rose up certain mighty men of valor, and said one to another, go to, let us move the world. So when they had taken counsel together, they set forward to canvass. But they thought scorn to consult with the field agent.

And behold they went to a notable city and abode there certain days and endeavored to convert all the inhabitants thereof, warning and admonishing them,



Where the typist's copy should be placed.

and with many words, persuading both men and women.

Now it came to pass as they were in the market place, that great opportunities for missionary work presented themselves, even to speak to the men that resorted thither, so for the space of several hours,

(Concluded on page fourteen)



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."



The Daughter-in-Law

JOHN," said Mrs. Butler, "I ought to be the happiest woman in the world at the prospect of having Rob and his little family coming to visit us. I *am* happy, of course, but somehow my feelings are dreadfully mixed!"

"How's that, Mary?" Mr. Butler's voice showed a mild surprise.

"I can't wait to see little Allen, and Rob gets dearer to me every year. And you know, John, I think Rita is the best daughter-in-law any one could ask for. She's always been sweet to me, and yet I've been wishing in my heart that Rob would leave her at home."

"Well! well!" murmured Mr. Butler, looking rather anxiously at his wife.

"I feel like a monster," his wife replied, "but when she was here before she did monopolize Rob so. She didn't mean to, of course, but it seemed as if she were always teaching me, 'My son's my son till he gets him a wife.' There wasn't an hour the whole week they were here that I had Rob to myself."

Mrs. Butler's lip quivered a little; John reached out and took her hand for a moment.

"Now that they have the baby it'll be worse than ever; there'll be two to claim him. But I suppose mothers of sons have always had to go through it, and I oughtn't to complain."

The next day they came — Rob, his pretty wife, and the two-year-old son. Did Mrs. Butler imagine it, or was there an unusual tenderness and warmth in Rita's greeting?

They had come for a week, and what a happy week it was! Before the first day of the visit was gone, Mrs. Butler began to feel that her boy was hers again as he used to be before there were any wife and little son to call him theirs.

"Somehow I see so much more of Rob than I did when they were here three years ago," Mrs. Butler said happily to her husband at the end of the fifth day. "It seems as if Rita had planned it now and then so I can have long talks alone with him. When we're driving or out walking she falls back with little Allen and leaves Rob and me together. The other day when he wanted to take us to the concert, Rita said she believed she wouldn't go that time."

"But you know Allen will be safe as possible with Marty," said Rob.

"Oh, I'm not worried about him," she said, "but I'd rather just you and mother went this time."

"Then last evening, after we'd put little Allen to bed, she told me something Rob said about me soon after they were married. Perhaps it's foolish for me to tell it, John, but it was this: 'The best mother who ever lived!' John, I never expected to love a daughter-in-law as I love Rita!"

"Well! well!" was all John said, but his eyes were very kind.

"Did you have a good time?" Rob asked Rita as they were speeding home at the end of the week.

"Very!" said the little wife.

"I haven't seen very much of you myself," Rob said, "you've been taken up with so many things."

"You know I have you all the time, Rob," she said, "and I wanted to make mother feel that she — she hadn't lost you. I never half realized till I had Allen what it must be to — to have a daughter-in-law. Now I keep thinking how I shall feel when my son 'gets him a wife.'"

She pulled down the boy's wee Russian blouse as she spoke, and pressed him closer to her bosom.

"So that was the reason!" The reason for *what* Rob did not specify, but the smile with which he met his wife's eyes was very tender. — *Youth's Companion*.

Why Girls Should Take Music Lessons

EVERYTHING that can be said about education in general is true of an education in music. All that is said about education in relation to life is true of music in the same relation. The study of music must help a girl by giving her mental training and by permitting her to become acquainted with one of the most beautiful of arts, an art which mortals may never expect to perfect upon this earth.

Music lessons will help a girl to form regular habits. Regularity is the basis of forming correct habits. Make habit your slave and you may be monarch of yourself.

The piano is a disciplinarian and a stern one at that. The discipline that it exacts is not confined to one's finger tips. They may be lithe and nimble, but the mind rules them, and the mind, too, must be governed. So the essential discipline can be said to influence the mind before the fingers are affected.

The demands that the piano make upon the mind are clear thinking, alertness, and resourcefulness. Confidence and self-reliance must also be developed.

LILLIE IVERSON.

One Style for Every Woman

MISS ETHEL RONZONE of the department of home economies, University of Missouri, has produced a garment that she hopes may end feminine competition in dress. Dress she believes is now woman's stock in trade, used to show financial standing and to heighten sex attraction. Besides, the constantly varying styles produce an enormous annual waste in money, labor, and materials.

Miss Ronzone's substitute is a gown that, so far as style of line and cut is concerned, will never change. Grandmother and granddaughter will be dressed alike, whether the occasion be a funeral or a fête, a ball or a berry-picking. The charwoman and the chauffeuse, the stenographer and the seamstress, the society matron and the barber-shop manicure, all will wear the female "uniform." It is by no means masculine

in appearance, nor is it purely decorative. It is a dress for work and for play. The colorings, fabrics, and the skill in making are supposed to offer scope enough for individual taste and the expression of personality. The costume is designed to meet the important considerations of usefulness, hygiene, and modesty.

In the technical language of the dressmaker, it is a two-piece garment, with the skirt suspended by an undervest to prevent compression at the waist. The skirt is of four pieces, about two and one-half to three yards around at the bottom, and reaches within six inches of the floor. The waist is a modified form of the Russian blouse, hanging straight with a very loose belt, or with the fulness gathered in a belt and the lower part cut in the form of a peplum. The dress is simply and easily made and can be cut and finished by any woman with a fair knowledge of sewing.

