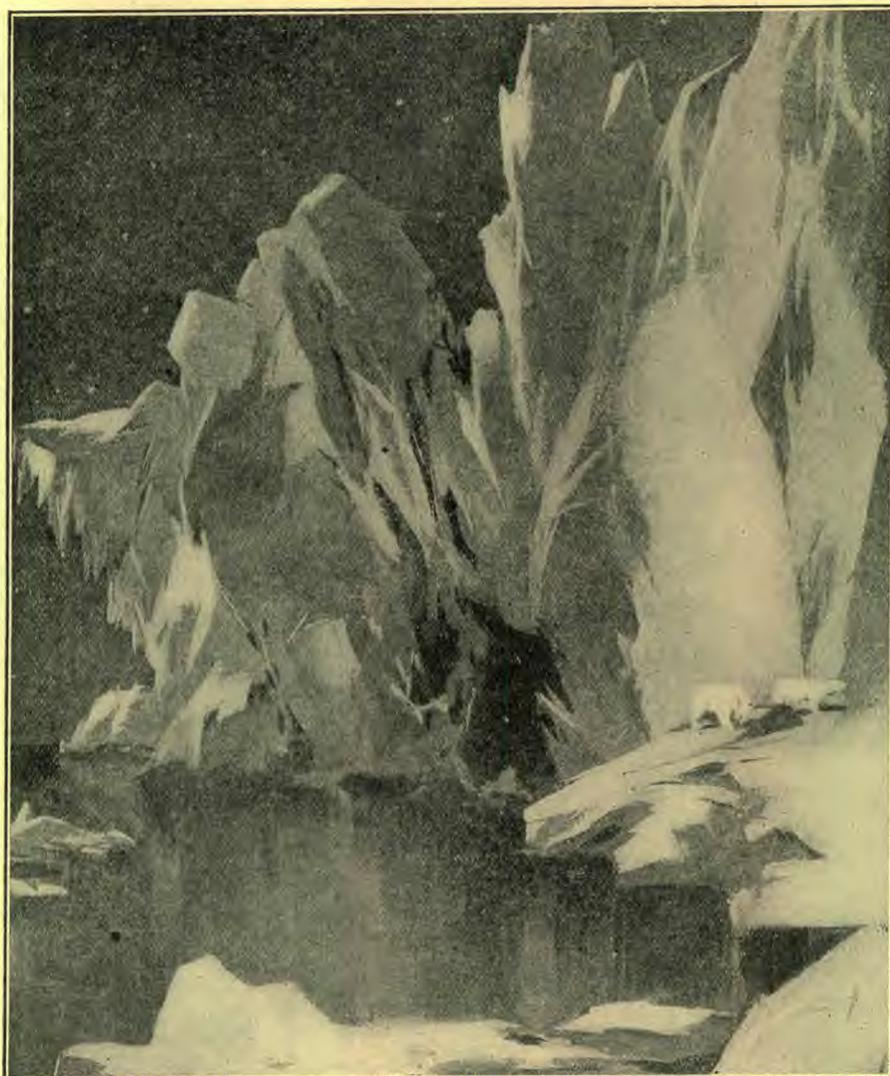


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

July 10, 1917

No. 28



SEA END OF A GREENLAND GLACIER

The Alaskan Brown Bear

THE Alaskan brown bear, eight feet high and weighing 1,600 pounds, is the largest, most lumberly carnivore in the world. She is three times as big as a lion, and has the same uncontrollable temper. "When one stops to consider it takes a big lion to weigh 500 pounds, it gives one some idea what a huge animal this bear is.

"The chief diet of these bears consists of salmon, the run of which lasts from June to October. During this period they fatten up, and upon this fat they live through their long winter sleep.

"The male bear is the first to appear in the spring. He partakes very sparingly of food, and only nips the tender tops of green grasses until he again becomes used to digesting food. Finally he wanders to the shore, where he feeds upon beech kelp, which acts as a purge. Soon he is himself again, and now commences to wander far and wide for the track of a female."

Most bear cubs are playful; but the Alaskan brownies grow morose very early, and become as liable to violent fits of rage as a tiger.—*Field and Stream*.

Items from the "Illustrated World"

On February 1, last, the various governments at war had spent something like seventy-one billion seven hundred and forty million dollars. If this money were distributed equally among all the inhabitants of the globe, from the Eskimo in his frozen igloo to the African bushman in his grass hovel, there would be forty-four dollars to give to every man, woman, and child. The world's population is estimated at more than a billion and a half souls. Or, a man could ride in a taxi to the sun and back, paying fifty cents a mile for the trip, and have about sixteen million dollars left.

Grasshoppers have been picked up in swarms at sea, 1,200 miles from the nearest land. The African grasshopper has been known to cross the Red and Mediterranean Seas in destructive numbers, and even to fly to the Canary Islands. For the most part these grasshoppers are of a migratory species noted for its great flights. The bodies are about four inches long, and are equipped with large air sacs in addition to the usual breathing tubes. These sacs buoy up the insect so that it is able to stay in the air for days at a time, exerting practically no effort at all. During flight its speed varies from three to twenty miles an hour. When it is tired, it rests on the water and is borne along on the waves.

Only in the United States can such a sight be seen as six acres of coal floating down a river as a single unit. This is the area of coal boats which the well-known stern-wheel steamer "Sprague" is capable of handling as a single tow. Four across-stream rows of twelve boats each, make up the principal part. Back of the fourth row, however, eight boats find places together with two barges. Hence, there are fifty-six boats and two barges in the big fleet. The "Sprague" has her nose shoved in at the center of the fifth row. The fifty-nine vessels are lashed securely together by lines which run from boat to boat. Although the "Sprague" can push the fleet ahead, her chief duty is to hold back the load. This great amount of coal is handled by a relatively small total of horsepower because the current of the onflowing river supplies a large part of the requisite energy.

The present demand for news print is estimated to be about six thousand tons per day. To supply this demand, about three million cords of wood pulp are required annually. To meet the demand for magazine and book paper, stationery and business papers of all kinds, wrapping paper, wall paper, cardboard, fiber board, and the like, four million cords more of wood pulp are needed annually. Because the production barely keeps pace with this consumption, the Federal Trade Commission is considering means for the better distribution of the product.

That aluminum filings, made into a fine powder, form parts of two of the most destructive agents is little known. It has been used in the Austrian shells as a component of the high explosive agent. This explosive is known as ammonal, a mixture of five or eight parts ammonium nitrate and one part of finely powdered aluminum. Its explosive violence is tremendous. It is one of the few explosives that have never been used as propellants. No gun known to warfare could resist its suddenness. For this reason it is used only in projectiles.

Spun glass, which consists of extremely fine glass threads, is being used in Germany as an insulating material to retain the heat in steam pipes. Since it is considerably lighter even than cork, it adds less to the weight of the pipe than other insulating materials. Furthermore, it is not affected by vibration, by high temperature, or by the action of water, steam, or acids. It retains its pristine insulating power after long lapses of time, and can be used a second time, because of this lack of deterioration.

Cleage Field, of Tennessee, is one of the youngest automobile builders in the world, having constructed a perfect automobile unassisted, at the age of fifteen years. Following the custom of many car manufacturers, he purchased his engine elsewhere, but with this exception the car is the result of his own unaided efforts. He calls his car a roadster. It took him about a month to build it after working out a plan. He has attained a speed of twenty miles with spark instead of throttle control. He has an electric headlight, foot brake, horn, and his steering gear is worked by ropes. In the matter of the clutch, he used his own invention, and all in all, has a real car that will run.

According to an investigation recently made by a British official, the chief cause for the wearing away of coins is not the mechanical rubbing due to long-continued use, but is the fatty acids contained in the perspiration, conveyed to coins by the fingers of the persons handling them. These acids slowly corrode the baser metals, particularly copper, with which the precious metals of the money pieces are alloyed. The corrosion, according to this authority, gives the coins a pitted or spongy surface which easily rubs off, exposing new portions of alloy.

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ST. THOMAS, DANISH WEST INDIES, FROM THE HILLS

A Missionary Church: The Moravians

DURWARD WILLIAMS

IN the eastern part of the kingdom of Saxony is the little town of Herrnhut (the "Lord's Watch"),—the denominational center of the Moravians, and a village remarkable for its well-ordered life and its scrupulous cleanliness. The Moravians, Herrnhutters, Unitas Fratrum, or United Brethren, as they are variously called, sprang from the Bohemian Brethren, a branch of Hussite Christians. Fleeing from the persecution of their Bohemian and Moravian homes, they came to Saxony, where they were kindly received by Nicholas Lewis, Count of Zinzendorf, who gave them opportunity to found a village on his own estate near Berthelsdorf, and who became their organizer. In 1722, and in the seven following years, a considerable number of these Brethren, led by Christian David, came to this settlement.

Today we find in Herrnhut a population of a little over a thousand. There are the buildings belonging to the society,—the Brethren's House, a building set apart for unmarried men of the community, where we find several aged and disabled missionaries returned from foreign service; and the Sisters' House, which serves a like purpose for the unmarried sisters. In the Manor House are kept the archives of the society, a library containing an accumulation of manuscript treasures, and a suite of rooms hung with portraits of distinguished Moravians.

A mile down a charming slope close by the Hurberg, brings us to Berthelsdorf, where are the large stone buildings which are the official residences of several members of the Elders' Conference, one apartment serving as their chapel for daily services, and another as their council chamber, this latter being hung with portraits of men eminent in the society.

From this settlement of simple Christians has been carried on for almost two centuries what is perhaps the most remarkable work in the history of modern missions.

The First Moravian Missionaries

When the congregation at Herrnhut was the only Moravian church, with about six hundred members, and most of these poor immigrants from Moravia, they began work among the slaves of the West Indies. Only ten years after the first tree was felled at Herrnhut, they were ready for a movement beyond the sea. It was in 1731 that the cry from the islands reached the ears of Zinzendorf. Leonard Dober and a friend, Tobias Leupold, offered themselves for service in St.

