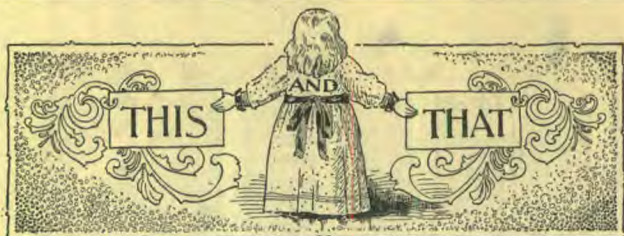


# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR





THE discovery of America cost Spain only \$7,200.

NEW YORK is increasing in population at the rate of 150,000 or 200,000 a year.

THE parlor match burns to death in this country five hundred women and children a year, says the *Baltimore Sun*. Why should not all take the precaution of using only the safety match?

SEVEN hundred thousand pounds of dry granulated sugar awaits the fleet at San Francisco. This contract is said to be the largest ever made by the Navy Department, and amounts to forty thousand dollars.

IN Ipswich, England, is a house in which there is a room papered with stamps artistically arranged. Forty-nine thousand five hundred and forty-two unused stamps, valued at \$3,700, were required to complete this unique attempt at wall-papering.

THE rush of Hungarians to the United States last year brought about a curious state of affairs in the little village of Kerisova, of three thousand five hundred inhabitants. One by one the male inhabitants caught the craze to emigrate to America, until the mayor was the only man remaining. Finally he left also. As a result of this exodus, the women of Kerisova elected a young woman to the position of mayor, while other women are transacting the duties of the municipal offices.—*Young People's Weekly*.

PETER A. FOLEY, the "lightning taker," of Portland, is the most wonderful telegraph operator in the world, says the *Lewiston Journal*. Mr. Foley is totally deaf, an affliction which ordinarily would be supposed to make telegraphy an utter impossibility to him, but since he became deaf eight years ago, he has developed what may be called a sixth sense, and by touch and sight he can detect the finest movements of the instrument, and correctly interpret them. His nervous system is part and parcel of telegraphy, and by means of the sense of touch in his finger-tips he takes messages transmitted from the ends of the continent. He can read a message by watching the sounder. With his left forefinger placed lightly on the sounder, he can by his wonderful sense of touch take a message as accurately as any man in the office.—*Idaho Scimitar*.

A NEW finishing-machine for woolen and worsted goods, in which the cloth is drawn over rolls covered with finely ground glass, is described by the *Textile World Record* as follows: "The pressure is applied by a pneumatic device which enables the energy of the machine to be regulated very closely. The millions of small glass crystals act on the thread in a manner that can not be otherwise duplicated, and the result is a uniform, smooth, polished surface with a very thick nap."

THE Rev. J. F. de le Roi, a well-known statistician, is authority for the statement that in the century recently closed 224,000 Jews were baptized in missions—a very good percentage in a total of 10,000,000.

The percentage is 1 to 40, whereas that of heathen converts is 1 in 300. In England, on the continent of Europe, and in the United States 750 Hebrews are now preaching the gospel to Gentile congregations, themselves having once been of the "ancient faith."  
—*Idaho Scimitar*.

### Man's Best Work

It is a noble thing to stand facing a large audience of the leading men and women in a great cause; to put great, forceful, burning thoughts into their minds that will work out in future good for the sake of God, Christ, and humanity.

It is grand to plan, and to engineer through, a great mechanical feat, as the building of a stupendous bridge, or a tunnel under a great river or strait, a canal through a continent for purposes of commerce, a machine to ease the burdens of a million toilers, to make life easier, better, happier, because of leisure afforded for the cultivation of heart and mind and social graces; a canal to bring the waters of a river out upon a barren upland, thus to make the desert to blossom as the rose, and to produce food for millions of people.

It is a worthy work to engage in the practise of law, to stand and plead for justice and right before judge and jury; to place one's client and his cause in a strong, clear light, and to be able to so sum up the evidence that judge and jury will accord to him the justice or mercy that is his due.

It is a Christlike work to minister to the sick, the helpless, the crippled, and the deformed; to work out in the alchemy of one's brain, and in the laboratory, the means of relief to the suffering; to sit at the bedside and apply that which will bring balm and relief to those tortured by pain; to lead the diseased, perverted mind back into healthful channels, and to restore men to health and usefulness.

It is a grand thing to be able to write great world poems that will charm, instruct, and inspire men, as, for example, "Thanatopsis," "The Psalm of Life," "A Man's A Man for a' That," "Breathes There the Man with Soul so Dead," "The Recessional," or "The Man with the Hoe," and hundreds of other poems equally good.