The standardized dress is not, in its appearance, radically different from the prevailing styles. It is the boast of its designer that she and other wearers of the new "uniform" cannot be readily recognized by their clothes. However, the dress is but a beginning, as it is the plan of Miss Ronzone to standardize ultimately the entire feminine wardrobe. She hopes that in time a woman may even exercise that traditional prerogative of the male, and wear out her stock of old clothes.—*C. M. Morrison.*



The new "standard" gown designed by University of Missouri women as a universal garment.

this girl's life that I saw so much as the other things. I had not the high respect for the girl that I once had, and as things went from bad to worse, for I had almost lost my health, I blamed her in my heart for her weakness toward me. Had she only remained firm in her policy of 'hands off,' what a load of trouble and torture she would have saved me!

"But in the hour of my deepest sorrow, Jesus lifted me. There was no earthly power which could have saved me, but in him I found relief.

"Suffice to say my love for this girl waxed cold and my enthusiasm to be her life partner died out. The engagement was broken with the consent of both. I wanted to be true to all promises, but why marry some one toward whom I did not have the highest respect? Did I do wrong? Should I have blamed her when it was through my arguments that I caused her to change her policy?

"I always prided myself on being mentally, physically, and morally pure. My experience left this trait, not dead, but badly crippled. I don't feel that my life has been wrecked, but there is on my soul a stain which never can be effaced except through the blood of Jesus.

"Why do so many have similar experiences? I come in contact with a large number of boys, many of whom have told me their experiences. Here I believe is the reason. Many girls think that if they are firm, boys will not care for their company. But this is not the case. Any pure, noble, manly boy admires the pure, noble, womanly girl. The girl who knows her place and keeps it, may not be so popular among a class of boys, but she certainly will be honored among the right kind of young men.

"May God prevent any boy from passing through an experience similar to mine, and help any poor boy who is passing through such an experience.

"Girls, young women, give the boys, the young men, a chance to be men! We need your assistance!"

A Warning Worth Heeding

A YEAR or so ago, an article appeared in the INSTRUCTOR giving the evil result that came to a young man because of an apparently harmless liberty taken by a young woman. Following the appearance of this article a young man in one of our larger colleges wrote the following letter to the INSTRUCTOR, hoping it might prove a helpful warning to young girls and women inclined to be both thoughtless and careless in their behavior toward the young men:—

"Sometimes we wonder why a young man of promising qualities 'goes wrong.' In many instances I believe it is the fault of the girls with whom they keep company. My own experience tells me this.

"I kept company for some time with a girl of whom I thought a great deal. She was my ideal in almost everything. But one evening I asked her if I might kiss her, and she assented. Some time later she asked me not to take this liberty any more. After talking it over together, we decided that we were exceptions to this rule laid down by good society, and continued going out buggy riding and kissing each other.

"We were engaged to be married, and the future was bright indeed. About this time we were separated for several months during a school year. After this kissing and fondling came a relapse, and the results of gratifying a weakness were beginning to crop out in my life. Left to myself, I began to think over many of the times we had had together, and thoughts began to enter my mind that were far from right. I did not want to, but a power seemed to seize me that I could not combat. These thoughts haunted me like a nightmare. It was not the beautiful things of



Rosalee, a sketch of whose life was given in the "Instructor" of June 13

Days of Opportunity*

C. C. CRISLER

LINKED inseparably with the story of the ascension of Jesus, is the promise of his return. Even while the disciples were intent on beholding their ascending Lord, they were accosted by holy angels and given the blessed assurance: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1:11.

The conviction—yea, the certain knowledge—that Jesus is very soon to return to this earth in fulfilment of the promise of the angels, changes marvelously one's point of view as regards service for God and for humanity. Never in all the ages have young men and young women faced a situation more stirring, more fraught with solemn responsibility, and yet with golden opportunity, than they face today in the fact that they are living amid the closing scenes of earth's history.

Satan would fain rob the youth of the high privileges that are theirs. He would fain lead them to believe that in the service of the world there is opportunity for intellectual advancement and for a life of broad and disinterested service, such as cannot be found in earnest labor for the Master.

The awards offered the youth by the world are alluringly large. Many are the men and women whose noble and altruistic deeds command respect and admiration. In the ranks of the world's toilers there are those who are striving to remain true to high ideals, and multitudes are blessed through their ministry.

But to a Seventh-day Adventist youth looking forward with joyous expectancy to the time when Jesus shall return, the needs of the world today call for the exercise of the very highest and noblest of the mental and spiritual energies. In ministry to the sin-sick and the perishing, he who is ambitious to excel will find the pathway that leads the farthest, even in those excellencies that the world is wont to honor. In loving service for the Master there is a quickening power, an intellectual stimulus, a marshaling of spiritual forces, such as no ordinary occupation, or even the following of merely altruistic ideals, can ever call forth.

In all the ages no greater need has ever arisen among the sons of men, than exists today. The whole earth is groaning for her latter end. Physical suffering, mental anguish, spiritual unrest,—never have these been so markedly manifest as in our own time. To whom, if not to those who know for a certainty that Jesus is soon to come as he has promised, can those whose hearts are failing them for fear, now look with any degree of confidence? To whom, if not to Seventh-day Adventists, can they turn for a satisfactory explanation of the terrible evils filling the land with sin and sorrow and woe, with war and pestilence and death? Who, if not we, can change their outlook from one of despair and gloom to one of calm trust and bright hope?

Glorious was the opportunity accorded the apostles of Jesus in the formation of the early Christian church; yet to God's children today has come the opportunity of the ages; and Seventh-day Adventist youth who endeavor to act their part in the closing

drama of earth's history, will find themselves developing in strength and in the power to do, as they never could hope to develop in any worldly occupation. Physically, mentally, morally, like Daniel of old, they will stand above their fellows.

During a session of the Northern Union Conference, held at Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 26, 1910, Elder A. G. Daniells, outlining the possibilities before Seventh-day Adventist youth in the proclamation of the third angel's message, declared:—

"We must give them such a view of this great work that they will not think of spending their lives as 'hewers of wood and drawers of water' for the Gentiles. We must help them to see that this movement outweighs all other movements in the world, that it is grander and more glorious than any other work that is being carried on by men. We must impress this upon their minds so that they will spurn all allurements of the world and choose to devote their lives to this glorious work of God."

