

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 9



"The Perry Pictures"

BEEHIVE GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



# From Here and There

People are finding it difficult to obtain calendars. The high cost of white paper is said to be the chief reason for this shortage.

For a two-cent stamp the "Christian Herald" is giving to all who request one, a knitting book filled with instruction for knitting the garments needed by soldiers.

Our American soldiers in the various cantonments are being warmed by \$1,500,000 worth of sweaters, socks, wool helmets, gloves, and wristlets, furnished through the American Red Cross.

Uncle Sam had more than five billions of money in circulation in the beginning of the year 1918. This gives every man, woman, and child in the country \$48.76, an increase of twenty-five per cent in the last year.

The practice of blood transfusion in the cases of badly wounded men in the army is growing in importance. Out of thirty-five wounded men who could not have survived otherwise, twenty-two were saved by this process.

A city of 40,000 inhabitants without a public school, a church, a woman, a child, a home, is the naval training station at Newport, Rhode Island. All our great cantonments and naval training stations are such cities.

The whole world will be reduced to the verge of starvation if the European war continues for two more years, is the opinion of European food experts, as expressed by Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, United States minister to Denmark and dean of the American diplomatic corps.

Victory bread is the name given to the bread the Government now requires all bakers to produce. Bakers are not permitted to bake or sell all-wheat bread. After February 24 all bread must contain at least twenty per cent of other cereals. Housewives are urged by the administration to bake only victory bread.

In Greece day is to begin at midnight, and the hours will be numbered from one to twenty-four. This has been done in order that the transportation schedules may correspond with those of Italian and other continental systems, as the twenty-four-hour day is to be used by the railroads, postal system, telegraphs, the army and navy, and steamship companies.

One morning, just after America declared war against Germany, an alert, aggressive, wealthy Southerner entered the office of the Secretary of the Interior and announced that he wanted a chance to do his bit for his country. "I want a man's job, not a place in the spotlight," he explained. "Just something somebody else would shy at." Secretary Lane considered the proposition for a moment. "Why not find pyrite ore?" he suggested. And then he explained that war had almost shut America off from the Spanish mines from which this country had obtained the ore for sulphuric acid. He added that pyrite was to be found in the Southern hills near his visitor's home. "I never heard of the stuff," commented the Southerner, "but if it's there as you say, and we need it for the war, I'll get it." He did. The five mines he discovered, according to Secretary Lane's annual report, are now yielding four hundred tons a day, and a thousand tons daily are promised.

"Japan is now the guardian of the Pacific. That is one of the interesting results of the recently concluded 'gentlemen's agreement' between that country and the United States. The Japanese fleet now patrols nearly the entire Pacific Ocean, excepting the comparatively small segment lying between Hawaii and our coast, keeping it free from German raiders and guarding the general welfare of commerce on the high seas. This enables the United States to withdraw its warships from these waters, as well as from the Philippines, for use on the Atlantic."

The great bell of Cologne cathedral, known as Maria Gloriosa, rang out its farewell peals on New Year's Eve. Shortly after the last sounds died away workmen were busy with its destruction. The bell was cast from French guns captured in 1870, and weighed fifty-six tons. The material will be used in making war munitions.

## "Perilous Times"

WE are surely living in perilous times, which will try men's hearts. How necessary it is that we should seek God as never before. We do not prevail in prayer because we do not linger at the throne of grace as unceasingly as we should.

I am reminded of the experience of Elijah when Ahab was king. The people were passing through trying times. A famine was abroad in the land, as the windows of heaven had been shut up for three years and the land had received no rain.

At this time when the people were very wicked, their hearts darkened by sin and idolatry, they were seeking the life of the prophet of God. They accused him of being the cause of the great distress all about them. In this time when many loved pleasure and forgot God, the king went to eat and drink, but Elijah sought a place to seek God. He agonized with God in prayer, and his faith was rewarded. A small cloud was seen, which brought relief to the people and saved them from perishing.

Just so now in this time of great spiritual darkness when famine, sin, and disaster are all about, we should seek God as did Elijah. As calamities become more frequent and suffering increases, the world will seek to take the lives of God's people and accuse them of being the cause of their distresses. Then if God's people seek him as they should, they will be rewarded as was Elijah, by the small cloud like a man's hand which will bring relief—yes, bring the Saviour, the Prince of Peace, to redeem them and save them from perishing in this wicked world.

Let us be found long and often on our knees, pleading with our Father for help and strength, and praising him for his great love to the children of men.

MRS. BURTON CASTLE.

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# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXVI

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., FEBRUARY 26, 1918

No. 9

## Locating the Pemba Mission Station, Barotseland

W. H. ANDERSON

ABOUT the time of the death of Queen Victoria, the Barotse people in South Africa were becoming restive under English rule, so the government thought that it would be a good thing to invite the king of that tribe, Lewanika, to go to England and see the coronation of King Edward VII. I met King Lewanika in Bulawayo on his return from that visit, and had a talk with him. He had seen the English army drilling at Aldershot, and been taken to see a wonderful naval display at Portsmouth. These things were shown the heathen king to impress his mind with the futility of raising a revolt against English rule, but he told me that the thing about the English people which impressed him more than anything else was their intelligence and what the gospel had done for them. Sometimes we forget the blessings which we enjoy as a result of the gospel, material blessings as well as spiritual blessings. But this was the thing that impressed that heathen king, and he invited me to come into his territory and locate a mission station.

### On the Way to Barotseland

It was early in July, 1903, when we started out to explore the country. There was no railroad in the Zambesi River territory in those days, and I walked a little over nine hundred miles in locating our Pemba Mission station, in Barotseland. In making up my food supply for the journey, I took a quantity of

all I had left was toasted bread. I had to eat so much of it that I have never cared greatly for it since.

This journey carried me away beyond the utmost bounds of civilization. During four months I had no word from home. One time during this journey I met a white man who was buying cattle from the na-



VIEW ON THE BAROTSELAND MISSION FARM, PEMBA

tives. In answer to my inquiries, he told me I would find water about three miles ahead, so I carried none with me. Whether or not I took the wrong footpath, I never knew, but I did not find the water. Twelve o'clock came, and I had eaten no breakfast, and had nothing to drink. About three o'clock in the afternoon I found a miserable pool of water, with a green scum over the top, and I drank all I could in spite of the filth. Sometimes one can drink water of that kind without harmful results; but this drink, added to the physical exhaustion that preceded it, brought on a severe attack of dysentery, from which I nearly died. I called those native boys around me, and gave them a message to my wife and child at home. Then I said:

"Here's another message I want you to take. Tell the people at home not to be discouraged because I have died on the way. I want you to bury me here by this big, brown tree, and my grave will show them the way to the mission station among these people."

Well, that night those native Matabele boys came and stood around my bed, and sang, in the Matabele language, "Lonely? no, not lonely while Jesus standeth by."

It is a wonderful experience to have the presence of Jesus under such circumstances. It seems as if he comes so close that one could put out one's hand and touch him. I was sick three weeks. Then I grew stronger, and went about my work.

When the time came to open the mission station we traveled as far as we could on the railroad, and then prepared to make the rest of the distance — about two



MISSIONARY'S HOME, BAROTSELAND

toasted bread, which lasts indefinitely in that dry climate. I also had some sugar, a little salt, some fruit, and my blankets, with a few other necessities. A native was engaged to carry my load. Most of these natives are honest, but I happened to get hold of one who was not. He stole my fruit, sugar, and salt, so





SCHOOLHOUSE, PEMBA MISSION

hundred miles — by ox team. The oxen were unbroken, and it was an almost unbelievable task to get them into the yoke. Finally, after working for two or three days, we had twelve of them hitched to our wagon and were ready to start. The first day we went about five hundred yards. That was as far as we could go. The missionary learns many lessons in patience, all of which he greatly needs in dealing with the natives. The next day we started again, and after working all that week, we found that we were seven miles from our starting-point. Then we got stuck in the sand, and had to take the whole load, weighing three thousand pounds, out of the wagon and carry it on our backs for three miles. (If any of you are afraid of hard work, do not go to South Africa as missionaries.)

Finally we got the loads through the sand and into the wagon again and started on. On account of the extreme heat during the day we would harness the oxen about four o'clock in the morning, drive along until about eight, then rest until about four in the afternoon, and continue our journey until eight in the evening.

The country is infested with lions; so when we made our camp at night, we put the oxen around the wagon and built fires outside. You know the Bible says that our "adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour," but God promises that he will be like "a wall of fire round about" his people. I never saw so much in these texts as I have since working in Africa.

We had many thrilling experiences with the lions on this journey, but finally the last mile was traveled, and we were ready to begin. All we had on the place was our wagon and its load.

#### Pupils Came Before There Was a Schoolhouse

I planned to spend during the first year four hours every day studying the language; but the next day after we started to put up a house, a young man about sixteen years of age came along and said, "Teacher, I have come to school." I told him that we had no schoolhouse — all we had was that ox wagon on the open prairie.

"Oh, yes," he said, "the word has gone out all over this country that you are a teacher and have come to teach us, and here I am. I have come to school."

