

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXIV

July 4, 1916

No. 27



The largest United States flag ever made. It is 150 feet long and 53 feet wide.
It was carried by members of the Canton (Ohio) G. A. R. Post in
the G. A. R. parade of Sept. 29, 1915, Washington, D. C.



Important Notice to Our Subscribers

SUBSCRIBERS changing their place of residence and desiring their papers sent to the new address, should notify us at once. Every day we receive notices from postmasters that subscribers have moved. If this were always true, we could change the addresses from these notices, but the post office sends them when one who is going away for only a short time, asks to have his letters forwarded, but makes no provision for the holding of the papers until his return. Hence we have found it unsatisfactory to make any change of address from these cards. We prefer to make no change in our lists without notice from the tract society or the subscriber. We shall notify the subscriber that a postmaster's card has been received, and we trust he will reply promptly, so that no papers may be lost. The papers are returned to us if not delivered, and we are therefore taking such names from the list until we hear from the one concerned.

A New Hotel

A HOTEL that in many respects is to be the most remarkable in the world is soon to be erected in New York. It is to cost \$15,000,000, to be twenty-eight stories high, and to have 2,500 rooms—twice as many as any other hotel in existence. Mr. Charles H. Ingersoll, of the Ingersoll dollar-watch concern, is the president of the company. It is to be called the Commonwealth Hotel, as the stock is to be raised, the property owned, and the hotel conducted on the commonwealth plan. There are 150,000 shares of stock at \$100 each. No person can own more than one share in his own name. With 150,000 shareholders, it is figured that the hotel will have 150,000 patrons and boomers to start with.

The benefit to the stockholder in the Commonwealth's plan lies in the fact that he will be entitled to a rebate of twenty per cent on his bills at the hotel for food and lodging. Further to encourage the boosting spirit of these stockholders, it is proposed to give each the privilege of issuing cards to his friends, following which, if they stay at the Commonwealth, the introducing stockholder will receive twenty per cent on the total of his bill.

An Ambitious Student in India

EARLY the second morning after the Indian Christian Training School began, Ngwe Zin, a Burmese boy, was in the schoolroom dusting the seats and tables. In the evening he came and asked that he might be given some work so he could earn the money to buy his books. He said that he had to work when he attended the Meiktila School, and had learned that work was a blessing and not a hardship. The Burman, like the Indian, thinks that work lowers the character, and so it is not regarded favorably. Ngwe Zin said that when he returned to Burma, some of his friends would despise him for working, because they had told him to hold a high standard and do honor to his country; but he said that in spite of what they said, he must earn his books. He was given the place of helping the cook of the school to prepare the vegetables, wash dishes, and give out the oil for the lanterns.

The Lord loves the cheerful worker, as well as the "cheerful giver." By dusting in the morning, he was making his opportunity to work by showing his willingness.

Four years ago Ngwe Zin was baptized. He had been a strict Buddhist, and prayed and fasted to Buddha.

One time he fasted a week out in the jungle. His relatives are Buddhists, and his mother is a nun in that religion. After he became a Seventh-day Adventist, his parents at first refused to allow him to come home; but now his sister writes him that if he will come home and be a Buddhist, they will send him the money for his fare. But Ngwe Zin wrote her, "No, I cannot come; I must stay here in school and learn the truth, and then I can come back to Burma and teach you." His sister also writes, "My younger brother prays to Buddha every night. Remember your mother is a real Buddhist. Why do you want to break off from your Buddhist religion?" But Ngwe Zin continues to pray to the true God that his relatives may be converted, and while in school he is improving his time studying to learn more about the way of life everlasting.

I. F. BLUE.

Lucknow.

Appreciation

"Do the young people appreciate the Reading Course certificates?" is sometimes asked. The following extracts from a letter written by a young man in Texas, shows that some of our young people at least do appreciate them very much:—

"Last August a hurricane swept this country, and tore up things worse than ever had been done since man has lived here. It left us with houses and crops and everything gone except our lives, but we are thankful that they were spared.

"In looking over the wreckage of our house, my sisters found their Reading Course certificates; but they were ruined. Can they get their certificates renewed? If they can, please let us know; also if they will have to return their old ones.

"We lost our last year's Reading Course books, so could not finish them, and we did not have money to get the books this year.

"A YOUTHFUL SOLDIER FOR CHRIST."

Why should not our young people take pride in finishing these excellent Reading Courses and in the certificates which give credit for the completed work? It has often been said that a young man or woman could bring no better letter of recommendation to one of our schools than a Standard of Attainment certificate and several Reading Course certificates.

M. E. KERN.

At matin hour came warbling bird
And sang, oh, such a lay!
'Twas wealth of sweetness not else heard—
'Twill ring to life's last day.

F. FREDERICK BLISS.

We should live as Jesus died. He died for the world. We must live for the world.—S. D. Gordon.

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The Youth's Instructor

LXIV

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

No. 27

History of the American Flag^{*}



AT the beginning of the twentieth century, with our beautiful emblem of liberty so conspicuous on every hand, it is surprising to find how little is known concerning its history. The flag of the United States of America, very familiarly known to us all as the Stars and Stripes, Old Glory, and the Star-Spangled Banner, had its birthday June 14, 1777; but in tracing its history we shall have to go back a little farther than this, perhaps to the year 1775. At this time the American colonies, which afterward formed the nucleus of our government, were separate and distinct in their organization and government, and all were subject to Great Britain; so the only flag which they had in common was the royal flag of England. It consisted, at this time, of a blue field in which was placed the red, vertical cross of St. George, edged with white, and the white, diagonal cross of St. Andrew. This flag, or Union Jack as it was called, was used just this way on some occasions, but was more often placed in the upper corner of a solid red flag, known as the British Union.

The first deviation from the English banner by her American subjects was made near the close of the year 1775, when the colonial flag came into existence. The circumstances connected with the appearance of that flag were these: As has been stated, the colonies were separate and distinct in their organization and government, having of course their own standing armies, but subject to Great Britain. But at this time they had already begun to unite in opposing the tyranny and oppression of England. They had appointed delegates and assembled in Continental Congress, and had sent memorials and petitions of various kinds to the king. On one of these occasions when Congress was assembled, June 15, 1775, it was voted to unite the standing armies of the different colonies; and George Washington was appointed commander-in-chief of all the colonial forces. It was found, too, that the enlistment of most of the men expired on or before the first of the next year, so a committee was appointed, consisting of Benjamin Harrison, Benjamin Franklin, and Thomas Lynch, to confer with General Washington in organizing a new army. Their work was duly performed, and the Grand Continental Army came into existence Jan. 1, 1776. It was on this occasion, when the army was out in splendid array at Cam-

bridge, Massachusetts, and there was general rejoicing among the people, that the colonial flag was first unfurled. It was styled The Continental Flag of the United Colonies, but was commonly spoken of as the Grand Union or Cambridge Flag.

It was just the same as the British Union Flag with the addition of the white stripes in the red portion, making thirteen alternate red and white stripes as we have them today. While they showed their loyalty to the British crown by the use of the Union Jack, yet the addition of the thirteen stripes was significant, and showed that there were thirteen colonies here in America with some very distinct rights which England would be compelled to respect. We do not know just when or by whom this flag was made; but making its appearance at the time and place and under the circumstances that it did, it is supposed that General Washington designed it, and was perhaps aided by the other gentle-

men of this committee on organization.

Our next flag was made by Mrs. Elizabeth Ross, familiarly known to us in history as Betsy Ross. She was an expert needlewoman, who with her husband, John Ross, had been engaged in the upholstery business in Philadelphia. Her husband had died a few months before this, and she still continued this line of work. It was in her place of business that she was visited by a committee in regard to the making of the flag. The members of this committee were Gen. George Washington, commander-in-chief of the army; Robert Morris, chairman of the Secret Committee of Congress; and George Ross, a member of the Congressional Committee on Military Supplies. The latter was an uncle of Mrs. Ross's deceased husband.



The bell that rang out the news of the birth of our nation about one month after Betsy Ross completed the first American flag.

They asked her if she could make a flag, and she modestly replied that she had never made one, but that she could try. General Washington then produced a design, crudely drawn, and Mrs. Ross suggested a few changes, to which the committee readily assented. Among other things, she suggested that the stars be arranged in some particular shape, a circle for instance, and that they be five-pointed instead of six-pointed. She showed them by folding a piece of paper, how with a single clip of the scissors they could be made as easily as those with six points. The design was immediately changed, and she was given an order for the flag which she completed about June 1, 1776. It was composed of thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, with a blue union in the upper corner containing thirteen five-pointed stars arranged in a circle, the first flag to contain both stars and stripes.

^{*} Read at a Sabbath school picnic on July 4, 1915, by the writer.

As we have proceeded thus far in the history of our flag, let us note the following points: that the colors red, white, and blue were borrowed from the English flag of our mother country; that the first important change was the addition of stripes; and the next was the addition of stars. It is generally believed that the use of both stars and stripes in the flag, was suggested by Washington's coat of arms, which had been in the family since the sixteenth century, and bears both these emblems.