Elder G. B. Thompson, in a baccalaureate sermon delivered to the graduating class of Walla Walla College on May 14 of the same year, said:—

"The enemy will take you, as he did your Master upon the mount, and hiding from your gaze, if he can, with one hand, the misery and wretchedness and woe of a lost world, with the other he will point you to the pleasures and joys and honor of a world soon to plunge into a millennium of darkness, and offer as a price for your soul all that you behold. But something better than this opens before you. A work is before you which the angels around the throne of God would gladly do—a work, not to influence men for time alone, but for eternity."

In the light of these utterances from men of experience in denominational missionary endeavor, how closely the promise of our Lord's return is linked with the avowed aim of the Young People's Society of Missionary Volunteers—the *advent message to all the world in this generation!* Concerning this aim, the late Mrs. Ellen G. White, in one of the closing chapters of "Education" (pp. 262, 263), wrote:—

"The heaven-appointed purpose of giving the gospel to the world in this generation is the noblest that can appeal to any human being. It opens a field of effort to every one whose heart Christ has touched.

"God's purpose for the children growing up beside our hearths is wider, deeper, higher, than our restricted vision has comprehended. . . . The whole world is opening to the gospel. Ethiopia is stretching out her hands unto God. From Japan and China and India, from the still-darkened lands of our own continent, from every quarter of this world of ours, comes the cry of sin-stricken hearts for a knowledge of the God of love. . . . It rests with us who have received the knowledge . . . to answer their cry. To every household and every school, to every parent, teacher, and child, upon whom has shone the light of the gospel, comes at this crisis the question put to Esther the queen at that momentous crisis in Israel's history, 'Who knoweth whether *thou* art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?'"

* Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for July 8, 1916, on "The Ascension of Jesus" (Acts 1:9-26).

FRIENDSHIP has a power
To soothe affliction in her darkest hour.
—H. Kirke White.

The Strike at Elm Hollow

WE were sitting on the piazza in the twilight of a warm summer day, which we had spent in visiting a large manufactory in a neighboring city. One of the foremen in this establishment, a fine, manly young fellow, Joe Jamieson by name, was a favorite in my uncle's family, and always acknowledged a great indebtedness to my cousins Robert and Edward for his start in life.

I had seen Jamieson so often, and heard his name spoken with so much consideration, that I was curious to know the story of his life. Tonight, in reply to my questions, Cousin Ned gave me this account of it:—

"Five years ago this summer we had our great Elm Hollow strike. I suppose you never saw a report of that in the papers?"

"No," I replied. "What in the world could any one find to strike about in this out-of-the-way place?"

"It was a school strike," said Ned. "We had an excellent teacher that summer, and as there were no more than thirty scholars, we had a chance to do some pretty good work.

"Our teacher, Miss Ward, had taught the school for a year, and we thought there was no one like her. She took a great deal of pains, and helped us in every way she could.

"Our class, the first one, was composed of five boys. We were doing well in our studies, but we were not wise enough to appreciate it.

"We were studying history and civil government, and Miss Ward encouraged us to read the newspapers and keep informed about public events. She would take a few minutes occasionally to ask us questions about what we had read, and explain matters which we did not understand. In this way we learned a great deal about what was happening in the world.

"That summer the papers seemed to be full of accounts of strikes. There were great strikes in one place, and lockouts in another, with workmen combined against employers, and employers against workmen.

"One day, after eating our lunch, the boys of our class were all lying on the grass, discussing the latest news about the strikes.

"I say, fellows," said Harry Rogers, 'here we are shut up by ourselves in this little out-of-the-way place, where nothing ever happens to liven a fellow up. Let's do something the way they do it in the rest of the world. Let's have a strike!'

"What are you going to strike about?' asked Fred Andrews.

"Oh, we'll put in a petition," said Harry, 'and if it isn't granted, we'll march out in a body. That's the way they always do.'

"What shall we petition for?"

"Oh, longer noonings, for one thing."

"And to have school dismissed earlier," said another boy.

"And for shorter algebra lessons, this warm weather," said another.

"That afternoon Jack Burns wrote out the 'petition,' and each one signed it. I don't remember all our demands, but we wanted the morning recess lengthened to half an hour, the nooning to an hour and a half, and the day's session shortened by half an hour. We gave up the afternoon recess. So much for hours.

"In regard to work, in warm weather the lessons were to be shortened, and algebra never to exceed five problems; and we were to be allowed to study out of doors when we wished.

"The paper closed with the statement that if our requests were not all granted by Thursday—that day was Tuesday—we should leave school in a body. It was important that we should go out 'in a body.' That phrase always occurred in the reports of strikes.

"We knew that the trustees, as well as our parents, were not a little proud of their first class, and we thought that, in their anxiety to keep us in the school, they would do almost anything we might ask.

"It was, therefore, with a good deal of confidence that, after school, we handed the paper to Miss Ward. She merely bowed, and laid it on her desk without looking at it. Nothing remained for us but to file out.

"All the next day we were in a fever of excitement, but Miss Ward said nothing, though when we had our 'history talk' she spoke of a strike which had been especially disastrous to the strikers. Their employers had refused to take them back, and their families were in want.

"Thursday morning, just before school was called, we asked Miss Ward if our demands were to be granted. She replied that, having no authority herself to change the hours, she had sent our petition to the trustees, and as she had heard nothing from them, the school would go on as before.

"Perhaps the trustees might come during the morning. We gave them the benefit of the doubt, and decided to stay until recess.

"Recess came, but no trustees. Then we went to Miss Ward and told her that, while we had nothing against her, we must leave the school, as the trustees had not acceded to our demands. She talked to us, and tried to convince us that we were taking a very foolish step; but when the bell rang, we did not go in.

"We had been lying on the grass just across the road, for a time, joking and telling stories, when I noticed that Jack was looking at the schoolhouse in a wistful way, and was not listening to the talk.

"Sorry you struck, Jack?' I asked in fun.