Thomas; the matter was laid before the congregation, and after much deliberation one of the young men, Dober, was permitted to go, accompanied by David Nitschmann, with about three dollars apiece for fare and expenses.

Journeying by way of Copenhagen, they finally reached St. Thomas in December, 1732, and began work among the Negro slaves, who were overjoyed to find that the message of salvation was meant for them too. They had supposed that the good things were for white people only.

After some months, Nitschmann, according to previous arrangement, returned to Europe, leaving his little surplus of earnings for Dober's support. The latter, acting as watchman on plantations to pay expenses, renewed his efforts, and the Lord greatly blessed him.

It was a year and four months after Nitschmann left him before he heard from Herrnhut. Sitting by a watch fire one evening, suddenly three men stood before him—one of them Tobias Leupold, the friend who had joined him three years before in a consecration to the foreign work. After the arrival of these men, opposition to the work began, and the missionaries were thrown into prison. Here they were found when Zinzendorf, ignorant of what had hap-



COUNT ZINZENDORF

pened, arrived at St. Thomas in 1739 with reinforcements. They were released, but the work went on amid difficulties, the planters whipping and shooting the Negroes who attended the meetings, saying that the slaves were likely to become better Christians than themselves, which, of course, was not very improbable. At length, however, governors and masters found that the Christian religion was not a bad thing among slaves; for they were more easily managed, and their price was enhanced.

The mission was successful, due to the deep interest felt by the missionaries in those for whom they labored. Without such affection, no great benefits need be looked for in any mission. Other stations were established on St. Croix, St. John, Jamaica, the Barbados, and other islands, and in South America.

The region bearing the name Guiana, extends from the Orinoco to the Amazon, but, in a more restricted use, it has a northern coast line of six or eight hundred miles, divided into three portions, English, Dutch, and French Guiana. The country is low, some of it being lower than the sea, which is kept out in Dutch fashion by dikes, behind which many of the houses

are built on piles, above possible inundations. Slavery existed from the earliest times among the natives.

In 1734, Spangenberg, an able bishop of the United Brethren, passed through Holland while on his way to England, and at the suggestion of Zinzendorf had several talks with directors of the Dutch Trading Company which was operating in Guiana. As a result the Moravians finally secured a resting place on the Wironje River, at a distance of one hundred miles from the sea coast, which they called Pilgerhut. Here they won the confidence of the Arawak Indians, learned their language, and at length succeeded in making a serious impression upon them. Within less than ten years, forty-five persons were received into the church, and many of these converts put up their huts at Pilgerhut. The mission work continued for seventy years among the Indians of Guiana, several other stations being established, which were generally successful.



BRITISH GUIANA, SOUTH AMERICA

In South America and the islands of the Caribbean Sea the slaves were freed about 1863, and because of the change in the moral aspect caused by the Moravians and other Christian bodies, the personal safety of those who had previously been masters was greatly increased. Joannes De Watteville, son-in-law of Zinzendorf, said, more than a hundred years ago, to the governor of one of these islands: "What security have you against the slaves' rising and destroying all of you?" The governor pointed to some Moravian mission stations and answered: "This is our security. Negroes who are converted will never rise in rebellion; and their number is so great that the others could never conspire without their knowledge, and they would inform us."

Work in Greenland

When Count Zinzendorf was at the coronation of King Christian of Denmark in 1731, he saw two Eskimos who had been baptized by Hans Egede, the Danish missionary to Greenland, and heard with sorrow that the mission founded by that remarkable man was to be given up. Returning to Herrnhut, he told of Greenland and of its heathen perishing in darkness. It was on this occasion that Dober and Leupold were impressed to go to St. Thomas; at the same time two others were impressed to go to Greenland. These two were Matthew Stach and Frederick Bonisch.

On Jan. 11, 1733, three men, Stach and a cousin, and Christian David, the leader of the emigrants from Moravia, set out for Denmark. At Copenhagen their plan was deemed by many to be romantic and ill-timed,

and many sought to discourage them from their undertaking. They persisted, however, and through the assistance of Count von Pless they were enabled to sail in April, 1733, on His Majesty's ship "Caritas." After a voyage of six weeks they entered Ball's River, almost the only river in Greenland. Here in the land of glaciers the missionaries landed, and were received cordially by Hans Egede.

The Eskimos, a shore people, with their tribes isolated from each other, and who seem to have a preference for desolation, were found to have the usual conceited ignorance of tribes and individuals so situated. Their language was extremely unlike European languages, with its particles and inflections more numerous than the Greek, and this the missionaries had to learn, first learning the Danish, so they could have the advantage of the helps Egede had prepared. Famine and pestilence invaded the mission, but these earnest men had learned to trust in God, and they continued their work.

"Tell Me That Once More"

After five years of toil and disappointment had passed, patient waiting received an earnest of its reward. John Beck was one day copying out a translation of the Gospels, when a company of native Southlanders called, and wished to know what was in the Book. The missionary read to them. He told them that the Son of God became man that he might redeem them by his sufferings and death, and that they must believe if they would be saved. One of the listening savages, Kaiarnak, stepped up to the table, and said, with much earnestness: "How was that? Tell me that once more, for I too would fain be saved." He accepted Christ, and was given the name Samuel. Other families moved near the mission, that they might hear the gospel. Six mission stations were established, and in 1881 the membership was 1,545. Although progress was slow, the Greenlanders as a body have risen from the condition of wild, filthy savages to that of a docile and civilized people. Such is the power of Christianity.

Unfriendly Labrador

Leaving Greenland, we find the Moravians making several attempts to establish work in Labrador. The first was made by Ehrhardt, a Moravian pilot; later



BUSH NEGRO VILLAGE, DUTCH GUIANA, SOUTH AMERICA

Jens Haven, a Moravian carpenter, established a station which proved permanent.

Jens Haven and his associates were taught by God, and they formed a Christian estimate of their degraded fellow men, gladly living in this unfriendly land in

the hope of winning some to Christ. At first the Eskimos treated Europeans in an utterly contemptuous manner, calling them dogs and barbarians. When told that some of the Greenlanders had been washed in the Saviour's blood, their reply was: "They must have been extremely wicked to be in need of such a process." They could see no practical benefit from

was willing to go, it has become a great movement. Mission enterprises are conducted in Labrador, Alaska, Canada, German East Africa, North Queensland, West Himalaya, and Jerusalem, not to mention the scattered work among the state churches of the European nations. It is only in recent years that this society, which has performed such great service in introducing Christianity in so many difficult fields, has been compelled to retrench. This crisis has been caused by political and industrial disturbances, and by the inability of the home membership, which numbers only 43,127, to carry on aggressive work of itself, with a membership in foreign missions of 102,381. It has been necessary to turn over the Greenland mission to the Danish State Lutheran Church, and the mission to the Indians of Canada to the Methodist Church. But the history of the Moravians shows what a mighty work can be done by a very small people, who, consecrated to God and feeling the burden of souls, advance by faith into the battle, with Christ as their leader.



HOPEDALE (LABRADOR) MORAVIAN MISSION

this new religion, which did not promise them any help in seal fishing, or in building their kayaks. Later, however, some of them were brought to Christ, and rejoiced in the knowledge of salvation. Speaking of one of the converts, the missionaries said: "From his infancy he had spent his life in the service of Satan. But now, how he is changed by the power of Jesus' blood, which cleanseth from all sin!" The people have developed a creditable taste for music, learning tunes readily. The week of prayer is now observed at all the stations.

Early Missions in the United States

The year 1734 was a remarkable one for missionary work. In this year a new station was established in Greenland, a Christian colony went out from Denmark to establish itself at Disko Bay, fourteen Moravian brethren and sisters arrived at the West Indies for St. Croix, and the first movement began from Herrnhut in behalf of the American Indian. The first company of United Brethren to come to our own land started from Herrnhut under the conduct of John Toltschig and Anthony Seiffart, and, accompanied by Spangenberg, arrived in Georgia in the spring of 1735. Missions were also started in Connecticut, and at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Among the names more especially worthy of notice is that of David Zeisberger, the John Eliot of the West, the Apostle of the Delaware Indians. His explorations, perils, and privations were far greater than those of Eliot and the Mayhews. He performed important service for his adopted country, in acting as government interpreter at the General Congress held with the Indian tribes in 1761, in securing the neutrality of the Delawares in the Revolutionary War, and in preventing an Indian war at Fort Pitt in 1769. His literary labors were also important, as he did much toward the development of the Delaware language and the Onondaga dialect. This venerated patriarch died in 1808, having spent sixty-two years in missionary labor.

These are but a few examples of missions instituted by this organization. Beginning at a time when no Protestant church was carrying forward systematic missionary operations, and going where no one else

Swimming Don'ts for Boys

MISS ANNETTE KELLERMAN, the world-famous swimmer, gives the following swimming suggestions:

"1. Don't make hard work of it, for that tires you quickly. The stroke should be slow and complete. Try counting ten during each stroke.

"2. Don't wear a tight belt, for it hinders the circulation. Many cases of cramps which have come under my observation have been traced directly to tight belts.

"3. Don't swim directly after eating, nor eat for an hour after swimming. The latter mistake is made by many people, and not infrequently is the cause of severe digestive troubles. The former is always extremely dangerous to the health.

"4. Don't go into the water unless the body is thoroughly warm. Don't stay in the water after your teeth commence to chatter.

"5. Don't under any circumstances stay in the water more than fifteen minutes the first time or two. Then you may increase the time by five minutes each day. But unless the conditions are exceptionally fine, you should never stay in the water more than half an hour.



