

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

September 25, 1917

No. 39



IN A DATE PLANTATION, TUNIS, AFRICA

# From Here and There

A boy fifteen years old has built an automobile entire, except the engine, which is one of the single-cylinder, motorcycle type.

Tramways, lake barges, and caterpillar tractors were employed in turn in transporting cement to two remote dam sites in the Sierra Nevada Mountains recently, bringing the cost of the material up to \$7.50 a barrel.

A school bank organized in one of the public schools located in one of the poorest neighborhoods of New York City, has saved for its pupils during the six years of its existence, over all withdrawals, more than \$45,000.

A wood-splitting machine has been invented which automatically handles logs two feet long and eighteen inches thick. It is run by a three-horse-power gasoline engine, and consists mainly of a huge knife, which works through the knottiest wood at the rate of sixty strokes a minute.

John W. Garrett, of Baltimore, has been nominated by President Wilson as minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg. Mr. Garrett succeeds Dr. Henry van Dyke, who resigned some time ago. Although accredited also to Luxemburg, as is the custom of the diplomatic service, Mr. Garrett hardly will go there, as the duchy has been overrun by the Germans, and is now under their military control.

When in camp where no ice can be obtained, the following is a good plan to keep eggs fresh. In a cool, shady spot, dig a hole about six inches deep and cover the bottom and sides with a thick layer of excelsior. Place the eggs in the bed of excelsior, cover them with another thick layer, then put some stakes around the hole in order to keep people from walking into it. This makes a first-rate "ice box."

Oklahoma's five civilized tribes of Indians are doing their bit for the nation. The head of every family promised to plant at least one more acre than usual this spring. These tribes are the Cherokees, the Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles, in number about 118,000. Their bit will add about 100,000 acres to the amount of land cultivated with food crops last year. Many of these Indians are highly cultured and refined.

One of the most unique buildings for agricultural purposes is a cylindrical barn built recently for a Delaware farmer. It is seventy-three feet in diameter and seventy-four feet high, and with the exception of the domelike roof, which is of wood, is made entirely of concrete. There are no posts, beams, or other supports. It consists of a huge chamber below and a loft above which has storage capacity for more than three hundred tons of hay.

## For Hire

WORK with might and main,  
Or with hand and heart;  
Work with soul and brain,  
Or with holy art,  
Thread, or genius' fire,—  
Make a vest, or verse,—  
If 'tis done for hire,  
It is done the worse.

—Morris Rosenfeld.

## Pronouns

WHAT pronoun, repeated twice, makes one laugh? He (he, he).

What pronoun is an animal? You (ewe).

From what pronoun do we get gold, silver, and iron? Mine.

What pronoun is generally sung instead of spoken? Him (hymn).

What is the smallest pronoun? We (wee).

What pronoun would become a beverage if it lost an eye? It (tea).

What pronoun belongs to Father Time? Ours (hours).

What pronoun could you never get along without? Me.

What pronoun do you think the most of? Myself. —H. E. Zimmerman.

## Houses Without Nails

SOME of the Ruthenian immigrants who are settling in northern Alberta are introducing somewhat novel agricultural methods. Their first attempts at housebuilding are usually of the kind they had been accustomed to in Europe, and their buildings are of the typical Ruthenian style—log, pitch-roofed, thatched, and wide in the eaves. In many cases these buildings are put up without a dollar's worth of hardware. Even the door, an affair of slender twigs woven and laced together, swings on homemade hinges and is latched with a wooden hasp. The floor is of hewn logs, unnailed. The roof, as the favorite Russian roof always is, is a wonderful fabric of poles and cross poles, through and over which has been woven wheat straw, ten inches thick, packed tight and solid, and laid with such care that it will shed the weather for twenty years.—*Technical World*.

## Silkworms on the Increase

THE Japanese Government Research Laboratories at Tokio have made remarkable discoveries regarding silkworm culture. Nature's way is to develop two crops of silk cocoons each year, the time required for hatching and maturing each crop being six months. The research workers have found out that dipping the eggs into a solution of hydrochloric acid will reduce the time of hatching and maturing to one month. This means twelve crops of silk cocoons every year instead of two.

The acid method does not injure the cocoons; in fact, the silkworms thus produced are stronger than the naturally produced ones, and spin almost 1,100 feet of strong fiber in contrast with the 700 feet of fiber spun by the other class.

This discovery means a boom in Japan's silk industry.—*Young People's Weekly*.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., SEPTEMBER 25, 1917

No. 39

## What Successful Men Say Gives Success — No. 1

### Revelations of the Get-Out and Get-On Club

A UNIQUE club exists in a Western city. It bears the name found in the foregoing subtitle, the Get-Out and Get-On Club. It is a secret society, and its members consider themselves business failures, but are ambitious and are striving for success. When a member wins success, the club expels him and fills his place with another unsuccessful man. A dinner is given in honor of the member to be expelled, and on that occasion he tells the club the cause of his failure and what finally won him success. Several of these revelations have been given to the *American Magazine*. One of these expelled members said:

"It cost me \$2,000 to learn that side lines interfere with one's main business; and another \$2,000 to learn that overwork is expensive." Another fact that he learned was that "any man who measures his progress by the progress of the men around him is headed straight for mediocrity." "I learned also," he says, that no one will ever take care of me but myself; that no employer will ever raise my salary because he likes the color of my hair or my conversation. The only way I can take more money away from my boss is to deliver more goods in exchange. That fact is as inescapable as the law of gravity." These lessons were learned through humiliating experiences, as the following recital indicates:

"The jolt came one morning in the form of a little memorandum that lay on my desk when I reached the office at nine o'clock. It was from the Old Man, addressed to the staff, and read:

"I take pleasure in announcing the appointment of James P. Hurley as assistant to the president."

"That little slip of yellow paper struck me all in a heap. Hurley, assistant to the president! Old plugger Hurley. Why, he didn't have one half my ability! He didn't know a thing outside our particular little business. Why, he wasn't even a college man! Yet here he was taken out of the ranks beside me and lifted into the Old Man's office at an increase of thirty dollars a week. Thirty-five hundred dollars a year for an uninspired wheel horse like Hurley, who hadn't been in the business any longer than I—and two thousand dollars for me.

"I left the office for lunch in a terrible state of mind. A few days later I got an opportunity to speak to the Old Man about it. Hurley was a good fellow, I said to him, but I just wanted to know why he had been picked out instead of me.

"The Old Man walked over and closed the door of his private office.

"Jim," he said, "I am going to talk to you like a Dutch uncle. When I took you into this business, after your graduation, I had in mind to make you an assistant to me. I hoped you would grow so fast and show such a grasp of things around here that I just couldn't keep the job away from you. Frankly, I have been disappointed. Not in your ability. You have plenty of that. Some of your work has been almost brilliant. But what has disappointed me is that you haven't found yourself. You haven't made up your mind *that you want my job*.

"You work faithfully enough while you're here in the office, but I've had the feeling that you regard the job as a sort of necessary nuisance that pays your board and room. Your heart is outside the office. You don't need to tell me that Hurley hasn't half your ability. I know it. But the day Hurley came into this office he registered himself here at the university, where they have some scientific courses right along our line. Last summer, on his two weeks' vacation, he traveled through our Western territory, and came back with a hatful of suggestions about our agencies in that section. Your personality is much more attractive to me than his; there are many reasons why I should rather have you in my office. But I simply can't afford to take any chances. I've got to build the important parts of my organization out of men who I know are going to be here permanently, whose whole heart is here—men who go to sleep every night thinking, "How can I get the Old Man's job?"

"I held a very fervent examination of myself that evening. I took my works apart and examined them minutely. I went over my business record day by day. And when I finished that inspection, I made arrangements to drop as quickly as possible all the profitable little 'side lines' that had been such a source of pride. I vowed that never again should a good thing get by me in that office, if I could help it.

"That was more than a year ago, and I have followed my plan faithfully. Last week I was appointed sales manager. I have paid the price of experience and received my reward.

"If my experience were unique, it would not be worth repeating. But I have seen the same thing happen in the life of dozens of other men."

#### Envious, Jealous, and Oversensitive

Another member of the Get-Out and Get-On Club acknowledged his failure in early life to be due to a feeling that he was abused by his employers or by those above him. He accused them of favoritism and of not appreciating his true worth. Envious, jealous, and oversensitive, he easily found provocation, and without due consideration would resign his position. Thirteen times he did this when, at the age of forty, through these varied and unsatisfactory experiences, he found himself down and out. A friend who had kept a memorandum of the man's experiences showed it to him, with the comment that in every instance the loss of position was his own fault.

This presentation of conditions was not soothing to his already perturbed feelings, but its truthfulness could not be denied.

After a long, bitter argument with himself, he admitted the cause of his failure was his own puerile disposition. He determined to put away childish things, and to strike out for a man's success. He secured an inconspicuous place with the house in which he began work. In five months he was promoted to the position he held as a young man of twenty-two. His advancement thereafter was rapid.

for he had learned to bear responsibility and to value instead of resent criticism.

A man in speaking of the unreadiness of people to learn from the experience of others says: "Give a man a tip on mining stock, and he will fall on your neck; tell him a 'sure winner' at the races, and he will wring your hand till it aches; but once inform him that you are going to give him the benefit of twenty years' experience,—*your* experience,—and he will shy away and look pained."