I talked with that young man and urged him to go home and stay awhile until I learned the language, but he insisted upon staying. "If you are a teacher," he said, "you must teach me." So I had to take him in. The next day five more came, and after I had taken in one, I had to take in the five. I did not know what to do. I could not talk to these boys in their language. I had no books. I did not know the language of my pupils, and they knew very little of mine. All I had was a small black-

board, a box of chalk, three dozen slates, and one hundred pencils. It was a good thing these boys did not know what a school was, or they would have been disappointed.

I would start work during the day, trying to get bricks made for the house, and at night try to learn a little story in their language. The next morning I would call the school, and tell the boys that little story, about five minutes long. Then I would draw some pictures on the blackboard. I did teach them arithmetic. Arithmetic was a strong feature in that school, for I could teach them arithmetic in English. I kept those boys busy and held onto them. Six weeks after arriving we had forty boys coming to school.

Finally we put up a little place built of poles and mud, sixteen feet wide by thirty feet long, and there we housed that school of over forty pupils. That one building was our schoolhouse, dining-room, kitchen, dormitory, and church. And we were thankful for that. I put up a table, and the boys even slept under it at night. The whole floor was about filled.

By and by we held our Sabbath meetings in the open air, under a big tree. I remember one Sabbath when we came home and found five new boys sitting outside of the house. I was afraid to ask them if they wanted to come to school. I passed them right by. I didn't dare to ask them. I went into the house and had my dinner. Then I looked out, and they were still sitting there. About four o'clock in the afternoon I thought I might as well face it. I asked them what they wanted. They said they had come to school.

#### Sleeping on the Table

I didn't know what to do with those boys. I called my native teacher, and said to him, "What in the world shall we do with these boys? The room is full. The rainy season is coming on." The boy thought a minute, and then he said, "Well, teacher, there is nobody sleeping on the table." So we took those boys in, and packed them away on the table, and they slept there for five long months before we got anything better for them.

Dear young people, how would you like to go to school where you had such accommodations? Now we have reached the place where we have no room even on the table. Five hundred miles to the east of us there is not a school or any denomination working for these people. Three hundred miles to Lealin — not a single mission station of any denomination. The people walk one hundred, two hundred, even three hundred miles, sometimes, to come to school, and to be taught the gospel. What should you do if when they came to you under these conditions, and asked you to



OX TEAM ON WAY TO PEMBA MISSION





A LION FAMILY AT PEACE WITH THE WORLD

teach them, you had to say, "Go home; we cannot help you. We cannot do anything for you"? That is what we are facing.

We need some one to help us, young people who are earnest and willing and qualified to teach these people. Will you not go into your closet, and ask God whether he has any work for you in this part of his great harvest field?

### Village Life in Africa

I WISH you could go with me this morning to a native village where I was once called to visit a sick man and to dress a little child's burns. Since that is not possible, I will tell you, as nearly as I can, what you would see. It is difficult to draw a pen-picture of heathenism so that it can be really *seen*.

#### Graves are Dug Days Before Death Occurs

On nearing the village, we hear wailing. Some one died there early this morning, and it is the death wail that greets our ears. Since death occurred only an hour before our arrival, we expected to see the burial; but when we reached the place, it was all over, and only the wailing and other features of the ceremony continued. The grave had been dug long before; for in heathen Africa burial takes place within an hour after death claims its victim, and the graves are often dug days before, so that all will be ready for the ceremonies.

Funerals are great events in an African village, and are attended by the people from villages for miles around. When we arrived the women were throwing themselves on the grave, and the men were running to and fro, stabbing their spears into the air. The grave was in the cattle kraal, because it was a woman who had died. Women and children are always buried in the courtyard, or cattle kraal. Had it been a man, he would have been buried in his hut, or across the door, so his spirit would ever after occupy the hut. No one lives in a hut after a person dies in it; therefore a woman or a stranger is taken outside to die. Strangers are taken outside the village, and left exposed to heat, rain, or cold until they die. Sometimes they are never even buried. This is heathenism!

We saw some one meet the new arrivals, and take them to the grave, there being no mound to mark the spot. Great pots of beer had been brewed for the occasion, and large kettles of beef, which had not been dressed, were on the

fires. Heathenism demands that the cattle must have hair on them when they go with the deceased to the other land; so everything is devoured, hide, hair, and hoofs. Several head of cattle were killed while we were there. They are killed in such a brutal way,—speared until they fall, and then left to die.

We heard the noise of the clapping of hands in a corner of the yard. That was to thank the spirit of the deceased for the beer, some of which was placed on the grave, with some porridge. The feast lasted for two or three weeks. Cattle were killed and beer was brewed every day during this time. After a few days this native beer becomes very intoxicating. Then the scenes are wild and barbarous indeed.

#### An African Bed

I found the baby with the burned arm, dressed it, and made it comfortable, then went to see the sick man. He was lying on a bed made by placing rails on four forked poles that were stuck into the ground, with cross sticks for slats. There is neither mattress nor springs on the African's bed. The sick man had no blanket to cover him, but a little fire had been built under the cot to keep him warm. After I had ministered to his needs and made him as comfortable as possible, I returned home.

Poor people, what a hard time they have when they are sick! No one takes care of them or tries to alleviate their pain. As soon as any one falls ill, the drums are brought, and a great noise is made to drive away the evil spirit. To the heathen that is the only reason for sickness, and when one dies, a feast is held to appease the spirits.

#### Native Houses

The native houses have no floors except mother earth, no chairs, tables, stoves, windows, or doors. There is a little low hole to crawl into the hut, and this is closed at night to keep out wild animals. A low, smoky fire adds to the general discomfort. Sheep, goats, fowls, and calves live in the huts with the people, for better protection. The women and children sleep among the sheep, to keep warm. They have no bedding, and neither men nor women wear anything more than a loin cloth. The children wear nothing at all.

Do the natives have plenty to eat?—Sometimes they do, and sometimes they do not. They are very improvident. When the years of plenty come they eat



PUPILS AT THE PEMBA MISSION SCHOOL



## Nature and Science

all the time, but in the years of famine they starve. Last year one could count nearly every bone in their bodies—it was a famine year. They live on bulbs and roots when their gardens do not produce. At such times they live in the veldt during the day, and sleep in the kraals at night.

What kinds of food do they have?—Principally cornmeal and Kafir corn porridge. They like some kind of relish to eat with it, but if they do not have it, they eat the porridge as it comes from the pot.

The Batonga and Matabele people are great cattle raisers, so they usually have plenty of milk. In certain tribes, however, only the men are allowed to drink the milk. Another custom forbids any unmarried woman or girl to drink it. When a girl is married, one of the first duties performed by her husband is to give her a drink of milk in the sight of the people.

### Bound by Custom's Iron Fetters

The terrible customs of the heathen hold them like iron fetters. One of our Christian girls was discouraged, and came up to the house one day for a little heart-to-heart talk. As the conversation proceeded, she said:

"Why is it so easy to do wrong, when I do not want to do so?"

We asked her, "Do you ever have any desire to drink milk?"

"Yes, many times."

"Then why do you not drink it?"

"I would die first, before I would do that," was the reply.

"But why are you so determined not to do that?"

"Because that is our custom."

"Then why are you not just as determined not to offend the Saviour as not to break your custom?"

That was a new thought to her.

How we should pity the heathen in his blindness, superstition, and sin, dying with no hope and without God. Is there no Saviour for them?—O yes, but they know him not. Is there no gospel for them?—Yes, but they cannot read it. Are there no educational blessings for them?—Not many, for there are so few to teach them.

### Begging for the Bread of Life

People have come to me to beg for bread because they were hungry, and perhaps they have to you. I gave it without much concern. But when one begs for the gospel, and to be taught of the Saviour, it is such a different feeling. His soul is hungry for the bread of life, and at such a time what a weight of responsibility fills one's soul. Perhaps very few of you have ever had any one *beg* for the word of life. But we have. Can you imagine, at all, how we feel when we have to say? "No, you must go back to your heathenism, superstition, and sin. There is no room for you. Every place is filled, and we are too crushed now to take on any more burdens." What a responsibility to send a person away empty who has come on such an errand! Is the missionary alone to be charged with this?—No; some of it belongs to you. If you realize your share in this responsibility, it will lead you to make a complete surrender to God, it will keep you always on the altar of service. Then when the calls come, you and your means will be freely offered.

MRS. W. H. ANDERSON.

FAILURE is often that early morning hour of darkness which precedes the dawning of the day of success.—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges.*

### The Nightingale and Glowworm

A NIGHTINGALE that all day long  
Had cheered the village with his song,  
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,  
Nor yet when eventide was ended,  
Began to feel, as well he might,  
The keen demands of appetite;  
When, looking eagerly around,  
He spied far off upon the ground  
Something shining in the dark,  
And knew the glowworm by his spark;  
So, stooping down from hawthorn top,  
He thought to put him in his crop.

The worm, aware of his intent,  
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—  
"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,  
"As much as I your minstrelsy,  
You would abhor to do me wrong,  
As much as I to spoil your song;  
For 'twas the selfsame power divine,  
Taught you to sing and me to shine;  
That you with music, I with light,  
Might beautify and cheer the night."  
The songster heard his short oration,  
And warbling out his approbation,  
Released him, as my story tells,  
And found a supper somewhere else.