SOME LABRADOR PARISHIONERS

"6. Don't go in swimming on a cold, raw day, even if the water seems warm.

"7. Don't try to dive until you have perfect confidence in your stroke. Don't at any time try to dive in shallow water.

"8. Don't go in and out of the water. After you are in, remain there sufficient time for a good swim, and let that suffice for the day. Go to your bathhouse for a good rubdown immediately after coming out of the water. The habit of lying around on the beach in the sun after coming out of the water and then going in for another swim after half an hour or so, leads to much illness."—*Boys' World*.

"THE Bible is like a fountain; the more you look into it the deeper it appears."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior, Junior, and Primary

Senior Course (English) No. 11

IT is a pleasure to announce this new Reading Course, which we believe to be one of the best yet selected. And since it is the best, we hope a larger number of our young people than ever before will avail themselves of the entertainment and information that it offers.

As this year marks the quadricentennial of Martin Luther's famous protest arising out of the commercializing of indulgences by the authority of the Church of Rome, the book—

"Luther: the Leader"

has been placed first in the list. The nailing of Martin Luther's ninety-five theses on the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg marked the beginning of that "thunder swell" which "rocked Europe," and gave a mighty impetus to the great Reformation which had already begun to dawn.

Luther himself was surprised at the stir caused by this act. His theses were translated into German and other languages, and found their way to Rome, and even to Jerusalem. "Now the time has come when darkness will be banished from our schools and churches," exclaimed one devout ecclesiastic; and another, an old man whom the monks had long troubled, expressed his satisfaction in the fact that the "monks have now found a man who will give them full employment, so that they will be glad to let me spend my old age in peace."

All this and much more is told in "Luther: the Leader," the first book in this course. It is "a rare book for the student of the Reformation, full of incident, and a true sense of proportion."

"Good Form and Social Ethics"

is the second book in the course, and surely it is not too much to say that every Seventh-day Adventist young person should own a copy, and study it. Sister White has said that "propriety of deportment is at all times to be observed; wherever principle is not compromised, consideration of others will lead to compliance with accepted customs. . . . The Bible enjoins courtesy, and it presents many illustrations of the unselfish spirit, the gentle grace, the winsome temper, that characterize true politeness."

It is the purpose of "Good Form and Social Ethics" to teach the right way of doing things. Many young persons, who have not been properly taught when children, at times find themselves embarrassed and at a loss when they wish to be most at ease. A careful study of this book, and a daily *practice of its teachings*, will result in ease of manner, and the self-possession that comes from knowing that one is doing the correct thing.

"Life Sketches of Ellen G. White"

has been chosen as the third book for Senior Reading Course No. 11. The first part of the book is devoted to a personal recital of her early experiences in the advent faith. She tells of her conversion, her visions, and her labors. The remaining portion of the book gives a sketch of her later life, her travels, and her earnest work in the cause to which she had devoted her life, together with a pen picture of her closing days.

Henry Drummond has said that "to fall in love with a good book is one of the greatest events that befall us. It is to have a new influence pouring itself into our life, a new teacher to refine and inspire us, a new friend to be by our side always." We believe the influence of this book will strengthen and uplift all who read it.

"Ventures Among the Arabs"

"Think what reading, if it is well ordered, can do for us!" says Amos R. Wells. "It introduces us to the best and wisest and strongest of all the past and present; it renders us participants in all the stirring scenes of human history; it gives us the inestimable advantages of travel; it carries us where only the most fortunate and courageous explorers have gone, and gives us in an hour the experience of years; it admits us also to the secrets of nature, and familiarizes us with the high designs of the universe. Lifted on its paper wings, we fly to other worlds."

The world is full of shoddy books, "built to sell;" therefore it is a red-letter day when we find a book of travel, full of the flavor of adventure, and permeated with the high purpose that always animates the true missionary pioneer. Such a book is "Ventures Among the Arabs," by Archibald Forder.

Besides its interest in missionary adventure, the book has a distinct value to the Bible student. Its 392 pages are well illustrated, a good map is inserted, and the binding is substantial and attractive.

These four books make up the course. The price of the four, if ordered separately, is \$3.25; if ordered in sets, from the tract society, it is \$2.75; and if bought in sets at the camp meeting, where the postage will not have to be paid, it is only \$2.50. It is altogether likely, in view of conditions in the world, that we shall not be able to offer our next Reading Course so cheaply as this; however, we are glad this costs no more, and we are very anxious that every young person who should have these books *shall* have them at once, read them, and have his name added to the list of those who are doing this much for self-improvement year by year.

Junior Course No. 10

A NEW book! Is there any boy or girl whose heart does not thrill just a little to those magic words? There may be, of course, young folks who are *surfeited* with books, as persons may become *surfeited* with sweets; but I hope *you* are not among the number.

If you are a member of a Junior Missionary Volunteer Society, you have probably heard all about the new course—Junior Reading Course No. 10. Or if you have attended a camp meeting, you have almost surely seen the books, and perhaps have already secured them.

But there are sure to be some among the Junior readers of the INSTRUCTOR who have not seen the books, or maybe have not even heard about them. And so I shall tell you about them now.

There are four books in all.—a biography, a missionary book, a travel book, and a nature-story book.

"Martin of Mansfeld"

The biography is called "Martin of Mansfeld," and it tells many very interesting things about the great Reformer, Martin Luther. Four hundred years ago this coming October, Dr. Martin nailed his famous theses to the door of the Castle Church in Wittenberg one morning, and went quickly away. But that was not the end of the matter. The news of what was written on those notices was carried through all the Christian world in a few weeks—"as though the angels were the postmen." Great events followed that act. Some one has said that it is not too much to believe that the life of every man and woman and child in the United States, and in every Christian land, is different, and better and happier, than it would have been if Martin Luther had not taken that step that day.

This book tells about Martin's school days, his friends, and his wife and children. It is pleasant and easy to read; you will be sure to like it.

"Fifty Missionary Heroes"

is a bright and cheery book that tells us briefly a number of interesting things about the life and work of some of the men and women who have gone into distant lands to carry a joyful message to those who have never heard the good news of the gospel. It is a book full of inspiration to every young person who has any idea of being a missionary in the days to come.

"Topsy-turvy Land"

More than one land has been called "topsy-turvy land" by travelers who have compared its ways of doing things with those of the land they know best, and whose ways seem the only right ways because they have followed certain customs all their lives. Our Reading Course book on "Topsy-turvy Land" applies the title to Arabia—that land which has no rivers flowing on top of the ground, and no lakes except a lake of sand!

The things that Arabia does *not* have make a long list, but they are given in this delightful book, along with many interesting things that it does have. One thing that Arabia lacks is the gospel. The object of this book is to awaken an interest in those who read, so that they may all do some little part in supplying this lack.

A Nature Book

"Elo the Eagle and Other Stories" was written by a true nature lover, one who observed animals closely from his early boyhood, and wrote the book from his own observations. When we read the story of Elo, we cease to think of the eagle only as a cruel bird of prey, and think of his noble qualities. Any one who reads this book will have a kinder feeling in his heart toward all the creatures that the Lord has made.

Four new books! You want to know how much they cost, of course. Well, it is not very much, considering how much more expensive raw material is now than it was a few months ago. Perhaps we shall not be able very soon to offer four more such good books at so low a price; but this year these four books, if ordered together, may be had for \$2.35, postpaid. If you buy them at camp meeting, and the postage does not have to be paid, they will cost you only \$2.20.

"But—I Haven't Any Money"

Is this what you are saying? Surely not, in the summer time, when there are lawns to mow, and weeds to pull, and old papers to gather up and sell, and rub-

bish to dispose of, and errands to run—a thousand ways to turn your extra spare minutes into pennies and nickels and dimes. I read the other day something that a wise man, who loves boys, said about boys and "spending money." "No self-respecting boy," said he, "will ask his parents for spending money after he is ten years old." So here is your chance, Juniors, boys and girls too, for you are all in the self-respecting class, and would rather earn than beg, I am sure.

Besides—do you know that a book you have worked for, and saved for, and denied yourself for, really seems a good deal more precious to you than a book that some one has bought and given to you? If you have not found this out, you may learn it this very summer. And if there is anything more that you would like to know about this Junior Reading Course, write to your Conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, who will be glad to tell you all about it.

Primary Reading Course No. 1

THIS year we have a new Reading Course added to our Missionary Volunteer list—a Reading Course for primary children. Only one book was put in the course this year,—*"Uncle Ben's Cloverfield,"* printed in large type, with many pen drawings, and full of little stories that the children of this age will enjoy, and will read again and again.

In these days nearly every child has a library, and the books that make up this library will have a large part in forming his character. They might almost be said to be its foundation stones. Foreign builders in Oriental lands have many stories to tell of the substitutions practiced by the native workmen. Often large bundles of straw and other waste are hidden in the foundation, put there to gain time, in the hope that they will soon be covered by the masonry. Criminal, we say, and find it hard to forgive such dishonesty when human lives may pay its price; but no less criminal, surely, is the carelessness that allows stubble and chaff to be mixed in the child's reading, and thus to weaken his character.

We believe that any child of primary age, who begins with this first primary Reading Course book, and adds to it others year by year, finally taking the Junior Courses, will not only build up a helpful and interesting library of good books, but will be unconsciously laying the foundation for a taste for good reading that will be of untold value to him as long as he lives.

"Uncle Ben's Cloverfield" has 295 large pages, is attractively printed, and sells for \$1. The price to those who buy it in this Reading Course is 75 cents, postpaid, when ordered from the tract society; bought at camp meeting, it is only 60 cents. A. B. E.