"Yes," he said, springing to his feet, 'I am! I know it seems mean for me to go against you boys, especially when I wrote the petition, but I believe we'd better give it up and go back to school. I'm sorry, boys, but I'm going back, anyhow.'

"He picked up his hat and dinner pail.

"Jack and I were of the same age and had always been good friends. His 'treachery' made me angry. I am afraid I spoke pretty harshly to him, and so did the other boys; but he kept on.

"There were only four of us now, but we agreed to 'stick it out.'

"The next morning after breakfast, Rob and I made no movement toward getting ready to go to school.

"Aren't you going to school, boys?' father asked.

"No, sir," I said. 'We are out on a strike.'

"Oho!" said he. 'Then the strike came off, did it? How many of you are out?'

"Four," said Rob. 'Jack Burns didn't have spunk enough to stay in it.'

"Well," said father, 'I am inclined to think Jack has as much spunk as any of you. He certainly has more sense.' With that, he turned and walked away.

"Later in the day, Rob and I met Fred and Harry, and we all decided not to speak to Jack. Poor Jack! He felt pretty sore when we passed him that day without paying any attention to him, though he tried hard not to show it. It was a little hard, too, to crush him in that way, but we felt that it had to be done.

"Well, Monday morning came, and that's where Joe Jamieson's part of the story begins. Joe's parents had been very poor and had never got ahead in the world. They died when Joe was very young and left him to take care of himself.

"He wasn't very strong, but he had grit, and that helped him. He worked around for different farmers, and though there was some talk at first about sending him to the poorhouse, when he showed that he could take care of himself they let him do so.

"He had been working two years for father, and was a great overgrown, awkward fellow, but a steady workman and always so good-natured that we all liked him.

"That morning at the breakfast table, father asked:—

"Is the strike still 'on,' boys?"

"Yes, sir," we both answered very promptly.

"You don't intend to go back to school, then?"

"We said that we proposed to stay out till our petition was granted.

"Father didn't speak for a few minutes; then he turned to Joe.

"Joe," he said, 'how would you like to go to school?'

"Joe started, grinned, and looked greener than ever, but said nothing. He thought father was making a joke at his expense; and Rob and I thought so, too, and were considerably amused until he went on.

"Well!" father continued, 'when you finish your breakfast, Joe, you may change your clothes and get ready for school.'

"You ought to have seen Joe then! If he wasn't surprised I never saw any one who was.

"But what about the work, Mr. Howard?' he stammered.

"The boys will do that,' father said.

"Why, father!" said Rob, 'you don't expect Ned and me to do farm work?'

"Why not?' father asked. 'I've fed and clothed you, and hired Joe to do the work that you might have time for something else. In return I have asked that you attend school and do the best you can in your studies. Now you refuse to do that any longer. If Joe, here, is willing to go to school and do what I expected you to do, why, I'm willing to give him the chance. Turn about is fair play, and I shall expect you and Ned, between you, to do the work that Joe would do.

"Remember,' he continued, 'I have let you make your own choice in this matter of the strike, and haven't tried to coerce you. Miss Ward reasoned with you, and did her best to make you see how foolish your act was, but you refused to listen.

"Now there is no more to be said about it one way or the other. The matter is settled.

"I think you are both old enough to use your own judgment, so I have let you follow your own course. But now, if I am to support you longer, and you refuse to repay me in the way I wish, it's only fair you should make some other return.'

"By that time there was a big lump in my throat, and I wished the strike had never been thought of.

I guess Rob did, too, for he was staring hard at his plate.

"I looked at mother, but she said nothing.

"After breakfast, Rob and I went upstairs, put on our old clothes without a word, and went out to work. In addition to Joe, father kept another man, so the hardest of the labor did not fall on us, though what did was quite hard enough to make the days seem very long.

"Joe had his share of discomfort, too; shut up indoors all day, and obliged to be in classes with much younger children. Besides all this, he had never learned to apply himself, and for a while he made but little progress.

"However, as time went on he improved. Miss Ward was very kind to him, and he was determined to succeed, if only 'to please Mr. Howard.'

"At first Joe was ashamed to come to Rob and me for help in his studies, but before long Rob offered to assist him. After that we both took a hand, and he improved fast. All this time he helped us with the farm work at night and in the morning.

"Those were very long days that we spent at the farm work. Our hands were made sore with pitchforks, and our legs ached pitifully every night. We began to talk in a furtive, half-ashamed way at first, and then openly of surrendering.

"We had been working about two weeks when we went to father one evening and told him that we should like to go back to school.

"But how about Joe?' he asked abruptly and in surprise.

"We had not thought about the injustice of taking Joe out of school now. We said no more.

"We did a good deal of thinking in those days, however. We wondered at first why Harry Rogers didn't come to see us; but one day we heard that Harry's father had set him to work on the farm, too.

"Jack kept right on at school, but now he avoided us so as not to give us another chance to snub him. I wished a good many times that I had stood by him, as I had always done before. When I thought of all the ill-natured and cruel things I said the afternoon he went back to school, I thoroughly despised myself.

"One afternoon when I was driving in the wagon, whom should I see ahead of me but Jack, walking slowly along with his head down, and looking forlorn enough. I made up my mind to speak to him and see if he was willing to forgive and forget, though I would not have blamed him if he were not. He was going the same way I was, and didn't see me till I drove along beside him. Then he looked up.

"His face flushed and he turned his head away quickly, pretending not to see me. Something stuck in my throat, but I managed to say, 'Hello, Jack!'

"It was pretty feeble, but he heard it, and looked up with a quick, 'Hello, Ned!'

"I stopped the horse and asked him if he didn't want to ride. He looked at me steadily for a minute, and I stammered out:—

"It's pretty warm to walk, Jack,—and—it's very lonesome riding alone.'

"All right,' said he, and climbed in.

"It didn't take us very long to make up, you may believe. After that he used to come often to see us, and would help us with our books, for we were trying to study when we had time.