—William Cowper.

### Sugar

FOUR fifths of our sugar is made from sugar cane. The rest from sugar beets. Cane sugar and beet sugar, as they are called, are exactly alike when they are ready to be used. The same kind of sugar occurs also in flowers, in the stems and the roots of grasses, in fleshy roots, like carrots and sweet potatoes, and in the sap of trees, but not in quantities large enough to make it profitable to take it out. Other sugars, differing in some respects from ordinary sugar, occur in fruit and in milk, but we do not extract these in large quantities and shall not study about them in this lesson.

### The Sugar Cane

Sugar cane is a giant-stemmed grass, in appearance something like Indian corn, growing to a height of 8 to 24 feet, with a tassel 2 to 4 feet long. Its stem is jointed every 3 to 6 inches, like bamboo. As the cane grows it stores up sap in its stem to nourish young leaves and buds. The sap is about four fifths water and one sixth sugar, while the rest is made up of other substances, which must be removed in making the sugar which we use.

When the cane is ready to be harvested its leaves are stripped off, for they contain no sugar. They may be pulled off by laborers or burned off, for a fire will strip a field of leaves and insects and leave the juicy stalks untouched. The stalks are cut off at the ground and carried to the mill near the sugar plantation. The upper part of the stalk contains no sugar, but has a bud, or eye, which will sprout if planted and properly watered. The top is usually cut off and thrown back into the earth.

### Extracting and Purifying the Juice

At the mill the cane is passed through a series of grooved rollers which break it into short pieces and mat them together into a pulp. The rollers exert great pressure and squeeze out all but a very little of the sugar in the cane. At the last rollers hot water is sprayed on the pulp to soften the fiber and aid in extracting the juice. The same hot-water spray is used over and over again, until it becomes almost as sugary as the juice which was first squeezed out. After the fibrous, woody part of the stalk has been squeezed dry



by the rollers it is used for fuel to make steam to run the machinery of the mill and to keep the juice hot so that it will not ferment and will not thicken and clog the pipes of the mill.

The juice which is strained into tanks from the rollers is not at all appetizing. It must be purified by removing the dirt, cane stalk, and other foreign matter. Milk of lime is added to the juice and the mixture is heated. Some of the foreign substances rise to the top in a scum and are scooped off, and some settle to the bottom. The clear juice is drawn off and filtered through wood fiber or excelsior. All the impurities are thus removed except those dissolved in the juice.

The next step is to evaporate the thin, watery juice to a sirup. This is done in a vacuum in order not to scorch the sugar. The juice is boiled until a mass of crystals begins to form in the sirup. Boiling helps to separate the sugar from the impurities in the juice, for sugar crystals, once formed, attract sugar, leaving the impurities in the solution.

When the mass is about as thick as half-formed ice it is put into a perforated brass basket which is revolved 1,000 times a minute. The liquor is thrown out through the holes, to be boiled again, and the sugar crystals are left almost dry in the basket. Dry steam, which is then passed through the basket, makes the sugar dry enough to pack.

This is not sugar as we know it, but it is raw sugar, about 96 per cent pure, and of a dull-brown color. Raw sugar stands the journey from the tropics to the temperate zone much better than refined sugar. It is brought to this country and stored in big warehouses in our seaport cities, especially New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and San Francisco, and is refined as needed for our use.

#### Refining Sugar

Raw sugar must be changed back into sirup before it can be refined. But before it is melted it is washed by a fine spray of cold water directed against all the faces of the crystals as they are whirled in a machine that is called a centrifugal machine. This removes most of the impurities left on the outside of the crystals by the impure liquor from which they were formed. The washed sugar is then dissolved in hot water and the liquor is filtered through hot cloth bags to remove any impurities which have been left in the sugar from the cases in which it was imported, such as twine or lint from the Cuban bags, or fine particles of leaves from the Philippine mats or the Java baskets. Here again chemicals are mixed with the liquid to aid in making it pure.

The clear amber sirup which comes from the bag filters is passed very slowly through a special filter filled with bone char, or charcoal made of the bones of animals. The bone char removes the coloring matter. The whitened sirup is now boiled in vacuum pans for an hour and a half, until crystals form as they did in the raw sugar. The crystals are separated from the sirup by whirling and by washing with cold water, and are then dried by a current of hot air in an iron drum called a "sweater," until there is less than four hundredths of one per cent of moisture in the sugar, and the grains are hard and bright. The crystals are then sifted through screens according to size, and at last the sugar is ready to be packed in bags or boxes or barrels, or molded into loaf sugar, or ground into pulverized sugar.

#### Making Beet Sugar

The sugar beet is white and shaped like a carrot, but is much larger. Sugar beets have been used for making sugar only in the past century, and mainly in Germany and France. The scientists of these countries have developed varieties of beets which have a high percentage of sugar-bearing juice, and the United States Department of Agriculture has done much to extend their cultivation in this country. In 1915 there were in the United States 67 factories, using more than 6,000,000 tons of beets and producing more than 850,000 tons of sugar.

Beet sugar is made and refined in one process. After the leaves and the crown are cut off in the field, the beets are taken by wagon or railroad to the factory. When they arrive there they are first washed. They are not crushed as the sugar cane is, but are sliced very thin by revolving corrugated knives. The slices of pulp are allowed to stand in water until the sugar-bearing juice in the pulp mixes with the water around the slices by a process called diffusion. When the juice around the slices is as sweet as the juice in the pulp, it is drawn off and poured on fresh slices, and fresh water is once more poured on the pulp. This process is repeated until as much sugar as possible has been taken from the beet slices.

The juice extracted from the beets, called "sweet water," is purified with milk of lime and carbonic acid gas, and is then boiled until it makes a thick sirup. Sulphur fumes, instead of bone char, are used to whiten it. Crystals or grains are produced much as in refining cane sugar. Molasses cannot be made from the sirup which is left, because no way has been discovered to free it of impurities. It is fed to cattle, and the dried pulp of the beets is used as fertilizer.—*Ruth Reticker, of the University of Chicago.*

#### Whale Meat for Food

INVESTIGATORS for the British government were recently sent to the North Pacific whaling stations to make a thorough inquiry into the whaling industry and to subject the meat to cold storage and chemical tests to determine if large supplies could be transported to Europe and remain in good condition. It is reported that these tests proved satisfactory, and it is expected that the British government will soon take up the question of importing enormous quantities of whale meat from the United States. Whale meat has long since taken its place beside the beefsteak, the mutton chop, and other meats in the markets of the Pacific Coast. The dealers report that the demand of the consuming public for whale meat is increasing remarkably. Many people declare that they would rather have whale meat than a juicy slice of sirloin of beef. It is estimated that Great Britain has slaughtered approximately 105,000,000 beef cattle since the war began. Canada at the present time has only 6,000,000 head of cattle, while the United States has approximately 30,000,000. Demand for a substitute becomes increasingly urgent with the passing of each month, and indications are that whale meat will solve the food problem.

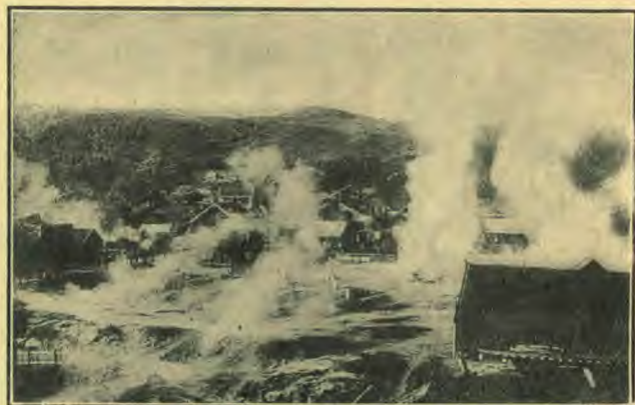
This has been a banner year for the whaling industry on the Pacific coast. One whaling station alone has made a catch of 200 whales this season, while there are more than a score of stations on the Pacific coast from California to Alaska. The whale weighs on the average a ton to the foot, and the length varies from 50 to 125 feet. A ready market is now found for all



meat available, while a short time ago it was used almost exclusively for fertilizing purposes. Whale meat is coarse-grained and has a taste similar to that of venison, but a distinctive flavor all its own.—*Christian Herald*.

### The World's Great Geyser Country

IT is natural for Americans to think of Yellowstone National Park as the world's greatest geyser country. The number of geysers to the square hundred miles certainly makes it one of the most remarkable areas in the world. But Yellowstone Park contains



WHAKAREWAREWA, HOT SPRING DISTRICT NEAR ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND

neither the most gigantic geyser nor the most obliging. These are both found in New Zealand, a country so full of natural wonders.

#### The Greatest Geyser in the World

was born in 1901, so that relatively it would still be somewhat of a baby if it were living today. Unfortunately, the Waimangu died an untimely death on Oct. 26, 1903, when the cold waters of a near-by creek penetrated the heated depths of its basin, and caused a most terrific explosion.