This flag of stars and stripes was made only five months after the Grand Union Flag was unfurled, and yet it represented a great change in the feelings of the people. The new flag was made just a month before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, but that memorable document was being prepared, and all hope of a reconciliation with England had been abandoned. Hence the change from the British Union to the "Starry Union, representing a new constellation." Although this flag was made before independence was declared by the American colonies, it was not until June 14, 1777, that Congress passed the resolution making it our national emblem. June 14 is therefore known as Flag Day, and is now quite generally observed throughout the nation.

The historic building where our first flag was made is still standing in Philadelphia on North Arch Street, below Third. Its present number is 239. Betsy Ross Claypoole continued making flags there about fifty years, and was succeeded by her daughter, who carried on the business for more than thirty years. This building was purchased in 1898 by the American Flag House and Betsy Ross Memorial Association of Philadelphia, and has been very appropriately fitted up as a historic relic, and styled "The Birthplace of Old Glory."

A few changes in the original design of the flag were made. Between the years 1777 and 1795 two new States were added to the original thirteen, and accordingly it was voted by Congress to add two stripes and two stars to the flag, making the stripes fifteen, and the blue union to contain fifteen stars. Before another change was made, five more States had been admitted to the Union; so a resolution was passed by Congress to take effect July 4, 1818, placing twenty stars in the blue field of the union, but returning to the original thirteen red and white stripes. It was evident by that time that if a stripe was to be added for every State admitted, the distinctness of the stripes would soon be obliterated, especially at a distance. Then, too, reverence for the thirteen original colonies and for the banner under which the heroes of the Revolution fought and died, no doubt had much to do in influencing public sentiment toward a return to the thirteen original stripes.

Provision was also made by Congress at this same time for the addition of one star for every State that should be admitted to the Union, and that such change take place on the fourth of July next after the admission of such State. And with this provision no changes have been made in the flag since that time, now almost a century ago, except in the arrangement of the stars in the blue field.

The author of the suggestions embodied in these last resolutions of Congress was Capt. Samuel Reed, who made the first flag of the new design at his own expense, and hoisted it over the Hall of Congress a few days after the resolution was passed. He also asked that Congress specify the particular way in which the stars should be arranged, and suggested that on merchant ships they be placed in the shape of a large star, while on ships of war the arrangement be in parallel rows. At this particular time the suggestion was very easily carried out, for the twenty stars in the union formed a perfect star, and the parallel arrangement of four rows of five stars each was also very simple. But when other States were admitted one at a time, it was readily seen that this idea could not be carried out, so the matter of the arrangement of the stars practically solved itself. For years past they have been arranged in rows with the horizontal lines always even, and no attention being paid to the lines vertically. However at the present time, with a union of forty-eight States, we again have a very easy and simple arrangement of six rows containing eight stars each.

In the year 1777, after the flag had been adopted by Congress, the British laid siege to Fort Schuyler, New York, which was on the site of the present city of Rome. The garrison had not been provided with a United States flag, so they hastened to make one out of such materials as could be had. The blue field was made from Captain Swartwout's broadcloth cloak, the red stripes from the petticoat of a soldier's wife, and the stars and white stripes from white shirts, ammunition bags, etc. But at best it was only a makeshift, and the final cost was probably much more than it would have been for one made in the ordinary way; for, we are told, the government furnished

the captain with eight yards of broadcloth in lieu of his cloak, which certainly represented no small amount at that time.

As we pay tribute and honor to our national emblem, the Stars and Stripes, let us show our loyalty to our national colors by manifesting in our lives those rare principles of courage, purity, and justice which the colors of the flag are said to represent.

MRS. T. L. COPELAND.



LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING
THE WORLD

The Statue of Liberty

BARTHOLDI'S statue of "Liberty Enlightening the World" is 151 feet 1 inch in height from base to torch. A full description of the statue may be found in Stone's "Statue of Liberty," 1887. The statue is twenty times the size of a woman 5 feet 4 inches in height. It was modeled after the artist's mother. The right arm holds a torch, and the left a tablet upon which is engraved 4 July, 1776.

Julian Hawthorne says of it: "Though the bronze goddess stands motionless and firm, she seems but a moment ago to have assumed the attitude which she will retain through centuries to come. She has stepped forward, and halted, and raised her torch into the sky. There is energy without effort, and movement combined with repose. Her aspect is grave almost to sternness, yet her faultless features wear the serenity of

power and confidence. *Her message is the sublimest ever brought to man*, but she is adequate to its delivery. In her left hand she holds a tablet inscribed with the most glorious of our memories, the birthday of the Republic. No words are needed to interpret her meaning, for her gesture and her countenance speak the universal language, and their utterance reaches to the purest depths of the human soul."

The tablet is shown on a picture of the Statue of Liberty by the makers, Gaget, Gauthier et Cie Srs, 25 Rue de Chazelles, Paris.

When in 1875 the idea of the Statue of Liberty was conceived, in Paris the illustrious author of "Faust," Gounod, composed the following hymn:—

"Hail! Cycle day of epoch, when
From bondage sprang a race of men
Who grasped secure the crown of power,
Theirs by fulness of growth and hour,
Down by Patriarch, Priest, and King,
The royal scepter descending
Through all the throes of childhood's tears,
Youths serving in long lagging years,
To man to manhood fully grown
'Tis now by every right his own;
Live the People! The People reign!
Is the Century's glad refrain.

"Hail! Cycle day of glory's day,
When broke the clouds and seals away,
Men read God's purpose by their act,
For slavish bond put mutual pact,
For this the older world made new
From sweeping plain to ocean blue;
The soul of Liberty, that now flings
Its banner o'er all its millions, kings,
Proclaims this half the world its own,
To show the other how man has grown.
Live the People! The People reign!
Is the Century's glad refrain."

—Nelson's Research Service Bureau for Special Information.

Stand Still, and See

ONE day I stood at one of the busiest corners in a city. Street cars and vehicles of every kind were coming and going, and to increase the complexity, the main lines of three great railroads crossed and criss-crossed the humming thoroughfare.

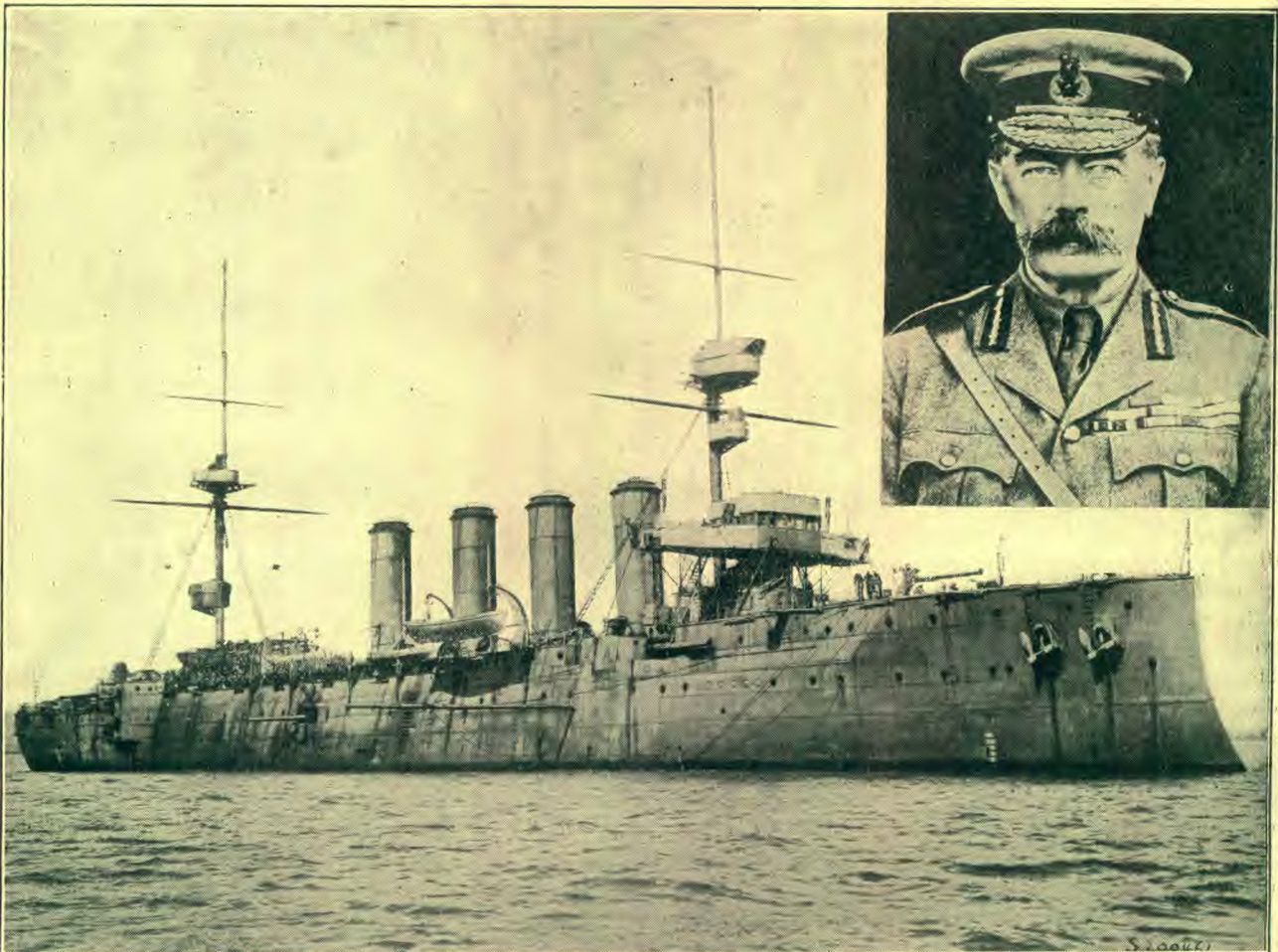
It was at the busy evening hour when pedestrians were obliged to "watch their step." A bent and blind old man slowly felt his way with a cane across the first track, and was hesitating as to the next step when the warning gong rang sharply, the gates lowered, and a train bore down upon him. Terrified, he cried out for help. The flagman saw his danger, and his voice rose loudly, "Stand where you are, Joe, and I'll help you safely across."

