

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER, NOW, THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LI

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No. 13



Arbutus

ALONG the woods' brown edge
The wind goes wandering
To find the first pink pledge—
The hint of spring.

The withered leaves around,
She scatters every one,
And gives to wintry ground
A glimpse of sun.

And to the woodland dumb
And desolate so long
She calls the birds to come
With happy song.

Then the arbutus! This
The pledge, the hint, she sought—
The blush, the breath, the kiss—
Spring's very thought!

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in Scribner's.

The Pioneers of Spring

THE Skunk Cabbage has been called the courier of the spring. He leads the procession of the flowers. He is so far ahead of the other plants that he dwells alone, the hermit of the bog. Already the honey-bees have found him, and we follow them to the low places to "welcome the prophet that pierces the snow, the pioneer that lifts the banners of ice to tell us of the message he has received from mother-earth, long before the wood flower hears it in the south wind, or the lip of the bluebird tells it to the trees."

The Skunk Cabbage is the "poor relation" of the spotless Calla Lily and the cheerful Jack-in-the-Pulpit. Of course they hate to own it, and have been quite successful in keeping the secret from the rest of the world. And, by the way, this is not the first time that creatures even more favored than they, have been too proud to recognize their own. We are not surprised at their being



SKUNK CABBAGE

ashamed of the odorous, homely, livid-colored Cabbage, they form with it so great a contrast.

Who ever named the Adder's-tongue, I wonder? I doubt if more contradictions were ever put into the title of a thing before. The only thing I know of that in any wise resembles it is the calling a black man Snowball, or giving a white man the title of Mr. Black.

Adder's-tongue, or Dog's-tooth Violet! It is not a violet in shape or color; it is really a lily, and the blossom is usually a russet-yellow. You will find nothing about it that looks like an adder's tongue, though there is a slightly snaky look to the leaves, due to their mottled appearance; but then you will find some specimens that bear not the slightest trace of this mottled color. Further, the only possible resemblance any part of the plant bears to a dog's tooth must be in the root, which is usually in the ground, out of sight, and this resemblance is nine tenths imagination. Mr. Burroughs has suggested for this plant the appropriate name of "fawn lily," or "trout lily," and it would be well to call it so.

The Anemones and the Bloodroot are among the frailest of the spring flowers. The juice of the Bloodroot is orange-red, and is said to be a specific for coughs and colds. I have observed beautiful specimens of this plant nearly eighteen inches high in the sunny and protected Minnehaha Valley.

As children, how we watched for the Mandrakes, though that is not the name we gave them. If, perchance, after walking through some cool stretch of woodland, we came, just at the edge of the trees, upon a host of these stately plants, how we all cried out, in glee, "The umbrellas are out! The umbrellas are out!"

Truly, the times we spend with nature are red-letter days. Unfortunate, indeed, is he who can not conjure up memories "of lush green tangles, of water-weeds and lily-pads, of rippling brooks and dipping oars; placid lakes, cool forest glades, and meadows redolent with bloom." All that nature has been, she still is, and ever will be, and with her there is healing for failing bodies and rest for tired nerves. We may "go forth under the open sky, and list to nature's teachings."

L. A. REED.

The Unfolding of the Leaves

LET us glance over the crowd of leaves that unfold before us in the spring, noting that even under the individual peculiarities of families, we can trace some seven or eight broad lines of action, to which all more or less conform.

The first to attract our notice are plants which hold their leaves aloft, and uncoil them, flag-like, in majestic manner. The stem bearing each



"THE UMBRELLAS ARE OUT"

leaf is continued as a strong rib up through the leaf, and round it the leaf is wrapped as a flag is furled. In one of these we recognize the arum lily, a stately plant, which, in its warm and comfortable quarters, can well afford to be imperial in its bearing; for it has none of the struggle which such a plant as the primrose knows when it bravely faces the snows of February and the bitter winds of March.

And the primrose leaves bear evidence of the struggle in their very attitude. They are not held aloft like the arum flag, for the cold would nip them through and through; but instead, each little leaf, putting a brave front on the matter, only appears on its face as a stout rib of lightish green. But turn over the baby leaf, and you will find two little tight rolls of delicate green tissue wrapped away snugly on its back behind the rib. The more fragile parts of the leaf naturally

shrink from the cold wind, and curl themselves up, and shelter behind the more robust parts.

Pick up leaves of older growth, taking them in their various stages from youth to maturity, and you will see how gradually the little tight coils unloose as the baby leaf grows, and becomes more able to bear exposure, helped, too, in its development by the softening influence of approaching spring. The rolls unwind, moving farther and farther from one another, and the face of the leaf broadens at either side, until at length



HEPATICA

the full-grown familiar primrose leaf lies before us. The crocus and the large dock leaves are among those that follow the example of the primrose in curling themselves backward in their youth.

Other leaves start life rolled up in much the same way, but forward, not backward, and thus at first carefully hide their main central rib. As they grow, the coils roll back, like curtains, on either hand, and show the face of the leaf. The violet is a good illustration of this habit, and so, too, are the leaves of the little pink begonia.

The pear leaf rolls up on its face also, but quite differently from either the violet or begonia. Its long, straight, sausage-like rolls loosen, rather than unroll, until the edges just touch one another.

For a contrast to the neat little rolls of these leaves, turn to others, of which the delicate green columbine is an example. The columbine's way of doing things is much like a conjuror's. First a crumpled ball of green tissue, then a larger ball of endless edges and pieces, shaking out gradually from chaos to order, until an elaborate system of leaves appears, a stem, too, on which three branches arise, and on each branch many leaflets—all hidden, till now, in the little crumpled ball.

The roses and the wild elders arrive at the same result, but in a neat and precise way, which leaves no room for sensation, or doubt as to what will happen. There is in them no ball of crumpled possibilities to awaken curiosity, but instead each tiny leaflet is, from the very beginning, neatly folded in half by itself, and all are laid carefully one on the top of the other, in the most orderly way. As the days pass, the leaflets lift themselves one from another, and spread out a little, and at the same time each begins to open, the stalk lengthens, and, all in order and due time, the leaf arranges itself.

But all leaves are not neat and orderly in their unfolding. Many are simply crumpled up at their birth, and only smooth out as their development progresses. A baby geranium or poppy leaf, for instance, is a rough, crumpled little ball, folded up higgledy-piggledy, and covered with hairs. Still, as is the case with many an unpromising

beginner, time smooths things over, and by degrees the creases disappear, the crumpled folds fall into place, and though the rough surface never becomes really smooth, yet the leaf takes its place as a decent member of plant society, and does its work no worse for its lack of polish.

The leaves of the cherry and the peach are simple, undivided, and oblong, and their upper surfaces are rather delicate to begin with, so each begins life folded in half like a book, the middle rib being the back of the book. So exactly are the halves placed one on the other, that it is often difficult to tell that there are two layers and not one; moreover, sometimes the halves of the leaves are stuck together with a sticky substance during the earlier period of their development. Thus folded, then, they grow until they are almost full size; then, like a book, they open.