While self-sufficiency has too large a place in the experience of many, some are eager to learn from the experience of others. Such prefer to keep in the path that others have found safe, rather than risk running aground upon the shoals of uncharted seas. To such the principles of success given by men whom the world counts successful, may be of service. We therefore give the experiences of other men.

Another of the Get-Out and Get-On Club members gave as his motto: "Give those who work with you, especially those under you, full credit for everything they do, and claim none of it for yourself."

"Never call down an employee in public, and never let a hint of your having done so reach any one else. It pays to let even a transgressor keep his self-respect."

"Take great care, however, to invite ideas and suggestions from employees, and express appreciation in some tangible way. An extra bill in the envelope of an employee who has made a valuable suggestion, and a note of appreciation to him, will encourage a spirit of helpfulness and progress among employees."

#### Not Thoroughly Awake to His Opportunities

A bright young college man who found a place in the Get-Out and Get-On Club was persuaded to enter the life-insurance business. He was fairly successful, but he could not seem to get above an average weekly wage of eighteen dollars. His manager called him to his office and said:

"'Charlie, you are not getting the results you should get.'

"'I know it as well as you do,' he replied; 'but —'

"The manager waved his hand impatiently.

"'Now, listen! I'm not complaining. You're doing fairly well; but the point is, you ought to be doing *remarkably* well. You're energetic, smooth-mannered, unusually intelligent, and a good talker. The trouble with you is that you don't know your fellow human beings — or, if you do, you don't take advantage of your knowledge.

"'My boy, few policies are sold by orations on the need of insurance. The minute an agent begins getting eloquent, a prospect begins getting suspicious. You must first win confidence. If you can show a genuine interest in a woman's children or flower bed, in a man's house or his garden, you have done something that's worth more than any selling argument in the world.

"'Now, I'm going to give you new territory for a fresh start. —, as you probably know, is a big town about twenty miles out. It's a trifle provincial, but the people are prosperous, and it's a good field. Get into the life of the community! Find out what the people are interested in, and build your selling arguments from these things. Keep your finger on the pulse of the place. If a man dies uninsured, see that the significance of his demise is lodged gently but firmly in the brains of his friends and neighbors. Study the human animal as an up-to-date farmer stud-

ies the soil. Keep alive every minute and have an up-to-date selling argument every day.'"

The use the young man made of these suggestions and the various ways he tried to apply them to his work contain helpful suggestions to canvassers, school-teachers, and Sabbath school teachers. If any one should be wise and tactful in his work, if any one should take a vital interest in human subjects, it is the one whose aim is to minister to the spiritual needs of the people. The canvasser for our books would not use altogether the methods of the insurance solicitor; but he should use the same thoughtful, earnest tactfulness.

On the eve of the young insurance agent's expulsion from the club, he described in detail his interesting experience in endeavoring to act upon his chief's suggestions, as follows:

"'I spent more of my first week at my new place studying the town and its citizens than I did in trying to sell insurance. This was my manager's instructions. One afternoon I was talking with the depot agent, when he mentioned that the town band was going to give its first concert at a musical celebration the next week. It occurred to me suddenly that if I offered my services as a cornetist, it would be a pretty good way of entering into the spirit of the community.

"'I practiced with the band just once before its first public appearance. It was a great event in the history of the town, that initial concert. We swung through the first selection without a hitch. Great hit — our band had played a piece! The closing selection was the first really difficult number on the program; we essayed it with the courage of ignorance. When we got to the change of time the boys began to shy like bronchos facing a street car; they roared and lunged and fell down, and I found myself, to my great surprise, going it alone. I walked to the front of the platform and played something that the audience graciously took for a solo. The leader got the bunch together, and along about the last lap they swung into line and finished under the wire together. The band knew that I had wrested victory from defeat, and I was the hero of the performance. In the course of the next week I insured fourteen members of that band, and my stock of confidence took a big rise.

"'I kept on working harder than ever, making as many friends as possible, and watching happenings about town like a hawk. Results came with gratifying promptness.

"'One night a big fire swept through the town, and when I came down to breakfast the next morning the hotel clerk greeted me with:

"'Well, I guess you'll have to take a back seat now — the fire-insurance boys will be pulling down all the plums."

"'I didn't propose to take a rear bench for any one, and I told him so. Inside of twenty minutes I was out on the job. I assured each person I interviewed that it was good business to insure his house or store, although the chances were a hundred to one that it would never burn; but it was almost criminal to neglect to insure his life, for it was a certainty that he was going to die. Several of the stores that had burned had no insurance on them, and friends were around making up purses for the unfortunate owners. I asked a prospect if that was the plight he wanted to leave his family in when he died. That day broke all records for me as a business getter.

"'For the next month business kept getting better

and better. My manager was delighted. Then one day a horse I was riding slipped on the icy streets, and when he got up I had a broken leg. This meant doctor's and hospital expenses, just when I was getting firmly on my financial feet. It was a hard blow.

"I had to stay in the hospital three weeks longer than the doctor had promised at first, so I got as impatient as a thoroughbred in a paddock. I went to work.

"In the long hours spent in the hospital I used to write insurance arguments on the blank borders of the newspapers, on paper sacks, bottle labels, and anything I could get hold of. I stated the old arguments in terse, vital ways, and this practice gave me fluency. I find myself today using some of the phrases that I first wrote out on bottle labels. Long before I could walk I rode around in a buggy, sent my card in to old prospects with the notation that I was just out of the hospital, and wrote them up for insurance while they stood and kicked the spokes in my buggy wheels.

"Plunging into my work again with enthusiasm and with fervor, I wound up the first year with a peppery campaign, and found that I had earned three thousand dollars during that period.

"Selling insurance had come to be a sort of religion with me. I knew that through my services I kept families together, children in schools, and widows from lacking the necessities of life. I had dinner last week with one of the best-known authors in the country, and he remarked that he could not write stories that brought good money if he were not all excited about life, so wrought up over it that he had to tell people about it. Much of my success as an insurance salesman has been that enthusiastic and religious attitude toward my work. Last month I spent more car fare and time getting a widow's son for a thousand-dollar policy than the premium was worth. If the time ever comes when it is more pleasure for me to write a rich bachelor for five thousand dollars than it is to get a poor man with a family for a thousand, I shall quit the business.

"When I was ready to close an applicant, I never asked him if he wanted insurance. When I felt that I had him "froze on the hook," as a fisherman would say, I got out my application and asked him where he was born—in New York? Most men, Bostonians excepted, take that question as a compliment. They like to think that they have a metropolitan air about them. I studied human nature, and I studied to please. Usually I managed to get the birth date of every man whom I interviewed seriously. I would surprise and delight him by calling on him on his birthday and wishing him well. Just a few days before six months later I would call again, and remind him that he could buy life insurance now more cheaply than he ever could again, that six months after his birthday it took an inevitable and automatic rise in price, and this was his last opportunity to buy at the old price. If I knew his wife's or his child's birthday, I would frequently call a week or so before that date, and suggest a little insurance as an appropriate gift. These personal touches and appreciation have been wonderful business getters for me.

"Some of the salesmen in our office complained that they couldn't find prospects. Think of it—couldn't find prospects for life insurance! When I went out I got acquainted with the man beside me in the car, and switched the subject around to life insurance. I sat down in the restaurant at noon near the most likely prospect in the place, and before we

had finished with the cream and tapioca pudding I had another prospect. I insured my tailor, my landlord, my butcher, my groceryman (for I had been able to get married by the end of the second year), and when the circus came to town I wrote the calliope operator in his tent.

"I watched the death notices in the papers, and I went after the man whose neighbor had recently died without insurance, and left a helpless family without provision for the future. When a man died and left a comfortable amount of insurance for an otherwise needy family, I pointed out the moral to his neighbors. I scanned the newspapers for the man who had been recently promoted, for the man who had received money from an inheritance, for the man who had sold a piece of property. Such people have ready money, and ought to be written for insurance.

"When talking to a prospect, I tried to radiate achievement, to give the impression that I was highly successful, that my policies were in demand. When I walked down the street, I went briskly, as if I were pressed to keep appointments. When a prospect asked for an appointment, I never told him offhand I could see him any time on a certain afternoon. I consulted my appointment schedule, and told him he could have certain hours on this day or certain hours the day following, making the hours different for each day, so that if he were regularly tied up at a certain time this would allow him a little choice.

"When talking costs I massed the benefits, and distributed the cost over a long term. The ordinary man doesn't know the cumulative value of small sums, nor the amount he wastes. To pay a little sum daily seems easy, but he is frightened at the necessity of meeting a large payment at longer intervals. I would tell a man below thirty that he could leave his family one thousand dollars by cutting out his daily five-cent shoe shine and doing the job himself. The man of thirty-four who smoked a quarter's worth of cigars daily could stay with his family longer and leave them three thousand dollars more at his death, by investing this sum in life insurance instead of Havanas."

The winner of souls needs the same alert, wide-awake, ever-thinking, and ever-planning state of mind that the insurance agent manifested. This, with the influence of the Spirit of God, will give him the coveted access to the homes and hearts of the people, and will give him sheaves to lay at the feet of Jesus in that great day when every man is called to give an account of his stewardship.