It was a little incident, but if you could have seen the look of supreme trust and relief come over the old man's face as the trains whizzed by on either side of him, you could hardly have kept back the tears.

I thought, what a lesson of faith and trust for me! Without a shade of fear, he believed the flagman's word, and *waited*. He had but his mortal life at stake, and yet, with eternity in the balance we hesitate to take God at his word, "Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord." Blind, we try to work out our own salvation, not willing to allow him to lead us. We, who know all about true religion except how to get it, miss the joy of its possession because to cease our own struggling, trust, and obey, looks too simple. O for faith as a grain of mustard seed!

M. W. CHARLES.

Of all the created comforts, God is the lender; you are the borrower, not the owner.—Rutherford.



Underwood and Underwood, N. Y.

LORD KITCHENER, BRITISH MINISTER OF WAR, WHO WITH TWO HUNDRED BRITISH SOLDIERS, WAS LOST WHEN THE CRUISER "HAMPSHIRE" ON ITS WAY TO RUSSIA WAS SUNK BY A MINE



Earthworms

HOW many of us know much about an earthworm? Most boys think they are only good for bait; and little girls are sure they are only good to scare girls with. The farmer sees them by the hundreds as he plows, and yet knows not what a wonderful and helpful little creature he is beholding.

The body of the earthworm is tubular, and though it has no head, nevertheless it shows a front and rear region. The body is divided into over two hundred distinct segments. On looking at a worm you would think there were twice that number, but this is because there is a fold in the skin halfway between the divisions which shows through the outer skin.

The first segment consists of an overhanging lip below which is the mouth, and you will be surprised, no doubt, to know the kind of food this little mouth takes in. We never think of earth as being food, yet that is what the earthworms have as their most important food. As they burrow through the ground they let the earth pass through their bodies and take nourishment from it. Earthworms can, however, be fed on green and dead leaves, decaying seeds, bits of flesh, and even paper. They have the habit of dragging into their burrows the leaves which they intend to devour, letting them soften and decay before using them. Great intelligence is displayed in the skill with which they get the leaf into the hole. The worm crawls over the leaf first to determine its size and shape and then drags it by the apex or stem, whichever will cause the leaf to curl up best as it enters the burrow. Before eating the leaf the worm moistens it by an excretion which partly digests it. After being eaten, the food goes into the gizzard, which has thin muscular walls. Herein, like in the gizzard of a chicken, are several small stones which help the muscles in grinding the food.

Not very far from the anterior end is a broad white band. Many persons suppose this is where the worm has at some time been hurt and healed. But did you know that in that little saddle band is where the eggs are hidden? If you carefully examine a specimen, you will notice that a worm has a circulatory system. Upon its back may be seen a blood vessel carrying the blood to the anterior region. A ventral (pertaining to the belly) vessel returns it in the opposite direction. In the segments 5-7, inclusive, the vessel walls pulsate by contraction of the muscular walls. This is what the worm has for a heart. Earthworms have not only red blood, but a colorless blood which cir-

culates through the body. It is thought to carry digested food.

These little creatures bore their holes by passing the earth through their bodies, and then back out to leave it on the surface. Often on a damp morning or after a rain, the ground will be covered with countless little mounds of pebbly earth. These are "castings" from angleworms. Professor Darwin estimates that in some parts of England, earthworms in boring bring to the surface annually enough soil to amount to ten tons per acre, and that the castings of a single year would, if uniformly spread out, make a layer of mold two tenths of an inch thick. Thus the deep-lying earth is brought to the surface and the layer of vegetable mold, by addition to its surface, is increased in thickness.

Earthworms burrow six or eight feet into the earth, thus allowing the rain to percolate deep into the ground. They are an invaluable aid to the husbandman — even if they do sometimes kill young plants by drawing the tender leaves into the ground. As Mr. Darwin says, "The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions, but long before man plowed, the land was, in fact, regularly plowed, and still continues to be thus plowed, by the earthworm."

It is wonderful what power these little creatures have of resisting certain untoward conditions. Thus we can keep them for months in a moist vessel without food, or wholly submerged in water for several days. If an earthworm be cut in two in the middle and each half placed under favorable conditions, each half will be very liable to develop its missing organs and be a complete worm. Then, too, the anterior half of one worm may be grafted on to the hinder portion of another.

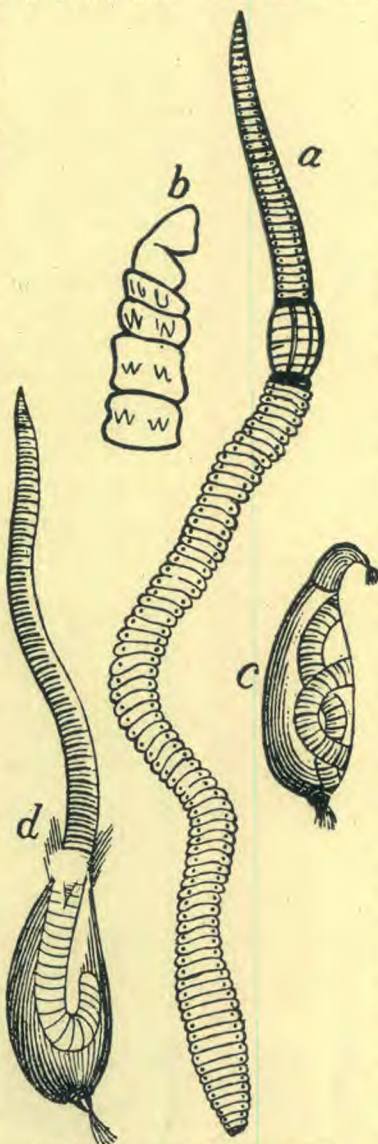
After a rain the worms come to the surface to enjoy the moisture, and often in such numbers that people remark about "raining angleworms." They sometimes come to the surface at night for companions and food. During the day, even in quite dry weather, they may be found lying near the opening of their holes, probably to enjoy the warmth of the sunshine. They are in this state often caught by birds. When dry weather exists, the worm burrows deep beneath the surface where the earth is moist.

They, like frogs and snakes, hibernate or sleep during the cold winter.

The fly is one of their worst enemies, for the poor worm is often made the hatching ground for young flies. The mother fly punctures the skin and lays her eggs within. Earthworms found on the surface in dry weather have so been dealt with. They soon die.

How wonderful are all the things of God's creation!

E. C. JAEGER.



AN ADULT WORM, EGG, AND HATCHING WORM

IN the time of Henry VIII, it is said, there was not a sewer in all England.

Necessity Makes Quartz Glass

As a direct result of the European war, the United States has gained one entirely new industry. It is the manufacture of "quartz glass," that variety of this product that is used for the manufacture of test tubes, retorts, crucibles, and many other vessels used in chemistry and the arts.

This form of glass is impervious to the attack of corrosive chemicals, and is the only material that can be used successfully as a container for many useful dissolving agents. Chemists and artisans all over the country felt the lack when war cut off the supply, which had always come from Germany.

Though German houses had never divulged the process by which this glass was made, American experimenters set to work upon the problem immediately, and now, after the expiration of less than a year since the glass famine first made itself felt, a New York firm announces itself prepared to market silicium dioxide, the quartz glass of commerce. Orders for the new American product are now swamping this concern, and it appears that quartz glassmaking as an industry is with us to stay.—*The Illustrated World*.

Mrs. Redbird's Fright

LITTLE Mrs. Redbird sat on her four pretty greenish eggs in her snug little nest in the tree top. She sat, and sat, and waited. Day after day she kept the pretty eggs warm with the soft downy feathers on her little warm body, and day after day she listened to Mr. Redbird as he sat on a branch and sang to her to keep up her courage, for soon there would be some tiny baby birds in the nest.

"How very handsome Mr. Redbird looks in his scarlet suit with the black sleeves and black coat tails," Mrs. Redbird thought; and sighing, she looked at her own dull dress of grayish green.

"Wouldn't I just love a bright pretty dress to match my husband's," she said, wearily, while a tear dropped on one of the little eggs in the nest. "I'll dress the children that way, anyhow, when they hatch."

Poor tired little Mrs. Redbird settled herself over the eggs as comfortably as she could, and listened to the leaves rustling around her. Mr. Redbird had stopped singing and flown away; she felt very drowsy until suddenly she heard the leaves saying:—

"Why, how gayly you are dressed, Mrs. Redbird!"