In contrast to the simple method of the cherry, notice the dainty way in which the beech folds up a very similarly shaped leaf. The ribs of the leaf run out parallel to one another from the center rib, and play the part of the sticks, while the pale-green tissue between the ribs is as delicate as any silk or gauze which fashions a fan. Just as a fan unfolds, so does the leaf; the pleats open out gradually, the ribs stretch apart, until finally the leaf, like a fan, is a plain, unpleated surface. In many other trees besides the beech this fan-like unfolding may be traced. The horse-chestnut, for instance, pleats each

of the finger-like parts of its leaf, and then places them all together more or less tidily, like a bundle of sticks.

One very curious unfolding—the unfolding of the ferns—must not be overlooked in our brief survey of leaves. Instead of rolling themselves up from side to side, as do almost all the other leaves which adopt the rolling action, they coil themselves from apex to base. At the very beginning of their life, the whole main axis is wound up tightly, like a watch-spring; as development progresses, the coil gradually unwinds and straightens out. And now it can be seen that every little branch is wound up in the same peculiar way, and all are unwinding as they grow.

A few leaves do not have any manner of folding in their youth; some come up sturdily, straight through the ground in their natural form, only trusting to a thick skin for protection; such are the daffodils and the iris. Others arise on the branches, perfect leaves in miniature, simply growing larger and larger until they attain their full size.

But the majority are folded, rolled, or crumpled. They may be folded in half, or fan-wise, or arranged to fit one on to the other; they may be rolled from side to side, or from apex to base, or in double rolls forward or backward; they may be merely crumpled, or they may adopt a modification or a combination of several of these methods, and in this they show their individuality.

The strawberry leaf, for instance, has the same method of folding as the roses, but, to make protection doubly sure, has combined with it the pleating of the beech, and then added a coat of hairs for further warmth.

The convolvulus shows its individuality in a

very quaint way. A glance at the ends of the young shoots recalls irresistibly to mind a toy monkey climbing a stick. Each little leaflet clings tightly round the parent stalk, and not until it is well grown does its clasp relax, and then it throws itself back to face the sky, and begin its work.—*G. Clarke Nuttall.*

Profit Afoot

A JUBILANT reach of rolling road
And a new-made morning sky,
Masterful muscles that need no goad,
And a spirit that dances high!

Then a-swing and a-plod through a dozen miles
Of the fragrance of ferns and hay,
Of woodsy shadows and meadow smiles
And the sweet of the blossoming day!

Oh, what are the heapings of pride and pelf,
The sum of an emperor's bliss,
When a man may have the whole earth to himself
On a glorious morning like this?

So a-swing and a-plod through the opening day,
And the joy of a virginal sun,
While the air is unsullied and vibrant and gay,
And the earth and the sky are at one;

Till the masterful muscles are blessedly worn,
The miles are triumphantly trod,
And the soul is aglow with a benison, born
Of vigor, and nature, and God!

—*Amos R. Wells.*

The Spider's Way Out

A CLOSE observer, says the *Well Spring*, never has to travel away from home for entertainment and instruction. One bright-eyed young person, tired of reading, tells in an English paper how he found a spider an interesting playmate:—

I took a wash-bowl, and fastened up a stick in it like a vessel's mast, and then poured in water enough to turn the mast into an island for my spider, whom I named Crusoe, and put on the mast. As soon as he was fairly cast away, he anxiously began to run around to find the mainland. He'd scamper down the mast to the water, stick out a foot, get it wet, shake it, run round the stick, and try the other side, and then run back to the top again.

Pretty soon it became a serious matter, and he sat down to think over it. As in a moment he acted as if he were going to shout for a boat, and as if he were afraid he was going to be hungry, I put molasses on the stick. A fly came, but Crusoe wasn't hungry for flies just then. He was homesick for his web in the corner of the woodshed. He went slowly down the pole to the water, and touched it all round, shaking his feet like pussy when she wets her stockings in the grass. Suddenly a thought appeared to strike him.

Up he went like a rocket to the top, and began playing circus. He held one foot in the air, then another, and turned round two or three times.

He became excited, and nearly stood on his head, before I found out what he knew, and that was this: that the draught of air made by the fire would carry a line ashore, on which he could escape from his desert island. He pushed out a web that went floating in the air until it caught on the table. Then he hauled on the rope until it was tight, struck it several times to see if it was strong enough to hold him, and walked ashore.

I thought he had earned his liberty, so I put him back in the woodshed again.



DOG'S-TOOTH VIOLET — BLOODROOT



April

DEAR wilful April, petulant and sweet,
A rainbow arching o'er thy rain-wet hair,
Glad songs of little lovers in the air,
Quick-springing grasses 'neath thy glancing feet!
When the fierce winds of noisy March retreat,
And wild-flowers in the barren pastures dare
To meet in little companies, and share
With thee earth's happiness a moment fleet,
We too, earth's children, happy in the sun,
With grateful hearts by fair procession greet;
Along thy violet-bordered pathways run
The old-time pleasures of thy reign to greet,
While the same loving power that brings thee
here
Renews in us the gladness of the year.

—Mary F. Betts.

Don't Mind the Thorns

"WELL, I declare!" exclaimed one of a dozen berry-pickers, "if Maude hasn't filled another basket! Her row *must* be a good one!"

"Oh, no, it isn't," replied another girl; "for it was all picked over day before yesterday. It's just because she doesn't stop for the thorns, that's all."

"Well," said the other, impatiently, "I'm glad I can wear gloves, and don't have to tear *my* hands out for a few pennies!"

Of course Maude paid her way to college that fall. The other girls didn't. Why?—Because they didn't have any chance!

Such is human nature. A great chance came to Maude that summer in fruit and in berry-picking. She saw it; and though it was a way of thorns and pain and inconvenience, she was strong enough and brave enough to go ahead and win. So opportunities come to all of us, and we must see to it that we are brave enough to disregard the thorns for the prize. What a sad picture is that of the man or the woman who "never had a chance." The expression tells its own story. It is the berry-patch again, with its way of thorns. It tells of many opportunities, many chances, but none wholly free from the thorns and the thistles that were sent to be blessings.

How shall it be with you? *You* have in *you* the making of a great man, a great woman, *but have you the priceless dare of the great?* Have you the lion-heart? If you haven't, O boy! O girl! I want to tell you right now you had better put away your dreams of greatness. You can not succeed unless you are willing at every step to pay the price of success, and the price of success is *dare*.
EDISON DRIVER.

All and in All

As the sun is the great primary source of natural light, and the whole family of planets and satellites receive their light from the sun, so Christ is the one great source of light, natural, mental, or spiritual. In the annals of biography we have the lives of many illustrious men and women, each shining with a luster peculiar to himself or herself. But every ray of light displayed by human beings comes first from Jesus. If men exhibit virtue or wisdom, it is because they have received it from above. "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights."

Men do not always acknowledge this truth. They often love to take the honor to themselves, as if they were the originators of knowledge; and they hold the world in debt to them for what they have imparted. But whether men own the fact or not, it is true that there is nothing in

this world, save sin and its consequences, that did not come from Christ. Inventive skill, literary talent, financial ability, political wisdom, as well as the Christian graces, are special endowments from Christ.