Young Men and Young Women to be Tested

THE prophecy of Isaiah 3, was presented before me, as applying to these last days; and the reproofs are given to the daughters of Zion who have thought only of appearance and display. Read verse 25: "Thy men shall fall by the sword, and thy mighty in the war." I was shown that *this scripture will be strictly fulfilled.* Young men and women professing to be Christians, yet having no Christian experience, and having borne no burdens and felt no individual responsibility, are to be proved. They will be brought low in the dust, and will long for an experience in the things of God, which they have failed to obtain.—Mrs. E. G. White.

Alligators

HENRY L. TRANSTROM

WHEN the really warm weather comes in the latter part of April or the first of May, the cold-blooded alligator leaves his den where he has been hibernating since the previous autumn, and chooses some pleasant spot on the river bank where he basks in the bright sunshine for several hours at a stretch. At first he ventures out for only an hour or two in the middle of the day, providing it is bright and warm; but he stays in altogether if the weather is cloudy. The first few weeks succeeding his long winter's confinement are chiefly spent in sleeping in the sun; but as the hot days of summer approach, he becomes more active, and throwing off his sluggishness, makes excursions up and down the creeks in search of something to eat. He is very fond of pigs and dogs, but subsists chiefly upon sand crabs, shrimp, and other inhabitants of the water or the river banks. In capturing a pig of considerable size the alligator employs his long muscular tail to good advantage. In an apparently aimless manner he drifts noiselessly under the water alongside the bank on which the unsuspecting animal is walking, when without warning there is a sudden swish of the huge lizard's tail, which, with unerring aim, usually knocks his prey off the bank into his gaping mouth. When he attacks unmanageably large hogs he pulls them down under the water and holds them there until they are drowned.

Alligators are plentiful in the lower Cape Fear region of North Carolina. Although these strange animals are not so numerous as they were a few years ago, they are rapidly increasing, because they are not hunted now as formerly. Besides, alligators are very prolific, a single batch of eggs numbering thirty or forty.

Fresh-water creeks and ponds are the favorite retreats of these reptiles, although in the very hot weather of middle summer, when the shallow water gets uncomfortably warm, they sometimes leave the creeks for the deeper and cooler waters of the Cape Fear River, which are made brackish by the tides that carry the salty sea water many miles upstream.

When spending a summer in the Cape Fear country at Southport, I had an exciting experience while hunting alligators. Although it is possible to shoot them in the daytime, one cannot usually approach within good shooting range, for they have such tenacity of life that unless the brain is almost completely shot out they will show signs of life. When they are angry, alligators seem to pay not the slightest attention to a rifle bullet passing through some parts of their bodies. At night one can approach them so close that a fatal shot is absolutely certain.

Not knowing the methods used to capture or shoot

alligators, I hired to go with me two young men who had acquired a local reputation for skill in this kind of hunting. One was really the hunter, while the other was a boatman who could propel his little rowboat with the deftness of an Indian in a birch-bark canoe.

We started on our hunt rather late in the evening. After an hour's ride in a small motor boat up the Cape Fear River, we arrived at a point where three fresh-water creeks empty into the Cape Fear. Two of these tributaries are rather large, the Elizabeth and the Dutchman's, but the third, Doshier's Creek, is much smaller. As there had been considerable traffic on the Elizabeth, our guide decided we would try our luck on Dutchman's Creek. This creek is about two hundred feet wide at its mouth, slowly narrowing upstream, and the water was perhaps ten feet deep to within a short distance from the banks, which are

almost perpendicular. The banks were covered with a dense growth of long marsh grass, and at high tide would be submerged, leaving only the coarse grass to show the shore outline.

On our way out from Southport, the moon was visible in the west, but by the time we reached the delta of the three creeks an impenetrably black cloud obscured it, and the night became so



MR. TRANSTROM AND HIS ALLIGATORS

dark that as we sped on our way I noticed a peculiar phenomenon. There seemed to be directly ahead of us a cloudy wall of inky blackness, into which we were in danger of crashing. This optical illusion got on my nerves, but the young hunter paid not the slightest attention to it, guiding the launch safely and surely with the almost uncanny intuition of an Indian. As I was kept busy taking care of a small rowboat which we had in tow, my attention was taken from the black wall illusion to the brilliant phosphorescent glow coming from the disturbed water in the wake of our boats.

Everything was now favorable for the hunt, the water being smooth and the night dark, so our guide made ready for locating the prey. He took out of his pocket an old-style bull's-eye lantern which he had filled with lard oil, and lighted it. Fastening it to the front of his cap in such a way that the lantern's ray would always be thrown in the direction of his vision, he stood up in the prow of the launch so as to direct the steering of the boat by the hardly visible motions of his arms, much as a brakeman does on a train.

The launch was run up the middle of Dutchman's Creek, while for a few minutes he cast the ray of his bull's-eye first along one shore and then along the other. We continued for some time in this fashion, while our guide kept intently peering back and forth over the water, especially near the shores, when, without making a sound, he signaled the boat to stop, all

the while keeping the ray of light focused upon one spot near the shore to our left. He told us he could see a "gator," as these creatures are called in the South. So, after anchoring the launch, we all got into the rowboat, taking a shotgun and ammunition with us, as well as a quantity of strong rope.

After our leader had again located our prospective victim, we silently made our way toward him,—silently, I say, for the boatman did not row us, but instead we were propelled forward with a rotary motion of one oar held in the water at the stern of our boat. By standing very close to the guide, I could see both eyes of the "gator" stand out like living coals of fire, although we were about a hundred feet from him. Hardly disturbing the water, our boat neared the two gleaming eyes, until we had approached within fifteen feet of them. I handed the gun to the guide, who signaled the boatman to cease sculling and allow the momentum to carry the boat the rest of the way. By this force the little vessel moved slowly, like a shadow, closer to the charmed reptile lying in our path. Not one instant did our leader allow the light to leave the eyes of the alligator. If he had, we should have had all our trouble for nothing. The "gator" would have sunk as soon as he could distinguish the boat, which he could not do with the glare of the lantern in his eyes.

The prow of the boat approached within three feet and a little to the left of the "gator," when there was a flash and a report, followed by a terrible churning of the water for a moment by the wounded alligator. Shortly the splashing subsided, and then our guide reached over the side of the boat, and with a firm grasp attempted to pull the creature on board; but it required the aid of the boatman and myself to get the monster over the gunwales and into the bottom, where we securely bound him with a strong rope. Upon examination we found he measured nine feet in length and weighed about two hundred pounds. His brains had been partially blown out by the one load of buckshot fired directly between his eyes. It was fortunate for us that the shot took fatal effect, for a wounded alligator is a terrible foe.

Depositing the body on the shore, and carefully shooting it again to be sure life was extinct, we made our way back to the launch and went in search of more game. I carried the gun for the rest of the hunt, as the guide shot the first victim simply to show me how it was done. It was not long before we spotted another "gator," and rowed up to it the same way as we did the first one. I was all excitement, so that when the time came for me to shoot, my heart was beating like a trip hammer; but taking careful aim, I fired. The gun did not go off! I pulled on the trigger until my finger ached, but it refused to strike. The boat ran so close to the scaly creature that I could have touched it with my hand, but the gun would not go off, and when our guide could no longer focus the light in his eyes because of his nearness, the alligator, without making a ripple, sank from our sight.

Upon examining the gun, I found that I had set the safety catch so that it could not discharge. It was not long until we spotted another prospective victim, but as I did not understand the working of safety hammerless shotguns, I once more spared the life of a saurian! Although it is rather unusual, this last animal within a short time came up not many yards from where he had sunk, and allowed us to charm him again. Not wishing to repeat my past perform-

ances, I thought I would shoot at the reptile before we got very close, that I might have more time to alter the adjustment of the gun in case it would not go off, so I fired at a distance of twenty feet. This time the gun responded, and I had shot my first alligator! It measured five feet in length.

A little later I shot another about eight feet long, but he sank to the bottom before we could get to him. We could reach his body with an oar pushed down in the water as far as it would go, but were unable to raise him with it. Alligators sink within a few seconds after being shot, so great skill and quickness are required to get a wounded "gator" into a boat.

Not getting sight of any more game in Dutchman's Creek, we returned to its mouth, stopping on the way to pick up our nine-foot prize where we had left it. Then we went up Elizabeth Creek a mile or two, where I added one more five-foot trophy to my record. We returned to Southport at four in the morning, feeling well repaid for our efforts.

Report from Pitcairn

For many months past our brethren on Pitcairn Island have been busily at work building a schooner large enough to enable them to reach other islands, and establish profitable commercial relations with the inhabitants by the exchange of the fruits of Pitcairn Island for clothing and other necessary commodities, and also to secure more direct mail service. The schooner was completed in January, and is known as the "Messenger." In reference to the launching of the boat, the following appeared in the *Auckland Herald*, New Zealand, February 8: "The schooner, which was forty-four feet long by fifteen feet wide, was completed last month, and was launched on January 15. With a crew of fifteen men, she set out for Mangareva and Tahiti, about one thousand miles distant. She carried no chronometer or chart, and the men aboard had but the most primitive idea of the science of navigation."

Further word concerning the first voyage of the "Messenger" appears in the *Australasian Record* of April 23, from which we quote as follows:

"News of the safe arrival of the 'Messenger' at Tahiti was unexpectedly received and much welcomed by us at the Wellington church last Sabbath morning, March 24. On entering the building, we observed two strangers, whose appearance plainly indicated them to be sons of 'the lone rock of the sea.' In answer to our inquiries they smilingly replied that they were two of the crew of the 'Messenger,' that she was safely anchored in Tahiti, and that they had worked their passage to New Zealand from there on the 'Moana,' a steamer running between America and this port. The names of these two brethren are George Warren and Parkins Christian, the former, who had previously learned navigation from Pastor G. F. Jones on the old 'Pitcairn,' being the captain of the 'Messenger.' The following is a brief account of their trip from Pitcairn to Tahiti, as related by him:

"Ten of us, including Brother Adams, sailed from Pitcairn on January 15 on the "Messenger," and made for Mangareva in the Gambier Group—a distance of three hundred miles. This we reached in four days, and remained about six days, making some small repairs to our boat. From there we started to Tahiti, but after two days' fair weather we struck a head wind and were obliged to tack twenty-one days. We were still two hundred miles from Tahiti when the wind increased to a hurricane. Of course, all sail was lowered and we were tossed for two days on foaming billows—not one speck of blue water being visible, nothing but white foam as far as the eye could reach. During this time we were blown back three hundred miles, so after several councils and much prayer we decided to draw lots, and asked the Lord to indicate by this means whether he would have us, (1) return to Pitcairn, (2) call at the Austral Group for water, or (3) make straight for Tahiti. After further earnest prayer I drew, and the lot drawn was, "Sail for Tahiti." This we did with much rejoicing, and after seven

more days reached our destination, having had fair wind all that time."