"When the school term ended, Joe worked on the
(Concluded on page fifteen)



Kindness

(Texts for July 2 to 8)

IF I had my life to live over again, I'd live it differently. I'd be kinder; that's what I'd be; just kinder," said a man of seventy-five to a group of young people. That *if* is immovable. None of us can go back and live over the past. But if we will, you and I may begin today to live the life of kindness. That is the happy life; that is the nobly successful life; that is the life that wins in the end; for, as Franklin said, "When you are good to others, you are best to yourself."

Let us suppose that our Master is saying to us this morning, "Tonight your services will end; this day is your last opportunity to work." How anxiously we scan the path our feet have trod! We forget the flame of selfish ambition that raged in our breasts and spurred us on jostling others aside in our eager race. Oh, how we now wish we had taken time to be kind; to lend a helping hand. Achievements seem so little against the great opportunity of being kind,—just being kind. But God does not label our days. We do not know which one is marked "Last." He is counting on our making each day just as glorious as we should wish the last to be.

And, my dear young friend, the things that will give us joy when we shall reach the end of life's road are the things that are worth our while today. We shall be glad to recall that we always did our best, and always were pleasant and kind. Then let us strive to make ourselves as symmetrical, as efficient, as skilful as possible; but let us never forget that greater than all these accomplishments is kindness. Let us be kinder in our judgment of others; more considerate of their opinions and less positive of our own; and let us be at least as charitable to the faults of others as we are to our own.

Be kind. The poet admonishes young people regarding their attitude to the aged in these words:—

"Be kind to old people while strong in thy youth—
Be kind not in seeming alone, but in truth;
They once were as young and as hopeful as thou,
With a bosom as light, as unwrinkled a brow."

Most of all let none forget to be kind to the loved ones at home. If you would find a little balm for your breaking heart when you gaze for the last time into the face of some loved one, be kind. Fill each day with acts of kindness. And when you pass outside the home circle, be kind; for remember everybody is lonesome. All are hungry for kindness; and, truly,—

"Life is too brief
Between the budding and the falling leaf,
Between the seedtime and the golden sheaf,
For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed;
Therefore, with love make beautiful the deed;
Fast speeds the night."

MEDITATION.—During our morning meditations this week, let us study the Daily Collects prepared by Virginia Opal Myers; and let us make her beautiful prayers our own:—

"Strengthen me for the trials that will come upon me today.
Keep me pure in heart, and true to my ideals.
Let me be done with faultfinding.
May I never be hasty in judgment.
Deliver me from the vice of egotism.
O let me not forget to be kind!

Amen.

"Grant that I may bear defeat nobly and victory with becoming modesty.

Make me large in thought, word, and deed.
Let me see myself as others see me.
O let me not forget to be kind!

Amen.

"Let not temptation assail me beyond my strength today.
Make me merciful to all my fellow creatures.

Teach me the beauty of humility.
May I ever set my mark high.
O let me not forget to be kind!

Amen.

"May I leave nothing undone or unsaid today that will rise up to reproach me on the morrow.

Give me the courage of my convictions.
Deliver me from strife, envy, and the petty faults of a narrow mind.

Keep me true to myself.
Make me sanguine in all things.
O let me not forget to be kind!

Amen.

"May I do my duty bravely and conscientiously.

Help me to bridle my tongue.
Grant me the gift of cheerfulness.
Keep me from dishonor.

Deliver me from the sin of insincerity.
O let me not forget to be kind!

Amen.

"Make me truly thoughtful of others.

Let me not fear to say "no."

Grant that I may keep the pages of this day's record unsoiled.

Forbid that I shall fail to succor my weaker brother.
In all things help me to act the man.

O let me not forget to be kind!

Amen.

"Let the peace of the Sabbath infold me like a benediction.
Open Thou mine eyes to behold the beauty that lets in thy creation.

Make me beautiful—mind, soul, and body.

Let me be deaf to the calls of the world today and take time to

Meditate upon thy goodness and mercies.

May I grow calm, serene, and gentle.

O let me not forget to be kind!

Amen."

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let us pray that we may all be faithful stewards of the money God gives us.

M. E.



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 8

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 July 2 to 8

July 2: Isaiah 10 to 12.
July 3: Isaiah 13 to 15.
July 4: Isaiah 16 to 18.
July 5: Isaiah 19 to 21.
July 6: Isaiah 22 to 24.
July 7: Isaiah 25 to 27.
July 8: Isaiah 28 to 30.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for June 29.

South America

Her Republics and Capitals

"SOUTH AMERICA," says one traveler, "is a country in the making. It is a continent with a future. It is a land of possibilities and opportunities."

"South America is preeminently a country which one cannot treat as a whole. It would be no more misleading to consider the United States and Mexico, or Spain and Great Britain, as one country, than to write of Venezuela and Argentina as having a common history and destiny because they happen to occupy the territory of the same continent. Indeed, every one of the eleven republics, small and insignificant as some of them are, has its own individuality and its own interesting history and development."

Let us travel around this great continent with Francis E. Clark, beginning with —

Colombia

Colombia is the only one of the ten South American States that "lies on both the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. She has two front doors, so to speak, one facing the north and the other the west, while the Isthmus of Panama, which used to be hers, divides her Atlantic and Pacific possessions."

The capital, Bogotá, is so isolated and so inaccessible that it exerts little influence on the outlying provinces. "Colombia is an empire in herself, if an undeveloped empire. . . . A country as big as ten Pennsylvanias, full of undeveloped gold mines, even though hundreds of millions of the precious metal have already been won within her borders; a country abounding in precious woods and tropical fruits; a country of fine river courses and lofty mountains and noble plateaus; a country which possesses every variety of climate, from the intensely tropical to the mildly temperate, where white men can live as happily as in any portion of the world, cannot be without a future, however checkered her past has been."