So, while we get much good from the study of the lives of those who have succeeded well in their appointed work, we shall find greater good in considering Jesus Christ. One of the chief benefits to be obtained from the human biographies is the knowledge of where their mistakes lay, that we may avoid them. From their triumphs or achievements we should learn the power of divine grace rather than of human genius.

Over and over we may study the life and character of Christ with undiminished profit because it is a fountain springing up to everlasting life. Human models only touch the border of perfection in one or two places. But Jesus, the divine pattern, is perfection itself. If we fall as far below the human model as it is below Christ, we shall not be worth a mention. In order not to do so, it will be necessary for us to look unto Jesus continually.

The life and character of our Saviour is a wonderful source of wisdom and knowledge. The apostle says that in him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Again he says that "Christ is all, and in all." The word "all" may be given its fullest scope when it is applied to such a subject. It is simply marvelous how Christ forms the center of every fact and principle in art or nature, in philosophy or sentiment, as well as in moral and spiritual things. Around Christ, as satellites around a sun, all earthly objects revolve, and they are but the shadowy reflection of the one great reality in existence, and that one reality is God manifest in Jesus Christ.

The bread we eat, the water we drink, the clothes we wear, the flowers, the trees, the vines, the brooks, the rivers,—everything that God has made,—has its reality in Christ. He is *the* truth—the only truth. Do not say that this is too abstruse, too far-fetched. On the contrary, it is written over and again in the Bible. It is Christ's own word; yes, it is written all over the open book of nature.

With what delight, then, and with what profit, we should study Christ. As the connecting bond between the divine and the human, between God and man, the study of Christ begins with his human life, and leads to the study of the divine. He is the Way as well as the Truth. We come to the Father by him.
G. C. TENNEY.

The Birds of April

DURING the first ten days of April those of us who are noting the arrival of the birds may not have a chance to add many to our March list; but before the middle of the month, probably by the tenth, there will be several newcomers.

The friendly chipping sparrows begin to hop about the garden walks. Do you know these little fellows from the English sparrows? The chippies are smaller, with smooth gray breasts, crowns of cinnamon-brown, and black lines through the eyes, which make them look as if they had spectacles on. The purple finches are here, too. They also are related to the sparrows. Handsome birds they are, the ordinary brownish sparrow shades suffused with a reddish tint. Mr. Burroughs says of it: "The color is peculiar, and looks as if it might have been imparted by dipping a brown bird in diluted pokeberry juice." Look for the purple finch among the blossoms of the fruit-trees. Well he knows the dainty flavor of cherry buds.

Now we may be on the lookout for the first warbler. It will probably appear by the tenth of the month, and will stay with us for five or six weeks before it leaves for its summer residence in northern New England or Canada. This is the myrtle or yellow-rumped warbler. Like all the warblers, it is small,—a little over five and

one-half inches in length. It is a beautiful little bird, with the upper parts of bluish-gray streaked with black, some white on wings and tail, white throat and breast, the latter with curious black markings. Four bright spots of yellow mark the crown and rump and either side of the breast. Whole flocks of these merry, flitting little fellows may be found among the bayberry or myrtle bushes by the sides of quiet roads or in the dry fields.

The swallows appear at different times during the month, the tree-swallows usually coming first. These are our famous fliers, with their strong, long wings. There are many species, but the most common are the tree-, barn-, cliff-, and bank-swallows, and the purple martins. The upper parts of all these, except the bank-swallow, show burnished, steel-blue coloring. The bank-swallow is brownish-gray, with a brownish-gray band across the white breast. The under parts of the tree-swallow are pure-white; the throat and breast of the barn-swallow show a rufous color; the cliff-swallow has a breast of brownish-gray, with a steel-blue spot in its center. The purple martin is all of a shining blue-black. It is the barn-swallow whose tail is most deeply forked. The chimney-swift is often called a swallow, but, while he resembles the swallows in his powers of flight, his structure is quite different. The chimney-swift can fly farther without resting than any other bird we have, except the miraculous little humming-bird. The swifts appear in April, too, with the swallows. Their color is sooty-brown all over, except the throat, which is a light-gray. Their wings are so long that they extend *away* beyond the tail when folded.

During the last ten days of the month come the least flycatchers, the chewinks or ground robins, the catbirds, wood-thrushes, brown thrashers, the black-and-white warblers, and the oven-birds.

"*Chebec! chebec!*" you will hear some morning; and there, on a bare twig or a fence-post, sits a bit of an olive-gray bird, very erect, with bright eyes, a soft, whitish throat, and the most alert manner possible. There he darts after a passing insect, and then back he comes to the very same perch to call "*chebec*" again, and keep his eyes open for the next choice morsel that flies by. This is the least flycatcher,—a relative of the phoebe,—one of our most constant and busy and fearless little house-yard companions.

You must look for the chewink in low bushes and undergrowth. Perhaps you will find him on the ground among the dead leaves. His harsh note, "*to-whee*," or "*chewink*," will attract your attention. There he goes, in short, bobbing flights. He is a little over eight inches long, upper parts, head, and breast black, the latter sharply defined against the ash of the under parts; the sides are chestnut; the outer tail feathers are tipped with white. Perhaps you will get near enough to see that the iris of his eye is red.

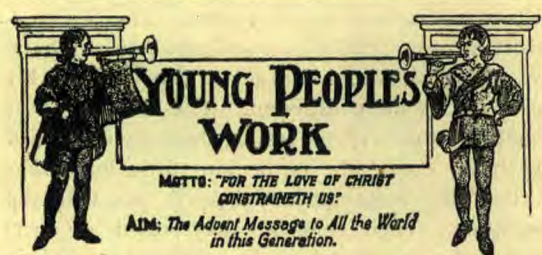
The gray catbird and the tiny brown wren probably need no description.

The wood-thrush and the brown thrasher are both reddish-brown above and white below, spotted with brown; but the wood-thrush is but eight inches long, and the brown thrasher measures eleven inches. The brownish color of the wood-thrush is brightest on the head. The brown thrasher has a long tail and two white wing-bars. The wood-thrush may be oftenest found in the woods, though he sometimes visits shaded lawns. The brown thrasher lingers about hedgerows, scrubby thickets, or the borders of the woods. Both birds are fine singers, though some one has said that the brown thrasher seems conscious of the magnificence of his performance, and that it lacks the spiritual quality of the wood-thrush's flute-like notes.

May is the month of warblers, but the black-and-white warbler comes in April, and we may see him creeping (he is sometimes called the

black-and-white creeper) up and under and around the tree branches with surprising ability. He is daintily striped with black and white, and shows no other color. His song is a fine, insect-like call, not often heard.