F. D. C.

#### Who Did It?

AT a railway station in Wyoming, a gentleman found a copy of the *Signs of the Times* in the reading rack, and was convinced of the Sabbath truth by reading that single copy, and later became one of our number. Who put the paper in the rack? I wonder if that was the work of a Missionary Volunteer. Are you keeping a rack supplied in your vicinity?

Two young men in a military prison read one of our periodicals regularly, and seeing the truth, decided to obey God. One was released some months ago, and is now in touch with our people. Who sent the papers to that prison? Are you doing something to cheer the lives of those who "sit in darkness" behind prison bars?

While on a train two years ago, a lady gave a paper to a man. He took it home, read it with his wife, and

they accepted the message. Now he is an officer in one of our Western churches. Who was the sister on the train, "instant in season," and prepared to pass out some literature? Have you formed the blessed habit of carrying some present-truth literature to give out when traveling on trains and boats and cars?

For ten long years a woman had been living in the mountains, away from any church. Some one passing her place on an outing trip left a copy of the *Signs of the Times*. She became interested, read other literature sent to her later, and finally joined the church. Who was it that remembered to carry along a few papers on that trip, knowing that people living in the lonely places are especially glad to read new things that come their way? Let us make the trips, by train, boat, automobile, wagon, count for the kingdom.

"A young man came to our door with the *Signs of the Times*, and offered to leave a copy for examination," says a man. "My wife accepted it. When I came home, she showed it to me, and I said, 'Wife, I believe this is just what we have been looking for.' We subscribed for the paper, and in a few months Elder — opened a series of tent meetings. We attended, and as a result accepted the message." Who is that young man giving some time to this house-to-house ministry, placing the silent messengers in the hands of the people? Why can't more of us engage in such splendid service, say on Sabbath afternoons or Sundays? *Let's do it.*

A brother had occasion to call upon a Baptist real-estate man. In the brief conversation that followed business, our brother spoke of certain world events, and alluded to the light thrown upon these things by the Scriptures. The Baptist mentioned the fact that he had been receiving copies of a certain weekly that discussed world problems in that way, and that he had been greatly impressed by certain articles. He offered one to our brother, who was very agreeably surprised when the gentleman opened his desk and brought out a copy of the *Signs of the Times*. We wonder who sends the paper to that business man. Are you sending out these silent heralds through the mails? Your conference office can supply you with names of interested persons if you need names.

ERNEST LLOYD.

#### The Morning Bell \*

WHILE the sun is leaving the Western Hemisphere and circling around to the east, far away over ten thousand miles of land and sea the sons and daughters of China are listening to the message of the Morning Bell that calls them to the communion with Heaven through the Word. Each morning honest-hearted, devoted young people pause before beginning the day's duties, and go aside to receive that strength which comes through association with Jesus.

Here on a mountain where many of north China's missionaries have come away from the severe heat of the plains, and are apart for study and plans, are Chinese believers who with us are endeavoring to grasp time by the forelock by improving this inestimable blessing of the morning hour. One son of the light (a Chinese teacher) who has been a Christian all his life, but just recently found and accepted the truths of our message, may well be mentioned as an example. He is punctual and systematic in his morning devotions. Soon after five o'clock one may hear

him repeating the special verse given in the Morning Watch Calendar. This morning he called attention to Ps. 5:3: "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." Like the Bowman who draws the bow, lets fly the arrow, and then looks up to see if his aim was true, so children of God from the time the author wrote this beautiful verse to the present day have directed their prayers to God and looked up for the answer. So this son of God and son of China looks ahead to the time when, in answer to his prayers, he shall stand before the Great King. As he stands there methinks one of the helpful things that he will not forget to mention will be the Morning Bell, that morning by morning wakened him to hear God's word, and called him to his daily devotions.

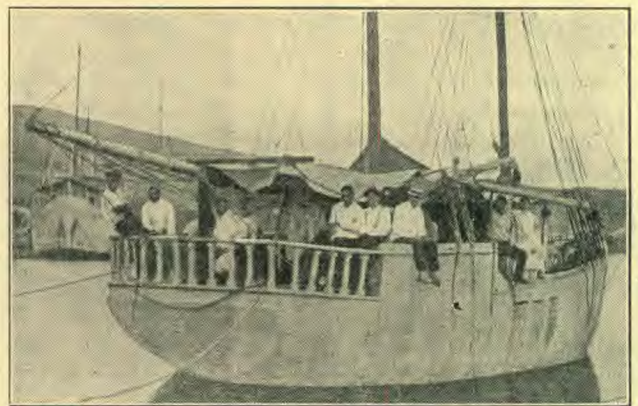
Young people of the West, look to your duties and your privileges, or a little later you will look in vain for a crown. Attend to that morning hour, make the best use of it by following the example of this son of China, and day by day obey the call of the Morning Bell. Then all is quiet and all is favorable to the careful and deep meditation of the Word. It is the time that God has specially set aside for seeking him; for though he is glad that we worship him in any hour of the twenty-four, yet he especially desires us to seek him in the dawn of the day, in order that the entire day may be blessed with his special blessing, for "it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

M. G. CONGER.

#### A Long Silence Broken

IN the July 10 issue of the INSTRUCTOR, reference was made to the boat called the "Messenger," built by the natives of Pitcairn Island, and its first voyage across the Pacific Ocean between the islands of Pitcairn and Tahiti. It was apparent from the account of the voyage that the protecting care of a kind providence watched over the little craft. An interesting article regarding this boat also appeared in the *Review* of July 12, 1917.

The accompanying illustration shows the "Messenger" and those who voyaged on her to Tahiti. It



The "Messenger," built on Pitcairn Island

certainly would take a brave heart to start on a voyage of some eight hundred miles in a "tub" like this.

Still later word came through the *Australasian Record*, in a letter written by Brother M. R. Adams, our missionary on Pitcairn Island, who was one of the passengers on the boat. Brother Adams, writing from Papeete, April 8, 1917, speaks of his joyful experience in meeting others of like faith. He says:

"I have had the pleasure of visiting the several workers located on the islands in the vicinity of Tahiti, and becoming acquainted with the different

\*"Morning Bell Topics" is the literal translation of "Chen djung ko mu," Morning Watch Calendar.

ways and methods of work adopted. Our stay in Tahiti is almost ended, and we shall soon start on our return trip to Pitcairn to relieve the suspense and anxiety of our loved ones. It seemed good to come again in contact with the other workers of this field, and plan and counsel concerning the work, after being so long isolated and shut up to oneself. It was a feast of good things to listen to and read of the advancement made in the various phases of the work, and of the changes this progress has made necessary. I feel like one just awakened out of a long sleep. One can hardly realize how far one drops behind the times, and how much one loses by being isolated for three or four years. But I do not complain, if my loss is somebody's gain; and I am willing to spend and be spent if I can only be instrumental in pointing some soul to the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world.

"It has been decided that the 'Messenger' be used to open up trade with other islands, and regular communication with Mangareva, three hundred miles to the north of Pitcairn. It has also been decided that I locate at Mangareva and start the work there and in neighboring islands, making periodical visits to Pitcairn. I think this will prove a blessing and help, as it will place some responsibility upon our people in Pitcairn. Our isolation on Mangareva will not be so extreme as on Pitcairn, as there is a steamer which runs regularly through the islands every six months, and we shall have an occasional visit from schooners from Tahiti. By this means, we shall be sure of getting mail and news from home once in a while.

"Mangareva is entirely under the dominion and control of the Papacy, therefore it will be a difficult field to work. But it is not by might nor by power, but by God's Spirit that the work is to be done. The work goes very slowly in these islands. The people seem to be satisfied and content with what they possess — a religion that does not condemn their gross habits and pet indulgences. The truth which calls for self-denial and sacrifice does not receive a very warm welcome. But the Lord has some gems and fine gold hidden away in these islands, which must be searched for as hidden treasure. Pray for the work in these islands, that God's Spirit may convince, and give courage to some precious souls to take their stand under the blood-stained banner of Prince Immanuel."

The opening up of direct communication with the island of Mangareva will afford the Pitcairnees a wide field for missionary activity — an experience from which they have been so largely debarred by isolation; and if faithful to their opportunities, they will be richly blessed and the seed sown will bear fruit. Many precious assurances are given in God's Word concerning the inhabitants of the islands of the sea. Of Christ it is said, "He shall not fail nor be discouraged, till he have set judgment in the earth: and the isles shall wait for his law." And David exclaims, "The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitude of isles be glad thereof."

M. E. KERN.

Ruth, the True-Hearted

ABOUT one hundred and twenty-five years before King David ruled in Israel, there lived in a quiet little village six miles south of Jerusalem, a family consisting of four members. The father's name was Elimelech, the mother's Naomi, and the two sons were called Mahlon and Chilion.