Ecuador

Ecuador is named for the equator, which bisects it. Quito, the capital, is nearly on that imaginary line. Guayaquil is the chief port of the country, and its people are fond of saying that Quito is "a hundred years behind the moon." Guayaquil itself enjoys the unenviable distinction of being the filthiest and most unhealthful city on earth. "I have visited many of the death holes of the world," says one traveler, "but I have yet to find one whose unsanitary condition equals that of Guayaquil."

Peru

Lima, the capital of Peru, and often called the Paris of South America, is a beautiful city. "Built largely of adobe bricks and bamboo laths covered with mud, that a long, drenching rain (which fortunately never comes) would dissolve in a week, it yet presents the appearance of a substantial, permanent metropolis, as indeed it is. A good American tramway system supplies Lima's needs, and connects her with her port, Callao, in twenty minutes. Good water, good light, and beautiful plazas, fine public buildings, and streets which are beginning to be well paved, make the capital of Peru one of the most attractive cities that lie beneath the Southern Cross."

Arequipa, high on the Andes, in the heart of Peru, has a famous observatory, a branch of Harvard Col-

lege. This observatory is maintained to photograph the heavens, and this particular spot was selected because of the rarity and clarity of the air. Four hundred thousand stars have been photographed on a single negative seventeen by fourteen inches in size at this observatory.

Bolivia

"In some respects Bolivia is the most interesting republic in South America, though, at the same time, it is one of the poorest and decidedly the most inaccessible."

Francis E. Clark says: "To picture Bolivia to yourself, imagine the State of Utah quadrupled in size, raised to twice its present height above the sea, and much of it spread out over a vast plateau, surrounded by mountains that rise to a height of 20,000 feet, while an occasional peak pierces the sky at an altitude of 22,000 or even 23,000 feet. Imagine the Great Salt Lake freshened, and increased in size a dozen times into a lake half as large as Ontario, and you have Lake Titicaca. Imagine Salt Lake City dropped down into an immense crater 1,200 feet below the summit of the surrounding plain, and you have an idea of La Paz, the seat of government of Bolivia. I have said 'seat of government' advisedly; for La Paz is not the legal capital, though the president of the republic, the ministers of state, and all the foreign ministers live here. The congress of the republic convenes here, and all official business, except that of the supreme court, is transacted here. Sucre is the legal capital, but only in name, no government business, except that of the supreme court, being transacted there."

Chile

Chile might be appropriately called "the Shoestring Republic," being about twenty-five hundred miles long, and having an average width of scarcely more than one hundred miles.

Valparaiso, the chief commercial city of Chile, suffered severely from earthquake "in the quaking months between April, 1906, and January, 1907." Of the three cities to suffer from these earthquakes,—San Francisco, Valparaiso, and Kingston,—it is said that Valparaiso suffered most severely.

Santiago, the capital of Chile, one hundred and fifty miles inland from Valparaiso, is regarded by many as the loveliest South American city on the Pacific slope. Its parks, its churches, its cathedral, its cemeteries, and its tree-lined streets impress the weary traveler "that he is in one of the first-class cities of the world."

Argentine Republic

"Argentina is one vast plain," says one traveler. "Even so much variation as would be caused in the surface by an ocean swell is imperceptible on the pampas. For one hundred and seventy-five miles the railway track runs without a curve, and, for more than half a day, one can watch the absolutely straight converging tracks, until they are lost to view by the curvature of the earth."

Buenos Aires, "the city of good air," is the capital of Argentina. It "ranks among the first-class cities of the world, being surpassed in size only by London, New York, Chicago, Paris, Berlin, Petrograd, and Philadelphia. It is the first city in South America, the

fourth city in all America, and the second largest Latin city in the world. It is not only great in numbers, but beautiful in its architecture, and one of the world's great centers of commerce and business life."

It is said that "more millionaires live in Buenos Aires than in any other city of the world of its size, if that is an enviable distinction; and from the prices charged for everything, from a house lot to a shoe-string, one would seem to need to be a millionaire to live there for any length of time."

Uruguay

Montevideo, meaning "I see a mountain," is the name of the capital and most important city of Uruguay. The solitary hill that greets the eye of the traveler sailing down the river Plate, the only rise of ground for hundreds of miles, "assumes an impressiveness out of all proportion to its size," and dominates the little city at its base. The inhabitants of Montevideo "are never tired of praising it for its situation, its climate, and its sedate business ways. . . . The city has a substantial, Old World appearance. . . . There are some fine residences in the outskirts of the city, with beautiful gardens in which every subtropical plant will grow; and the sea, which surrounds the city on every side but one, brings salubrious breezes and bathing privileges to all."

Paraguay

Paraguay is about the size of the State of Illinois—"the little Benjamin among the republics of South America." It is one of the more isolated of nations. "Its capital and chief city, Asuncion, was founded just a hundred years before the capital of Massachusetts; but circumstances and devastating wars have prevented its growth, and it is still a large country village, great in the eyes of the Paraguayans, but overtopped in population by a thousand inconspicuous towns in Europe and America."

Brazil

"Throughout the vast coast line of Brazil one can hardly conceive how another blade of grass could grow or another tree could stand in the crowded, luxuriant vegetation that now occupies the soil. Here, too, the largest river in the world pours its flood of waters into the Atlantic, and on its waters one can penetrate not only into the heart of the continent, but far off to the other side, by the tributaries of the Amazon, one can reach the rich mines of Bolivia and Peru."

Rio de Janeiro, the capital of "boundless Brazil," is declared by those who have seen it in recent years to be one of the most beautiful of the world's capitals, if not the loveliest of them all. Its Avenida, completed in 1905, is said to be, without exception, the most beautiful street in the whole world.

Venezuela

"Venezuela, of all countries in South America, is the country for which God has done the most and man the least," says one observer. Her capital city, Caracas, "as seen from a distance, is a beautiful one, and certainly occupies a unique situation. Built on the old bed of a prehistoric lake, it is surrounded by mountains nine thousand feet high, while the approach to it is by a wonderful mountain railway over a pass nearly a mile above the sea level. On nearer approach, the city does not make good the anticipation of the distant view, for one sees that the houses and public buildings are, many of them, shabby in appearance, and the streets are poorly paved, and full of pitfalls

for horses and foot passengers. The city contains a fine cathedral, a university, and a pantheon of national heroes; while the great statue of Venezuela's chief hero, Bolivar, which stands in the principal plaza, is indeed a work of art."