On April 27, the "Messenger" started on the return trip, but meeting a severe storm returned to port after being out three days. The foresail was completely demolished. On arrival, Mrs. Levy, a woman of wealth, replaced their sails, rope, and jibs, besides giving them a quantity of sugar and beans.

All our readers will rejoice to know of God's protecting care over the "Messenger" and its occupants, and that all may better appreciate what this vessel will mean to our isolated brethren and sisters on Pitcairn Island, we are glad to make the following extracts from recent communications from Mrs. Miriam Adams:

"It was because of our great lack of literature and also a sense of the spiritual lethargy into which the church had fallen that we undertook the building of the little schooner 'Messenger.' God willing, this will be the means of opening up regular communication through which we hope to keep in touch with the work in other fields, and which no doubt will be a stimulus to the work here. We have seen the loving-kindness of our heavenly Father manifested to us in a marked way since the building of this boat began, and I believe it means the beginning of a more active church on Pitcairn, for already some are feeling a burden to work for the Lord in winning precious souls who are still in darkness to the light of the third angel's message.

"We did not know of the Missionary Volunteer Department until your letter and good papers reached us. As I read over the leaflets and tracts which you sent, my heart was filled with gratitude to God, and burned with hope that better times were in store for our young people here. The reports of the Missionary Volunteer work in foreign fields is most inspiring, and I think if we can make a start here it will be just the work that is needed to develop latent energy and call to deeper consecration. My heart has often ached for the young people here, and just as often I have prayed that a way may open that they may become interested in missionary work. Of course our efforts are limited, because of isolation, but more could be done than is being done at present. We have already formed a band of workers to distribute literature on board passing vessels. Today was their first opportunity.

"Many boats have called during our stay here, but only three have ever brought our papers. About two years ago the kind people of Portland, Oregon, sent us some copies of the *Review and Herald* and *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, also several books which have since been kept in circulation. It is just four months since a passenger boat from England brought about a dozen copies of the *Australasian Record*, which were two years old, and a small parcel of our special *Present Truth*, so you see we have not been left in entire ignorance concerning great events in God's work and in the world. We have no literature apart from our own private library, and we have done all that we could with it, and much good has been accomplished. If it is possible for you at some time to send a small library of the books which are usually used by the young people, I am sure it will be a great blessing to us."

Are there not Missionary Volunteer Societies or individual members who would be glad to give one or more of the excellent books that have been included in our Reading Courses for the benefit of these far-away young people who are deprived of so many of the blessings which we enjoy, and whose appreciation of such literature is consequently doubly great? We should be glad to hear from any who desire to make such contribution, as all literature must be sent according to instructions we have in our office, and it will be necessary for us to know the titles of the books you wish to send, in order that we may avoid duplication.

A. B. E.

A Word of Thanks from Pitcairn

THE following paragraphs, taken from a personal letter written by Mrs. Miriam Adams of Pitcairn Island, show how deeply grateful these isolated friends felt for the generous gifts sent them by the steamship "Port Hardy" last December:

"Have you ever been placed in circumstances where

words failed to express your feelings of joy and thankfulness; where all at once a dreary, monotonous aspect has been changed to a reality of cheerfulness; and where tears long suppressed, lest they give the enemy of souls an opportunity to tempt and discourage, rained down your cheeks in sincere thanksgiving and praise? If so, then you can to some extent appreciate my feelings when the steamship 'Port Hardy' arrived here on the twenty-sixth of January. Truly, in the words of the wise man, 'As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country.'

"During our sojourn here of three and one-half years we have received just nine letters, and you may be sure that word from home was greatly appreciated. Our mission schooner, the 'Messenger,' was one week out on her way to Tahiti when the 'Port Hardy' called, so I was quite alone.

"The landing of the goods here was the greatest event the people have ever experienced. It took seven boatloads to bring everything ashore, and four days to complete distribution of the goods. There were seven tons of stuff. I wish you could have been with us. On Sunday morning the public bell rang, and every man, woman, and child gathered around the little courthouse, and as box after box was opened the things were sorted, every name was called, and each in turn received his share. The toys, books, and candy were divided among the children, and how happy every one was! Often you would hear some one remark: 'What have we done to deserve such kindness?' and many were the promises made to do more and better work for the Master. I want you to know that you have made a whole island full of people comfortable and happy. I am planning to write a letter of thanks soon to the papers which advertised Captain Griffith's announcement."

Yale Lining Up on Right Side

THE movement to eliminate liquor from university social functions is growing rapidly. Having been to a large degree effective among Yale undergraduates and having reached in its influence the graduate students, it is now extending to the great body of Yale alumni scattered throughout the United States. A committee of seventy-one, consisting of prominent educational, political, business, and literary men of the country, with ex-President Taft as chairman, was organized to appeal to Yale alumni throughout the country to indorse the action of the classes of 1917 in banishing liquor from class functions, present and future, and to follow their example and banish booze from all alumni functions. In accordance with this avowed purpose the following letter was sent to 21,500 Yale alumni:

"NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT, May 1, 1917.

"DEAR SIR: Our country has entered the war with all her resources. It is time to profit by the successes and failures of her allies. They have all found that to gain national efficiency, which requires physical, mental, and moral fitness, drinking must be curbed.

"Several reunion classes and two graduating classes have decided that no liquor will be paid for out of class funds. This is a fair, patriotic, and sensible move.

"Captain Danford, who has done more than any one else for Yale preparedness, says: 'This is a great movement, and deserves the intelligent, thoughtful support of every patriotic Yale man.'

"Will you kindly express your opinion regarding this important subject, on the inclosed postal card, and mail promptly?

"Sincerely yours,

"W. M. H. TAFT, Chairman."

The responses to this appeal are interesting. Out of 8,433 replies 8,213 said that class reunion funds

should not be expended for liquor; and 7,796 said that liquor should not be served at reunion headquarters. Yale's stand is influencing other universities to follow her example.

Recipes for the Canning Club

(Concluded from "Instructor" of July 3)

Hard Fruits

(Apples, pears, pineapples, and some peaches)

APPLES.—Clean, peel, cut in small squares, and place in salt water to prevent discoloration. Place in cheesecloth and blanch in hot water for 1½ minutes. Remove and plunge cloth with fruit quickly into cold water. Pack in hot jars; add boiling sirup from 18 to 28 per cent density. Place rubbers and tops in position. Sterilize 20 minutes. Remove jars and tighten covers. Pears are treated the same as apples.

PINEAPPLES.—Use sound, ripe fruit. Prepare, peel, and core. Remove all eyes. Cut fruit into convenient cross sections, and blanch 3 minutes. Cold-dip the fruit. Pack it in glass jars. Pour over it thin or medium sirup. Put rubbers and caps in position, not tight. Sterilize 30 minutes. Remove jars. Follow usual course.

RHUBARB.—Wash the stock clean and cut into pieces ¾ of an inch in length. Do not remove skin. Blanch for 2 minutes. Cold-dip. Pack in glass jars, and add a thick sirup (3 pounds of sugar to 1 quart of water). Put rubbers and caps in position, not tight. Sterilize 20 minutes. Remove jars and tighten covers. When cool, wrap in paper to prevent bleaching.

Greens and Other Vegetables

SPINACH.—Prepare and can the day picked. Sort and clean. Wrap in cheesecloth and blanch in steam for 20 minutes. (All greens must be thus blanched.) Remove cloth with contents, and plunge into cold water two or three times. Pack tight in jar, and sprinkle over top 1 level teaspoonful of salt to a quart jar. Fill jar with hot water, partially sealed. Sterilize 2 hours. Remove and seal. Blanch only the amount needed for one jar at one time, and blanch in steam, not hot water.

STRING BEANS.—String beans and cut into desired length, or leave full length if preferred. Blanch in hot water for 5 minutes. Blanch just the amount for one jar at one time. Dip in cold water. Fill jar. Put 1 level teaspoonful of salt on top of quart jar. Pour in hot water. Place rubber and cap in position, and sterilize for 2 hours. (All pod vegetables, such as lima beans and okra, must be sterilized for two hours.) The recipe for canning string beans applies to all pod vegetables.

TOMATOES.—Grade for size, ripeness, and color. Blanch in hot water for ¾ to 1 minute. Plunge quickly into cold water. Remove, core, and skin. Pack whole. Fill container with whole tomatoes only. Add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart. Put no water in jar. Place rubber and cap in position. Partially seal, but not tight. Sterilize 22 minutes in hot-water-bath outfit. Remove jars. Tighten covers. Invert to cool and test joints. Wrap jars in paper, and store.

ASPARAGUS.—Wash and cut off bottom of stock, leaving stock with tip a little less in length than the jar to be filled. Blanch 3 minutes. Cold-dip. Pack jar, with tips up. Add level teaspoonful of salt to every quart. Put rubber and top in position. Sterilize 1½ hours. Remove jar, and seal.