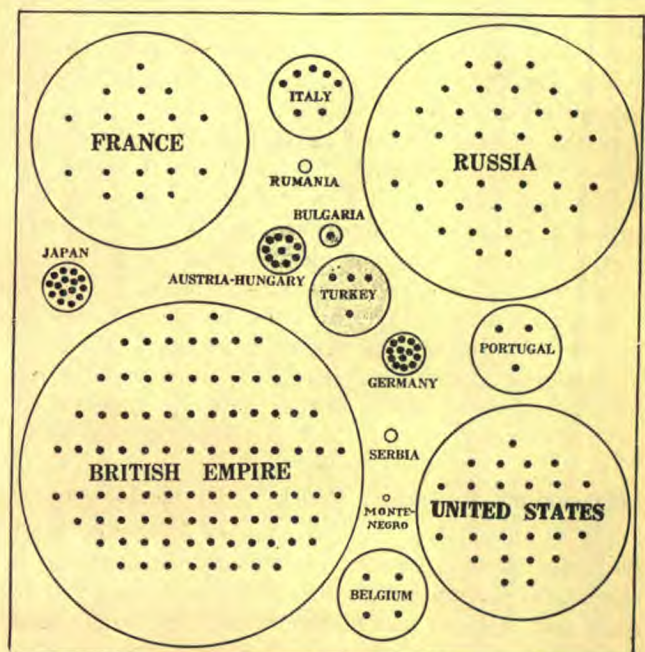
The Lord had blessed Elimelech and his family with plenty. The harvest had yielded richly year by year, and his flocks and herds brought forth increase, adding each year to the wealth of the owner. But a time came when drouth spread over the land. The clouds that occasionally floated over the clear blue sky were light and fleecy, and gave forth no rain. In the valleys the grass died and the herds could find no food. When Elimelech saw his herds decrease, he decided to leave the land of drouth and go to a place where he could find pasture. So he moved his family to the land of Moab.

They reached their new home of plenty, and settled in a goodly part of the land. Although they had escaped the drouth, death visited them in this new land, and claimed Elimelech while he was in the midst of his prosperity. Naomi was now a widow in a strange land, and would have liked to return home, but she was courageous, and remained on account of her two sons, for Mahlon and Chilion had become interested in this new land, and the bond for it was strengthened by their marriage to Ruth and Orpah, daughters of the idol-worshipping Moabites.

Though heathen, these girls possessed beautiful characters, and they both loved Naomi. While Naomi mourned the death of her husband, she found comfort in her children, and the years that followed were passed pleasantly. But they came suddenly to a sad close when her sons both died.

Sorrowful and lonely, the three widows came back from the last funeral. Naomi's heart turned to her old home and to the friends left behind. She reasoned, "Why not return? I have no ties binding me here now." She talked it over with the girls, and a smile must have played over her face as she said, "I'm going back to Bethlehem."

The morning of her departure was bright and clear, so the three started slowly along the way to the ford of the Jordan. The new hope of seeing her kinsfolk brought color to Naomi's cheeks and a new light to her eyes. While they were journeying, she spoke in glowing terms of the land to which she was going, and although she longed to have her daughters with her, she did not encourage them to go, because she knew that they did not realize what it would mean



Each dot in the chart represents 5,000,000 people, and the size of the circle the area of the territory possessed by the countries named.

to give up their idols. Instead, she urged them in strong yet tender words to return to the home of their fathers. When they came to the river, Orpah, weeping, kissed Naomi good-by, turned her back on Bethlehem, and her face toward Moab and its idols. Ruth, however, determined to go with Naomi, to leave behind her the handmade idols of her kinsfolk, and to accept the salvation offered by the living God.

The Jordan crossed, Naomi and Ruth wended their way along the vine-clad hills of the Promised Land, toward the little village of Bethlehem. To Naomi the scenes were familiar. She was glad to greet every nook and turn which brought to her mind the days of her youth and earlier womanhood. To Ruth, all was new, but she looked forward with anticipation and joy to her future home.

It was the beginning of the harvest time, when the two women reached Bethlehem, and the harvesters were already at work in the fields of ripened grain. Ruth saw her opportunity to obtain provisions for herself and mother. She asked Naomi to let her go to the fields and glean. Going down over the hill path to the great fields below, she stepped up to the chief reaper and gently said, "I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves." Her winsome way of asking pleased the master, and he most willingly granted her request.

Ruth worked quietly and steadily until finally Boaz, the owner, coming down from Bethlehem to the fields, spied her among the gleaners, and asked of his head servant, "Whose damsel is this?" He was the "mighty man of wealth" of whom the Bible speaks, and later Ruth learned that this "mighty man" was a kinsman of Elimelech.

Boaz had not forgotten Elimelech and his wife Naomi. When he heard Naomi's sad story his heart was touched. To Ruth he showed much kindness. He urged her to work near the other women in the field for companionship, and, contrary to custom, asked her to eat with the reapers the food prepared for them.

Each day she walked over the stubble of the field, while the sun poured down hot rays upon her back. As she gleaned, she occasionally found a small bunch that had been purposely missed. Weary with the heat and labor of the day, she would put her burden of grain, be it much or little, upon her head, and march homeward with joy in her heart. Tiresome work it was, yet by her labor she was able to provide food for herself and Naomi.

In this manner the busy harvest days passed swiftly away. Boaz, the master, having heard the story of Ruth's faithfulness to her mother-in-law, regarded her with much favor. So interested did he finally become in the industrious young gleaner, that he urged her to become the mistress of his vast household.

And thus it was that this most humble of women, because of her great kindness of heart, her faithfulness to friendship, and her keen sense of duty, has left her name as one of the fairest upon the pages of all Biblical history.

GRACE V. ADAMS.

#### Missionary Volunteer Work in Rhodesia, Africa

UP to June [1916], no Missionary Volunteer work had ever been attempted on our mission stations in this dark portion of Africa. But according to the plan and vote of the Union committee, the writer then accompanied Pastor W. B. White, the president of the South African Union Conference, in the interests of the Missionary Volunteer work in Rhodesia.

Pastor White was touring this field with the special object of holding Bible schools with the natives on our missions; but other lines of work also received attention, especially the Missionary Volunteer work.

#### Solusi

After a twelve-hundred-mile ride from Cape Town, we reached Solusi Mission, in Matabeleland, southern Rhodesia. This mission station was opened in 1894, twenty-three years ago, and was the first one established among heathen people by Seventh-day Adventists. When we reached the mission home on the sixth of June, the white missionaries and the native students gave us a royal welcome. "Welcome" was not only written on the blackboard, but was acted out by all, especially by our faithful and self-sacrificing white brethren and sisters. To meet again those of like precious faith brought joy to all our hearts.

We presented to the church the object of our Missionary Volunteer organization and some of its lines of missionary work, also the plan of organization, and then asked how many wished to become members. Thirty responded to the call. At a later meeting fourteen more joined, and still later seven others, making in all fifty-one natives, besides the three white persons who are serving as officers.

After the society was organized, and the officers were elected, several workers spoke words of encouragement to the members. Clarence, one of the native teachers, who had been elected assistant leader, was asked to speak. He arose, and with deep emotion said: "Today I am very glad to be here. I am glad for what I see. I am very weak, and do not know how to work for Jesus. I hope this society will help us to do better work for our people. They need light, and I give myself to do all I can to save them." Here he stopped speaking, and sat down, weeping.

The following are some of the other testimonies that were given:

"I thank the Lord that he give me strong. This week, I give the Lord my heart. I praise the Lord give me power on my heart."

"I am like an old blanket. I am full of holes. I can't be mended. I must have a new one."

"God saw me in darkness. My heart wish to see more of his love. I thank the Lord, he stay long, he wait for me."

We presented the Bible doctrines portion of the Standard of Attainment, and one hundred and sixteen persons gave their names for membership. They cannot take the denominational history portion, as they do not have the books in their language; but they will soon learn the Bible texts from their Zulu Bibles.

The Lord surely visited us all during the few days upon this station. As Pastor White, on two Sabbaths, presented Christ to these people, thirty or more for the first time in their lives expressed a desire to find Jesus as their personal Saviour. This shows how the Lord is working to finish the message and bring us home to heaven.

With Brother R. P. Robinson as experienced leader, Clarence as assistant leader, Sister Robinson as secretary-treasurer, Sister W. C. Walston as a member of the executive committee, and Brother Walston as elder, we believe the Solusi Missionary Volunteer Society will, under the blessing of God, accomplish great things for Christ and his cause among this needy people.

#### The Somabula Mission

From the Solusi Mission we went about one hundred and fifty miles to the Somabula Mission, riding



fourteen miles of the last twenty-one of our journey after a team of ten donkeys, and the last seven miles in an oxcart.

We reached the station about 9 P. M., and were ready for a night's rest. All the missionaries were glad to see us, and we rejoiced to meet them again in the bonds of Christian love.

In the morning, the native students welcomed us heartily to the mission. Many of the outschool teachers were there to attend the Bible school, and great interest was shown in all the lessons. I believe many souls will be gathered into the fold of Christ as the result of this institute.

The first Sabbath we were there, Pastor White spoke from Matt. 11:28-30: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." The message seemed to be just what these poor, heavy-laden, sin-sick souls needed. There was a large number of unbelievers present; and when the call was made for those who wished to get rid of their load of sin and take the yoke of Christ upon them, full twenty for the first time publicly came to the altar, seeking the Lord for mercy and peace. Among the seekers was a chief, a man about thirty or thirty-five years of age. He was the first to pray for himself when opportunity was given. Later on in the day we had a testimony meeting, and he with

others who had come forward confessed that he believed the Lord had forgiven his sins, and declared that he wished to live for him.