Her Need Our Opportunity

The curse of medieval Roman Catholicism stretches like a dark shadow above this great land, from her northernmost coasts to her southernmost borders. The scathing words of Pope Leo XIII in an encyclical letter sent to the clergy of Chile in 1897 portray conditions that still exist in the whole land:—

"It is sad to reflect that prelates, priests, and other clergy are never to be found doing service among the poor; they are never in the hospitals or lazar houses; never in the orphan asylum or hospice, in the dwellings of the afflicted or distressed, or engaged in works of beneficence, aiding primary instruction, or found in refuges or prisons. . . . As a rule they are ever absent where human misery exists, unless paid as chaplains, or a fee given. On the other hand, you (the clergy) are always to be found in the houses of the rich, or wherever gluttony may be indulged in, wherever the choicest wines are freely obtained."

South America has well been called "the Continent of Opportunity,"—an opportunity for those who enjoy the blessing of the gospel to rise and carry that light to those whose eyes have never beheld it. There was a law in ancient Athens that any man who had a lighted candle, and who refused to allow another to light his taper by it, *should be put to death*. A fitting and awful symbol this of the eternal darkness and loss that will come to those who refuse, through indifference or indolence or idleness, to put forth earnest efforts to share the saving gospel light with others.

A. B. E.

Chapter from the Canvassers' Chronicles

(Concluded from page six)

they did naught except give the message. Yea, they warned those who were hardened, to beware of the beast, and his image, and the number of his name. And because such abundant opportunities presented themselves to give the message, it came to pass they sold few books, so their cash waxed low.

Then they called upon the field agent, and asked if the emergency fund might not afford them some help; but the agent answered them roughly, and cast devices, and magnified himself against them, even to the extent of suggesting that they would do better to do more quiet canvassing, and less preaching. But they said among themselves, "We will not have this man to rule over us." So they continued as they had aforetime.

But many tempestuous times arose, by reason of which one went to his farm, and another to his merchandise. And lo, one said to his fellow, Behold the world we planned to move, remains unmoved. And it was so.

But in all their distresses they sought not to improve their methods of labor, nor asked counsel of the field agent, for did they not know all things?

Now the rest of the acts of these men, and how they are yet in debt to the publishing house, and how they spoke bitterly of the hardness of the field agent, and vowed never to have anything more to do with canvassing, are they not all left out of the book of success in the Canvassers' Chronicles?

T. H. JEYS.



II — The Ascension of Jesus

(July 8)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 1:9-26.

MEMORY VERSE: "This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven." Acts 1:11.

Questions

1. What were the last words the disciples heard Jesus say? Acts 1:8.
2. To what place had he led them? Luke 24:50; Acts 1:12.
3. What did they then behold? Acts 1:9. Note 1.
4. How was Jesus hidden from view? Verse 9, last part. Note 2.
5. What did the disciples do as he ascended? Who stood by them as he went up to heaven? Verse 10.
6. What question was asked the disciples? What promise was given them? Verse 11.
7. To what place did the apostles return? Verse 12. Note 3.
8. Where did they abide? Who are mentioned as being there? Verse 13.
9. How did they spend the time while waiting for the promise of Jesus to be fulfilled? Who met with the disciples? Verse 14.
10. About how many met together in these prayer meetings? Verse 15, last part.
11. Of whom did Peter speak in one of the meetings? Verse 16, last part.
12. How did Judas use the money he received for betraying Jesus? Verse 18, first part. Note 4.
13. How was another appointed to take Judas's place? Verses 23, 24.
14. Which of the two men was chosen? Verse 26.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Quote two texts, outside the lesson scripture, giving references, that show how Jesus will come again.
2. Give one instance, either from the Bible or from experience, where united prayer has brought great results.

Notes

1. "Upon reaching the Mount of Olives, Jesus led the way across the summit, to the vicinity of Bethany. Here he paused, and the disciples gathered about him. Beams of light seemed to radiate from his countenance as he looked lovingly upon them. He upbraided them not for their faults and failures; words of the deepest tenderness were the last that fell upon their ears from the lips of their Lord. With hands outstretched in blessing, and as if in assurance of his protecting care, he slowly ascended from among them, drawn heavenward by a power stronger than any earthly attraction."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 830.

2. "As he passed upward, the awe-stricken disciples looked with straining eyes for the last glimpse of their ascending Lord. A cloud of glory hid him from their sight; and the words came back to them as the cloudy chariot of angels received him, 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.' At the same time there floated down to them the sweetest and most joyous music from the angel choir. While the disciples were still gazing upward, voices addressed them which sounded like richest music. They turned, and saw two angels in the form of men. . . . These angels were of the company that had been waiting in a shining cloud to escort Jesus to his heavenly home."—*Id.*, pp. 830, 831.

3. "A Sabbath day's journey." From comparing Acts 1:12 with Luke 24:50 and John 11:18 (margin) it seems a Sabbath day's journey must have been from one and a half to two miles.

"When the disciples went back to Jerusalem, the people looked upon them with amazement. After the trial and crucifixion of Christ, it had been thought that they would appear downcast and ashamed. Their enemies expected to see upon their faces an expression of sorrow and defeat. Instead of this there was only gladness and triumph. Their faces were aglow with a happiness not born of earth. They did not mourn over disappointed hopes, but were full of praise and thanksgiving to God. With rejoicing they told the wonderful story of Christ's resurrection and his ascension

to heaven, and their testimony was received by many."—*Id.*, p. 832.

4. "The history of Judas presents the sad ending of a life that might have been honored of God. . . . For thirty pieces of silver—the price of a slave—he sold the Lord of Glory to ignominy and death. Judas had naturally a strong love for money; but he had not always been corrupt enough to do such a deed as this."—*Id.*, p. 716.