It is a magnificent thing to stand at the head of affairs in the hour of a nation's crisis, to have a mind filled with just thoughts toward all persons involved, and to be able to say the right words, and to do the right things in just the right way to meet that crisis, and to bring in peace and trustfulness, and honor to God and home and native land.

Yes, all these are noble works, and you would not go far wrong in choosing any one of them for life's work, if you use them to God's glory, except that in so doing you reject the grandest, best, and noblest work on earth at the present time—a work so full of good results, so sure of reward, that if you will follow it, you will change the whole current of men's lives. You will take the little child and so direct its thoughts that you will turn them into pure channels. Its environment may not be good. It may have harsh, unjust parents, and be surrounded by influences that would otherwise lead it into evil ways, but what you will give it will lift it up out of its sordid, narrow sphere, and give it a noble aim in life. You will take the pleasure-loving young man and woman and give them a purpose in life. More, you will take the men

(Concluded on page five)

# The Youth's Instructor

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TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 10, 1908

No. 10



## A View of India

I KNOW that the readers of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR do not easily tire of hearing of the work in heathen lands, and especially of that in India. Though there are missionaries of almost every denomination in India, there are many thousands who have never heard of the Saviour. One has only to travel and visit the cities and villages, to be convinced of the need of God-fearing men and women to help raise the fallen and teach them a better way. We visit some villages where the people, both old and young, flock about, and stare at us as if we had fallen from another planet. Many are afraid of us; but when they find that we wish to help them, they fall upon the ground before us, and with tears and pitiful voices, beg for food and help for the sick. Beggars are everywhere in multitudes; and it is very hard to tell who is in real need. India, like all other large countries, has her rich and her poor; and though there are many rich natives, some handling millions of dollars, yet we can safely say that thousands of the poor

are always at the point of starvation. I have been in towns where poverty and disease could be seen at every turn, yet in the midst of all this were temples and places for idol worship, which cost millions of dollars. One temple in southern India cost the fabulous sum of twenty million dollars. All of this meant untold suffering for thousands of poor natives. It certainly is a time to rejoice when we see the gospel of the kingdom going to so many of the dark corners of this benighted land.

The city of Benares is the great center for Hindu worship. There are about fifteen hundred temples and shrines, hundreds of them being very costly. Thousands of people go there every year to worship, and to bathe in the sacred waters of the Ganges. Many men and women spend years in traveling to Benares, and measure their length in the dust all the way. This means a long time of suffering, yet many do it to show their faithfulness to their gods. Benares stands upon the bank of the Ganges River, and to die and be burned on the margin of that sacred river, and have

their ashes borne away to the ocean on her loving bosom, is the last wish of millions of Hindus.

India has every variety of climate, from the perpetual snows in the north, where stand the great Himalayas, commonly called "the roof of the world," to the tropical south, where the sun shines almost every day in the year. Ceylon has a climate the most nearly perfect of any that I have ever known, and Bangalore, in the Mysore State, Southern India, is almost equal to it.

Most of the houses in India are built of bamboo and mud, and have thatched roofs, except in the large cities, where brick and stone are also used. Those of the more wealthy are floored with cement or marble, which makes them quite cool. The most beautiful floors are of bits of broken crockery laid in cement.

Bamboo is the staple article among all classes of people in India, especially among the poor. Houses, fences, and a large portion of the wagons are built of it, and all the scaffolding about the large buildings during their construction. It is tied together with rope, and the natives hold on to it with one hand while at work. I have seen them working one hundred fifty feet from the ground with nothing to stand upon but a bamboo pole.

There is almost continual famine in some part of India; and as a consequence, thousands

are always starving. In traveling from south to north, I have passed through a flooded country, and within twenty-four hours found myself surrounded with fields parched by the sun's rays, no rain having fallen for months. Much of the suffering of India's millions is the result of ignorance; and caste works a multitude of hardships.

The British government and the faithful missionaries have done much in the way of civilization and education; yet much remains to be done before the gospel of the kingdom is carried to all. The student of prophecy and the observer of the signs of the times, can not help observing the unrest and feverish attitude of every nation upon the earth. Strikes, riots, bloodshed, wars, and preparation for war—these are found everywhere. And India is no exception. We have, in the last month, had three railroad strikes, entailing much suffering and loss. Several cases of death by murder, starvation, and accident are among the results, and the end is not in sight. All these things mean that the Lord is coming sooner than many



This tomb is built of purest white marble. The gold and precious stones so freely used in its ornamentation give it a beauty beyond description. It required the labor of 20,000 men for seventeen years, and \$20,000,000 for its construction.

expect. The whole world is like a huge volcano, seething, rumbling, soon to burst upon its unprepared inhabitants. The great battle of Armageddon is soon to be fought; and O what a mighty work remains to be done! Now is the time to put our shoulders to the wheel and lift. Our new workers are studying the language to enable them to teach the people in their own tongues. We have published tracts in five or six different languages, and they are selling rapidly.