The oven-bird, sometimes called the golden-crowned thrush, is properly a warbler also. His colors are olive above, white below, streaked with black, and he has a stripe of brownish-orange through the crown, bordered with black. He gets his name from the shape of his nest,—a little, roofed dwelling, built on the ground, and resembling an old-fashioned Dutch oven in shape. You should see him walk,—such a pompous little strut for such a small bird! You should hear him sing,—such a powerful performance for so slender a throat! "Teacher, teacher, teacher, TEACHER, TEACHER!" he calls, louder and louder and faster and faster. The woods ring with it. Does he never tire of singing? you wonder. Does he feel the need of an instructor so passionately, do you suppose, or is he simply proclaiming his own vocation?—*Estelle M. Hart, in Sunday School Times.*



A Retrospect

A FEW weeks ago we published the substance of a letter from the leader of the young people's work in Elgin, Illinois, to a personal friend in Chicago. This letter was not intended as a report of work done, but was merely a friendship letter, telling of the leader's earnest efforts to get the work started in her home church. There are such strong hints to other young people in this bit of experience that we make mention of it again.

"It was thought at first that a Young People's Society could not be organized, as there were not enough persons of sufficient age to form a Society. . . . It was soon found that there were at least *four persons* who were old enough, and for whom *something must be done*" I wrote this sister. Is it not true of hundreds of other churches all over the land that there are at least *four* young persons of sufficient age and for whom *something must be done* where nothing is as yet being done?

Surely God will co-operate with all who are earnestly trying to extend the young people's work. We are convinced that there are many places where very little is being done in this department of the work. There are youth and young people everywhere. And there is work everywhere. Just now the tract campaign is stirring the hearts of all, both old and young. Here is a grand opportunity for earnest effort. Who knows how much good a little tract may do? Many souls may rejoice in the kingdom as a result of its faithful ministry. Surely we can not do less than to hand out these silent messengers. The expense of procuring them for distribution is not heavy, and we are sure the tract societies and churches will co-operate with all who wish to help in this work.

To those who have watched the development of the young people's work from its first inception, the reports that are constantly coming in are of great encouragement. Now we are hearing from the lips of our older brethren the statement oft repeated that the burden of the work of the third angel's message must fall upon younger shoulders. Recently this stirring message was given to us: "The return of Christ to our world will not be long delayed. Let this be the keynote of every message." Again and again the statement

has been made from our pulpits that God could finish up this work in one year if his people were ready. Everything else is in readiness.

Dear friends everywhere, let us earnestly seek the preparation of heart necessary to the fulfillment of the purpose God has concerning each one of us. Let us recognize the little opportunities that come to us daily, and faithfully discharge every duty given us, knowing that we "shall not pass this way again." We are on the eve of the greatest event the world has ever known. "There shall be delay no longer."

C. A. H.

Dallas, Texas

MRS. J. A. THWEATT, writing of the work of the Dallas young people, who have recently organized, says:—

"The meetings of this Society are held each alternate Sabbath with the meetings of the adults.

"The young people are taking hold of the missionary work in earnest. More than one hundred copies of the *Advocate of Christian Education* have been ordered, and will be distributed among the public school teachers of the city. The *Life Boat* will also be sold and distributed.

"We are preparing to organize a branch or mission Sabbath-school in which the young people will take part."

THE WEEKLY STUDY

April Study of the Field

(April 5-11)

Suggestive Program

1. OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading—John 15: 1-14.

2. Field Study:—

(a) Brusque Training School.

(b) Egypt and her needs.

(c) Singing, "Hymns and Tunes," No. 1055.

(d) Our Mission on the Gold Coast, West Africa.

(e) A Trip to Dutch Guiana.

(f) The Straits Settlements and Malay Peninsula.

3. Address—Some of Africa's Pioneer Missionaries, and their fields. (With the map.)

4. Reports from Abroad. (Let those who have not borne a part in the meeting bring a message from some missionary in the field.)

5. Closing Exercises:—

Prayer, in which several take part.

Singing.

NOTE.—Abundant material for this service will be found in the issues of the *Review* of March 10, 17, and 24. The messages from the field may be found in these numbers, in the reports from our laborers.

The study of the field might be shortened today, and a large part of the hour spent in seeking the Lord for the outpouring of his Spirit upon the General Conference now assembled. The gospel of the kingdom to the world in this generation is the keynote of our message. This can be more speedily accomplished by prayer than by any other method. As one has said, who knows the worth of prayer and its relation to missions: "The evangelization of the world in this generation depends first of all upon a revival of prayer. Deeper than the need of men, deeper, far, than the need for money; aye, deep down at the bottom of our spiritless life is the need for the forgotten secret of prevailing, world-wide prayer. Missions have progressed slowly abroad, because piety and prayer have been shallow at home."

E. H.

Some of Africa's Pioneer Missionaries

(From the *Christian Endeavor World*)

GEORGE SCHMIDT, a heroic Moravian, was the Protestant pioneer missionary to Africa. Ziegenbalg and Plütschau, Danish pioneer missionaries to India, touched at the Cape of Good Hope on their way east, and wrote home an appeal for missionaries to be sent to these neglected black men. Seven days after Schmidt heard of it, he was on his way to offer himself for the task. He was then only twenty-seven years old, but had already spent six years in a Bohemian prison for the sake of his Protestant faith, and bore to his death marks of his chains. As soon as he was released from prison, he traveled about Europe for a year, winning men to Christ. He was a day laborer, and had little education, but he was an apostle. He reached Cape Town, July 9, 1737, and was received with cruel scorn. The Dutch hated the blacks, and despised them. The notice above one church door, "Hottentots and dogs forbidden to enter!" completely expresses their attitude. Schmidt was driven from place to place, but succeeded in gathering around him a colony of devoted Hottentots, who adored the first white man that had ever treated them kindly. Despairing of learning their difficult language, with its clicks and other inhuman sounds, he taught them Dutch, carrying on a well-attended school, and training the natives to habits of industry, as well as in the arts of civilization. His first convert, Willem, was baptized March 31, 1742, like Philip's Ethiopian, in a stream by the way as they were journeying together, and he became Schmidt's assistant—an honored and useful man. For six years the lonely missionary labored among the Hottentots at the Cape, building up a congregation of forty-seven persons; but the Dutch at last sent him back to Europe, where, as a sexton and grave-digger, he lived to be seventy-six years old, praying every day for South Africa, and dying at last, like Livingstone, on his knees.

John Theodore Vanderkemp, of Holland, founded the South African mission of the London Missionary Society. He was fifty years old when he became a missionary. He was a man of great learning; was first a soldier, and then a physician of much skill, becoming a director of a large hospital. He became an infidel, but was aroused to a sense of his dangerous position by the sudden death by drowning of his wife and daughter, he himself barely escaping with his life. Out of his infidelity he won a simple-hearted, childlike faith, and an ardent zeal for the cause of his new-found Saviour, which led him, soon after the formation of the London Missionary Society, to offer himself in their service. He sailed for Africa in December, 1798, on a convict transport, among whose wretched and mutinous passengers he did magnificent evangelistic work. Dr. Vanderkemp labored in South Africa till his death, in December, 1811. His work was chiefly among the Hottentots, and it was interrupted by much grievous opposition from heathen chiefs and from the hostile Boers. He was compelled to move his Christian colony frequently, and often to protest against the cruelties inflicted upon the defenseless natives. In three years he himself spent five thousand dollars to redeem slaves from bondage. It was not till near the end of his life that the English finally conquered the Cape. Dr. Vanderkemp's last utterance, when asked, "Is it darkness or light with you?" was the single emphatic word, "Light!"