She looked down at her feathers,—to her great astonishment they were just as bright and gay as those of her husband.

"Why! why!" she gasped, "how quickly they changed!"

A crowd of people came into the woods and surrounded the tree.

"Oh, look! There's a scarlet tanager on its nest; let's climb up and take a picture of it," she heard a deep voice say. "That brilliant coloring would attract anybody's notice."

There was a great deal of confusion and poor Mrs. Redbird trembled on the nest as she felt the tree shaking, and somebody poked a big boxlike thing near her nest, its great eye snapping in her face.

"Worse and worse," thought distracted Mrs. Redbird, as she was poked off the nest to show the eggs that were under her.

She flew around, fluttering and crying, for what seemed a long, long time before those noisy, bother-

ing great people climbed down the tree and walked away.

Mrs. Redbird felt eyes upon her from all directions. Big birds flying overhead peeped at her through the leaves.

"Oh, dear," she sobbed, "they did not see me when I wore my dull green dress. Now their bright eyes see me from everywhere. I'm afraid they'll hurt my babies."

The next thing Mrs. Redbird knew, the egg shells were cracking and the baby Redbirds were coming out.

In a very short time their little bare bodies were covered with red and black feathers, to their mother's surprise.

"Oh, oh!" she wailed, when they began to try to fly, "why aren't you dressed like last year's babies, in dull green feathers?"

For no sooner did they tumble around on the twigs, than cats and squirrels saw the vivid dresses they wore and caught them.

Poor Mother Redbird barely escaped with her own life.

She uttered heart-rending cries of distress, and awoke,—to find that it was all a dream, and that she still wore the same dull green clothes and sat on the little eggs that would hatch out babies which would wear a dull, inconspicuous dress like her own.

"My poor, patient little Mrs. Redbird," said Mr. Redbird, suddenly appearing with a dainty morsel for her to eat.

"Oh, I am so glad I wear a dull dress," sighed Mrs. Redbird happily, eating the delicious bit Mr. Redbird had brought her.

As he flew away, she watched his flaming red suit, which could be seen a long distance.

The leaves overhead still rustled, and this time they seemed to say to her: "Wise Mother Nature will hide you and the little ones safely, while you need protection; and will give you greenish clothes to wear among the green leaves."—*Louise M. Haynes, in Sunday School Times*.

Thanksgiving Strawberries

WE usually think of strawberry shortcakes in early summer, but they are no more confined to that season. There are now several varieties which yield up into November. They are Americus, Productive Francis, and the Superb. The Americus has given the best results as a berry for home plantings. It yields well and has a good flavor. The plants should be set out early in the spring, and the blossoms kept picked until the middle of August. It then takes about a month for fruit to mature. These berries bring a good price, usually selling from twenty-five to fifty cents a quart.

At vespers came a feathered lute,
And suddenly the world
A-vibrant was with echoes wild
As note on note he hurled.

F. FREDERICK BLISS.

FULL many a flower is born to blush unseen
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

—Gray.

LIFE should be considered a measure to be filled, and not a cup to be drained.—*Arthur T. Hadley*.



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."



Thoughts for Girls

SYDNEY M. BACCHUS

A GIRL was never of more importance than today. We are on the threshold of the "women's century," but whatever the future holds in store for us as women, we should live today so as to make the life before us as bright and beautiful and worth while as possible.

There have been many grand achievements in every field of human endeavor, but still the world today needs most—that which the world has ever needed—helpful words, kind hearts, hands that are ready to lift the less fortunate over the rough places in the path of life; the world needs gentlewomen and gentlemen.

In order to become noble women we need to lay our plans to that end in girlhood. The work of the builder is preceded by the plans of the architect; so the deeds we do in life are preceded by the thoughts we think. What we dream today we may do tomorrow. How important then that we live each day of our youth in a way that will best fit us to meet the world's need.

Our environment has much to do with our usefulness and happiness in this world. As far as possible our surroundings should be made to conform to the tastes we wish to cultivate. Few of us have just the surroundings we desire, but we can all make our environment more pleasant. It is well for the girl early in life to begin a library of good books. Perhaps she is able to buy only two or three books during the year, possibly only one, but whether few or many they should be of such a character as will inspire her to nobler living. And then she should be thoughtful of the character of the friends she chooses, for it is the friend that forms the most vital influential part of her environment.

Every girl should master the art of saying pleasant things; she should know how to forget the disagreeable things. Every girl should know how to keep her nerves well in hand.

She should not expect too much from her friends.

She should be tactful, knowing how to relieve the afflicted and sympathize with the sorrowful.

She should make whatever work comes to her congenial.

She should retain her faith in other people.

She should never forget that a kind word and a smile cost little, but are priceless to the discouraged.

Every progressive girl or young woman desires to become accomplished. The girl who is a master of the piano or organ, the one who understands the art of painting or has a knowledge of French or Latin, is accomplished. But the girl who can sew neatly or has the ability to bake a good loaf of bread is even more highly accomplished.

Every girl should know how and when to smile. Of all the accomplishments it is possible for a girl to possess, that of being pleasant and gracious to

those about her is the greatest and most desirable.

It is possible for a girl to acquire a great deal of information and become skilful in many things and yet be unloved by her associates, because her heart has not been educated. It is the heart that gives character and meaning to life. Memories of kind acts done for others will give one greater pleasure than mere facts stored in the mind.

Drummond tells us that "as we look back upon our lives, we will find that the moments that stand out, the moments we have really lived, are the moments we have done things in the spirit of love." Because, after all, the grandest conception of life is to esteem it as an opportunity for making others happy.

The thought of the great kindnesses we should like to do, which we really mean to do "sometime," may keep us from seeing the many little favors we could grant to those about us at the present. Perhaps we would be more thoughtful of the opportunities about us and improve them better if we would frequently ask ourselves the question, "What have I done today?" One writer has said that "each day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love."

As girls often dream of the future and what it holds for them, the ideal girl may lay her plans, dream her dreams, build her air castles, but she must not allow her dreams to become her master. She should not forget that we are living in a real world and that all about us are those who need our love, our sympathy, and our service. One writer has expressed it this way: "Get into the way of idealizing what you have; let the picturesqueness of your own imagination play round the village where you do live; instead of the one where you wish to live; weave a romance around the brother you have, instead of around the Prince Perfect of a husband you have not."

A girl must have enthusiasm. A listless spirit may get along all right, as long as the path of life is on a level or is downgrade, but when it comes to hill climbing and the real experiences of life which serve to develop character, one will become discouraged and give up without enthusiasm.

The ideal girl must work. The most miserable people are those who are idle. There is hardly a spot on earth where one cannot find something to do. It is better to overwork than not to work at all. It is well often to recall Kingsley's statement: "Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not."

All do not have a great work to do, but each one can devote a portion of her time and energy and service in behalf of her brothers and sisters, her parents, teachers, friends, and to the whole world.

The girl needs to know how to adapt herself to and make the most of her immediate surroundings.

Because she is not in public service she should not feel that she is of no benefit to the world, for after all it is in the hundreds of little, unrecorded deeds of kindness and goodness that we lay the foundations of character. "The most inspiring tales are those which have never been written; the most heroic deeds are those that have not been told; the world's greatest successes have been won in the quiet of men's hearts; the noblest heroes are the countless thousands who have struggled and triumphed, rising on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things."

Every girl should possess the quality of likableness. The one who goes into the world with smiles to offer will find many ready to receive them; but the girl who goes with sighs and frowns will find that the world has plenty of those.

Let none think that the day of opportunity for the young woman is past. Emerson says, "Write it on your heart that every day is the best day of the year."

The girl has no place in her life for the blues. I have heard some young women say they wished they were dead, because the world did not hold out bright prospects before them, or because of some great disappointment that had come into their lives. It is no time to die while there is a spot left on earth that love can brighten, or a human soul that can be helped by a smile. Disappointments come to all, but they should be taken as a stimulant and never as a discouragement. There are always two ways of looking at life, as the story of the two buckets is meant to tell us:—

"How dismal you look!" said a bucket to his companion, as they were going to the well.

"Ah!" replied the other, "I was reflecting on the uselessness of our being filled; for let us go away never so full, we always come back empty."

"Dear me! how strange to look at it that way!" said the other bucket; "now I enjoy the thought that however empty we come, we always go away full. Only look at it in that light, and you will always be as cheerful as I am."

Girls should look forward to doing something definite in life. Women's sphere of work is constantly enlarging. The world is living the verb "to be." The world doesn't ask what our grandfathers did, nor what we have done in the past, but what we can do, what we are doing.

History is filled with the splendid achievements of the women of the world. The girl of today will find helpful and inspiring reading in the records of the lives of such women as Frances Willard, Florence Nightingale, Julia Ward Howe, Queen Victoria, and Lady Franklin.

If the girls of today are to have larger rewards in the world's work, they must fit themselves for the larger responsibilities. Much depends on laying the right foundation. Some of the character stones which should form a part of every girl's foundation are attention, method, neatness, accuracy, punctuality, application, good behavior, gentility, modesty, and enlightenment.