As Brother J. N. de Beer, the mission superintendent, was leaving at once for an extended visit to the outschools, and Brother Hubert Sparrow, his assistant, would be extremely busy during his absence, it hardly seemed best to organize a Missionary Volunteer Society then; but all the mission workers were anxious to do their utmost in this direction, and doubtless Somabula will soon be well organized, and do her part in pressing forward in this work.

A number of the more experienced native teachers are so far away from the mission that they cannot get in oftener than once in three months; but when the society is organized, they will join, and send in their reports.

We presented the Bible doctrines portion of the Standard of Attainment at Somabula also, and eighty-five persons enrolled.

#### Glendale Mission, near Fort Victoria

After a half-day's ride from Somabula, first with oxen and then with donkeys, we reached Gwelo, where we took the train for Fort Victoria, eight miles from Glendale Mission. We reached Fort Victoria in the evening, and riding for about three hours with an ox team, we camped for the night, and early in the morning proceeded to the station.

This is our youngest mission in Rhodesia, having been established in 1911. Brother T. J. Gibson is the superintendent and teacher, with Brother Laurie Sparrow as assistant. Brother Gibson's house is beautifully situated on the top of a hill, and Brother Sparrow's is near by on the side of a hill.

The natives have their huts on the mission farm, not far away. These are built of poles and mud, with grass roofs. Some of the natives keep these little homes very neat and orderly, while others show small interest in looking after them.

Previous to our visit, no church organization had been effected here. Both white and native members were formerly connected with the Somabula church; but at this time Pastor White organized a church of about twenty-five members.

As nearly all the native members are inexperienced in church work and methods, and young in the truth,

it was deemed best to postpone the formation of a Missionary Volunteer Society until a later date; but after I explained the idea of the Bible doctrines portion of the Standard of Attainment, six white persons and forty-eight natives gave their names for membership. Brother Gibson has a large baptismal class, and is planning to use these subjects and texts in connection with other matter in preparing the candidates for intelligent church membership and consistent Christian living.

One of the native outschool teachers connected with this station, attended the Bible school at Somabula, and since his return

to his school has sent for extra copies of the Bible doctrines list of subjects and references for use in his school.

There seems to be in the hearts of this people a strong desire to learn what the great God has spoken to them through his Word. May this desire possess all our hearts until we shall search the Scriptures, and learn for ourselves what the Lord has spoken to us.

#### Tsungwesi Mission, near Inyazura Siding

After two days' travel by train from Glendale, we reached this, our last station, safely. When we arrived, all the white workers and natives, about one hundred, met us, and welcomed us heartily.

When I explained the organization and work of the Missionary Volunteer Society, I said that just as the nations are calling on their people to act a part in gaining victories for their side in the great war, so the Lord is now calling all his people, especially the young, to come to the front in the great conflict between the forces of good and the forces of evil. After explaining fully, and, to my mind, clearly, the whole matter, I asked all who wished to unite, and form a society to do this kind of work, to raise their hands. Not a hand went up. I then asked why they did not wish to have such a society. After some time, I found that they understood me to be after recruits for German East Africa. This called for more instruction

(Concluded on page thirteen)



Native Housebuilders at Work, Matimba, Sierra Leone, Africa

## "El Apadrinamiento"

JINEZ HOLLAND-STEVENS

ARGENTINA is a country of large families, eight or ten children being an ordinary number, and there are many families much larger. I know one Adventist mother who hovers a brood of eighteen, and two other families that have twenty-two and twenty-five children, respectively. These large families are especially common among the Italian and Russian-German settlers; but the native Argentinians are also great lovers of home and fond of children, and seem to take seriously the command to multiply and replenish the earth.

The government, moreover, smiles upon the prolificness of its people, and to show its approval has instituted a custom known as "*El apadrinamiento*," which means the official act of becoming godfather to a child.

child, and then follow congratulations, and refreshments consisting of liquors and cakes.

The government gives two hundred pesos to the family to defray the expenses; but in wealthy families this money is, after the ceremony, distributed by the father among the poor who assemble to witness the ceremony.

The accompanying photograph shows an Adventist family of Russian-German extraction who recently celebrated this most interesting rite with their seventh son. They live just a few miles from the school, and the three oldest sons are pupils in our school and sanitarium here.

This particular family is interesting because its father, David Riffel, with his parents, first brought the



FAMILY OF DAVID AND JULIA RIFFEL, OF CRESPO, ENTRE RIOS, ARGENTINA

The seventh boy in the front row, next to the youngest boy standing, wears the medal given him by the Argentine government in April, 1917

To explain further: The government, represented by any one of its higher officials, promises to become the godfather, or protector, of the seventh son in any Argentinian family. However, there must be seven sons in succession, without a death or a daughter born between.

That seventh son is, in a way, adopted by the government; that is, after finishing the public school he may choose any profession or career, and the attending expenses to the completion of the course will be met by the government.

The public ceremony is interesting, and varies somewhat according to the conditions and religion of the family in question. In the case of a wealthy or distinguished family living in the city, much is made of the event, the music being furnished by the provincial band, the governor of the province being present to act as godfather, accompanied by soldiers finely uniformed. After the christening, performed often by a priest, the officer attending presents the medal to the

Adventist truth to Argentina. More than thirty years ago they came from Russia to Brazil, and shortly after came to Argentina, locating in Entre Rios. Cousins in North America, however, soon persuaded them through correspondence, to go north, which they did, settling in Marion, Kansas. While there they became Adventists, and their first desire was to return to Argentina to impart the good news to their former neighbors. This they did in 1890, bringing with them some other German families, among the company being Brother Oswaldo Frick, who is one of our old charter members here now. They were active missionaries, and soon had several believers ready for baptism.

Old Santiago Riffel, grandfather of the children in the picture, was always a zealous missionary, and did a great deal of good among the Germans. Just last year he was laid to rest, and we all miss him greatly. Having had no schooling himself, his great desire was to see his grandchildren get an education,

and he worked constantly to that end by his influence and means.

But to return to the photograph. As you see, these parents first had three sons and one daughter (standing in the back row with the father). Then followed nine sons, the seventh being the little lad wearing the gold medal, who now has the honor of being the adopted son of the president of Argentina.

The public ceremony in this case was simple, owing to their being Adventists and living in the country. One of our ministers, Brother Godofredo Block, was present to preach a short sermon and offer prayer. The mayor was present to represent the government, and after a few remarks he placed the medal on the child. It is of gold, bears the date and the Argentinian shield, and on it is engraved the name of the child,—Andres Hipolito Riffel, being named after the president, Hipolito Irigoyen.

After the ceremonies, there were congratulations, and a typical German "feast," consisting of a fruit soup, roast mutton with potatoes, and a dessert of fresh fruit with *kuchen*.

Little Andres seemed to enjoy the dinner more than anything else; in fact, I think he only half realized what the whole affair was about. However, he is very proud of that gold medal, and stoutly declares that he is a loyal son of Argentina.

#### A Great Little Word Is "Why"

A SUCCESSFUL man whom I know recently changed from a business with which he was thoroughly familiar to a business that he knew absolutely nothing about.

I watched to see what he would do.

For two solid weeks he did nothing but ask questions.

He took a train to Washington to learn what information the government had on trade conditions in the new field.

He visited around among jobbers and manufacturers; he even went to the company's strongest competitors.

Everywhere asking questions. It was simply amazing, the amount of useful data that he was able to dig out.

Curiosity is a human characteristic that has been much maligned. Men speak of it slightly, as if it were something to be ashamed of; a weakness to be repressed.

My own idea is that when a man gets beyond the point of asking questions, he might as well be dead.

Without curiosity there would be no growth, no progress.

Theirs not to make reply,  
Theirs not to reason why,

may be a good enough motto for men who are on their way to be shot. But from such men expect no empires to be built, no inventions made, no great discoveries brought to light. The *Scientific American* once said:

"Curiosity is the handmaiden of Science.

"No doubt many a man before the time of Columbus had remarked the exotic fruits and branches tossed up by the waves on the shores of the Canary Islands. The natives had gathered them for generations without ever so much as a thought. But to Columbus those strange gifts of the sea were messages sent from a land that no European ship had ever touched. Out of his wonder about them came his voyage to the New World.

"Then we have Newton's apple. Things have fallen ever since the universe was created. And no man before Newton seems ever to have asked himself, Why?"

"Robert Meyer, a ship's surgeon in the East Indies, noticed that the venous blood of his patients seemed redder than that of people living in temperate climates. Doubtless other physicians had also noticed the fact. Meyer, pondering on it, reached the conclusion that the cause must be the lesser degree of oxidation required to keep up the body temperature in the torrid zone. That thought led to the discovery of the mechanical theory of heat, and to the first comprehensive appreciation of the great law of the conservation of energy."

If you have witnessed the gradual progress of the mind of a little baby, you have seen a miracle.

And what is the golden ladder on which the baby climbs out of mere consciousness into intelligence?