SWEET CORN.—Can the same day as picked. Remove husks and silks. Blanch on the cob in boiling water for 5 to 15 minutes. Plunge quickly into cold water. Cut the corn from the cob with a thin, sharp-bladed knife. Pack corn in jar to ¼ of an inch from top. Add one level teaspoonful of salt to each quart, and sufficient hot water to fill. Place rubber and top in position; seal partially, but not tight. Sterilize 3 hours in hot-water-bath outfit. Remove jars. Tighten covers. Invert to cool and test joints. Wrap with paper, and store.

CORN ON COB.—Can corn the same day picked. Remove husks, silks, and grade for size. Blanch on the cob in boiling water 5 to 15 minutes. Plunge quickly into cold water. Pack ears, alternating butts and tips, in half-gallon jars. Pour in boiling water, and add 2 level teaspoonfuls of salt to each gallon. Place rubbers and tops in position. Seal partially, but not tight. Sterilize in hot-water-bath outfit 3 hours. Remove jars. Tighten covers. Invert to cool and test joints. Wrap glass jars with paper, and store.

NOTE.—When sweet corn is taken from jar for table use, remove ears as soon as jar is opened. Heat corn, slightly buttered, in steamer. Do not allow ears to stand in water or to be boiled in water the second time.

CAULIFLOWER.—Use the flowered portion. Blanch it 3 minutes. Plunge it into cold brine (one-half pound salt to 12 quarts of water). Allow the cauliflower to remain in this brine for 12 hours. Pack it in glass jars. Fill them with boiling water, and add a level teaspoonful of salt to the quart. Put the rubber and cap in position, not tight. Sterilize 45 minutes. Remove the jars, and tighten the covers. Invert the jars to cool and test the joints.

BEETS.—Grade for size, color, and degree of ripeness. Wash thoroughly. Use vegetable brush. Do not remove top of stem. Blanch for 5 minutes. Plunge quickly in cold water. Scrape or pare to remove skin. Pack whole or cut in sections. Add boiling hot water, add one level teaspoonful of salt to the quart. Place rubbers and tops in position. Partially seal, but not tight. Sterilize 90 minutes in hot-water-bath outfit.

The recipes for soft and sour fruits were given in last week's paper; also the conditions for securing one of the prizes offered, and the general suggestions as to canning and needed materials.

The Silver Sixpence

It was only a silver sixpence, battered and worn and old,
But worth to the child that held it as much as a piece of gold.
A poor little crossing sweeper, in the wind and the rain
all day;
For one who gave her a penny there were twenty who bade
her nay.

But she carried the bit of silver — a light in her steady face,
And her step on the crowded pavement was full of childish
grace.
She went to the tender pastor; and, "Send it," she said,
"for me,
Dear sir, to the heathen children on the other side of the sea.

"Let it help in telling the story of the love of the Lord
most high,
Who came from a world of glory for a sinful world to die."
"Send only half of it, Maggie," the good old minister said,
"And keep the rest for yourself, dear; you need it for daily
bread."

"Ah, sir," was the ready answer, in the blessed Bible words,
"I would rather lend it to Jesus; for the silver and gold are
the Lord's,
And the copper will do for Maggie." I think if we all felt so,
The wonderful message of pardon would soon through the
dark earth go.

Alas! do we not too often keep our silver and gold in store,
And grudgingly part with our copper,—counting the pen-
nies o'er,—
And claiming in vain the blessing that the Master gave to one
Who dropped her mites as the treasure a whole day's toil
had won?

—Margaret E. Sangster.

The Call for Missionary Volunteers

FIERCE armies of nations to battle assembled,
In hatred contending to slaughter descend,
As Daniel foresaw in his vision, and trembled,
And sealed up the book till the time of the end.
Wide fields that were fruitful are ghastly and gory,
A harvest of dead for the sad gleaner grows,
Where countries still cling to a lost dream of glory,
Or wreak the dire vengeance of death on their foes.

But while the loud call to the conflict is thrilling
The hearts that leap gladly to offer their all,
Another brave legion with spirits as willing
Stand ready in service to triumph or fall.
Not ours is the service of dark devastation;
We follow His steps who in gentleness trod;
Our banners gleam fair with the hope of salvation,
We rally our legions for peace and for God.

Ho, comrades, this hour is the hour of all ages!
This day of all days is most grandly sublime.
God doles out the years as he turns the last pages,
Ere closing and sealing the records of time.
Today we are called to our highest endeavor.
What soldier of God can one moment delay?
For Christ and his righteousness now and forever,
The trumpet is sounding—away, ho, away!



King Constantine of Greece has abdicated his throne in favor of his second son, Prince Alexander.

King George, according to a cable, may be seen most afternoons in Windsor Park, cultivating a potato patch.

Arthur Henderson, of the British War Council, estimates that seven million men have been killed so far in the war. The total casualties of the war exceed the whole population of Great Britain and Ireland. As many young men in Europe have been crippled for life or severely wounded as there are of the same age in all the United States.

The house in which David Livingstone lived at Kolobeng, Bechuanaland, and from which he went out on his world-famed explorations, is to be preserved as a relic. The British government has taken measures to preserve the remains of the house. The ruins of the building have been fenced in and protected by a shed. It is to be kept free of jungles, and in good order.

Universal compulsory and voluntary military service begins at the age of twenty-one in Brazil, Greece, Chile, Austria, Hungary, Rumania, Serbia, Sweden, and Denmark; and at twenty in Germany, Turkey, Bulgaria, France, Russia, Italy, Japan, Portugal, Switzerland, Argentina. The military age in Norway is twenty-three. The recent selective draft law for our own country fixes the military age at twenty-one.

The British Government selected Alfred Harmsworth, Lord Northcliffe, as head of the British War Mission in the United States to fill the place left vacant by the departure for England of Foreign Secretary Arthur J. Balfour. Lord Northcliffe is the greatest newspaper magnate in the British Empire, and wields a political influence second to no Englishman in private life. In the chain of papers which he controls the best known is the *Times*, which has been for so many decades the leading organ of British Conservative opinion.

A lame man who has jostled against all kinds and classes of people says that American women are of the few who show rudeness to a lame man. This cripple says that at sight of his crutches the guard changes his "Step lively" to "Take your time," and the passenger prone to spread himself over as much space as possible gives up his place by the door; the busy old gentleman pilots him across the street, and the cabby offers to take him across for nothing; the rough young man in the surging crowd inquires, "Want to get on? Well, I'll punch some of these people in the eye and put you on!" But the American woman — is it possible? Should not girls and women be the first to be polite to the unfortunate of all classes?

For the Finding-Out Club

Answers to Questions in "Instructor" of June 5

1. John Greenleaf Whittier was the Quaker poet.
2. General Petain is Chief of Staff of the French armies. He was appointed April 29.

3. Elihu Root heads the American War Commission to Russia.
4. Robert E. Lansing, Secretary of State. Marshal Joffre, Marshal of France, "Hero of the Marne."
Gen. Hugh L. Scott, Chief of Staff of United States Army.
M. Rene Viviani, Vice Premier of France and Minister of Justice.
M. Jusserand, French Minister to the United States.
Rt. Hon. Arthur James Balfour, British Foreign Minister.

These men have been the center of interest to the American public because they were prominent members of the War Commission, called together to arrange the details of our participation in the great war.

5. Congress has voted the Allies a war loan of \$7,000,000,000.

6. New York and Pennsylvania have State police.

7. The United States has been divided into six army districts: the western, central, southern, eastern, southeastern, and northeastern. The officers in command are: Maj. Gen. Hunter Liggett, Maj. Gen. Thomas Barry, Maj. Gen. John J. Pershing, Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell, Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood, Brig. Gen. Clarence R. Edwards.

Estelle Never Knew

A YOUNG woman who in college had made a specialty of English, was ambitious to secure a high school position where she could teach that branch of study. But as no such position offered itself, and as it was necessary for her to earn a living, she accepted, the year after her graduation, a position as teacher in one of the lower grades of her native town.

Later in the winter, she heard of a position just such as she wanted, in another city of the State, and at once she wrote to the chairman of the school board, applying for it, and sending the recommendations she had secured from her professors at college. Then, happening to remember that this same city was the home of one of her college friends, she sat down and wrote her, telling of her hopes. It was a very hasty letter, so hasty that she did not always have time for the punctuation, and once or twice she rushed from one sentence to the next without the formality of using a capital. Her letter was full of slang. She had always been one of the slangy girls in college. She did not even take time to reread the communication after she had finished it, or she might have discovered some of its flaws, but she thrust it into an envelope and sent it on its way.

The girl who received the letter was pleased with the idea of having an old college friend a resident of the city. As soon as her father came home, she broached the subject. "Father, there's a friend of mine, an awfully smart girl, who wants to get a position here to teach."

"Is her name Little?"

"Why, yes. How did you know?"

"She has applied for a high school position. How did you know she wanted to teach here?"

"She wrote me. The letter just came today."

"Let me see it."

The young woman hesitated. She had read her friend's letter hastily, more interested in its purport than its form. But now it occurred to her that it

was not exactly the sort of letter to show the president of the school board, even though he happened to be her father.

"It—why, you know it was just a personal letter."

"Certainly, I know it. And that's why I want to see it."

She brought it out reluctantly. He spread it open on his knee and began to peruse it. In a minute he arched his brows.

"A little weak on punctuation, it seems."

"I suppose she was in a hurry."

Another silence. "H'm! On this first page are two sentences beginning with small letters."

"Estelle was really brilliant in college, father. There was only one other girl whose themes could compare with hers."

He turned a page and read a sentence aloud. "What does that mean?"

The daughter blushed. "Oh, that's the latest slang. When we were in school, Estelle always had an affinity for slang."

He read on through the letter without further comment, folded it, and shook his head. "I'm very sorry, my dear. But your friend won't do."