Every girl should realize that she is a precious craft on the sea of life, and that she must not be permitted to drift from the harbor of home without a life pilot—her own conscience. She must remember the words of Hugh Black: "At the end of life we shall not be asked how much pleasure we had in it, but how much service we gave in it; not how full it was of success, but how full it was of sac-

rifice; not how happy we were, but how helpful we were; not how ambition was gratified, but how love was served. Life is judged by love; and love is known by her fruits."

♦ ♦ ♦ "Strangers of Rome"*

It is the glory of the gospel that it is adapted to meet every human need. The gift of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost was so full and so free that it placed the benefits of saving grace within the reach of every soul, no matter how sunken in sin and vice. And this was in harmony with the merciful designs of our loving heavenly Father, who viewed with infinite compassion those who had fallen low—so low, indeed, as to be beyond the power of man to uplift.

"The epoch which witnessed the early growth of Christianity," declares Dean Farrar in the opening paragraphs of his "Early Days of Christianity," "was an epoch of which the horror and the degradation have rarely been equaled, and perhaps never exceeded, in the annals of mankind. Were we to form our sole estimate of it from the lurid picture of its wickedness, which St. Paul in more than one passage has painted with a few powerful strokes [as, for example, in the first chapter of his epistle addressed to the Christian believers in Rome], we might suppose that we were judging it from too lofty a viewpoint. We might be accused of throwing too dark a shadow upon the crimes of paganism, when we set it as a foil to the luster of an ideal holiness. But even if Paul had never paused amid his sacred reasonings to affix his terrible brand upon the pride of heathenism, there would still have been abundant proofs of the abnormal wickedness which accompanied the decadence of ancient civilization. They are stamped upon its coinage, cut on its gems, painted upon its chamber walls, sown broadcast over the pages of its poets, satirists, and historians.

"Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, thou wicked servant." Is there any age which stands so instantly condemned by the bare mention of its rulers as that which recalls the successive names of Tiberius, Gaius, Claudius, Nero, Galba, Otho, and Vitellius, and which after a brief gleam of better examples under Vespasian and Titus, sank at last under the hideous tyranny of a Domitian? Is there any age of which the evil characteristics force themselves so instantaneously upon the mind as that of which we mainly learn the history and moral condition from the relics of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the satires of Persius and Juvenal, the epigrams of Martial, and the terrible records of Tacitus, Suetonius, and Dion Cassius?

"And yet even beneath this lowest deep, there is a lower deep," continues Dean Farrar, referring to the sordid fiction written by the popular novelists of the day; and he closes his review of that period by alluding to "its enormous wealth; its unbounded self-indulgence; its coarse and tasteless luxury; its greedy avarice; its sense of insecurity and terror; its apathy, debauchery, and cruelty; its hopeless fatalism; its unspeakable sadness and weariness; its strange extravagances alike of infidelity and of superstition."

Prominent in the record of those in attendance at the feast of Pentecost in Jerusalem during the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, are "strangers of Rome, Jews

*Illustrative of the Sabbath school lesson for July 15, 1916, on "Outpouring of the Holy Spirit" (Acts 2:1-21).

(Continued on page thirteen)

My Experiences in the Argentine Army

PEDRO KALBERMATTEN

FOR many years here in Argentina our young Adventist brethren who were obliged to serve in the army did not refuse to work, or do service on the Sabbath when they entered the ranks, for fear of the severe punishments threatened by the military authorities. Two of my brothers when called to enter the service asked their superior officers to grant them the freedom of the Sabbath, but were threatened with the most severe punishments if they did not conform to the rules of the army. So they served and worked on the Sabbath as did the rest.

Many times before I entered the ranks, while talking with my parents and my brothers I always insisted that our young Adventist brethren ought not to do service on the Sabbath, for it is contrary to the commandments of God; but they declared that it was impossible to keep the Sabbath, for the military laws would not permit it. However, I always said that when the day came that I should enter the service I would not work on the Sabbath, but would remain true to my God.

On the first of July, 1907, I was notified by the minister of war that on the fifteenth day of August that same year I must present myself at a designated place to be enrolled, and to complete the required service of one year. In my heart I felt that God demanded of me an example of fidelity before my brethren, but I also felt very weak and incapable of carrying to a finish the work that God had given me. Many times I had a great struggle in my heart; often I was sad and everything was very dark; I did not know what would be the result; life and death were before me, and my only comfort and hope were that God would help me to carry to a finish the struggle that I was about to enter.

As never before I felt the need of seeking the Lord in prayer, and night after night I sought a solitary place and presented my needs and afflictions of soul before God. No more could I love the things of this world; to me they were all vanity, and the only comfort and satisfaction that I had was to do the will of God. Notwithstanding, it was very sad and painful for me when came the day and the hour that I must separate from my loved ones, perhaps never to see them more in this world. But I felt in my heart a profound comfort and peace, for I knew the prayers of the brethren went with me, and I had the full assurance that if I remained faithful I should see them in the earth made new.

The fifteenth day of August, 1907, I was enrolled in the third artillery, Diamante, Entre Rios, R. de Argentina. The same day I presented myself before the comandante of my regiment and stated that I wished to be a faithful and obedient soldier in all my duties to my superiors, but that I had a burden upon my heart that I wished to make known to my commander. I told him that I was a Christian, and as such professed to keep the commandments of God, and then begged him to give me the Sabbath free from work or military duties, that I might keep it according to the commandments of God. He asked me who had put those ideas into my head. I answered, that from youth I had read the Bible and that it taught us to keep holy the Sabbath day according to the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

The comandante said that the Bible is a very good book and taught many good things, but in the army it was impossible to follow its teachings; that now I was serving my country, under the law of compulsory service, and during that time I must forget my religion and do whatever my superiors commanded. I answered that I was very sorry, for it was impossible for me to forget my religion, for that was contrary to my conscience and to the law of God.

The comandante then ordered me to retire, and gave orders to the captain of my company that I should be taught the military and penal codes, also the obligations and duties of a soldier that is serving his country. So the first week, from morning until night, they were teaching me the codes and instructing me in my duties; in fact, doing all that they could to make me a valiant soldier. Not only did they seek to develop in me a military spirit, but did all that they could to destroy my religious convictions and to convince me that I must work on the Sabbath. But all was in vain; I remained the same, always manifesting and affirming the same opinions.

When the Sabbath came, I did not wish to work, and soon found myself surrounded by all of my superiors counseling and warning me of the great danger that I should incur if I persisted in such ideas. At last when weary with me and convinced that they could get nothing from me, I was taken to the guardhouse. Here I passed the day standing with my face to the wall, and a sentinel at my side to see that I did not move. At night when I was put at liberty I could scarcely move my hands or feet because of numbness.

The second week passed with the same program, only worse. It was a constant fight from morning until night against the whole regiment, for without exception they all persecuted me and fought against me and the Sabbath. I did not have a quiet moment; all despised and hated me. When I opened my Bible to read, they surrounded me to mock; and when I did not expect it, they would snatch the Book from my hands and toss it from one to the other until tired, and then finish by throwing it at my head, shouting, "The saint has finished the mass." At night when I retired, they would throw rubbish, biscuits, bones, shoes, and anything else that they could find, at my bed. When tired of this, they would tip the bed over, saying, "The poor saint, why doesn't the Lord help him?" In all this I could see that the devil was trying to discourage me and gain the victory, but I had the assurance that God was on my side and would give me the victory.

Again the Sabbath came and again I refused to work. The officers were infuriated and rudely hustled me off to the guardhouse where I was placed upon a low bench with my feet securely fastened in irons, and stretched out so I could not bend the knees. I was compelled to remain in this position all day. At times it seemed that I could endure it no longer and would drop from exhaustion, but the guard compelled me to resume my former position. So passed the second Sabbath, very painful and fatiguing. At night I was released, but the struggle only became more intense. The comandante gave orders that everything possible should be done to convince me that I must work on the Sabbath.

The next Friday I asked again to speak with the comandante, but he refused to listen to me and warned me that by that time I ought to be convinced that my obstinacy was useless; that in the army I must work on the Sabbath, and I could not follow my strange ideas without meriting the severest punishment, and in the end be compelled to yield. With this encouragement I was ordered to retire, and I knew what to expect on the morrow. At six o'clock all the troops were ordered to go to the river to wash their clothes. I refused to violate my conscience, choosing to suffer punishment rather than to disobey God. I was immediately hustled to the guardhouse, but when the comandante arrived and the captain told him how in the presence of the whole regiment I had refused to go with the rest to the river, he was furious with anger. Before them all he said that to that time the "Sabatista" had had his way, but the time had come when he had to learn that in the army there is no other religion than obedience to superiors. He ordered a tub to be brought and that before the regiment I should wash my clothes. One of the officers and a soldier escorted me to my bed and ordered me to gather up my clothes. I told him that I was very sorry but could not do so, for it was contrary to the law of my God and to my conscience. The officer then ordered the soldier to put the blankets upon my shoulders, and so I was led out to the tub. The clothing was thrown onto the ground; one soldier brought soap, another a whip. The rest were all lined up to see the result, while around me stood the officers ordering me to wash.