Robert Moffat, as Vanderkemp died, was growing up to take his place. He was an apprentice to a Scotch gardener, and began work at four o'clock on cold winter mornings, knocking his knuckles against his spade handle to keep them warm. A hard life, with little schooling,

(Concluded on page 6)



CHILDREN'S PAGE

**A Curious Tree**

A CURIOUS little tree am I;
I grow between the earth and sky;
My roots are up, my head hangs down;
No leaves have I, red, green, or brown.

I bear no blooms, I yield no fruits;
No sweet sap rises from my roots,
Yet from my top pure nectars drip,
That birds and beasts delight to sip.

As smooth as glass, as firm as steel,
I am not used for mast or keel;
No housewife seeks to burn my boughs,
No builder makes of me his house.

No bird upon me builds his nest,
No beast beneath my shade doth rest;
I flourish in the winter-time,
When all the world is white with rime;

But when there comes a soft, warm day,
I vanish, vanish quite away;
I am a curious little tree,—
Dear children, give a name to me.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

"April Fool"

"BUT how do you fool them?" asked Margy. She was a very little girl,—not six years old,—and she looked up to Edgar, who was twelve, as an extremely wise person.

"You make 'em think things are different from what they are," said Edgar. "Only, of course, you don't tell fibs. And when they find out they're tricked, you call, 'April fool!' It's lots o' fun."

"It must be," said Margy, eagerly. "I mean to try it."

Edgar looked at his sister. Some way, although it was "lots o' fun" for him, he did not like to think of Margy teasing her friends, and laughing at their disappointment.

"Oh, you're too little," he said.

"Mama told me one wasn't ever too little to help others," Margy declared.

Edgar was so puzzled by this speech that he made no further remark.

When the Wheaton family came into the dining-room, on the first of April, mama was saying:—

"I am so tired of that baked apple every morning, and I don't care for oranges any longer. I do wish, either that it was time for berries, or that Dr. Mason had not told me to eat fruit for breakfast."

Margy danced along by her side, listening and smiling to herself. As Mrs. Wheaton caught sight of the table, she gave a cry of surprise. There sat a plate of strawberries beside her napkin.

"April fool!" called Margy. "I bought 'em myself, mama, down to Mr. Snyder's. And you thought you were going to have baked apples again. April fool!"

The rest—her father and mother, Jamie and Edgar—looked at one another over the little girl's innocent head.

"That is a sweet way—to trick one with something nice," said mama.

"Why, what other way would there be?" asked Margy. "Nobody would do mean things to people—not on any day in the year."

A merry voice called "April fool!" after papa, whose hat and coat, all neatly brushed, lay upon the hall table. And the same cry followed Edgar's usual search for his scattered school-books and his finding them strapped together, lying beside his cap. A sprig of geranium from Margy's cherished plant was pinned upon the lapel of Jamie's overcoat, and "April fool!" he heard, as he hurried into it.

Ellen, the second girl, went out to the butler's pantry later, and discovered the silver from breakfast rinsed and dried and laid in its proper baskets. "April fool!" piped Margy.

"What are you doing child?" inquired Miss Wilkinson, opening her window to question the little girl in the garden next door. Margy looked up, brightly.

"I'm going to April-fool the birds," she said, "with this plate of crumbs. They don't expect a thing, you know. They'll be so surprised."

Mr. Wheaton had not been writing long in his office when an acquaintance came in who wanted a dollar for some charitable object. The face of his little girl came up before her father. He handed the man five dollars, and said, "April fool!" and they both laughed.

Jamie was one of the older pupils in the high school, and a favorite and leader among the big boys. Miss Forman, the timid, nervous Latin teacher, always dreaded that half-hour she had to pass with mischievous Jamie Wheaton and the



"CONSIDER THE LILIES"

Miss Wilkinson gazed down into the radiant little face: "You're a good child," she said, quickly, and shut down the sash more gently than was her wont.

Margy ran into the house, and told her mother how Miss Wilkinson had April-fooled her, "because she never said I was a good child before."

When the scrubwoman, who was working next door, went home that night, Miss Wilkinson astonished Maria by giving her a basket of cold pieces. "April fool!" said her employer, smiling in a grim way, and Maria smiled too.

"Thank ye kindly fer foolin' me," said she.

comrades he incited to whispering and nonsense. To-day those on the back benches in the Virgil class behaved as well as the girls upon whom she could depend. They behaved so well, in fact, that she stopped them on their way out of the room, and thanked them for it. Jamie looked up into her face with merry, twinkling eyes: "We April-fooled you, didn't we?" he asked.

Jack Watson, who had quarreled with Edgar, had played a horrid trick upon him. The two sides of the room led the march from it, in alternate days. On the thirty-first of March Jack had improved the opportunity to drop a spoiled apple

into Edgar's overcoat pocket. Edgar was very angry. To-day Jack had good reason to look out for something in return. To tell the truth, Edgar had actually brought in a box a dead mouse from the trap at home, with the full intention of tucking it snugly into Jack's pocket as he passed the overcoat on his way down-stairs.

"Nobody would do mean things to people," Margy had said. Jack had been mean to him. Yes; but his little sister thought him her wise, good brother, above such revenge and spite. Her shining eyes, when she called "April fool!" after him, as he found his books in the hall, seemed to look down into his very heart. He could not deceive their trust.

At noon he ran down-town. When Jack, very cautiously and fearing the worst, peered into his pocket that night, a rush of shamed surprise crept over his cheeks. He saw a big juicy orange, and a slip of paper that read "April fool!"

"I've had such a lovely day," sighed Margy, sleepily, as her mother tucked her into bed that evening; "I've been busy every minute—most. And I've fooled lots of folks. Wouldn't it be nice if they came oftener—April Fool and Christmas day, I mean. They seem a good deal alike, you know."—*Ruth Hall, in the Independent.*

A Study of Words

VII—The Tyranny of Words

I ADMIRE the man who is always offering me his services when I have even the slightest need of help. Particularly do I respect him for so doing when I know he does not expect to be financially or otherwise benefited by such service. But the man who persists in forcing upon me his services when I have no need of help, becomes an annoyance to me, and hinders me from doing the work I am anxious to do. This annoyance reaches a climax when a person who offers his services is utterly incapable of assisting me, and yet jostles aside some one who is willing and able to do so.

As with men, so with words. I often need a word to help me express a thought. I greet with a smile of recognition and a hearty handshake the word that comes promptly to my aid, and which I know is the fittest of all my word friends to perform that particular service. Such a word has a place of honor in my affections; for I know him to be a friend that will save me from embarrassment and confusion when I am standing before an audience. With a few thousand such words ranged along the horizon of my memory, constantly on the alert to help me, I find my embarrassment gone, my head steady, my brain clear, and my thoughts arranged logically, and presented fittingly.