The circumference of the Waimangu geyser contained an area of two and a half acres. When in action, it threw up water, sand, and stones as high as twelve hundred feet. One boulder weighing one hundred fifty pounds it hurled a quarter of a mile. Usually the eruptions were sideways, but occasionally the triplet geysers, of which the Waimangu was composed, played simultaneously. Then the eruption was directly upward, and much less dangerous. Today its vents are choked with sand to a depth of nearly fifty feet, and it seems very doubtful whether this greatest geyser of the world will ever again become active.

#### The Most Obliging Geyser in the World

is Lady Knox in the government reserve at Waiotapu, New Zealand. There is nothing that appeals to this geyser more strongly than a cake of soap. She must be a very clean Lady Knox, for it takes a big bag of soap bars to satisfy her. The results are worth the effort, however. Beautiful streams rise upward from fifteen to twenty-five yards in the air, and the wonderful colors that so greatly please the children — and the rest of us — are very much in evidence. Lady Knox blows bubbles on the most gigantic scale in the world.

Another geyser almost as wonderful as the Lady Knox is the Wairoa, at Whaka, which is also a government reservation. This geyser will not play unless it has been soaped, but invariably responds when a sufficient quantity of soap has been applied to it. It is possible, therefore, to appoint the time when the Wairoa shall play, and people from far and near are able to make arrangements to be present.

On one of these occasions recently, typical of many others, a little girl had been selected to perform the ceremony. She stepped forward, sweet and smiling, while great crowds looked on from the surrounding terraces. The official in charge handed her a white bag full of yellow cakes of soap. "Are you quite ready, Kathleen?" he asked her. "Yes, I am quite ready," she answered. Then he took two or three handfuls out of the bag and cast them into the deep throat of the Wairoa. Kathleen opened the mouth of the bag and poured out the rest of its contents.

#### Startlingly Beautiful Results

A few minutes passed before the volume of steam began to increase. The usual time was ten minutes, but after ten minutes there was still no play. Twenty minutes, thirty minutes passed. Then people began to wonder whether this time the faithful geyser would fail to keep the appointment. A few seconds later there was a rumbling sound, followed presently by a stream of water which shot up and up. The spectators who had been gradually crowding near the Wairoa began to edge back. Another, and still another spurt ascended. Then came a hoarse roar and a rush of steam. Presently there arose a beautiful column of water, embellished with clouds of smoke. Fifty feet it reared upward, sixty, seventy feet. Higher and higher it climbed, until its column measured a hundred twenty feet or more.

During all this time there was a loud rumbling in the shaft. For more than a hundred feet around, the earth kept shaking. A hot breath fell upon those who ventured too near. But ten minutes after the play had started, the column suddenly went down. Apparently the soap had finished its work and the geyser refused to perform further.

#### Law Forbids Frequent Displays

The government of New Zealand has made it a law that the Wairoa and the Lady Knox shall only very rarely be tempted. Frequent play reduces the strength and beauty of these geysers. They have only a certain amount of material, and must not be too greatly impoverished.

In the regions of these geysers there is a basin covering an area of two acres. This is Champagne Pool, the waters of which contain sulphur and silenium to an unusually high degree. The precipitations of these solutions which are constantly renewed have for years added one inch annually to the basin's surface. This



MALFROY GEYSERS, SANATORIUM GROUNDS, ROTORUA, NEW ZEALAND

pool takes to sand more favorably than to soap. Soon after a good-sized shovel of sand is cast into the pool, the waters begin to simmer. Bubbles appear on the surface, and increase to untold thousands, which start to travel around the pool in circles almost as large as the circumference of the basin.—*Gerrit Verkuyl*.



### How We Have Saved Wool

A GREAT deal of cloth now used in making clothes is a sheer luxury. We use more cloth in making coats than is necessary. Most clothes consume cloth in mere ornamentation. The suggestion has been made that we change somewhat the style of our clothing and dispense with those parts that are not essential to comfort. The Commercial Economy Board was not certain at first that it could induce people to change the fashion. But the board went to the manufacturers of men's, women's, boys', and girls' clothing, to the pattern makers and the fashion magazines, and to other people whose work influences styles. The need of saving wool was explained to them. As a result the styles of clothes that take up more cloth than is needed for comfort are no longer made.

#### Smaller Samples

In order to sell their goods, manufacturers of woolen cloth and clothing have to send to tailors and retailers samples of each kind of cloth. The number of samples which have to be sent out in the course of a year is astonishingly great. The samples sent out last year amounted altogether to several million yards of cloth.

The manufacturer who, of course, wanted to make the strongest possible impression on his customers had fallen into the habit of sending as large a sample as he could afford to send. The samples differed in size and seemed to the Commercial Economy Board to be too generous for the real needs of the trade. Since it could not ask any single manufacturer to act alone in this matter, it invited representatives of the various kinds of tailors of the country to conferences and asked them to cut down the size of the samples of cloth, at least for the period of the war. Practically all of them promised to do this, and large savings of cloth have resulted. For instance, one comparatively small group of tailors agreed not to send out any samples larger than 6 by 9 inches. This meant only an inch or so saved on each sample, but altogether it was a saving of 223,108 yards of cloth during the year.—*Government Bulletin*.

### "Go to the Ant"

TO go to the ant is mandatory counsel found in the Bible with the additional exhortation to "consider her ways, and be wise." It is usually thought this counsel is given because of the energy and industry of Madam Ant, but it may be there are other characteristics in her nature it might be well to imitate.

I noticed that a troop of ants absolutely refused to pass over some ground pepper that had been spilled on a table. Of course they would not eat that which was so repugnant to their taste that they would turn out of the way and go around it rather than cross it. Our refrigerator has been kept free from their depredations for some time by means of shallow tins on which is a coating of pepper under each caster.

Sometimes these little creatures become so fond of us that they try to occupy the same bed with us. The pepper treatment assisted in giving us freedom from their unwelcome intrusions.

For more than one reason we might well "go to the ant, . . . consider her ways, and be wise." Not that we must copy all her habits, for to do so would make meddlers of us, and greedy ones at that. Mother Eve meddled, and her act was the cause of all the sin and misery of all time. So let us copy the good traits of the ant and carefully avoid those which will unfit

us for the work of the future which lies just before us.

The woman who, on seeing a neighbor approaching her home, is heard to say, "I do wish she would not come so often," and then greets her neighbor guest very cordially, saying, "I am so glad you ran in today," should not always be charged with hypocrisy, for any one has a right to change her mind.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

### For the Finding-Out Club

NAME the inventors of the following things:

Burning glass	Electric telegraph
Endless screw	Ocean cable
Reflecting mirror	Process of vulcanizing rubber
Gunpowder	Revolving turret used on battleships
Thermometer	Stereoscope
Movable type	Modern process of preparing steel for many uses
Telescope	Self-binding reaper
Modern battery	Sewing machine
Chronometer	Gatling gun
Lifeboat	Dynamite
Miner's safety lamp	X-ray
Spinning jenny	Air brake
Cotton-gin	
Steamboat	
Steam locomotive	
Modern photography	

### My Endeavor

To be true — first to myself — and just and merciful.

To be kind and faithful in the little things.

To be brave with the bad; openly grateful for good; always moderate.

To seek the best, content with what I find, placing principles above persons and right above riches.

Of fear none, of pain enough to make my joys stand out, of pity some, of work a plenty, of faith in God and man much, of love all.—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges*.

### Study at Home

IF you cannot attend one of our training schools, why not form the habit of studying at home? The Fireside Correspondence School will teach you how. Elder A. G. Daniells, president of the General Conference says, "I believe your school is conferring an unspeakable benefit upon our people." Let us tell you more about this matter. Address C. C. Lewis, Principal, Takoma Park, D. C.

### A Poor Town to Live In

THERE'S a queer little town,—I wonder if you've seen it,  
"Let-some-one-else-do-it," is the name of the place,  
And all of the people, who've lived there for ages,  
Their family tree from the Wearies can trace!

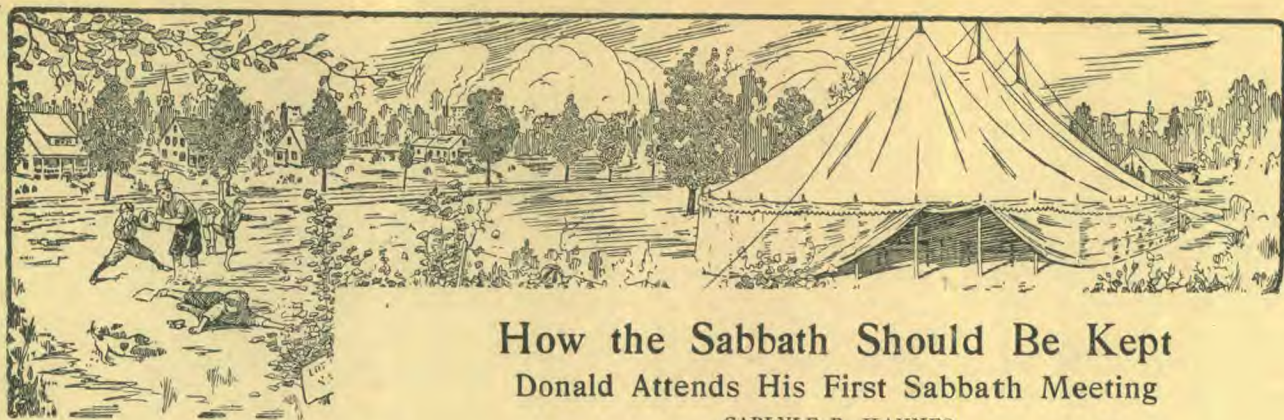
The streets of this town, so ill-kept and untidy,  
And almost deserted from morning till noon,  
Are "In-just-a-minute,"—you'll see on the lamp-post,—  
"Oh-well-there's-no-hurry," and "Yes-pretty-soon."