I knelt beside the tub and began to pray that God would give me strength to bear the trial. When the prayer was finished, the strokes of the whip began to descend and the officer ordered me: "Wash, wash." I was upon my knees beside the tub and the officer lashed me with all his strength. The pain was fearful, but the power of God sustained me. The chastisement continued until the whip was worn out, and then a heavier one was brought and plied with the same force across my back. A sergeant put the soap in one of my hands and the clothes in the other, then taking them in his he went through the operation, saying, "Wash, wash;" but when he let go of my hands the soap and the clothes fell into the water. I had no fear of my superiors nor of the punishment, but I did fear to disobey God.

The punishment continued for two hours, until they were convinced that they could do nothing with me. The comandante was furious. He said to the other officers that it seemed impossible that in the twentieth century there should be found a man who was willing to be maimed and mutilated for his religion; that I must be a Jew to the last extremity, for he had heard that they would rather die than to work on the Sabbath, and that I seemed capable of doing the same thing. Two soldiers took me by the arms and raised me from the ground and escorted me to the *calabozo*, where I was inclosed with the tub and the clothes, and told that if I did not wash them I should die there.

The Sabbath passed, but the clothes were unwashed. In my heart I felt a profound peace and joy because I could see that God had helped me and had given me the victory. I had more courage, more faith, and more confidence than ever before, for I had experienced the power of God in my behalf and I was convinced that he would carry me through. At eight o'clock I was taken out. The officer of the guard

said that if I still refused the next Sabbath I should never again leave the *calabozo*.

During the week I was at liberty in the barracks, but the struggle continued; officers and men, night and day, persecuted and criticized me. At night after I had gone to bed they drugged me and crammed tobacco into my mouth. They also stole nearly everything that I had. This was done because the comandante had offered a medal of honor to the officer who could persuade me to work on the Sabbath. I had to exercise much patience, humility, and meekness, for I was as a sheep among wolves. All were against me; none were in my favor. Often at night I escaped from the barracks to a solitary place to seek the Lord and pour out my soul to him.

At the beginning of the next Sabbath, officers and men came to me and asked if I would work this Sabbath. When I told them no, they said one to another, "The poor saint. He doesn't know what awaits him tomorrow." All that night I lay awake, my heart palpitating with anguish and crying out to God. At six o'clock the men lined up to go to the river; I only remained, reading my Bible. The officers came and asked why I had not formed ranks with the rest. I told them that my clothes were clean and did not need washing. They said that made no difference; that I should go with the rest to the river, but if I wished I could take my Bible and spend the day quietly there. Not suspecting any evil, I accepted their counsel. No sooner had we arrived than I was told that I had not come there to read the Bible but to wash clothes, and putting a huge pile before me I was ordered to wash them; failing to do so would result ill for me, as this was the last Sabbath that any consideration would be shown, and failure to obey orders would be followed by life imprisonment.

With tears in my eyes I confessed my regret at not being able to comply with the order, for it was violating my conscience and the command of God. After maltreating me until they were tired one of the officers mounted a horse, took a whip, put me on a run, lashing me as he would an animal, for a mile and a quarter back to the barracks. I was again delivered to the officer of the guard, and was made to sit on the stool with my feet extended and fastened in irons, the guard at my side to prevent a change of position. There I remained from a little after seven in the morning until eight o'clock at night, when I was once more put into the *calabozo*.

The following day I was taken to the hospital to be examined as to my sanity. The doctor took me into a room, closed the door, with a guard outside, and then ordered me to strip. He examined me from head to foot, but found no defect. In his report to the comandante he said that I was the healthiest and the sanest man in the regiment. The same week the judge, or inspector, of military instruction came from Buenos Aires, and before him I was accused of disobedience and insubordination, which constituted a terrible indictment. The judge sent me to close confinement for seven months. I had never been thus confined, so suffered a great deal the first month. I have experienced how sad is the lot of the prisoner and know how precious is the enjoyment of liberty.

One day when I least expected it my father was brought to the door of the *calabozo*. His face was very sad, and he burst into tears as he embraced me. He said that he had passed two weeks of sleepless nights and that mother and brothers were in sorrow and anguish because of my present state. He also

said that the comandante had promised him that if he could convince me that it was my duty to work on the Sabbath that I should be put at liberty and he would pardon all my past offenses. On the other hand if I persisted in my course I should be imprisoned for life; in fact, I should soon be taken to the penitentiary where it would be work on the Sabbath, or death. In anguish of soul my father promised to do what he could to convince me that I was mistaken in my convictions, that it was my duty to obey my superiors and that God would not hold me accountable for what I could not help. And yet, from my youth my father had always taught me that we ought to obey the commandments of God. He sincerely sought to help me, but I could not accept his counsel. In reality my own father was working against me, and I was called upon to defend the fundamental principles of the Word of God by citing such experiences as Daniel's refusing to obey the decree of Darius, the three Hebrews who preferred to suffer the fiery furnace rather than worship the golden image, and how John and Peter because they refused to obey the command of the Sanhedrin to cease their preaching were cast into the prison and beaten, and then Peter said that we ought to obey God rather than man. The Lord tells us to be subject to all authority and render it obedience and respect, but that we are not obliged to disobey God in so doing. My father labored with me for two hours, until he was well assured that I had determined to remain true to the teachings and promises of the Word of God, and to the end of the fight. With tears and great grief he bade me farewell, and returned to inform the comandante that I was unmovable, and was disposed to die rather than to yield. After that the officers despised and oppressed me the more because I had refused to accept the counsels of my own father.

Every one was against me; no one defended me. But God did not leave me alone. I had a friend that comforted and encouraged me; and that friend was my Bible. But one day while I was asleep some one crept into the *calabozo* and stole it. With sadness of heart and tears in my eyes I searched and searched for it, but was unable to find it. I was told by one of the officers that he had torn it up and thrown it away. Two weeks later a good brother came to visit me, and secretly brought me another Bible. How great was my joy and how happy I was to have the Bible with me once more! After that I always carried it concealed in my clothing. During my imprisonment I read the Bible through twice, and found it to be indeed my spiritual food.

At the end of seven months there came an order from the council of war that I should be taken to Buenos Aires to be sentenced. While making the journey on the boat with an armed guard at my side I thought of faithful Paul when he was taken prisoner to Rome. Arriving at Buenos Aires, I was placed in a cell with the usual armed guard at the door. There I remained for a month when I was brought before the council to receive my sentence. After the indictment was read the prosecutor asked for a sentence of five years. The president of the council rose and said that this was the first time in the history of the country that a man was being sentenced because of his religion and that he was very sorry to do so, but it was impossible to avoid it as my crime was very grave. He asked why I had disobeyed so many times. I told him that it was because

I had a profound respect for my conscience and for the law of God, citing at the same time the fourth commandment.

I was sentenced to one year of imprisonment, and earnestly warned that I should regain my liberty only upon condition that I complied with the rules of the prison. In a few days I was taken to Martín García, where I found a great many more prisoners. Immediately I began to teach them the gospel, some listened attentively, others mocked. During the day the prisoners worked in the quarries, making bricks, and excavating. At night they were inclosed in large cells like a drove of steers. Many times there were fights among them, caused by robbing one another of their food.

The second day after my arrival I asked to speak with the comandante. My request was granted, and in the presence of several others, including the priest, I stated the cause of my imprisonment and asked to be relieved of work on the Sabbath. They discussed the matter with me for an hour trying to show me the futility of my request. The priest, however, had to admit that the Catholic Church had changed the law of God, and that the Sabbath—the seventh day—is the day of the Lord. The comandante at last dismissed me with the warning to drop such ideas and to think well what I was about to do, for if I refused to work he had full right to have me hanged, for I was then a felon and had lost all my rights. So closed the first encounter.

The next day the priest had me brought to the church, or chapel, and talked with me for a long time, but was convinced that I could not be moved. He promised to present my case to the comandante and to do all that he could to give me the Sabbath free from work. On Friday I again asked to see the comandante. The officer of the guard asked me what I wanted. I told him that I wished to ask again that I should not be compelled to work on the Sabbath. "It is not necessary," he said, "I have been given orders not to ask you to work." It seemed too good to be true. All the week I had been trembling, sad and downcast, for I knew not what was before me, or what the end of the week would bring. Day and night I had been praying that I might find grace before my superiors and not suffer further punishment. The moment that I learned that my prayers had been answered, a great burden rolled away and I was filled with inexpressible joy. I could see that God was with me and had touched the hearts of the officers to grant my request.

At the usual hour Sabbath morning the rest of the prisoners were called out; I only remained, reading my Bible. In my great joy I burst forth in song and praise to God. When least expecting it I discovered that the officers were standing near listening. They asked what I was doing. I told them that I was praising and worshipping the Lord, and reading his Word. They asked if I always expected to do that. I said, "Yes, I mean to be true to my God as long as I live." Then I explained to them the fundamental principles of the truth. They listened attentively and then went away. Soon after this the priest came and greeted me most cordially. He asked if I had not been called out to work. When I told him that I had not, he said, "I presented your case to the comandante and asked him to grant your request." I thanked him for his kindness, conversed with him for a time, and then he went away. So passed the first Sabbath.

A month later I had the joy of seeing one of the prisoners accept the truth. Baldonero Sereal was a faithful companion. Many times when I was speaking the word to the prisoners he stood at my side and helped me. He would tell them: "We were brought here for crimes that we have committed, but this man the Lord has sent here to teach us the way of life." What great joy this was to me. During our imprisonment we helped and encouraged each other, and so the time passed more quickly.