Curiosity—nothing else. The constant reaching out for the untried (even though the reaching involves much upsetting of flower vases, and many burned and bleeding fingers), the eternal *why*: the unquenchable *how* and *what*.

Some men climb a little way up that ladder, and are satisfied.

They reach a point where the day's task becomes more or less automatic; where their feet follow easily along a familiar path. And they are content. They would not pay a nickel to see an earthquake: they would not open a new book, or stretch their minds in wonder at what lies even beyond the next desk above them, to say nothing of what lies beyond the stars.

Ceasing to be curious, they cease to grow.

For surely one secret of genius is this—the ability to remain interested in new things, even into old age.

The curiosity of Bluebeard's wife proved fatal, to be sure; and Lot's wife, yielding to her curiosity, reaped a bitter recompense.

One must use judgment in the exercise of even the divinest gifts.

On the other hand, Zacchæus, braving the ridicule of the passing crowd for the sake of his curiosity, was rewarded with the secret of happiness and everlasting life.—Bruce Barton, editor of *Every Week*.

#### The Rose of a Thousand Delights

WITH her knitting bag on her arm, Ruth Hollis was on her way to spend the afternoon with Kate Meeker. She was walking very slowly. She was reluctant to acknowledge it even to herself, but she did dread an afternoon with Kate. It always left you feeling uncomfortable, with things you wanted to forget and could not. And it was such a pity, for there was no one bigger hearted than Kate Meeker. There was nothing in the world she would not do for you if you were in trouble—no sacrifice she would not make. And yet she was almost sure to spoil it all afterward by some little thing—some miserable little chip that she carried on her shoulder.

"If there were only some way to make her understand!" Ruth sighed.

Kate was watching for her and gave her a warm welcome. The big piazza was delightfully comfortable, and little Katharine had made some cookies, which she served with great pride. Perhaps, after all, it was going to be "nice" for once.

But it was not. Katharine had hardly disappeared,

shyly happy over the compliments upon her cookies, when Kate began.

"Ruth, you know I'm not one to make a fuss over things. No one in the world is more glad than I am if I have a chance to help anywhere; and *of course* I never think of anything like pay. But you do like to be appreciated; any one does. It's only human. And when I think how many times I carried things over to the Houstons last winter when Benny broke his leg—"

"But I thought Mrs. Houston was very grateful. I'm sure she spoke of it to me more than once."

"Oh, words!" Kate retorted. "Any one can *say* things! But look down there—you can see from where you sit. Their whole piazza is covered with that Rose of a Thousand Delights. And Mrs. Houston knows how I love roses, and how I felt when mine got winterkilled. Wouldn't you think she would have sent over just a *handful*? It's little things like that—"

And then it happened. It rarely does happen so upon the moment, but it actually did. Mrs. Houston herself appeared at the gate. And in Mrs. Houston's hand was a basket filled with exquisite pink blossoms, with a fluffy pink tulle bow of exactly the same shade tied on the handle. Her eyes were full of laughter.

"Benny sent it," she declared. "He's been saving his pennies for the basket ever since last winter, and he particularly insisted upon the bow. And then, after all, he was too shy to bring it! But we want to keep it full—Benny and I—as long as our roses last."

Ruth was very wicked. She did not even try to hold it back.

"It's the loveliest thing I ever saw!" she exclaimed. "Kate was just this minute speaking of your roses."

Kate's eyes met hers pleadingly; her face was hot, and she stammered her thanks.

"If it would only last," Ruth thought, "but I'm so afraid it won't!"—*Youth's Companion*.

#### How Sir Thomas Came Back

I JUST think it is a shame."

"And I, too," said another voice.

"Who do you think did it, Billy?" asked a third.

"I'm sure I can't say, but I have some suspicions," answered the one addressed.

Billy Larkin was the center of a group of boys ranging between the ages of fourteen and seventeen years. Evidently they were on their way home from school. The object that had caused their exclamations was a dead cat, lying near the walk just inside of the fence. Ordinarily such a sight would not have called forth so much concern from them. But this was a beautiful white Angora cat, and the owner was well known to them.

"What will Granny Whitney say when she finds out some one has killed her pet! I say, fellows, it's a heartless piece of business, whoever did it."

"Yes, she always prized him so much because he was such a fine cat, a gift from an old friend of her girlhood. Sir Thomas, she called him, has always been company for her as long as I can remember." Billy spoke with some feeling.

"Shall we take him down to her and tell her what happened?" asked Rob Moore. "There doesn't seem to be any one else to do it, and she ought to know."

"Yes, Bob; I guess we shall have to tell her. I'm sure it will make her feel bad."

"She's a nice old lady; every one likes her, or at least we thought so."

"You're right there, Bob," said Billy with enthusiasm. "I have reason to thank her for lots of things. Do you remember the cookies she gave us that day when we shoveled the snow off her pavement? My, but they were good! She knows how to make the best cookies I ever tasted." Then growing sober, he added: "I might not be here at all today if it had not been for her. She nursed me through diphtheria when I was only eight years old, when mother was sick and father could not afford to have a trained nurse for me. I feel as if we ought to do something about this."

"What do you have to suggest, Billy?"

"What can we do?"

"Let's walk down toward her house, and maybe by that time we can think of something."

When they reached the widow's gate, they stood a few minutes to decide on a plan.

"I have it, fellows; how many of you have any money with you?"

"What do you want with money, Billy? Do you want to buy a coffin for Sir Thomas?"

"Not at all, Gray, I'm not thinking about the funeral; we can do all that in regular order. But how much cash can we raise? Let's see, here are five of us. How many of you can spare fifty cents for a good cause?"

"Say what's on your mind, Billy Larkin," spoke up Gray again. "Who's getting the benefit of all the money?"

"Well, it's like this," he began. "You fellows all know how hard it is for Granny to get along, and how lonesome she sometimes is. Sir Thomas has always been good company for her, and now that he has been killed she will surely miss him. Would you fellows like to chip in and help buy another cat to take his place? There, that's the whole plan up to date. What do you say?"

"I guess I can do it for one," said Bob.

"And I"—"And I," added the others.

"But where can you get another Angora to take his place? He surely cost more money than we can raise."

"Don't worry, Gray; I think I know just the place to get one, and unless Granny looks pretty close she won't know the difference. Only he will be strange at first."

"Shall we tell her about it?"

"We will see about that later."

As they were about to separate, Billy said: "Bring your money to school in the morning, and we will go down town at noon to see about it."

"But, Billy, what about Sir Thomas here?"

"Oh, yes! We will appoint you and Bob minister and undertaker. You live near here. Now do your duty, boys."

The next evening a delivery wagon stopped in front of Granny Whitney's gate, and a box was carefully lifted out by the driver and carried to the door.

"Here is a parcel I was ordered to deliver to Mrs. Whitney," the man said, and made a movement to carry it into the house.

"I'm afraid you have made a mistake; I did not order anything," she began.

"No, there isn't any mistake ma'am; the directions on the box are plain."

"What is it?" she asked wonderingly.

"If you say, I'll open it so you may see. I think he wants to get out as quickly as he can."

"Why, is it alive?"

"Very much alive, ma'am; he doesn't like being penned up this way."

By this time the box was open, and out jumped a pure white Angora cat. He was surely a second edition of Sir Thomas.

"Why, where have you been, Tommy boy?" she exclaimed with surprise and joy written all over her face. The cat did not respond, but stood off watching her with strange eyes.

"You have been gone for days, and I thought you were lost. Now you come back all done up in a box as if you were a real gentleman. Can't you say, how-de-do to Granny? Why I do declare he's afraid of me. Never mind, you'll soon remember that this is your home."

She seemed to have forgotten for the moment the presence of the man in the joy of seeing her pet again.

"Thank you very much, sir, for bringing Sir Thomas back; he is so much comfort to me. Where did you find him?"

It was with difficulty that the man suppressed a smile. He only said that a man asked him to bring him to her. He quickly drove away, leaving the old lady to form her own conclusions.

The visitor was being treated very much like a prodigal son, for he was soon enjoying some choice bits that Granny had been saving against his return. As she watched him eat she began to talk to him in a familiar way.

"Seems like you ought to tell Granny where you've been all this time, Sir Thomas. You need not be afraid of me. I'm not going to whip you for staying away so long. You made me feel real bad when I could not find you the other night, but I guess you must have been enjoying yourself."

Meanwhile Billy Larkin and two of his companions were on their way to see Granny. They chuckled as they walked along, for they were aware that the box had been delivered. They were anxious now to know what the widow had made of it.

"What will you say, Billy, when she tells you about Sir Thomas coming back?"

Perhaps we won't have to say anything about it." And then he added, "You fellows want to be careful and not give anything away. When we see her, we shall know better what to say."

A knock brought Granny to the door, and when she saw the boys she opened it wide, saying, "Come in, boys. I have something nice to tell you. See Sir Thomas there? He's been away on a visit somewhere, and he won't tell me where he was. I don't mind, though, just so he is back again."

"What makes him so shy?" ventured one of the boys. "He was always so happy when we were here before."

"Oh, I think he has been in bad company and is ashamed of himself! He'll be all right soon."

The boys looked at each other and nodded.

"I have some nice ginger cookies, boys, if you would like some. Now don't all speak at once."