The principal work that they do in this hamlet  
(There isn't a person who thinks it a crime),  
Is loafing and dozing, but most of the people  
Are engaged in the traffic of just-killing-time.

I pray you, don't dwell in this town overcrowded;  
There are others near by it most wondrous fair.  
The roads that lead to them—and each one is open—  
Are "Push," "Pluck," and "Ready," "This-minute," and  
"Dare."

—*Sunday School Times*.





## How the Sabbath Should Be Kept

### Donald Attends His First Sabbath Meeting

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

AT every meeting during the fourth week of the services in the tent on the baseball lot, Brother Harris had announced that on the coming Sabbath he would conduct Sabbath services, holding a Sabbath school at ten o'clock and a preaching service at eleven.

Donald Hunter had looked forward to this first Sabbath meeting in the big tent with great interest. More than a week before, he had made up his mind to obey God and keep holy his Sabbath day. He had been wondering ever since just what he ought to do on the Sabbath in order to keep it holy, and what he ought not to do. Brother Harris had promised that in this first Sabbath meeting of the tent effort he would give instructions on the proper way to keep the Sabbath.

Evidently there were many others who were as much concerned about proper Sabbath keeping as was Donald, for at ten o'clock there were about forty persons present in the tent. This was, however, so much smaller than any other audience that had gathered in the tent during the meetings that Donald felt Brother Harris would feel much disappointed. But he wasn't. When it came time to begin Sabbath school, he rose and told them how glad he was that so many had come. He said he realized that many would be compelled to suffer ridicule for coming, and urged them all to remain loyal to what God led them to do. Among those present, to Donald's great delight, were his mother and father, as well as his sister Margaret. Mr. Hunter had, the night before, told his family that he had decided to obey the light which had come to them, and observe the Sabbath. There were tears in Mrs. Hunter's eyes as she told him she was glad he had made this decision, for she, too, had been convinced of the truth.

During the Sabbath school hour Brother Harris explained what the Sabbath school was intended to be,—the church at study,—and urged all present to plan to come each Sabbath. In order that they might thereafter come with their lessons well prepared, he gave to each adult a Sabbath School Quarterly, to the young people copies of the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*, and to the younger children the *Little Friend*, telling them they would find their lessons in these papers. He asked the tent master to take charge of the young people that day, while he taught the grown-ups. For the following Sabbath he appointed teachers for four classes,—two adult classes, one for the young people, and one for the children.

When the offering was taken, Brother Harris explained that all the donations at Sabbath school would be devoted to foreign mission work, in order to carry to all the world the great message of Christ's coming.

At the close of the Sabbath school the preaching service began with song, and then the preacher said:

"When one first begins the observance of the seventh day as the Sabbath, as I hope those who are here

today are doing, they desire to know just how it should be observed in order to please the Lord. The Bible gives very important instruction concerning this point.

"I am glad so many of you this morning heeded my request and brought your Bibles with you. Please turn to Mark 15:42 and Luke 23:54. Here we learn that God has given the day just before the Sabbath a special name. He has named it 'the preparation day.'

"Friday, then, is a day of preparation. Preparation for what, do you think? Preparation for the Sabbath, of course. Then Friday is to be used in preparing to keep the Sabbath. When we are expecting company we usually make preparations to receive and entertain them properly. So should we do for the Sabbath, for on that day in a special manner God is to visit us. God's presence is in that day as it is in no other day of the week.

"Hence on Friday we are to do all things which are necessary to be done in order that we may properly observe God's holy day. The house should be cleaned, and all preparation of food for use on the Sabbath should be made as far as possible. We have special instruction in the Bible regarding this.

"Turn now to Exodus 16:22, 23. Here we find God instructing his ancient people to 'bake' and 'seethe,' or boil, their food for the Sabbath on Friday. This we are to do. This does not mean that no fire is to be built on the Sabbath, or that food should not be properly heated and made palatable on that day. There is an extreme position in this, in which we should not go. It is possible, you know, for one to stand up so straight as to fall over backward. Do not become fanatics. But every possible preparation of food that can be made on Friday should be made. And then on the Sabbath day this food, which has already been cooked, should be warmed and palatably prepared for the meal.

"Now who will tell me how much of the Sabbath we ought to keep?"

"All of it," replied Donald.

"Yes, all of it," said Brother Harris. "Well, now, when does the Sabbath begin?"

"At sunset Friday night," Mr. Hunter answered.

"And when does it end?"

"At sunset Saturday night," Donald's father replied.

"Yes, and this the Bible plainly teaches. If you will turn to Gen. 1:5; Lev. 23:32; Deut. 16:6; and Mark 1:32, you will see that the Bible makes this very clear. Then should we not all begin to keep the Sabbath when it begins, at sunset Friday night? Ought we not all to be ready to begin its observance by the time the sun sets? Would it be right to be engaged in getting ready to keep the Sabbath after the sun had set on Friday night? Of course it would not.

"Then if we are to keep the Sabbath properly our work should be completed by sunset Friday night. Our



baths should be taken before sunset. The clothes which we are to wear on the Sabbath should be brushed and laid out in readiness, and our shoes should be shined.

"Let me tell you of a splendid and helpful custom which has been adopted by Sabbath keepers all over the world. It is this: A few minutes before sunset Friday night the head of the family calls its members together. Their preparations for Sabbath keeping have been made. And then they engage in family worship. They sing a hymn of praise to God, not only for the blessings of the past week, but for the blessings of the Sabbath, so that when the Sabbath comes to them it finds them in worship. Again, on Sabbath evening, the family is called together shortly before sunset, so when the Sabbath leaves them they are in worship.

"What a beautiful custom this! As the great Sabbath day of God travels around the earth, and as God thus visits his people, he finds them in prayer; and as the Sabbath leaves them, again the Lord finds his people in prayer. I earnestly commend this blessed custom to you who are just beginning the observance of God's holy Sabbath day.

"This custom, as you will see, protects the edges of the Sabbath day from desecration. It acts as a helpful agency in encouraging all to get their preparations for Sabbath keeping out of the way and completed a little time before the Sabbath reaches them, and this is right. When it does come, they are then ready to greet it properly, and enter into its spirit, and partake of its blessings.

"The principle which will serve as a guide to all who may be perplexed as to what to do on the Sabbath, is given in Isaiah 58:13: The Sabbath is to be a delight, not a burden. During its holy, sacred hours we are not to do our own pleasure, speak our own words, or do our own ways. Six days are given to us for our own work. The Sabbath day is God's day. Our own work is then to be laid aside, our own pleasure forgotten, our own words to remain unspoken. It is a day for worship, for devotion, for prayer, for the study of the Word of God, and for service—God's service. Work can be done on the Sabbath, providing it is God's work, to care for the sick or needy, or any other act of necessity or charity. But let us be sure it is work for the Lord, and not for ourselves. It is a day for meditation on the great and precious promises of our God, a day for study and the enjoyment of the handiwork of our Creator, a study which will produce a spirit of reverence and devotion.

"It is a day, too, for attendance at divine service. We have the example of Christ in engaging in public worship on the Sabbath day. Luke 4:16, 31. So ought we to do. I trust that not one who is here today will fail to be in the same place next Sabbath, and that meanwhile you will do all that you can to induce others to come to a similar decision to keep holy God's blessed Sabbath day."

Donald enjoyed this Sabbath meeting very much. It seemed to him that the true Sabbath meant so much more to him than the false sabbath ever had. When he was keeping Sunday he had never been conscious of the spirit of holiness which seemed to pervade the Sabbath of the Lord. On their return home from the tent, this same thought was expressed by his father, who said, "I never enjoyed any Sunday I ever kept as I have enjoyed this day."

That evening, just before sunset, following out the instruction which they had heard that day, the Hunters engaged in a very earnest season of family worship,

so that when the first Sabbath day they had ever kept passed away from them it left them bowing before their Maker in praise for his goodness and mercy to them in revealing to them his truth for this time. When they arose from their knees the light of heavenly peace and mutual love beamed from each face. They were a very happy family that night. God's blessings seemed very great. Do they seem as great to you who may have known the truth always?

### Sympathy

"THE load is heavy I must bear,"  
He groaned as, sad at heart,  
He walked his chosen selfish way,  
From other men apart.

"How light the burden that He gives!"  
She whispered as she trod  
The road of life in sympathy  
With other souls of God.

—Thomas Curtis Clark, in *Christian Herald*.