I had been at Martín García four months when there came an order for the minister of war to transfer all the prisoners to Campo de Mayo. My superior advised me of that beforehand and predicted that I would have difficulty in keeping the Sabbath there, and that it would be better for me to yield for the rest of my term than to risk life imprisonment. The priest also visited me and expressed regret that I should be taken away to encounter new difficulties. I told him that God had helped me so many times in the past that he would still be with me to the end of the fight. Two days later the boat arrived at the island, and the prisoners embarked for Buenos Aires. At that port we were met by an armed guard and herded like a troop of wild steers to the Retiro station, where we boarded a train. At eleven o'clock at night we arrived at our destination and were put into the guardhouse. At twelve o'clock the comandante of the Compañia de Disciplina arrived. He ordered us to form in two lines, then beginning with the first he passed down the line to the last asking each one the cause of his imprisonment. Many hung their heads in shame. When he asked me I felt no fear nor shame, but freely confessed. The comandante was astonished and said that my imprisonment was unjust, for this country guaranteed religious liberty, and no one had a right to prohibit its free exercise. This was a great surprise to the rest of the prisoners, and they said to one another, "God is helping the saint."

All that week I prayed that I might find grace before my new chief. On Friday I asked to speak with him and he not only granted me freedom from work on the Sabbath but said that I should be taken out of the prison. He called the guard and gave him an order to that effect. What great joy and happiness was mine! All my troubles of the past seemed as nothing, and I could see the hand of God in all my experience.

The next week I was given charge of the comandante's garden. I gave it the best of my effort and attention, and in two months he was so pleased with what I had done that he made me his orderly. Here my work was different. I had to clean his boots, polish his sword, serve his tea and coffee, etc. I lived the life of a prince, eating the same food as he had on his table, and in a short time I was robust and strong again. He treated me very kindly, giving me full liberty on the Sabbath. Often he had me recount the experiences through which I had passed. Then he would congratulate me on my firmness, and say, "That is right. A man who professes a religion ought to live it. It is better to break than to double." This last experience reminded me of Joseph, who left his prison cell to become Pharaoh's trusted servant.

At last my term expired and once more I was at liberty. I was warmly congratulated by the comandante for my constancy and fidelity, and given an honorable military discharge of blameless conduct and service well rendered. Shortly after, the minister of

war issued a decree exempting Seventh-day Adventist young men from service on the Sabbath. So all my suffering had not been in vain.

What a glorious and happy day was that when I finished my fight with the army! How glad I was that I had remained true to God! He had been with me from the day that I entered the ranks; he had helped me and had given me the victory. When the trials were the hardest and most painful, I felt his power and was strengthened to endure, to fight, and to conquer. I had learned to confide in him, and with Paul I had learned "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." I was convinced that there is a God in heaven who can help us in every time of need, and under his wings we may trust.

[Brother Kalbermatten has since finished the nurses' course, and is now in the employ of the Argentine government, or with the Asistencia Publica in the city of Rosario. To his efforts to a large extent must be given credit for the opening of the work in that city, where last year there were baptized nearly fifty persons.]

◆◆◆◆◆ "Strangers of Rome"

(Continued from page nine)

and proselytes." These men, familiar as they must have been with the heartless cruelty and the unfathomable corruption that characterized Roman civilization in the days of the empire, were in the providence of God permitted to hear Peter preaching under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. They heard the anxious inquiry, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" and the response, "Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." They were astonished at the bold assurance with which the apostle made this declaration; and they heard him add, with full confidence: "For the promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off."

The strangers from Rome witnessed the power these words had to convict and to convert. They had personal knowledge of the circumstances leading up to the baptism of the thousands that were added to the church that day. With what force the exhortation of the apostle, "Save yourselves from this untoward generation," must have impressed those whose lives had been spent in the wicked metropolis of the heathen world! And how their hearts must have leaped for joy at the thought that through the bestowal of a marvelous power from on high, amazing transformation might be wrought in the lives of those who of themselves were unable to rise above the degradation of heathenism! As expressed by Dr. J. R. Macduff in a sermon preached in the city of Rome, Feb. 19, 1871:—

"Verily here is a new power,—'a new thing' on the earth. The world is to be conquered; society is to be remolded; time-honored religions are to be overthrown; pantheons are to be subverted; aye, better than all, souls are to be saved, by the Power of a silent transforming principle."

"And the marvelous thing is," he adds, that this silent Power deals with "hostile, opposing, counter-active elements. . . . It is Light in conflict with Darkness. But it is the Power of God; and over this wreck, this moral chaos, he has only to utter the mandate, 'Let there be light,' and light shall be."

It is reasonable to suppose, as has the learned historian of the Augustan age, Dr. Charles Merivale, in

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Generosity

(Texts for July 9 to 15)

SURELY the American friends who gave thirty dollars a year to educate Wen Hsien, a little Chinese girl, never regretted being generous, even if she did not grow up to be a missionary. While in the girls' school in Peking, she was taken seriously ill. Soon the teachers realized she would not be with them long. Some of her old heathen friends came to see her. They gazed in amazement into her peaceful face; and went home with the wonderful news that Wen Hsien had learned about a Jesus and was not afraid to die.

"Wen Hsien, do you want anything?" asked one of her teachers.

"I — want — to — write — a — letter," she feebly replied.

"O, you are too weak! What is it you want to say? Tell me, and I will write it for you." Then as she was breathing her last, she gasped: "I — want — to — tell — my — American — friends — that — they — did — not — spend — their — mon — ey — in — vain — for — me."

It is never in vain to be generous. Generosity always blesses the generous with the most lasting kind of riches. It enlarges their interests, and binds them more sympathetically to their fellow men, for back of the generous hand beats the generous heart that rejoices in a neighbor's joy and shares a neighbor's grief.

The choicest kind of generosity knows not that it is generous. It flows out in kindly deeds from the heart that is at leisure from itself "to soothe and sympathize." Loose purse strings are not the only evidences of generosity needed. There is even greater need of generosity in kind words, cheering smiles, pleasant good mornings, and sincere praise. How inclined we are to withhold these, miserly, when we should be showering them generously upon our friends and especially upon our loved ones at home.

A person's generosity is a very good index to his character and to his outside interests. By the following little argument you and I may test our generosity toward missions and measure our interest in them:—

"If I refuse to give anything to missions this year, I practically cast a ballot in favor of the recall of every missionary, in both the home and the foreign field.

"If I give less than heretofore, I favor a reduction of the missionary forces proportionate to my reduced contribution.

"If I give the same as formerly, I favor holding the ground already won, but I disregard any forward movement. My song is 'Hold the Fort!' forgetting that the Lord never intended that his army should take refuge in a fort. All of his soldiers are under marching orders always. They are commanded to 'go.'

"If I advance my offering beyond former years, then I favor an advance movement in the conquest of

new territory for Christ. Shall I not join this class?"

We may apply this little argumentative test to other things, and it can furnish very profitable thoughts for meditation. There is a generosity that gives up personal rights, pleasures, and privileges for the good of others. There is a generosity that generously forgives the offender, repressing the sharp reproof and crowding out every feeling of revenge. Lincoln demonstrated this kind when to the urgent appeals to punish the Southern States for seceding, he replied: "I shall treat them as if they had never been out." There is a generosity that seals every unkind story in an airtight bottle labeled "never-repeat-it." The list of generousities is as long as the list of kind deeds that the golden rule brings for each one of us to do, but among them all there is no higher type of generosity than that which forgets self in loving service for others.

MEDITATION.—Father, help me truly to love thy work and my fellow men; for I know that while it is possible to give without loving, I cannot love deeply without giving. I want to be so generous in kind deeds that I shall remind others of thy goodness. As I study the texts this week, my desire to live more unselfishly deepens, and my prayer this morning is:—

"Others, Lord, yes, others,
Let this my motto be:
Help me to live for others,
That I may live for thee."

SPECIAL PRAYER.—This week let us unitedly pray that our educational work may accomplish God's purpose, and that the workers may be blessed with health and wisdom for their important work; and let us also pray for young friends whom we feel anxious to see obtain a Christian education.

M. E.

Life

"LIFE is before you! from the fated road
You cannot turn: then take ye up the load,
Not yours to tread or leave the unknown way;
Ye must go o'er it, meet what ye may.
Gird up your souls within you to the deed:
Angels and fellow spirits bid you speed!"

—Butler.

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending July 15

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

The Bible Year

Assignment for July 9 to 15

July 9: Isaiah 31 to 33.
July 10: Isaiah 34 to 36.
July 11: Isaiah 37 to 39.
July 12: Isaiah 40 to 42.
July 13: Isaiah 43 to 45.
July 14: Isaiah 46 to 49.
July 15: Isaiah 50 to 53.

For helps and suggestions on this assignment, see the *Review* for July 6.



III—Outpouring of the Holy Spirit

(July 15)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: ACTS 2:1-8, 12-21.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." ACTS 2:21.