While they were doing justice to the plate of cookies they observed that Sir Thomas was already making himself at home. Surely there was no reason to tell the old lady the whole story.

"Must you be going, boys?" she asked as they reached for their caps.

"Yes, Granny, we must get home to our lessons. Don't let Sir Thomas play any tricks on you and run away again."

"No," she said, laughing. "I'll keep him right

here all the time and give him to understand this is his home."

"I wonder what she would think," said Billy a little later, "if she knew what we know."

"Well, we won't tell her anyway. But I'm more than glad we hit upon the scheme to bring Sir Thomas back."

J. A. RENNINGER.

### Missionary Volunteer Work in Rhodesia, Africa

(Concluded from page nine)

and explanation, which finally resulted in removing all obstacles from their minds, and they were ready to act intelligently. We formed a society of forty-five members. Brother F. B. Jewell, the mission superintendent, was chosen leader, with Isaac, one of the native teachers, assistant, and Sister Ida Bowen as secretary-treasurer. Brother E. Tarr and Sister Jewell were chosen members of the executive committee.

All the members, and thirty-four others, joined the Bible doctrines portion of the Standard of Attainment, making seventy-nine in all.

Plans were discussed, and I believe aggressive work will be done there through the members of the Missionary Volunteer Society.

My visit to these missions in Rhodesia was most pleasant and interesting. Surely the gospel is the power of God unto salvation to those who believe and obey it. In a few years' time, heathen men and women are wonderfully changed. Instead of being idle, aimless, and hopeless, they are filled with a desire to learn and to impart to others the good news of salvation. How changed are the men and women found on our stations from what they were in their heathen condition! To God be all the glory.

The report of this trip in figures is as follows: Number of Missionary Volunteer Societies formed, 2; number of members, 100 (9 white persons and 91 natives); number taking Standard of Attainment texts, 344 (21 white persons and 323 natives).

This is only the foundation; yet we feel thankful that a beginning has been made for this work among the mission stations. Let us help them by prayers and in every other way possible.

G. H. CLARK.

### Indignant

"SAID a handsome dandy lion  
To a dandelion wee:  
'Pray, who ever in creation  
Thought to name you after me?'"

—St. Nicholas.



FEEDING TIME

# The Morning Watch

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

"The early morning often found Jesus in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer."

## The Law Psalm

(Texts for October 1-6)

TO some of us the ocean never loses its fascination. It can hold us spellbound by the hour. And somehow as I study the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, I am reminded of the boundless deep, and experience again the feeling that has always crept over me when sitting quietly on the seashore listening to the ceaseless music of the grand ocean chorus. Each surf that rolls in and breaks upon the shore, contributing its mite to the great chorus, is very much like those that have gone before. Still, to some of us neither the sight nor the sound becomes wearisome. Perhaps to those who love the seaside, each wave carries a little different degree of light, and breaks with a tone all its own; or perhaps it is the subtle, soothing monotony of the never-halting onward march of the ocean waves—all alike and yet all different—that charms them.

However that may be, it is the ever changing, ever sameness of the ocean that suggests to my mind its comparison of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm; or perhaps better, the comparison of that psalm to the ocean. This psalm is a mighty deep filled with thoughts of God's law—the law of "surpassing excellence." It is a chapter of a single idea; and every verse, with the exception of two or three, reiterates it. There seems no special continuity in this psalm—just a constant surging of beautiful thoughts around the one supreme idea, each verse like a rippling wave contributing its own individual note to the great song of praise to God's law.

"This is an alphabetical psalm,—the longest and most perfect of its kind in the entire collection of psalms. The peculiarity of the composition consists in this, that the first eight verses of the psalm begin with the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet; the next eight with the second letter; and so on through the twenty-two letters of the alphabet." All but two or three verses in this psalm mention the law of God, or use some of the familiar synonyms for it,—word, statutes, commandments, testimonies, judgments, etc. The divisions of the psalm do not represent various phases of the theme; they are more like groups of proverbs. All are exceedingly good, and the members of the Morning Watch circle could spend time delightfully and profitably in grouping the verses in this psalm, regardless of alphabetical divisions, under headings such as, The Law of God—"in youth, in trial, in duty, in meditation, in prosperity, in adversity, in public, in private."

One commentator says of this psalm: "It is a great storehouse of truths, most precious and valuable, on one of the most important subjects of religion—the word of God; and it may have been intended, as would seem not improbable from the alphabetical arrangement, to be committed to memory by the young, that their minds might be early stored with valuable precepts to be their guide in the journey of life. A young man could not have a better treasure laid up in his mind than he would possess by committing this psalm to memory."

When and by whom this psalm was written is not definitely known; but we can join with an author of

the past century in saying: "This psalm is so applicable to the people of God at all times, so fitted to strengthen the mind in trial, so adapted to guide, comfort, and support the soul, and so true in regard to the influence and value of the law of God, that it is not needful to know when it was composed or who its author was. It is sufficient to know that it was composed under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and is a repository of truths which will be of inestimable value in all ages of the world."

Young friend, will you not make the one hundred and nineteenth psalm a close companion? Learn it; master it; meditate upon it. It will be a safeguard to you in all the walks of life. It has wisdom for the perplexed, comfort for the sorrowing, strength for the faint, and it points the way to eternal life for the hopeless. Do you not think it will be well for you to become thoroughly acquainted with it during October?

MEDITATION.—Glancing over my calendar, I notice that October is devoted to a study of the one hundred and nineteenth psalm. Surely I shall never have a better opportunity to become acquainted with it. Each morning I can study carefully the division in which the verse for the day appears; from a few divisions I notice that no selections have been made; these divisions I can study as I go along and compare them with others. I am resolved to use this opportunity for learning the one hundred and nineteenth psalm, as I am sure I shall wish I had when the month is past.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Father, help me to hide a portion of thy Word in my heart every day, that I may overcome and live a life on which thou canst place thy approval.

M. E.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending October 6

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

#### The Bible Year Senior Assignment

- September 30. Zechariah 5 to 8: Restoration of Jerusalem.  
 October 1. Zechariah 9 to 11: Prophecies of Christ; promises of victory.  
 October 2. Zechariah 12 to 14: A fountain for sin.  
 October 3. Malachi: Acceptable offerings.  
 October 4. General review of the Old Testament. As far as you can, give a one-name title to each book; as, Genesis, "Beginnings;" Leviticus, "Law;" Psalms, "Praise." Note that the Old Testament contains thirty-nine books, divided into five parts—law, history, poetry, major prophets, minor prophets. There are five books of law, twelve of history, five of poetry, five major prophetic books, and twelve minor prophetic books.  
 October 5. Matthew 1 to 4: Genealogy; birth; baptism; temptation.  
 October 6. Matthew 5 to 7: The Sermon on the Mount.  
 For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for September 27.

#### Junior Assignment

- September 30. Luke 6: A lesson on Sabbath keeping.  
 October 1. Luke 7: The centurion's servant healed.  
 October 2. Luke 8: Parables and miracles.  
 October 3. Luke 9: The twelve sent out to preach.  
 October 4. Luke 10: The seventy sent out.  
 October 5. Luke 11: Jesus teaches his disciples to pray.  
 October 6. Luke 12: God's care for his children.

## A Model Prayer

Hanging over the bed in a little girl's bedroom is a picture showing a curly-haired, white-robed figure kneeling at the bedside in prayer, and underneath the picture are these words:

"Jesus, I thank thee for the way  
That thou hast led me all the day.  
O Jesus, keep me through the night,  
That I may see the morning light."

Our Father in heaven would have every one of us seek him in prayer every day, that we may do what is right. Children, as well as older people, need to pray, and even the smallest child should learn to pray to Jesus; for he is a Friend who will always help us.

One day the disciples of Jesus came to him, and asked him to teach them how to pray. The prayer which he taught them you will read this week in the eleventh chapter of Luke. It is the most perfect prayer ever made, yet it is very short, for it takes but half a minute to repeat it without hurry. Can you repeat the Lord's Prayer as he gives it in Matthew 6? We often say this prayer in concert; but when repeating it let us remember to do so very earnestly, and to think of just what we are saying. We are speaking to our heavenly Father who is worthy of the deepest reverence. "Hallowed" means consecrated, or holy.

While God expects us to pray in public sometimes, it is when we are all by ourselves that we can best open our hearts to him. Then it is that we may confess our sins and ask him to help us to overcome them.

Perhaps you have seen a person go into a telephone booth to send a long-distance message. Before he begins speaking, it is necessary to close the door, and shut out all the noise, so that the voices can be heard. So when we are alone with Jesus, the world shut out, we can best talk with him.

The words, in the Lord's Prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," do not mean that we shall never be tempted. Every one is tempted, and we must expect that; even our Saviour had temptations of the hardest kind. The wrong is not in being tempted, but in yielding to temptations. What a good thought it is that Jesus is able to help us just when we need him most. If we are tempted to speak a hasty word, or do some unkind thing, a little prayer for help will always bring the needed strength to conquer the temptation. God would send every angel from heaven, if necessary, rather than that even one of his trusting little ones should be overcome.

ELLA IDEN.

## The Sabbath School

### I—The Giving of the Law

(October 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12:13.