### Retrospect

[Elder Jean Vuilleumier, who is now teaching in our seminary in Oshawa, Ontario, recently gave the students a synopsis of his experience in connection with our work. Though quite personal the *résumé* contains items of general interest in connection with the growth of our work, especially in Europe, so we pass it on to INSTRUCTOR readers.—Ed.]

THIRTY-FIVE years ago today, on Jan. 3, 1883, I, a young Swiss watchmaker of eighteen years, reached the old, quaint, and proud city of Basel, to join the four or five workers who composed the personnel of the Central European Publishing Office, founded by Elder J. N. Andrews, the first Seventh-day Adventist foreign missionary.

In July of that year, due to Elder Andrews's protracted illness, and on his earnest appeal, Elder B. L. Whitney and family, from Rome, New York, reached Switzerland just in time to take up the work before the death of Elder Andrews, which occurred Oct. 21, 1883.

Elder Andrews had reached Neuchâtel, Switzerland, in 1874, accompanied by his son and daughter. He spent two years at the home of Brother Albert Vuilleumier studying French, German, and Italian and organizing the first companies of Seventh-day Adventists in Europe, raised up ten years previously by an ex-Polish priest, Elder M. B. Czechowski. Then he began the publishing of French tracts and of the French *Signs of the Times*.

In 1882 Elder Andrews and the Swiss believers enjoyed the visit of Elder S. N. Haskell. Never shall I forget the prayer he offered in the schoolhouse at Tramelan, my native place, where the general meeting was held. Although but a few understood it, all present wept, so evident was the Holy Spirit's witnessing to his appeals.

I had started my work in Basel as mailing boy and typesetter. Two years later I was employed as proof-reader, translator, and assistant editor to Elder Whitney, whose two daughters, then in their teens, are now Mrs. Dr. Morse, of Porto Rico, and Mrs. Homer R. Salisbury.

In 1884 and onward we often saw the two pioneer French preachers, Elders D. T. and A. C. Bourdeau, who had come from America to do evangelistic work among the French in Switzerland, France, and northern Italy. That same year, Elder G. I. Butler, president of the General Conference, visited Europe.

In 1885 there was inaugurated a large and convenient building called the Central European Publishing



House, built under the supervision of Elder Whitney and H. W. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Michigan. Twenty or thirty young persons were employed in publishing periodicals, tracts, and books in French, German, Italian, and Rumanian, with J. H. Coggeshall, of Battle Creek, as head printer.

The dedication of the building coincided with a European general meeting, at which took part, among many others, Elders M. C. Wilcox, R. F. Andrews, J. H. Durland, and John of England, Elder Matteson of Scandinavia, and Mrs. E. G. White and family from America, with delegates from Switzerland, France, Italy, and Rumania.

Mrs. White's personal testimony made the meeting a memorable one. She told us that she had, before crossing the ocean, seen many of the young faces before her, and predicted that they, with others who would join them, would in time occupy important positions in the work, a prediction being fulfilled today in at least half a dozen cases.

During her stay of two years in Europe, Mrs. White visited England, France, Italy, Germany, and Scandinavia, encouraging the believers and workers by her earnest testimony and by special views given her of the Lord. I know of about ten persons whom she helped by personal testimonies based on what she had seen of their cases in night visions.

One case was a cousin of mine whom she had never seen and whom she recognized in a night meeting in southern France. She told him how he had been discouraged, cited some facts from his private life that no one but himself had ever known, and pleaded with him to return to God, which he did.

In the winter of 1886, Elder L. R. Conradi arrived in Basel from North America, to labor in the German work. He first raised up churches in Switzerland, and then began to work in Germany, fostering the publishing work, and starting the canvassing, educational, and medical work. He organized conferences and mission fields in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Russia, and the Balkan States.

The following year, our beloved leader, Elder Whitney, had to return to America on account of ill health due to excessive labor in the fulfilment of his many duties as superintendent of the publishing work and president of the Central European Conference, then embracing Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Rumania. He died at the Battle Creek Sanitarium at the early age of forty-three, and was succeeded, in 1888, by Elder H. P. Holser, who also died a premature death consequent upon too great exposure and lack of comfort during his many travels in the Orient and during his imprisonment at Basel under the prosecution against the publishing house for Sunday labor.

In 1889, called to labor in America, I arrived in Battle Creek in October, at the time of the General Conference. During that winter and the next, ministerial institutes were being held at Battle Creek, also a French workers' institute, in which I had a part as instructor. On a visit to St. Anne, Illinois, in company with Brother Emery Auger, I met Father Chiniquy who lived there among the French people he had led out of the Catholic Church. He told Brother Auger that we were right on the Sabbath question, and that he expected to keep the Sabbath some day. His stock of books, plates, and large residence were burned by an incendiary.

Between 1892 and 1895 I labored in Massachusetts, first as tent master, with Elder O. O. Farnsworth, in New Bedford, the home of old father Joseph Bates,

and then as French evangelist in Worcester, where I first met Elder Boisvert, of Racine, Quebec, who was instrumental in raising up the first company of French Sabbath keepers in that province.

In the spring of 1895, the General Conference having given me a call to go to Argentina as French missionary, I was ordained to the ministry at South Lancaster, Massachusetts, and left the States, spending the summer in Switzerland, and sailing from La Rochelle to Buenos Aires. At La Rochelle, the ancient Huguenot stronghold, I met a French Protestant about fifty years of age who actually possessed the whole Bible by heart. I can testify to the fact, as I tested him myself. He could recite any verse from Genesis to Revelation, at the simple indication of book, chapter, and verse.

After spending four years in Argentina and one in Uruguay, laboring principally among the French, while editing the Spanish paper *El Faro*, I was recalled to Europe by Elder Conradi in 1901, and labored in Paris and Switzerland as preacher and editor of *Les Signes des Temps*.

On my return to Europe, I was amazed to note the progress which the work had made in Germany and Russian Europe since 1886, when Elder Conradi first reached Switzerland from America. In fourteen years, the work in these countries had reached a magnitude which had no equal except in America.

Owing to prosecution on account of Sunday labor, our Swiss publishing house had been closed and transformed into a sanitarium under the leadership of Dr. P. A. De Forest, an English Canadian, who is still at the head of the institution after a space of twenty-two years.

In 1902, I made a short trip to America. In 1903, in company with Elder B. G. Wilkinson, then president of the Latin Union, I took a trip to Spain to reconnoiter the country as a possible Spanish publishing center. All our movements were carefully watched from place to place by the secret police. It was a treat to visit such medieval and Moorish cities as Sagorossa, Segovia, Valladolid, Burgos, and Bilbao.

In 1905 the General Conference Committee met at Gland, Switzerland, where the Basel Sanitarium had been transferred. A score of American members of the General Conference Committee were present, and more than fifty general workers from all parts of Europe. At that meeting Professor Salisbury, on his way to Syria as a missionary, received a call to Washington to take charge of what eventually became the Washington Missionary College.

In 1911, after serving seven years as teacher and principal in the Gland Training School, while attending the Friedensau general meeting held in connection with a meeting of the General Conference Committee, I received a call to labor in the French work in the province of Quebec. The many American Seventh-day Adventist ministers present at the Friedensau meeting were greatly surprised and rejoiced to see the hundreds of workers and the thousands of believers gathered at that center of our work in Germany, where as many as twenty-five different languages were spoken and sung in a single meeting.

The thirty-five years that have passed since I joined this work record great progress. Our work has jumped from 26 conferences to 130; 680 churches to 3,876; 17,436 communicants to 136,879; 721 members outside of America to 59,144; 280 laborers in the United States to 2,339; 20 laborers outside of the United States to 2,889 (more than in the United States); 300 total laborers to 5,228; 6 publishing houses to 40;



21 periodicals to 120; 9 languages printed and preached to 90; 2 sanitariums to 31; 13 physicians to 131; 3 advanced schools to 67; 38 teachers in advanced schools to 574; 761 students in advanced schools to 7,623.

Truly the work of God moves on with rapid pace. So does the fulfilment of prophecy. But the solemn questions arise in my mind, How have I improved the many privileges which have been showered upon me? Am I keeping pace with the message, and shall I triumph with it in the near future? So help me God.

### The Wonder

**I**N France a typical January night in the trenches is thus described by an observer:

"It was raining, and the trench contained over three feet of water. The men, therefore, were standing up to their waists in water. They were all wet through and through, with a great deal of their equipment below the water at the bottom of the trench. There they were, taking it all as a necessary part of the great game; not a grumble nor a comment."

But mud is said to be a worse enemy than rain. The same observer says: "A big shell will make a hole fifteen or twenty feet across and as many deep. Into it pours rain. Other shells fall, churning the ground, until a great lake of mud is formed. The crust that frost forms over it will bear the weight of a man, but not the guns. And even the men fall through sometimes."

"Long after the battle men were still being dug out from the awful cold, clinging, soaking slush. One poor man, recovered two nights later, had sunk right to the neck; many of them were got out with the greatest difficulty, and it is feared that some of the wounded must have been swallowed up before help could arrive; and even a brigade officer, without the fighting man's load, took twenty minutes to struggle through a hundred yards of that unbelievably stodgy Flanders mud."