"O father, don't decide so quickly. She really is such a good scholar. Professor Blakeman used to think she would make a success as a writer."

"There are very few prospective literary lights in a high school class, my daughter. But there is not a single pupil in such a class who will not need to know how to write a good letter. With all due respect to your friend's talents, she herself does not seem to have mastered the art of letter-writing. It is impossible for me to believe that any person who would send out a letter so faulty in construction, without proper punctuation, and with misspelled words, will be a suitable teacher of high school English. In fact, she would never secure a position in any school where I had a deciding vote."

Estelle's recommendations came back shortly, with a polite note, saying that the vacancy had been filled. And she never knew how her letter to her old friend had made the recommendations of her college professors worth less than the paper on which they were written.—*James Rooks, in Girls' Companion.*

The Timepieces of Mary Queen of Scots

QUEEN MARY'S timepieces were very curious. We of today would think them uncanny and full of ominous suggestions, for they were made in the shape of a skull. But Mary was a Catholic, and had been trained to think and read and talk lightly of scenes that would fill us with pity, grief, and horror. She did not think it out of place at all when her handsome young husband, Francis II of France, in 1560 presented her with a skull watch. She thought it a beautiful and very rare gift; for Germany had not at that time been sending watches to England.

Another of these death's-head watches that belonged to this queen was still more weird than the one given her by Francis. It was made at Blois. A small cottage was pictured on one side of the skull and a lovely palace on the other, and between these were a scythe and an hourglass, to say to all who looked at the watch that death comes alike to the shepherd and the king. Old Time stood on the back of the skull, turning farm lands into sand heaps, leveling cities and burying them, and making the highways of traffic impassable by hurling into them great avalanches of stones and earth.

There were pictures of our lost Paradise on top of the skull, and also a picture of Jesus hanging on the cross.

The watch had to be turned upside down to open it, the lower jaw being hinged and beautifully engraved with imaginary likenesses of God, of Jesus, and of the Holy Spirit, together with angels and shepherds with their sheep. The running gear of the watch was held within a silver envelope, which made it very musical. The mouth of the skull must have been open, for the dial plate was where our palate is. The watch was too large to be carried in the pocket. The queen bequeathed it to her maid of honor, Mary Setove, Feb. 7, 1587.

Queen Mary had other watches besides those I have just described, and one of them was shaped like a coffin, though set in a crystal case. She must have loved to contemplate the symbols of death. And she had need to, for the terrible monster is always tagging close after the feet of royalty, and it was to strike her down in most tragic form while still in her prime.

One of her watches, made at Rouen, was made to run by a spring of catgut instead of by a chain. Some of the watches of Queen Mary's time were so small they could be fitted into earrings, finger rings, heads of canes, and clasps of bracelets. Queen Victoria had a tiny clock that was given to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII when they were married in 1533, and cost him £110 53s. S. ROXANA WINCE.

Little Bear and the Woodchuck Babies

LITTLE BEAR loved the old Ground Hog, whose other name is Woodchuck. The reason why he loved him was because every year, on February 2, Mr. Ground Hog used to wake from his long winter's sleep and go out for a walk. If he saw his shadow, back to bed he went, to sleep six weeks more; but if he did not see his shadow, he traveled joyfully about to tell the world that spring had come.

Little Bear liked to get up early in the year, while there was still snow on the ground, and that is another reason why he loved the old Ground Hog. Every autumn that old Ground Hog used to wink at Little Bear and promise, "Yes, yes, Little Bear, I will call your father early, if I do not have to go back to bed myself for another long nap."

Naturally, Little Bear loved the Woodchuck babies, who sometimes played in the woods with him the livelong day; but he always wondered why they laughed when he would say, "It is time now to run home to your mother, little Woodchucks, because my mother is calling me."

At last the all-dressed-up Blue Jay told Little Bear that Woodchuck babies are turned out to take care of themselves when they are only a few weeks old. Little Bear was feeling distressed over that news, when Father Ground Hog himself came along and explained that it is a custom in the Woodchuck family, and that no harm comes to the little ones if they obey their parents and stay in the woods; but that if they visit farmers' gardens and eat the farmers' beans and peas, they run the risk of being shot or taken in traps or killed by dogs.

"So long as our children stay in the woods or the meadows, and eat grass and clover, they are safe and happy," he said to Little Bear. "You never saw a little Woodchuck crying!"

Little Bear laughed when he remembered that he never had seen a baby Woodchuck crying.—*Frances Margaret Fox.*



Prayer for Deliverance

(Texts for July 15-21)

WHAT are you praying to be delivered from? Do you sense the times in which we are living? Do you realize the dangers without, and the greater dangers within? Have you learned, what all must learn soon or late, that "vain is the help of man"? "Fireproof" buildings crumble in the flames; Zeppelins ignore the highest fortifications; U-boats may sink the best-armed ships. The wheat is cast into the ground, but man cannot make it grow. How utterly helpless we are; we cannot deliver ourselves; we cannot help others.

We look at the dangers without. The exceedingly high cost of living is driving many to cry to God for deliverance from starvation; the terrible struggle that is drawing blood from nearly all the great nations in the world is calling for recruits, and the air is rent with agonizing cries for God to spare loved ones. And other dangers—O, innumerable dangers!—are crowding in on every side. Men who never before knew fear are trembling in despair; men who long have sneered at religion are crying to God for deliverance from—they know not what.

But what of the foes within? They are our greatest danger. Our unconquered sins, our inherent weakness to do wrong, the enemy that is ever besieging every avenue of thought! From these we need to pray for deliverance day and night. Let us never forget that our best fortification from the dangers without is deliverance from the foes within. We need to pray with the psalmist, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me."

My heart goes out to those who know not God. How can they face these times without him? The things that once made them feel most secure are sinking in a sea of trouble; their highest hopes are dashed to pieces on the rocks of disappointment; their brightest prospects have suddenly become their deepest despair. Do you wonder that the roads to asylums are crowded, and that hands are stained with suicidal blood?

But with God for our ally, deliverance is assured. With him we become invincible. The foes within are defeated, and the strongest foe without shrivels into impotence. There is little that the world can do against the man whom God has delivered, for God is stronger than death. Our only safety lies in a character built day by day after the pattern shown us while kneeling in the mount of prayer before God's open Book.

The psalmist declared, "My times are in Thy hands." Do you really know for yourself that your times are in his hands? They are. All that concerns you is under the control of your loving heavenly Father. You must learn this. Even today he will divide the Red Sea, destroy Sennacherib's host, and keep the meal and oil from wasting. Do you believe this? Do you believe it hard enough? Does your faith in God deliver you from fears within, and make

you brave to face the dangers without? If not, try to get better acquainted with God and his Word.

MEDITATION.—This morning I am so thankful for the great Deliverer. I do thank God that he is a "very present help," and that he is my never-failing Refuge. I thank him for the Christian's hope that pierces the darkest cloud of trouble and gives me sweet peace and heavenly communion today.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, help me to know thee so well that I will trust thee fully; help me to use every opportunity to make thee known to others, that they may learn to trust thee for deliverance from all troubles.

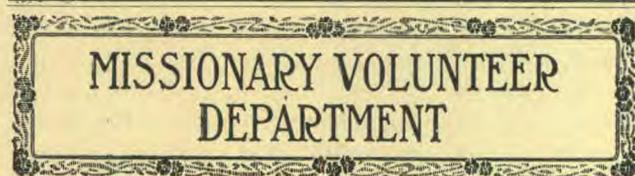
M. E.

Work

WORK!
What boon is there, God-given,
That brings man nearer heaven
Than work?—
Work that burns from inner fires,
Work atune with God's desires,
Work that palls not, though it tires!
Thank God for work!

Work!
Not drudgery, I hold;
Not ugly dress, but gold!
God's work!
Be they tasks of brawn or art,
At the forge or in the mart,
All are gifts of God's great heart.
Thank him for work!

—Thomas Curtis Clark, in *Christian Endeavor World*.



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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending July 21

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

The Bible Year Senior Assignment

- July 15. Proverbs 20 to 24: Temperance; a good name, etc.
- July 16. Proverbs 25 to 27: Humility and forgiveness.
- July 17. Proverbs 28 to 31: Impiety and religious integrity.
- July 18. Ecclesiastes 1 to 4: Vanity of human endeavor, etc.
- July 19. Ecclesiastes 5 to 8: Vanity of riches; benefits of patience, etc.
- July 20. Ecclesiastes 9 to 12: Mysteries of providence, etc.
- July 21. Song of Solomon 1 to 4: The love of Christ and his church.

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for July 12.

Junior Assignment

- July 15. Jeremiah 9: The prophet weeps for the sins of Israel.
- July 16. Jeremiah 10: Warnings against idolatry.
- July 17. Jeremiah 24: The good and bad figs.
- July 18. Jeremiah 26: A warning to Judah.
- July 19. Jeremiah 32: A prayer and a promise.
- July 20. Jeremiah 52: Jerusalem besieged and taken.
- July 21. Daniel 1: Four brave young men.

Jeremiah

Called When a Boy

When Josiah was tearing down the heathen altars and groves and endeavoring to restore the worship of the true God, there was growing up a boy named Jeremiah who was to be the Lord's messenger to the people, and to stand before the people as "a tower

and a fortress" against evil. He was "called of God to the prophetic office while still a youth, in the thirteenth year of Josiah's reign. A member of the Levitical priesthood, Jeremiah had been trained from childhood for holy service. In those happy years of preparation he little realized that he had been ordained from birth to be 'a prophet unto the nations;' and when the divine call came, he was overwhelmed with a sense of his unworthiness. 'Ah, Lord God!' he exclaimed, 'behold, I cannot speak: for I am a child.'