"Judas did not, however, believe that Christ would permit himself to be arrested. In betraying him, it was his purpose to teach him a lesson. He intended to play a part that would make the Saviour careful thenceforth to treat him with due respect. . . . Since he had escaped so many snares, thought Judas, he certainly would not now allow himself to be taken."—*Id.*, p. 720.

The Strike at Elm Hollow

(Concluded from page eleven)

farm again. Miss Ward was to be married in the autumn, and although the trustees urged her to remain, she was obliged to give up her position. So our parents decided that we had better go to the academy at Kingsport.

"When we came to take our entrance examination we found out how much we had lost by our strike. While the rest of us had to join the class in elementary Latin, Jack went into an advanced class; and that's the reason he's a year ahead of Rob, Harry, and me in college.

"After the fall work was done, Joe went back to school, and continued there, working at home nights and mornings until the spring work began on the farm. Father encouraged him to go ahead, and the next fall offered to send him to the Kingsport academy for two years. Joe accepted the offer, and did some very good work at the academy. He isn't exactly brilliant, and would never be likely to carry off many honors for scholarship, but what he does, he does well.

"When the two years were over, he decided to become a mechanic, and got a place in the factory at Kingsport. He has been promoted once or twice already, and a short time ago a member of the firm told father that he was one of the best men they had. He did not give up trying to learn when he left school; he studies the structure and uses of materials and machinery as closely and patiently as he did his books. The firm intends to promote him as fast as he shows himself capable.

"Joe insisted on repaying to father the amount of all his expenses while he was in school. He is devoted to all of us, and always declares that if Rob and I had not gone on a strike that summer he would never have been where he is."

"So your strike," said I, "did some good after all?"

"Yes—to Joe," said Ned. "But it left us one class behind at college. It gave us a very good lesson, to be sure, and hardened our muscles; but that was because father was wise enough to turn our folly to our own advantage."—*Glenn Holley, in the pamphlet "Stories of Purpose."*

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops
Of the snow-shining mountains—beautiful!
Linger yet with Nature, for the night
Hath been to me a more familiar face
Than that of man; and in her starry shade
Of dim and solitary loveliness,
I learned the language of another world.

—Byron.

You hear that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.

—Holmes.

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.

Some Useful Weather Proverbs

THERE are hundreds of proverbs dealing with seasonal forecasts that have very little to justify them. Many are purely fanciful and others utterly inane. But there are those that are built upon the sure foundation of accurate observation and correct reasoning. Among these perhaps the best are those that have to do with the color of the sky and the appearances of the sun, the moon, and the stars; for we see the first because of our atmosphere and the others through it, and therefore any change in their appearances necessarily means changes in the atmosphere itself—changes that usually precede one or another type of weather. Some of the more worthy proverbs as collected and explained in a government pamphlet by W. J. Humphreys, Ph. D., professor of meteorological physics, United States Weather Bureau, follow:—

Frost year,
Fruit year.

Year of snow,
Fruit will grow.

A year of snow, a year of plenty.

A late spring never deceives.

A red sun has water in his eye.

If red the sun begins his race,
Be sure the rain will fall apace.

A red morn that ever yet betokened
Wreck to the seamen, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to the shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdsmen and to herds.

Sky red in the morning
Is a sailor's sure warning;
Sky red at night
Is the sailor's delight.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And by the bright track of his fiery car
Gives tokens of a goodly day tomorrow.

If the sun set in gray,
The next will be a rainy day.

If the sun goes pale to bed,
'Twill rain tomorrow, it is said.

Evening gray and morning red
Make the shepherd hang his head.

An evening gray and a morning red
Will send the shepherd wet to bed.

Evening red and morning gray
Two sure signs of one fine day.

Evening red and morning gray
Help the traveler on his way;
Evening gray and morning red
Bring down rain upon his head.

When the sun is in his house, it will rain soon.

Far burr, near rain.

The bigger the ring, the nearer the wet.

When the wheel is far, the storm is n'ar;
When the wheel is n'ar, the storm is far.

The moon and the weather
May change together;
But change of the moon
Does not change the weather.
If we'd no moon at all,
And that may seem strange,
We still should have weather
That's subject to change.

Clear moon,
Frost soon.

Moonlit nights have the heaviest frosts.

Sharp horns do threaten windy weather.

When the stars begin to huddle,
The earth will soon become a puddle.

When the smoke goes west,
Gude weather is past;
When the smoke goes east,
Gude weather comes neist.

When the wind's in the south,
The rain's in its mouth.

The wind in the west
Suits every one best.

The higher the clouds, the finer the weather.

Mackerel scales and mares' tails
Make lofty ships carry low sails.

When clouds appear like rocks and towers,
The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

When the clouds are upon the hills,
They'll come down by the mills.

Sound traveling far and wide
A stormy day will betide.

The farther the sight, the nearer the rain.

When the stars flicker in a dark background, rain or snow follow soon.

A Good Report

FROM far and near comes evidence that our young people are springing into service. From a small conference in the North American Division come these cheering notes of courage:—

"The conventions which we held were very successful. At the Henderson convention I met with the young people separately, and it was about the best experience I ever had. The young people are brimful of enthusiasm, and they have all kinds of plans for earning money. They have one hundred regular readers of the Present Truth Series, and are entering into the TEMPERANCE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR campaign. Each member has a Morning Watch Calendar, and nearly all are using them each morning. I can see the Lord guiding this work, and I am sure we shall double our goal this year and do more than that on some points. We have four hundred and twenty-two in our conference that are reading the Bible through. All of the young people that are members of the Missionary Volunteer Society are reading it through. We have about thirty young people who are planning to take the Standard of Attainment examinations in September. We have already ordered our new young people's tent for camp meeting, and we plan to have a feast together the last of August."

Yes, they will have a feast. When those who are active in the Lord's service come to camp meeting, they get much greater blessings than the indifferent ones.

M. E. KERN.