The hardness of the soldier's lot in the present war is generally understood, and yet men by the thousands willingly give up all to share in the conflict. Their country calls to them and they answer gladly and readily. Such devotion is praiseworthy; but here is the wonder: How is it that some of these same men with many others are slow to align themselves to the cause of Christ, their Creator and Redeemer, even though such an act carries with it no probability of physical or mental discomfort? The Saviour calls to them, but they do not heed. It is as important a call as can be made to a man. Would that none would fail to heed the call!

Should not the heroism of the men in the trenches strongly appeal to us to rally anew around the standard of Prince Immanuel and devote ourselves to the salvation of perishing souls, whatever the cost, as unreservedly as does the soldier to his cause?

IN the hour of distress and misery the eye of every mortal turns to friendship; in the hour of gladness and conviviality, what is our want? It is friendship.—*W. S. Landor.*

THOUGH we travel the world over to find the beautiful, we must carry it with us or we find it not.—*Emerson.*

## Missionary Notes

A village community in India, made up of former thieves, now has evening prayers as an established feature of their life.

There is only one medical missionary in the whole of Khorasan, a territory as large as France on the border of Afghanistan, and from the Afghans themselves have come calls for an itinerating doctor.

More men are said to have volunteered in one day in America for war service than all the men and women who have gone out as missionaries to foreign fields in the last fourteen years.

The generosity of Christians in the mission field is shown by a Samoan village church of thirty-eight members, who last year, out of great poverty, gave to the London Missionary Society \$650.

Nearly 500,000 women and girls are reported to be employed in factories in Japan. More than half of these are under twenty years of age, and the working day is often from twelve to sixteen hours long. Wages are about fifteen cents a day.

Rev. Stephen Trowbridge, working in Cairo, writes: "One of the rapidly increasing habits in Egypt is that of strong drink. Everywhere on walls and fences and billboards, and in every newspaper, English, French and Arabic, are very conspicuous advertisements of English whisky, French cognac, beer, and Greek wines and spirits."

Over \$900,000 had been spent by the Salvation Army in France and Great Britain in the construction and maintenance of restrooms and ambulances before America entered the war. At the beginning of August the first American contingent sailed to begin work for the American soldiers in France. Restrooms are being opened by these workers, so far as funds permit, in every city near a camp site.

Frightened by visions of devils, a Chinese woman, her husband and seven children, moved from one house to another in the Chinese quarter of Rangoon, Burma. She went to the joss house to worship, but all in vain. The devils would not let her sleep. The nervous strain proved too much, and she became utterly miserable in mind and body. About this time, through Kim Tin, a Christian nurse, she heard of the true God and came to believe in him. She learned that all idols in the joss house could not help her, and with the beginning of her worship of the true God came a new life of freedom and peace.

The chief of the village of Moua Mutumba, in Central Africa, allowed a medicine man to enter his village and carve for him a large wooden idol. Like King Darius of old, the chief set aside a certain day on which all his people should come to worship the image. On that day he ordered all domestic animals, sheep, goats, hogs, and chickens to be kept up, and not allowed to wander through the village. The women were commanded to abstain from all kinds of work, and were not allowed to carry water nor cook food. All must come and worship the idol. An evangelist and his wife working in the village refused to obey in the face of dire threats. Such courage in danger drew the interest of the heathen chief, and later he came to believe in the true God, and drove the medicine man from the village.



## Missionary Volunteer Department

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### A Word to Missionary Volunteer Outgoing Officers

THERE have been officers in Missionary Volunteer Societies who did not seem to know how to fall in behind their successors and really do team work. Like Voyageur, they refused to take second place. Voyageur was the leader in Dr. Egerton R. Young's dog team in the far North. Most dogs needed an Indian guide, but not so with Voyageur. If his master pointed to a spot on the horizon, he could guide the other dogs to it without fail. He was a most efficient leader. After a while Dr. Young felt that he must have another dog trained to lead. Voyageur was put in just behind his newly elected successor, but here the supremely fine leader failed. He would not serve behind another. When Dr. Young gave the signal to go, the new dog fell back and Voyageur again led. Soon it was discovered that Voyageur had gnawed the leader's tugs. Another attempt was made. This time the new leader was more securely installed. Voyageur objected. He tried in vain to bite the comrade that had been given his place. Finally, he despaired. His head went down; his tail disappeared between his legs. The poor fellow's spirit was broken, and he was of no further use in the team.

Of course we excuse Voyageur. He was only a dog. His master could not explain to him why his place should be given to another less experienced. He could not fully understand that he was needed most of all to train another dog to lead. But now that you step out of office, do not do like Voyageur. Do not forget how hard it is to make the society what it should be. Your experience as an officer has given you clearer ideas of the ideal Missionary Volunteer. Go back into the society determined to be such a member. Co-operate with the new officers as cheerfully as you desired them to co-operate with you when you were in office.

It is not always easy to do this. Not long ago I read of some officers who were just like Voyageur. During their term their society had prospered marvelously, but as soon as they dropped out the interest began to wane. Inquiry proved that the outgoing officers were not co-operating, but were opposing all plans so vigorously that it made it almost impossible for the new officers to do anything. Perhaps you do not think the plans of the new officers so good as your own. Their methods may not appeal to you. And yet, as a loyal Missionary Volunteer, you must stand by them and give them the benefit of your experience. Just here lies one of the supreme tests of your loyalty to the society, and of your consecration to the Master.

MATILDA ERICKSON.

### Our Counsel Corner

[This Corner is for our Missionary Volunteers. We shall be glad to receive questions, reports, and letters from you, and promise they shall be given careful attention. Address all communications to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C.]

[Is it right for an Adventist to save money? or should our earnings, aside from our daily needs, be turned into the cause?]

L. A.

Every believer is to run his business for God, and to hold every resource subject to God's call. Saving and thrift are commended (Prov. 6:6-8), and the advantage of having a little increase, or store, from which to make distribution, is set forth, while yet in close connection is the warning against withholding "more than is meet" (Prov. 11:24). The Lord will give his stewards wisdom to know how to use every talent of means. Remember the word in the Testimonies that "one dollar now" is of more value than ten dollars given at a later time. The circumstances and the needs must bring each one to God for guidance. "Early Writings," page 57, says: "Some have been required [by the conviction of need] to dispose of their property in times past to sustain the advent cause, while others have been permitted to keep theirs until a time of need. Then, as the cause needs it, their duty is to sell." The same principle may well guide in the handling of the weekly or monthly receipts, keeping always in mind that now is no time to "lay up" treasure on earth.

W. A. SPICER.

*We have a conscientious Christian leader for our society, but he simply can't lead. The meetings are so dull and tiresome that our membership is rapidly decreasing. Help! What shall we do?*

N. E. D.

Pray, yourself. Get some one to join with you. Talk matters over frankly in meetings of the executive committee, so that if possible the leader may see what is required. Then devise and suggest plans by which the interest may be revived. Suggest that the assistant leader take the meeting frequently and so get the experience. Be kind and considerate with the leader, but persevere in your efforts to bring about a change.

M. M.

*We are experiencing difficulty in getting our young people to take part on the society programs because we are located where we continually have distinguished visitors in the audience. Now what should you do in a case like that?*

E. J.

The question seems to indicate an unfortunate though too prevalent condition—too much of an idea of exhibiting literary ability and talent. Let the "program" consist mainly of Bible study, prayer, and testimonies. Let the testimonies be reports of work, and experiences in missionary endeavor, or else a discussion of the Bible topic. Get the "distinguished visitors" to join in heartily. Get all the *real* Missionary Volunteers to unite in eliminating all effort at display. What we must aim at is results,—not showy programs,—and in many places the vision and ideals of many members must be entirely transformed.

M. M.

## The Sabbath School

### X — Abraham's Visitors

(March 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 17:1-8; 18.

MEMORY VERSE: "I will hear what God the Lord will speak." Ps. 85:8.

STUDY HELPS: "Patriarchs and Prophets," pp. 138-140; "Bible Lessons," McKibbin, Book One, pp. 77, 78.

"The prayers I thought unanswered once  
Were answered in God's own best way."

#### Questions

1. Who appeared to Abram when he was ninety-nine years



- old? What promise was again renewed? Gen. 17:1-4.  
 2. What change was made in Abram's name? Verse 5.  
 3. How were the promises of the covenant with Abraham then emphasized? Verses 6-8.  
 4. Who appeared to Abraham while he dwelt at Mamre? How did he greet his visitors? Gen. 18:1, 2.  
 5. What hospitality did he offer? Verses 3-5.  
 6. What preparations were quickly made? Verses 6-8.  
 7. After their meal, toward what place did the men go? Who went with them? Verse 16.  
 8. Why did the Lord not hide his purpose from Abraham? Verses 17-19. Note 1.  
 9. As two of the angel strangers went on to Sodom, what did the Lord himself do? Verses 20-22.  
 10. How did Abraham venture to plead with the Lord? Verses 23-25. Note 2.  
 11. What reply did the Lord make? Verse 26.  
 12. How did Abraham show his humility while continuing to plead for the city? Yet what did he ask? Verses 27, 28. Note 3.  
 13. What further requests did Abraham make? How were each of these received? Verses 29-31. Note 3.  
 14. What was the lowest number Abraham dared name in asking that Sodom be spared? How was this request received? How did the Lord and Abraham then separate? Verses 32, 33. Note 4.