#### Questions

1. Where did the children of Israel camp when they came into the wilderness of Sinai? What event did the Lord say would take place? Ex. 19:2, 9, 11.
2. What preparations were to be made for this solemn occasion? Verses 10-13.
3. What was seen and heard the morning of the third day? How were the people affected? Verses 16-18.
4. When the trumpet sounded long, who spoke? Who answered? Verse 19.
5. With what words did the Lord begin the speaking of his law? Ex. 20:1, 2.
6. Where are the ten commandments found in the Bible? Ex. 20:3-17. Repeat the first. Verse 3. What is forbidden by this commandment? Note 1.

7. Repeat the second commandment. Verses 4-6. How is the worship of images sometimes defended? Note 2.

8. What does the third commandment forbid? Verse 7. Note 3.

9. Repeat the fourth commandment. Verses 8-11. What special care should be taken to observe it? Note 4.

10. Which of the commandments is given especially to children? Verse 12. Note 5.

11. Repeat the sixth commandment. Verse 13. What Bible comment is made on this scripture? 1 John 3:15.

12. Repeat the seventh commandment. Verse 14. Note 6.

13. Repeat the eighth commandment. Verse 15.

14. Repeat the ninth commandment. Verse 16. What is meant by false witness? Note 7.

15. Repeat the tenth commandment. Verse 17. Define the word "covet." Note 8.

16. What is the whole duty of man? Memory verse.

#### Notes

1. "Man is forbidden to give to any other object the first place in his affections or his service. Whatever we cherish that tends to lessen our love for God or to interfere with the service due him, of that do we make a god."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 305.*

2. "The second commandment forbids the worship of the true God by images or similitudes. Many heathen nations claimed that their images were mere figures or symbols by which the Deity was worshiped; but God has declared such worship to be sin."—*Id., p. 306.*

3. "This [the third] commandment not only prohibits false oaths and common swearing, but it forbids us to use the name of God in a light or careless manner, without regard to its awful significance. By the thoughtless mention of God in common conversation, by appeals to him in trivial matters, and by the frequent and thoughtless repetition of his name, we dishonor him."—*Id., pp. 306, 307.*

4. "Those who discuss business matters or lay plans on the Sabbath, are regarded by God as though engaged in the actual transaction of business. To keep the Sabbath holy, we should not even allow our minds to dwell upon things of a worldly character."—*Id., p. 307.*

5. "Children who dishonor and disobey their parents, and disregard their advice and instructions, can have no part in the earth made new. The purified new earth will be no place for the rebellious, the disobedient, the ungrateful son or daughter. Unless such learn obedience and submission here, they will never learn it; the peace of the ransomed will not be marred by disobedient, unruly, unsubmitive children."—*"Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, pp. 497, 498.*

6. "This commandment [the seventh] forbids not only acts of impurity, but sensual thoughts and desires, or any practice that tends to excite them. Purity is demanded not only in the outward life, but in the secret intents and emotions of the heart."—*"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 308.*

7. "False speaking in any matter, every attempt or purpose to deceive our neighbor, is here included. An intention to deceive is what constitutes falsehood. By a glance of the eye, a motion of the hand, an expression of the countenance, a falsehood may be told as effectually as by words."—*Id., p. 309.*

8. Webster thus defines the word "covet": "To wish for with eagerness; to desire possession of. To long for inordinately or unlawfully; to hanker after (something forbidden)."

#### Sewing Circle in the Jungle

SIXTY native women of Umtassa, Africa, have acquired the mysterious art of using a needle, reports Miss Mullikin of the Methodist Mission. They regard it as a great achievement. Many more tried to learn and failed, for their patient, willing fingers were old and long stiffened by toil. These women, with many young girls, have made garments for themselves and their children. They have also been initiated into the mysteries of the modern laundry, so that they not only make and mend their clothes, but also keep them washed and ironed. Washing and ironing appeal to these girls as entertaining occupations.—*Selected.*

IT is not well to gauge our courtesy by that of the one on whom it is bestowed. To be polite to the polite, abrupt with those who are gruff, and positively discourteous to the rude, is to be a chameleon, at the best. The only kind of courtesy worth possessing is that which, like the sunshine, falls on the just and the unjust, and sheds its beams impartially on all."

# 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.

## Absolute Certainty

NO human intellect can be wholly right — least of all the one that thinks itself so. Cocksurenness is made up mostly of ignorance. There is no absolute certainty, except in matters of clear revelation, and even in these the truth must pass through finite intellect, as "light through a glass darkly." No mind is so full of error as that which believes it possesses absolute wisdom. Nor can any one be wholly wrong. The dullest are bound to know some things pretty accurately. Street gamins are apt to know many elemental truths better than college professors can.—  
*The Christian Herald.*

## How Porto Rico Went Dry

PORTO RICO joined the "drys" on July 16. She voluntarily lined up on the right side of a great question. The *Christian Herald* gives the following account of how it happened:

"The people of this country are Latins, proverbial for their liberal attitude toward the use of liquor. The per-capita consumption is small compared with similar territories in the United States, and drunkenness and the more serious evil effects of the traffic are little seen, so that the usual appeal against the brutality of the business could not be made. Seventy per cent of the voting population is illiterate, and therefore presumably susceptible to the sort of campaigning employed by the liquor advocates, who received generous support from local and foreign sources, and spent money liberally. On the other hand, the prohibition funds were almost negligible, scarcely sufficient for adequate advertising. Under these conditions, and with but eighteen years' history under the Stars and Stripes, Porto Rico nevertheless cast 100,000 "dry" votes to but 61,000 "wets."

"There was no time for a definite prolonged election campaign. The election was held Monday, July 16, under the prohibition referendum of the recently enacted Jones Bill, which measure granted citizenship and territorial rights to Porto Rico. The result was a surprise even to the prohibition leaders.

"The government officials and big business interests offered the most active and formidable opposition outside of the liquor distillers themselves. There was very little business organization among the prohibition defenses. As one newspaper afterward aptly put it, 'Nobody for prohibition but the people.'"

The good results that will inevitably follow the elimination of the drink traffic, will convince even the liquor dealers themselves that prohibition is a good thing for the country, for business, for the people, and for themselves.

Our own people helped considerably in the campaign, distributing temperance tracts, TEMPERANCE INSTRUCTORS, and Temperance *Signs of the Times*, and a special temperance issue of our Spanish paper. The efficiency of their work was recognized by other temperance workers.

The national W. C. T. U. sent Mr. Paul Barnhart to the island to direct the work. Our mission workers,

with Mr. D. D. Fitch as leader, did all they could to assist Mr. Barnhart in making his work effective. This was greatly appreciated. The following letter written by Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts to Brother Fitch, emphasizes this fact:

"DEAR SIR AND BROTHER: Mr. Paul Barnhart has just returned from Porto Rico, and here at Washington last night told the story of the last days of the campaign, in which he mentioned prominently your splendid temperance literature, and I have noticed that this is a point in which your people excel. Many thousands of your temperance paper were distributed, at my suggestion, in Maine, in 1911.

"There will be abundant need of such educational work now that the election is over, to prepare the people for law enforcement, and I am sending you the greatest utterances on that subject, hoping that you will print some of them. There ought to be some illustrated scientific temperance material provided for every teacher and, so far as possible, for every voter, including those who were outvoted and who ought to be won over to the wisdom of the majority. Again expressing our appreciation for your coöperation, I am

"Yours for a 'better world' here and now,

"WILBUR F. CRAFTS."

We congratulate Porto Rico on her wisdom in enacting the prohibitory law as one of her first legislative acts. We wish England and the United States would follow her example.

## "Right About Face"

HAVE you been following hard after the world? Have you been facing the same way the world faces, traveling in the same path in which it travels, content to keep at a short distance behind? Have you been congratulating yourself that you do not dress just the same, that you keep some space between yourself and the world of fashion, or are you facing in exactly the opposite direction, traveling in an altogether different path from that of the world? Are you endeavoring to keep as far away as possible from the pleasures and allurements of the world, or are you seeing how near you can keep to the world without completely separating from the people of God?

The better way is evident. It is the safer, the more enjoyable. It is the way that brings character and power into the life. It is the way that wins souls for the kingdom of God. To those whose heart and life are turned toward the world, the Lord's admonition now is, "Right about face." He calls for a complete separation; for a joining of hands with him for a march to the city of God along the straight and narrow way, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day. Shall we not enter the path of light, keeping the eye fixed upon the eternal Sun of Righteousness, that we may at the end enter into the fulness of the joy of our Lord?

## Several Things in One

A CALIFORNIA young woman is responsible for a most serviceable knapsack that will answer nearly every need for the camper in the open. It weighs about six pounds, is made of army canvas, and is about nine and a half feet long, and is thoroughly waterproof. It may be easily transferred into a rain-coat, hammock, sleeping bag, folding cot, army tent, or canoe. This last possibility is not so strange as it seems. In the first place, one side of the canvas is painted black, to insure its waterproof character. To make the canoe, the canvas is stretched over rough sticks of the proper size and shape. The young woman who invented this utility used it almost a week as a canoe, even allowing it to remain all night in water, and it was still in good condition at the end of the experiment.—*Selected.*