Questions

1. While waiting for the Holy Spirit, how did the disciples prepare for its reception? Note 1.
2. What day finally came? Note 2. How did the disciples feel toward one another then? ACTS 2:1. Note 3.
3. What was suddenly heard? Verse 2.
4. What appeared to them? How many received this gift? Verse 3.
5. What do we know of the form and power of the Holy Spirit? Note 4.
6. In what way did the Spirit help the disciples? How would this assist them at that time? Verse 4.
7. Who came to see what was done? How did the people feel? What was the cause of their perplexity? Verse 6. See margin.
8. In their amazement what did they say one to another? Verse 7.
9. What questions did they ask? Verses 8, 12.
10. What did those who mocked say? How did they explain the change in the apostles? Verse 13. Note 5.
11. Who gave the true explanation of what was seen and heard? Verse 14.
12. How did he prove the mocking words untrue? Verse 15. What effects does wine produce? Prov. 23:29, 30. Note 6.
13. What true explanation did Peter give? Verse 16. What did Joel say should be seen when the Spirit was poured out? Verses 17, 18.
14. Where were wonders and signs to be seen? Verse 19.
15. What special signs are mentioned? Name the great event that would follow them? Verse 20.
16. Repeat the promise found in verse 21.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. In how many languages did the disciples speak at Pentecost?
2. In what way were the apostles educated?
3. How many languages are spoken now in the world? Who understands them all?

Notes

1. "These days of preparation were days of deep heart searching. The disciples felt their spiritual need, and cried to the Lord . . . to fit them for the work of soul-saving. They did not ask for a blessing for themselves merely. . . . They realized that the gospel was to be carried to the world, and they claimed the power that Christ had promised."—*The Acts of the Apostles*, p. 37.

2. Pentecost means "the fiftieth." The Jews had a harvest feast, or "feast of weeks," which came fifty days after the Passover. One ceremony was to wave a sheaf of grain before the Lord, the first fruits of the harvest. None were to eat of the new harvest until this had been done. This was to show that God gave the harvest, and that the land and the people were his.

It was also a type of the resurrection of Jesus; for "now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." 1 Cor. 15:20. When Christ ascended to heaven, all were eager to worship him. "But he waves them back. Not yet; he cannot now receive the coronet of glory and the royal robe. He enters into the presence of his Father. He points to his wounded head, the pierced side, the marred feet; he lifts his hands, bearing the print of nails. He points to the tokens of his triumph; he presents to God the wave sheaf, those raised with him as representatives of that great multitude who shall come forth from the grave at his second coming."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 834.

3. Instead of seeking the highest place, each disciple was willing to be the least among his brethren, and so all was love and union among them.

4. The Holy Spirit does not "speak of himself," and his nature is something we cannot understand. "Men cannot explain it, because the Lord has not revealed it to them." While we cannot tell what the Spirit is, we can see what he does. We do not see air or electricity, but we can see what they do.

5. When the Lord is working in power, there are those who make light of his presence, and mock when they should pray. In the most solemn meetings some will laugh, whisper, and in other ways show their contempt and indifference. It was so at Pentecost. There were those who said with a sneer, "It is nothing; these men are drunk."

6. How unlike the effect of drinking wine were the results seen when the Holy Spirit was given! Instead of "woe and sorrow" the disciples were filled with joy and peace. Luke 24:53; ACTS 2:46. All "contentions" had been put away. No "babbling" words were heard, no "wounds" were made, no "redness of eyes" was seen. The words and acts of the disciples were the opposite of those of drunken men.

"It was not usual to eat or drink on any day before the third hour (nine o'clock), at which time the morning sacrifice was performed. Baronius says, 'And on their solemn festival days they used not to eat or drink anything till high noon.'"—*Bible Manners and Customs*."

"Strangers of Rome"

(Concluded from page thirteen)

chapter 2 of his admirable monograph on "St. Paul at Rome," that the strangers from afar who heard the stirring appeal of Peter on the day of Pentecost, "must have considered it as a call to themselves to accept the promise of salvation thus miraculously attested, and to convey it to their homes, whither they were about to return. Accordingly we may assume it as highly probable that the church of Rome actually dates from the return of the Jews who had visited Jerusalem at the Pentecost next after the crucifixion. . . .

"They who had been witnesses of the descent of the Holy Ghost and of the miraculous gift of tongues would, doubtless, inquire of the disciples, before they left the Jewish capital, respecting the character of the works and preaching of Jesus whom these affirmed to be risen from the dead. They would examine, under the guidance of the most eloquent of the apostles, the scriptures which predicted the coming of the Messiah and announced beforehand what manner of man he should be, and the kind of works by which he should be made known. They would ponder these matters in their hearts, and, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, many would, doubtless, be led to an understanding of them, and to the conviction that the long-expected Saviour had really appeared under the form of Jesus of Nazareth." C. C. CRISLER.

Interest Versus Inquisitiveness

It requires little intelligence to see the difference between manifesting an interest and being inquisitive. The person of small mind may think he is showing an interest in his neighbor when plying the young son or daughter with a volley of questions as follows: "What is your father doing today?" "Who is he working for and how much does he get?" "Is your mother doing her own work now?" "How soon will the maid return?"

Page after page might be filled with just such interesting queries, those that form the major part of the conversation of some neighborhoods. Is it real interest that prompts such conversation?—No. It savors of minding the business of the other family. It is also a strong lesson in the art of gossip.

If my neighbor wishes me to understand about his business, he will quite likely volunteer the information himself. There are personal matters about which we do not care to be questioned, and our neighbors are just like us. Remember there is a wide difference between a laudable interest and a spirit of inquisitiveness.

Mrs. D. A. FITCH.

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

	<i>Each</i>
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.

Whatever You Do

DON'T speak impatiently.
 Don't go where you would not be willing to die.
 Don't look where you know it isn't safe to walk.
 Don't go to sleep until you can forgive everybody.
 Don't give advice that you are not willing to follow.
 Don't go so far away from home that you have to leave your religion behind you.
 Don't do anything today that you wouldn't want to be found doing on the judgment day.—*Selected.*

Mission Snake Stories

THE bush is quite full of snakes, and we never know when we shall see one. The other day the boys were carrying off some grass down by the spring, and as one reached down to pick it up, there under his hand were two puff adders coiled together.

Mrs. Konigsmacher was walking along the path very near our little cottage, and saw a small head sticking up out of the ground. She sent the baby to call me, and after digging a little, we found a snake coiled up in his hole.

At another time while I was out among the villages, Mrs. Konigsmacher was standing by the house, when our little boy saw a big snake coming toward the house. She quickly closed the door so that it could not get into the house, and it crawled under a piece of tin under the doorsill. She then sent to the field, and a boy came and killed it.

On my way from the Zambesi River to Moyo one evening, as I was climbing the mountains, one glided out into the middle of the path. Instead of going off into the bush as they usually do, it threw back its head and I could see its head swell. I jumped back, while it went into the grass on the other side of the path.

One evening Mrs. Konigsmacher was sitting in the doorway, and saw a green mamba fall out of a tree just on the outside of the screen. Last week as I was riding my bicycle a very large rincault fairly jumped across the path in front of me. I just missed it. It was going so fast that it looked like a straight stick about six feet long.

The garden seems to be full of them. The other day we were going to work and the boys stopped at the spring to get a drink, when the cry rang out, "Nzoka." This is like the call "Fire" would be at

home; all were alive at once, but the snake got away. It was lying under the guava trees near the stream, and was thoroughly aroused before we could get in a deadly shot.

One evening at Fufwa the boy came in and said that a puff adder had bitten a sheep. We examined the animal and found the blood had congealed. It died in the night.

Thus God shows us we are amid dangers. We usually have a chance to escape. Sometimes the snake glides off into the tall grass, and we let it go, and sometimes we kill it. S. M. KONIGSMACHER.

American Thriftlessness

WHY is it that a country of our wealth has nearly 1,000,000 dependent persons it is constantly caring for; that it has between 10,000,000 and 15,000,000 persons on the poverty line? Why is it that out of a hundred young men who start in life at the age of twenty-five, at the age of seventy-five, of the sixty-three who die sixty have left no estate, and that only three persons of the living are not dependent upon their children, relatives, or charity; and that ninety-five per cent of the remainder who die will not leave sufficient means to defray funeral expenses, unless insured?

Why is it, with the huge income of this country, ninety per cent of its population finish their lives insolvent; and that even one tenth of the population in our great cities are buried at the expense of charity? Should we be satisfied with our social conditions in moderately asking that when every one comes into the world solvent, ninety per cent should go out even more penniless than they came in?

It takes no character to spend money. It has been said that any fool can make money, but it takes a wise man to keep it. James J. Hill has said: "If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or not, you can easily find out. The test is simple and is infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as sure as fate, for the seed of success is not in you."—*The Scientific Monthly.*

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to be Found in Webster's New International Dictionary

1. Is Greenland an island or a peninsula?
2. Who ascertained this fact?
3. By whom and why did it receive the name of Greenland?
4. With what is most of the country covered?
5. Name and locate Greenland's largest glaciers.
6. When was Iceland colonized?
7. How was it first colonized?
8. What was Iceland's first organized form of government?
9. How long did this continue?
10. When did Denmark gain possession of the country?
11. What was the effect upon the people and the country?
12. When and how did Iceland celebrate its one thousandth anniversary?

EVERY war, even for the nation that conquers, is nothing less than a misfortune.—*General von Moltke.*