### Something to Think About

How does the lesson teach the value of prayer?  
 What connection, if any, is there between Matthew 5:13 and this lesson?  
 Read Ezekiel 18:20-32.

### Notes

1. "Abraham's affection for his children and his household led him to guard their religious faith, to impart to them a knowledge of the divine statutes, as the most precious legacy he could transmit to them, and through them to the world. All were taught that they were under the rule of the God of heaven. There was to be no oppression on the part of parents, and no disobedience on the part of children. God's law had appointed to each his duties, and only in obedience to it could any secure happiness or prosperity."—*Patriarchs and Prophets*, p. 142.

2. One of our great privileges is that of praying for others. We can reach by prayer those whom we can reach in no other way.

"Love for perishing souls inspired Abraham's prayer. While he loathed the sins of that corrupt city, he desired that the sinners might be saved. His deep interest for Sodom shows the anxiety that we should feel for the impenitent. We should cherish hatred of sin, but pity and love for the sinner. All around us are souls going down to ruin as hopeless, as terrible, as that which befell Sodom. Every day the probation of some is closing. Every hour some are passing beyond the reach of mercy. And where are the voices of warning and entreaty to bid the sinner flee from this fearful doom? Where are the hands stretched out to draw him back from death? Where are those who with humility and persevering faith are pleading with God for him?"—*Id.*, p. 140.

3. Abraham took courage as each request was granted, and asked for still larger things. He was climbing the ladder of hope and faith, round by round.

4. "Though Lot had become a dweller in Sodom, he did not partake in the iniquity of its inhabitants. Abraham thought that in that populous city there must be other worshippers of the true God. And in view of this he pleaded, 'That be far from thee to do after this manner, to slay the righteous with the wicked: . . . that be far from thee. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' Abraham asked not once merely, but many times. Waxing bolder as his requests were granted, he continued until he gained the assurance that if even ten righteous persons could be found in it, the city would be spared."—*Id.*, pp. 139, 140.

### The Priest and the Mulberry Tree

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,  
 And merrily trotted along to the fair?  
 Of creature more tractable none ever heard,  
 In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;  
 But again with a word, when the curate said, "Hey,"  
 She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,  
 While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,  
 The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,  
 A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;  
 On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,  
 Hung large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry, and thirsty to boot;  
 He shrank from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;  
 With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,  
 And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;  
 On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,  
 And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,  
 So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;  
 Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,  
 "As safe and as steady as if on the ground;  
 Yet how had it been, if some traveler this way,  
 Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry, 'Hey!'"

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,  
 And he spoke out aloud in his fond reverie;  
 At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,  
 And down went the priest in the wild brier bush.  
 He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,  
 Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

—Thomas Love Peacock.

### "Watch Your Step"

WATCH your step, ma'am." I turned my heedless head and gave a quick glance at the yawning elevator shaft below, and passed on in safety. But the words of that official kept ringing in my brain till the depth of their real significance impressed me.

Yes, watch your step. Life is so full of pitfalls, so full of human wrecks, so much in need of the courage of brave hearts. Resist that impulse to be selfish, quell the voices that repeat past failures you have made, make every effort to yield a tangible result for self-development. Invest this year in the market of "things worth while."—*Marian Heywood*.

### Read the Newspapers

VERY few know how to read a newspaper. Yet how else can they find out what is going on in the world?

"I never look at a newspaper," is the answer of some, but it is nothing to boast of. It simply means that the person who says it knows little of the world's happenings and does not care how ignorant he is.

What would you think of a man who ordered everything on the bill of fare in the restaurant? He would be foolish, of course. Many people are just as foolish in reading their newspapers. They read all the tales of scandal and crime instead of reading only that which is worth while.

It is hard to pick out the worth-while things in most papers, but with a little study and practice one can soon learn to read everything of importance in any paper within fifteen minutes.

Here are a few suggestions to help in picking out the things worth reading:

1. Read only those things which interest a number of people.

2. Read only the things that are constructive and helpful.

3. Try to pick out the events that have state or national importance.

4. Look for the things that are going to make big changes in history, such as events in Congress; causes and results of wars; conventions and conferences; scientific discoveries, etc.

5. Pay no attention to murders, robberies, divorce suits, etc.

Spend the time that you save on your newspaper in reading a good book. Never say you do not have time to read the paper. Any one can afford fifteen minutes a day. The busiest people in the world are the ones who are most anxious to spend a few minutes every day with their newspapers.—*Young People*.

It's the songs you sing and the smiles you wear that make the sunshine everywhere.—*The Calendar of Sunshine*.



# The Youth's Instructor

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## Speak It

MANY a heart is hungry, starving,  
For a little word of love.  
Speak it then; and as the sunshine  
Gilds the lofty peaks above,  
So the joy of those who hear it  
Sends its radiance down life's way,  
And the world is brighter, better,  
For the loving words we say.

—Ebenezer A. Rexford.

## What to Do with Grumblers

SUCCESSFUL business as well as successful church and social life requires the elimination of the grumbler. Mr. Collins, in *Every Week*, relates an incident where a professor had a happy way of carrying out this plan of elimination. He says:

"A Northern forestry professor wanted his class to make a thorough study of the Florida turpentine industry during vacation, in July and August. He was advised by a Florida lumberman to choose some other season of the year.

"That's the hardest time in our pine woods," the latter said. "The weather is hot, the mosquitoes bite, and your boys are pretty sure to get discouraged."

"But midsummer is the only time we can come," replied the teacher. "I believe I can handle them."

So the professor brought his class, and disappeared in the woods; and the Floridian, after waiting a week, penetrated to their camp to see how the tender college boys liked it.

To his astonishment, they were all healthy, happy, and busy. The living was hard, the surroundings uncongenial; but they played at their work like a game.

"How do you do it?" asked the admiring Floridian of the professor.

"Why, it's simple enough," said the professor. "I just watch for the first grumbler, and squelch him on sight. Most of the fellows in a crowd like this will overlook the drawbacks for the sake of the work and the fun and the achievement. But two or three will be critical and on the lookout for something to complain about, and if you let them start growling they'll infect the whole crowd. So I go after the first grumbler with an ax.

"It need not be a steel ax, of course—one of the most effective weapons is ridicule. If I make the normal fellows laugh at the grumbler, he must either get in line or get out."

## "Sometimes It's the Boss Who Grumbles"

When the manager of men grumbles, a host of discontents are soon generated, for grumbling is both contagious and infectious. This is disastrous to the

business in hand. So the boss grumbler must be eliminated. Mr. Collins relates an incident giving one successful way of accomplishing this happy end:

"A newly promoted office manager got his chance at authority. He had never bossed people before. His technical ability was excellent, but he did not get on well with the clerks in the first few weeks.

"Presently the office force was becoming disgruntled and careless. The new boss went to the general manager with a complaint about a man named Smith.

"Smith is a good detail man, and I do not want to discharge him," he explained. "But yesterday he made a mistake that was a real bonehead play. I want to fine him what it cost the firm in material and time."

"That's something new," said the general manager. "We have never fined anybody before. But you're in charge, and must manage as you think best. Maybe your idea is right. But will you let me make a suggestion? If you have to fine people for their blunders, then you ought to have a system of rewards for their good work. Unless your books show a just balance in such matters, men will not have confidence in you as a boss. When you settle the amount of Smith's fine in your mind, just give him credit for his merits."

"That boss is a manager of managers.

"Smith was never fined.

"For, when the new office manager came to balance his good work against his mistake, he found so much in Smith that was worth keeping and praising that he took an ax to himself as a grumbler. He and Smith had a talk. The substance of it was that Smith was too good a man to let his batting average slump by such carelessness, and he decided that he must work to prevent such an error happening again. In the next month Smith made good a dozen times; and the office manager became a real boss, because he had found and weeded out the first grumbler—himself!"

## Learning to See

I SAW a blind man today going about begging. I'm glad I'm not blind; aren't you, Uncle Jesse?"

"How do you know you are not blind?" asked his uncle.

"Because I can see," replied Willie, laughingly.

"Are you sure?"

"Indeed I am," was the confident reply.

"I am certainly glad to hear it, for most people are a little blind."

"Most people? Why I have seen only a few."

"There are different kinds of blindness. One boy can't see the use of going to school and learning; another boy cannot see why he must obey his father and mother; another cannot see why it is wrong to drink a glass of beer, or perhaps smoke a cigarette. So there are many who are blind to other things.

"I didn't mean that kind of blindness, uncle."

"My boy, that is the very worst kind. That is the kind which Jesus had in mind when he spoke of people having eyes but seeing not. It often takes some severe disappointment or bitter trial to open the eyes of such persons. Pure religion and education help to keep one's eyes fully open to one's opportunities and duties. Then let us not neglect or be ashamed to own our allegiance to him who created us. Only thus can we always see clearly.—Selected.

OUT of the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest height.—Carlyle.