But this represents only one class of my word acquaintances. Another class I have in mind, which gives me acute fits of uneasiness, are the words that are competent, but lazy. They may come when I call them, or they may not. They often try to persuade me that some other word can do the work quite as well as they. For instance, Mr. Indolence, when I summon him, debates for a time whether he will come or not, then suggests to me that Mr. Laziness, or Mr. Weariness, or Mr. Indisposition can do the work quite as well as he. Standing, as I am, before an expectant congregation, I have no time to discuss the question with such an exasperating fellow, and so I use some other word, though fully conscious that it does not at all indicate the thought I am anxious to express.

But I have yet another type of word-acquaintances. This gives me more trouble than all the rest. At some time or other they came to my attention. I admired them for their willingness to serve me (at first). They became greatly attached to me. They offered their assistance a

hundred times a day. They beg, they insist, they demand, to be allowed to help me. They distract and harass me, like the rabble of hotel solicitors at the city railway station. They jostle aside the word I am beckoning for; they stubbornly form a solid wall about me, and defy my calling any other word to my rescue.

Thus a few words, at first willing servants, become veritable tyrants, literally enslaving me, and compelling me to shape the expression of my thoughts in accordance with their whims.

Am I the only one who is troubled in this way? You say you never heard of such a thing before. Yet I know that I am speaking the truth when I tell you that every boy and girl, and every man and woman, for that matter, is to some extent enslaved by words. Let me illustrate: Did you ever find yourself almost unconsciously using some particular word over and over again? Sometimes it fits; sometimes it does not. You unconsciously modify your thought in order to use it. Did you ever hear a conversation like this:—

"Isn't this a delightful day?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Wasn't it delightful yesterday to be out in the snow?"

"Indeed, it was; I am surprised that I am able to be out of bed to-day!"

"Yes, it was the most delightful experience I ever had, and I am perfectly delighted at the prospect of another such storm."

It may not be "delightful" or "indeed." It may be almost any other adjective, or adverb, or interjection. But so long as you have any such pet words, you are slaves to a bad habit, and you would do well to free yourself of it. You can not do this in one day, or in one week. It requires months of watchfulness, but freedom from such thralldom is worth a tremendous effort.

L. T. CURTIS.

Some of Africa's Pioneer Missionaries

(Concluded from page 4)

toughened his frame. Passing over a bridge one day, he happened to see an announcement of a missionary meeting, which aroused memories of what his pious mother had told him of the heroic Moravian missionaries to Greenland and Labrador, and led to his offering himself to the London Missionary Society at the age of nineteen.

He reached Cape Town on January 13, 1817. His destination was Namaqualand, north of the Orange River, the district controlled by a fierce chief named Africander. The missionaries previously there had been compelled, through fear of him, to spend a week in a pit covered over, and then made good their escape. His conversion was reported, but the farmers on the way refused to believe the news, and begged Moffat not to venture farther.

The journey was a trying one, over wastes of burning sands. One night, at the house of a wealthy Boer, the young missionary was conducting family prayers when he asked for the Hottentot servants to be called in. "Hottentots!" the man roared, "I will call my dogs, and you may preach to them." Without a word, Moffat began to read and explain the story of the Syrophenician woman, with her saying, "Yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table." "Hold!" cried the Boer, "you shall have your Hottentots."

Africander received him kindly, and became a noble Christian, gentle and true—one of the most conspicuous miracles of conversion in all history. With him, quite alone, Moffat lived and taught, being carpenter, smith, cooper, shoemaker, miller, baker, and housekeeper. Many were his trials, but they were all rewarded when he could take Africander to Cape Town and exhibit him as a specimen of the marvels of God's grace.

Until 1870 Moffat, with Mary Moffat, his beau-

tiful, heroic wife, labored in South Africa, preaching and translating, slowly winning the natives, making hazardous journeys of exploration. His center of labor was at Kuruman among the Bechuanas, into whose languages he translated the entire Bible. He also established his mission in Matabeleland, farther north. His old age was passed in England, where he received many honors and a testimonial of thirty thousand dollars, and where he died at the age of eighty-eight.

David Livingstone, whom most men would place at the head of the great Protestant missionaries, was a poor Scotch weaver's lad, born in 1813. With part of his first week's wages as "piecer boy" at a loom, he bought a Latin grammar. By the age of nineteen he had decided to be a medical missionary, and after obtaining a most practical training, he reached South Africa in 1841 as a missionary of the London Society—a connection he maintained till 1856. Livingstone's chief work, to the outward eye, was exploration. With toil and peril such as only a heroic spirit and stout body could endure, he opened up the Zambesi country and the region around the great African lakes. He became one with the natives, and obtained a marvelous ascendancy over them—an influence steadily used to promote the cause of Christ. With the exception of a brilliant visit to England in 1857, he buried himself in the Dark Continent. Stanley's search for him, and his discovery of the aged apostle in 1871,—an intercourse that was Stanley's spiritual birth,—are well known to all. The devoted man would not return to civilization, but continued his great work, and on May 1, 1873, his loving black servant, Susi, found him on his knees by his bed, having passed away in the act of prayer. His faithful followers embalmed his body, and laboriously carried it a year's journey to the coast, so that now it rests in Westminster Abbey—the chief glory of that glorious shrine.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

II—The Tabernacle

(April 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 25 and 26: 30-37.
MEMORY VERSE: "The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

The tabernacle was a large tent set up in the midst of the camp, with the family tents of the people round about. Although God told them to build this sanctuary, it was not his desire to dwell in a tent separate from the people. He tells us plainly what is the house that he has chosen: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" But the children of Israel were so slow to learn this, that God had the tabernacle built to be an object-lesson to teach them of his presence with them.

The prophets who have had visions of things in heaven have seen there the living temple of God, every part of which is moved and guided by the Holy Spirit. The tabernacle built on earth was a shadow of the heavenly temple. It was made like the pattern that God showed to Moses, and everything in it had precious lessons for us.

The Holy and the Most Holy Place.—God did not dwell in the tabernacle because it was a holy place; but it was a holy place because he dwelt there. The most holy place was where the Shekinah, the cloud of glory showing the presence of God, rested over the mercy-seat. This hallowed the outer apartment, making it also a holy place;

and a space for some distance round the tabernacle was enclosed, and this outer court was also holy. We do not have to be holy before God can come and dwell with us, but he comes to dwell with us to make us holy. "The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

The Ark.—This represented the throne of God. In it were the tables of stone on which the ten commandments were written. This holy law written in the fleshy tables of our hearts will make them the living throne of God, from which he will rule over our whole bodies. When Moses brought the tables of stone down from the mountain, his face shone so that the people could not look upon it; and when the ark containing them was put in the tabernacle, the cloud of glory rested over it.

But God says that if the law written and engraved in stones was glorious, the law written on the living tables of the heart shall "exceed in glory." For then the Word is made flesh, as it was in Jesus of Nazareth: "We beheld his glory, . . . full of grace and truth." The grace and truth that come into our hearts when the Spirit of Jesus writes his law there, will be more glorious than the cloud that rested over the ark, or the glory of Moses' face.