"In the youthful Jeremiah God saw one who would be true to his trust, and who would stand for the right against great opposition. In childhood he had proved faithful; and now he was to endure hardness, as a good soldier of the cross. 'Say not, I am a child,' the Lord bade his chosen messenger; 'for thou shalt go to all that I shall send thee, and whatsoever I command thee thou shalt speak. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee.' 'Gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee: be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them. For, behold, I have made thee this day a defensed city, and an iron pillar, and brazen walls against the whole land, against the kings of Judah, against the princes thereof, against the priests thereof, and against the people of the land. And they shall fight against thee; but they shall not prevail against thee; for I am with thee, saith the Lord, to deliver thee.'"—*The Story of Prophets and Kings*, pp. 407, 408.

What a wonderful work for a boy to be called to do! But the Lord wants every boy and girl to do something for him. If he sees in you one who will be true to your trust and who will stand for the right against opposition, he will call you to do some important and hard work for him. For forty years Jeremiah was a faithful witness for the Lord in a time when very few desired to do right.

His Message Burned

"His life was full of peril and suffering, because the message he brought was not one which the people wanted to hear.

"Jehoahaz, the son of Josiah, was carried away captive, and his wicked brother Jehoiakim was made king. Very soon Jeremiah had a message from God for him, which made the king so angry that he tried to kill him; but he was hidden by his friends, and his life saved.

"While in hiding he could not speak to the people, so he dictated God's words to Baruch, his friend and pupil, who was with him during the greater part of his life, and who wrote them on a roll and read them to the people. Some of the king's officers took the roll, and began reading it to the king and the princes. The king, who was sitting in his winter house, with a fire burning on the hearth near him, seized the roll, cut it in pieces, and burned it up; he then told his officers to arrest Jeremiah and Baruch, and put them to death. God, however, was taking care of his servants, and they could not be found. Later God commanded Jeremiah to rewrite his message, and added to it.

Cast into the Dungeon

"When the king of Judah and part of the people were carried away captive to Babylon, Jeremiah was left in Jerusalem, and again warned Zedekiah, who had been appointed king. This time he was thrown into a dungeon, where he must soon have died had he not been rescued by a friend, and placed in a more

comfortable place. At this time, while warning the king, he was also foretelling the day when the people carried away captive to Babylon would return again, after seventy years. He sent a letter to the exiles with this good news.

"At last Jerusalem was captured, as Jeremiah had prophesied, and the temple destroyed. Jeremiah was taken captive with the rest, but he was set free and remained in Judah for a time. Then a band of Jews compelled him to go with them to Egypt. His later history is uncertain, though there are many traditions concerning him."—*Short Studies of Old Testament Heroes*, pp. 107, 108.

I am sure our Junior Missionary Volunteers will enjoy reading part of the story and words of this wonderful prophet.

M. E. K.



III — Good Angels

(July 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength, that do his commandments." Ps. 103:20.

Questions

1. Of what family does Paul speak in Ephesians? Eph. 3:14, 15. Note 1.
2. By what name are those composing the family in heaven commonly known among us? What was John permitted to see and hear in vision? Rev. 5:11.
3. What other idea is given of the number of angels? Heb. 12:22.
4. What is said of the strength and character of the angels? What are they called in this text? Ps. 103:20, 21.
5. To whose authority are the angels subject? 1 Peter 3:21, 22. Note 1.
6. Are angels of a higher or lower order than man? Ps. 8:5. Note 2.
7. What does the word "angel" mean? Note 3. To whom did an angel once come as a messenger? Judges 6:11, 12, 14.
8. For what did Gideon ask, that he might know the stranger was from heaven? Verses 17, 18.
9. What sign was given? Verses 19-21.
10. What effect did this have upon Gideon? Verses 22, 23.
11. What was the appearance of the angel that rolled away the stone from the sepulcher of Christ? How was the Roman guard affected by his presence? Matt. 28:2-5.

Notes

1. Angels are created beings. The Son of God lived before the highest order of angels was created. It is right that angels, as well as men, should worship the Son, who was associated with the Father in their creation. This they do by the command of the Father. Heb. 1:6.
2. There are different orders of angels: Cherubim (Gen. 3:24); seraphim (Isa. 6:2, 6); archangel (1 Thess. 4:16). Some of their names are: Michael (Dan. 10:13, 21; 12:1); Gabriel (Dan. 8:16; 9:21; Luke 1:19). Michael means, "Who is like God," and hence is a fit title for Christ. Gabriel signifies, "The strength of God," an appropriate name for the angel or being who stands next to Christ (Dan. 10:21).—Abbreviated from "Bible Readings."
3. Angel means "messenger."

A distinguished Italian musician was walking in a street in Milan, Italy, when, something occurring to ruffle his temper, he stopped short, and excitedly exclaimed: "I t'ank God that I am not an Italian! I t'ank God that I am an American! I never knew what it was to respect myself or to respect other people till I went to America." We wish that every one who adopts America, with its opportunities and freedom, as his home, would feel as kindly toward her.

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 - - - - \$1.50
Six Months - - - - - .85

Club Rates

| | Each |
|---|--------|
| In clubs of five or more copies, one year | \$1.00 |
| Six months - - - - - | .60 |
| Three months - - - - - | .35 |

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.

Is the Bible True?

HONEST skeptic, what say you?
Tell me, is the Bible true?
Do you doubt it came from heaven,
Sent by God in mercy given,
So that man his will might know,
And be saved from coming woe?
Come and let us reason, then;
Tell me how those ancient men
Did earth's history portray,
So remote from their own day.
Did you ever think of this,
How that nothing comes amiss,
But that every jot and tittle,
Both of great events and little,
Have each come up in their lot,
Not one item been forgot?
Did the prophets speak at will?
Had they power to fulfil
Every word that they have spoken,
And the chain remain unbroken
That has spanned prophetic time
In each nation, in each clime,
Ever since our fallen race
Had on earth a dwelling place?
Would you know that this is true?
Take the pains then to review
Each prediction they have penned
Of the rise, the reign, the end,
Of the greatest kings of earth,
Both before and after birth;
Tell me then how they could know
That events would happen so?

Do you still the truth deny?
Hear Isaiah's prophecy.
Hark! He Cyrus called by name
Many years before he came,
Telling wonders he should do;
How he Babylon would subdue,
And after her overthrow
He would let God's people go;
"Not for price, nor for reward,"
But in honor of their Lord,
He their country would restore,
And their temple build once more.
Honest skeptic, what say you?
Tell me, is the Bible true?

Turn again — to Daniel look;
Study well that wondrous book;
See the visions he explains
Of the kingdoms that have reigned;
Mark where empires rose and fell;
Tell me then — if you can tell —
What the next great change will be
Ere we reach eternity?
Are we in "the feet and toes"
Of that "image" which arose
Measuring all the coast of time,
Every landmark, every line,
Till the kingdoms under heaven
To the saints of God are given,
And Messiah's reign shall be
Wide as earth — from sea to sea?

Honest skeptic, what say you?
Tell me, is the Bible true?

Will you — can you answer me,
Telling how these things could be
Unless God inspired the men
Thus to wield the sacred pen? —
Showing them the rise and fall
Of earth's kingdoms, great and small,
Even down to our own day —
Where "the iron mixed with clay"
Shall like summer chaff be driven,
Scattered to the winds of heaven,
And his glory fill the earth,
Greater than at Eden's birth,
When the songs of morning stars
Woke a strain of praise in Mars,
And "the sons of God" were there,
Shouting o'er a world so fair.
Honest skeptic, what say you?
Tell me, is the Bible true?

—C. Patterson, in *Messiah's Herald*.

The San Salvador Earthquake

EVERY time I read of some great calamity anywhere, I wonder if some of our missionaries or our work has suffered, so widely is our work spread out in all the world. When the news of the great earthquake in San Salvador came, I inquired about Brother and Sister John Brown. Learning that their home is in the city of San Salvador, naturally I have been anxious to hear whether they are safe.

I just received a letter from Mrs. Brown, a former student in the Foreign Mission Seminary, dated June 6. The letter says that they are living temporarily in Santa Ana, holding a series of meetings.

After the letter was written, a postscript was added which says:

"Just a note to let you know about the terrible earthquake we had yesterday at 7:10 P. M. We were having supper at that time, and all our food was thrown from the table. We ran into the garden for safety. Our house did not suffer much damage, but several other houses in this city were thrown down.

"The volcano, San Salvador, close by the city of San Salvador, had an eruption. San Salvador is sixty miles from here. All night long we could see the fireworks in the sky, and the roaring and tumbling could be heard all night and has not stopped yet. The earthquake destroyed all the telegraph lines to Salvador, and the railroads are also destroyed; so we really are not able to hear anything directly from there. All the doctors from this city left early this morning to aid the wounded. They had to go on horseback, as there is no train service now. But telegrams from Santa Tecla (a town not far from the capital) bring news that Salvador is destroyed and burning, and that the lava destroyed several towns at the foot of the volcano. Hundreds of persons are said to be dead. Of course, we do not know how true all these rumors are. We are worried about Brother Cooke and our believers in the capital. We have most all our household goods and furniture there. Mr. Brown is thinking of hiring a horse and going to the city tomorrow.

"We have had light shakings of the earth all night long, and quite a heavy one this morning. The roaring of the volcano sounds like far-away thunder. People of this city are living in fear and are praying much to the Virgin Mary."

Mrs. Brown's letter brings an excellent report of the work there. When they went to San Salvador a little more than a year and a half ago, there was not a single Adventist in the country. In spite of the trying climate and Brother Brown's eight severe attacks of malaria, they have labored on, and now there is a membership of twenty-one, with two baptismal services to be held this month. "Among the interested ones is one of the leading mediums of the Spiritualists of this city, and her husband. She has never missed one meeting since we opened the hall. Yesterday we had our first Bible study in their home."

How wonderfully God works with our young people who give their all for the advancement of the message.

M. E. KERN.