The Golden Candlestick.—Jesus told John what the candlestick represents. In a vision he saw Jesus standing in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, and he was told: "The seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven churches." The number seven stands for completeness. God's candlestick on this earth is his whole church; and Jesus, the Light of the world, is in the midst of his people. But the church is made up of many members, and so each member is to be a candlestick in God's house, with Jesus in the midst—in the heart. A candlestick is for the purpose of holding up the light, that it may be seen by all around. What is the light that God's candlesticks are to hold up?—It is Christ, the Light of the world. Oil had to be poured into the candlestick for the light. John saw seven lamps of fire burning before the throne of God, and he was told that they were "the seven Spirits of God." We must have oil if we are to be burning and shining lights, and this oil is the Holy Spirit.

The Table of Showbread.—Our lessons on the manna have taught us who is the living bread that the showbread represented. Bethlehem, the town where Jesus was born, means "the house of bread." The tabernacle was a house of bread; for in it the Lord's table was always spread with cakes of showbread. Every house of God (and remember that you are his house) should be a house of bread, a place where hungry souls may come and feed upon the Bread of Life. If we feed upon the living words of Jesus, the heavenly Bread, then wherever we go, we shall carry Jesus with us, to make us a blessing to feed and give life to others.

"We being many are one bread." This was the meaning of the twelve separate cakes of bread. It was all one bread, representing Jesus the true Bread; but it was in twelve cakes, one for each tribe, to show the children of Israel that they were meant by God to be bearers of that Bread to the world. The bread had to be changed every Sabbath in order to be kept fresh. If we would be ever ready to feed others with the Bread of Life, we must have constantly a fresh supply for ourselves. And the Sabbath is especially the day when we may receive life and blessing, that shall make us a blessing to others through the week.

The Altar of Incense.—John saw in a vision heavenly beings having "golden vials full of odors [incense], which are the prayers of saints." He also saw an angel "having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar that was before the throne."

You will remember that when Noah, after the flood, offered a sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving to God, "the Lord smelled a sweet savor." The incense represented the true worship of God, which comes up before him as "an odor of a sweet smell." We can not offer anything to God except what he first gives to us. He must supply the incense, and this he has done in giving us Jesus. "We are unto God a sweet savor of Christ," who "hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor." He is the true incense, and it is only when we have him in the heart that we can offer any acceptable worship to God.

The fragrance of the incense spread out for miles around the tabernacle, so that any one in the neighborhood would be attracted to find out what it was, and learn about God. And so in every little earthly tabernacle where Jesus dwells, his sweet presence will shed its perfume all around to draw others to him.

Questions

1. What did God show to Moses while he was in the mount? Ex. 25:8, 9. Why was this sanctuary built on earth? Of what was it a shadow?
2. Does God dwell in temples made with hands? What house has he chosen? 1 Cor. 3:16.
3. How many apartments were there in the tabernacle? What were they called? Ex. 26:33.
4. What made the tabernacle holy? How are we to be made holy? 1 Cor. 3:17, last part.
5. What did the ark and the mercy-seat represent? What was in the ark? Where does God want to make his throne? What will then be written in our hearts?
6. What was seen above the ark containing the law? What will be seen upon us when the law is written in the tables of our hearts? John 1:14.
7. What did the candlestick represent? Rev. 1:12, 20. What did Jesus say of his disciples? Matt. 5:14-16.
8. What had to be poured into the lamps of the candlestick? What did the lamps of fire represent? Rev. 4:5. What must we have in us to make us lights?
9. What was upon the table of showbread? Of what does this teach? What is Jesus called in John 6:48?
10. What do all who feed on Christ become? 1 Cor. 10:17. What are they then able to do?
11. What can you tell about the altar of incense? What comes before God as incense? Who supplies the incense for us to offer? What do we thus become? 2 Cor. 2:15. Will any one besides the Lord notice this sweet savor?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

II—Preacher and People

(April 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: 1 Thess. 1:1-10.

MEMORY VERSES: Verses 2, 3.

Paul, and Silvanus, and Timothy, unto the church of the Thessalonians in God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ: Grace to you and peace. We give thanks to God always for you all, making mention of you in our prayers; remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labor of love and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, before our God and Father; knowing, brethren beloved of God, your election, how that our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Spirit, and in much assurance; even as ye know what manner of men we showed ourselves toward you for your sake. And ye became imitators of us, and of the Lord, having received the Word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Spirit; so that ye became an ensample to all that believe in Macedonia and in Achaia. For from you hath sounded forth the word of the Lord, not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but in every place your faith to God-ward is gone forth; so that we need not to speak any-

thing. For they themselves report concerning us what manner of entering in we had unto you; and how ye turned unto God from idols, to serve a living and true God, and to wait for his Son from heaven, whom he raised from the dead, even Jesus, who delivereth us from the wrath to come. —American Standard Revised Version.

Questions

1. Whom does Paul associate with him in writing this epistle to the Thessalonians?
2. In whom is this church grounded? What blessing is pronounced upon them? From what source does this peace come? Verse 1, last part; John 14:27.
3. In what manner were these Christians continually presented before the Lord? Why were they thus remembered?
4. What special features are mentioned in verse 3 as characteristics of the true Christian?
5. In whom only can such an experience be enjoyed? Who looks upon these faithful ones?
6. How does the gospel come to some people? How did it come to these Christians?
7. What will be the sure effect when the word of God is received in this way? Chapter 2:13.
8. How faithfully had these workers walked among the Thessalonians?
9. Of whom will those who receive the gospel always become imitators?
10. In becoming followers of the Lord, how did they receive the word? But what accompanies the affliction?
11. What does one who thus follows the Lord become?
12. How extensively had the gospel been preached by them? Through what had it been preached?
13. From what kind of worship had these people turned? What kind of a God were they now serving?
14. For whom were they waiting?
15. Through his death what has Jesus done for every one of us?
16. Shall we accept this deliverance to-day?

Notes

These lessons in the book of Thessalonians are present truth. Let us not study them as referring to a church that lived hundreds of years ago, but study them as God's message to us. In this way they will bring a new experience into our lives.

The first chapter is a beautiful description of a church that is waiting for her Lord. What was the result of such a faith as is here described?—Not only in Thessalonica was their faith known, but it had been sounded in Macedonia and Achaia and in every place. How long do you think it would take the third angel's message to reach every nation, kindred, tongue, and people if all who know it had such a faith? Would not their faith be sounded throughout all the world? The telegraph and telephone, the cable and steamship lines, the mail and newspaper facilities, would all be employed in sounding abroad the word of such a people who were really expecting and preparing soon to greet their returning Lord. And this would be done by many not of our faith, for the world would be aroused by the presence of such a people. What do these things mean to each of us personally? Is it not time to receive the word of God, not as the word of man, but as it is in truth, the word of God? Once received, it will effectually work.

Our lessons this quarter are so arranged that scarcely more than ten verses of Scripture will be studied each Sabbath. Why not commit these verses to memory, so that at the close of the quarter we shall have both books stored away where we can draw from them when we do not have access to the written Word? "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Ps. 119:11.



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Obstacles

BEYOND a forest deep a mountain stood,
So high that every pilgrim, taking fright
At its stern brow, returned into the wood,
Crying, "I can not scale the awful height!"

But one of stronger purpose made a start;
When he had come unto the mountain bold,
He drilled a level passage through its heart—
And lo, the frowning cliff was gleaming gold!

— Selected.

WE call special attention to the fact that Sabbath, April 4, is the date for the semiannual offering for the Old People's and Haskell Homes. Let the superintendents make a note of this, and call the attention of the schools to it.

One Verse a Day

"THY word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." Here is our only safety. The time is coming when our Bibles will be taken from us. Are we preparing for that time? Are we hiding God's word in our heart, where it can not be taken from us? If only one verse were committed each day, and repeated aloud at least three times a day, perhaps giving book, chapter, and verse, at the close of the year a store of God's Word would be at your command, which had cost but little effort, but is worth more than all the wealth of this world. Try it!

Real Life

"HE used his brief life for the service of the King," was written of a young man who was a devoted Christian, but had been early called to lay down his life-work. "He counted everything which did not offer him opportunity to represent his Lord as of little consequence. He believed that to be a Christian was the greatest fact in life. His was a life of reality. He made it a practise to do everything as he believed his Lord would were he in his place. He spent much time in Bible study and prayer." These few words contain the secret of a joyous life of service,— "his was a life of reality." There can be joy in the Christian life only as it is a life of reality. In the gift of Jesus, God has surrounded the world with an atmosphere of grace as real as the air which circulates around the globe, and all who will may breathe this atmosphere, and grow, really grow, up to the stature of men and women in Christ Jesus. How?—"He spent much time in Bible study and prayer." This is the key to a real life in Christ. "If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." It is impossible to be consciously abiding in Christ without a real and constant communion. We seek the company of those whom we know or love best. Studying his word and communing with him will bring into our lives a deeper desire to know him, and lead to a closer communion with him, until the old life will be gone. It is only by beholding the glory of our Lord that we become changed.

Recruits for Nyassaland

OUR readers are all quite familiar with the story of our Nyassaland mission, and the marvelous way in which the Lord raised up, in that dark land, a company of young people true to his commandments. About forty are keeping the Sabbath, some of whom gained a knowledge of this truth from their own study of the Bible, without any instruction from their teachers. God by his Spirit taught them, and then through them led their missionary to see the same truths.

All will be interested to know that this mission field is to be strengthened by two workers, Brother and Sister J. H. Watson, who sailed from New York about a month ago. The children especially will appreciate the privilege of seeing the picture of perhaps the youngest missionary to our Nyassa mission, Master Romaine Watson, who accompanies his father and mother. Brother and Sister Watson went to their field with a definite knowledge that God was leading, confidently expecting his blessing upon the work which they were to do. And even little Romaine enjoyed the prospect of playing with the little black boys and girls over in Africa who did not know Jesus. Do you not think that he will be a blessing in that mission? Surely God will use even the children to give this last message. Shall not we young people who remain behind remember these dear ones before the throne? And shall we not, when we are tempted to spend money for that which is not bread or that which satisfies not,



MASTER ROMAINE WATSON

lay it aside especially for this needy field, thus sharing in the glorious work of carrying the precious light of the gospel to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death?

The children, if they like, may save their pennies for this field, and help to hasten the message to this and other dark lands. When this is done, Jesus will come, and we shall meet these loved ones, and hear from their own lips the story of God's marvelous work in these dark lands.

Affairs in the East

AGAIN the eyes of all the world are turned toward the "invincible Turk." Now the two great powers, Russia and Austria, are demanding of the sultan certain reforms for Macedonia, which are deemed just and right. About twenty-five years ago, Russia, horrified by the Bulgarian atrocities, intervened, "on the pretext of racial and religious relationships," says Wm. E. Curtis, writing in the *National Geographic Magazine*, "and attempted to take the Balkan provinces away from Turkey; but the other powers prevented

the czar from enjoying the fruits of this victory over the sultan, and refused to let him have a port upon the Mediterranean. Ancient Macedonia was cut in half. The upper part was made an independent kingdom called Bulgaria. The lower half, familiarly known as Macedonia, was restored to Turkey on the solemn stipulation that the people should have a Christian governor and a just and liberal government."

But this has never been granted. Recently a note from Russia and Austria was sent to Germany, France, Great Britain, and Italy for their approval. Having secured that, it was presented to the sultan, who has just surprised all Europe by his acceptance of the scheme of reform for Macedonia. The note provides for an officer to be appointed called the "inspector-general," "who will hold office for three years, and whose responsibility to Turkey will be only nominal. The soldiery and police will be officered in the higher grades by nominees of the two co-operating Christian powers. Rural police will be recruited in the village they protect. Albanian excesses are to be put down. Political amnesty will be granted, and the finances made scientific." The *Literary Digest* remarks: "The sultan's acceptance of these things has been so graceful that Macedonia is practically reformed on paper. The Austrian press says everything is settled, but this view is inspired," says the *Digest*, "by a government that wishes to minimize the complications." It is thought that war may be averted by the sultan's agreeing to the reforms proposed by the great powers. This is altogether unlikely, because the plan virtually means the freedom of Macedonia from Turkish rule, it remaining a province of the Turkish empire in name only.

While to all appearances the sultan has agreed to these reforms, it is believed that he has some deep-laid scheme not yet brought to light. Turkish intrigue and cunning is a parable the world over, and the whole world awaits with open-mouthed wonder to see what will come next. Of course the Turk has made promises before, and broken them. Now the powers are quite determined that these promises shall be carried out.

Russia and Austria have for some time been massing troops on the frontier, to be ready for action in the event of the porte's refusing to grant the proposed reforms. The sultan has been preparing to meet the rebellion of his Christian subjects by the mobilization of two hundred and fifty thousand troops along the Bulgarian border. He has one of the finest fighting forces in the world, better organized, better armed, and better trained by picked German officers, than it was in 1878, when he made a stubborn defense against Russia, Servia, Rumania, and Montenegro.

All these things mean something. Both Russia and Austria are eager for a slice of the sultan's dominions, and it is only a question of time until he will be forced to relinquish his hold upon his European possessions.

Whatever the outcome may be, the sultan has now no ally among the great powers. England, which came to his aid in 1855 and 1878, sees where she made a bad investment; and Germany, it is said, will not "waste a single German soldier, or even a dollar from the imperial German treasury," on the Turk. A recent dispatch from Buda-Pesth asserts that it is the general feeling there that the break-up of Turkey is near at hand, and that it will come without doubt within three or four years, or it may come within three or four months.

To the student of prophecy the times are ominous. Turkey has long been denominated "the sick man of the East," who has existed simply by the sufferance of the powers. The eleventh and twelfth chapters of Daniel are of striking significance in this connection. What has heretofore been seen by faith by the believer in the inspired Word is now looked upon as a matter of fact by the statesman and the diplomat. C. A. H.