We hope, in a few years, to see the message carried to every part of India, and many prepared for the harvest. We feel very thankful to the young people of America for their help during the last year, but, dear friends, let this be only a beginning. If you could know the joy and peace that fills the poor hungering souls who accept this precious truth, and the happiness of the laborers who have to meet many difficulties, it would be a stimulus to greater action.

H. J. JEWELL.

### A Tour through Guatemala — No. 2

At an early hour in the morning we were up and ready to start on our journey toward Guatemala City. The ride to the end of the railroad, though beautiful, was uneventful, except that at one place we were stopped for a time, that some rocks which had rolled down the mountain might be cleared from the track. At one o'clock we were at the end of the railroad, twenty-five miles from the city. From here one must go by mule or carriage. In a short time I had arranged for my transportation, and was in a carriage drawn by four mules.

The ride up the mountainside was enjoyable, although one could not help being somewhat disturbed when the carriage went too close to the edge of the cliff. The mule drivers in this country persist in going down the mountain and around curves at a tremendous speed. At times we would go within a few inches of the edge of the road, over which one could look straight down for two hundred feet.

The scenery along the entire route was everything that could be desired. On one side the mountain rose thousands of feet above us, and on the other side a thousand feet below stretched the beautiful valley with many colors of green, due to various kinds of growing vegetables.

At five o'clock we were within ten miles of the city, where we were glad to find another train waiting to take us to the city. Just after dark we reached the top of the mountains, and a few miles farther, and perhaps two hundred feet below us, in full view lay the beautiful city of Guatemala. It is well lighted with electricity, and one could see its outline very distinctly. In a few minutes more we were at the station, which is a large brick union depot. An American kindly showed me to a hotel, where I stayed while in the city. One coming from the warm tropical coast is suddenly impressed with the great change in the atmosphere. In the evening, men wear light overcoats, and the women wear furs. The days are so cool that one

scarcely ever needs a parasol on account of the sun. It never gets warmer than 85° nor lower than 50°.

Early the next morning after our arrival we started to look around the city and neighboring country. At five o'clock the people are awakened by the ringing of scores of church bells. There are twenty large Catholic churches and cathedrals in this one city, and each church has from four to sixteen huge bells. The bell ringing each morning is kept up at intervals till eight o'clock. The effect can be partially imagined.

I will copy from my diary one experience of the day: "I witnessed a large funeral this morning. The coffin, covered with flowers, was carried by six men from the house to the cathedral, one mile distant. Just following the coffin were perhaps two hundred young women and girls dressed in black, each carrying a lighted candle; then followed hundreds of people counting their rosaries in behalf of the departed soul. Thus, amid the ringing of bells, the march continued to the church, where many priests awaited the coming of the body. I entered the church, but soon observed that I was unpopular, or at least eccentric, as all others were on their knees before images, saying prayers. Not caring to attract attention, I soon withdrew, thanking God in my heart that he had permitted the true light of the gospel to shine across my pathway, and praying that the same light might shine in many of these hearts who know not the first gospel principles."

The city is modern in many respects, and on the whole is very beautiful. Here and there you will find a well-kept park that is always full of beautiful flowers; for November's cold winds never come to steal them away, or to change the green leaf to yellow. About half the people, at least those of the better class, are German or of German origin. There are many Germans also scattered in other cities throughout the republic. Here would be a good opening for some of our German brethren to locate and work for that people. However, they all speak Spanish, and many of them speak English.

I spent my first Sabbath in visiting some of the great cathedrals. All day long there is a continual train of worshipers coming and going from these churches. One of these buildings, which I measured to



Catholic church, partly destroyed by earthquake. It is said to be over three hundred years old.

be five hundred feet long with walls twelve feet thick, is said to be three hundred years old, and the stone in front of some of the "saints" had been deeply worn from the kneeling of the many worshipers. None having received righteousness by faith, could behold this poor people kneeling by the hour before these gods of stone and wood, and not feel an anguish of soul in their behalf. In these places I gave away a number of tracts and copies of the *El Centinela*. Some honest heart may find a ray of light in them.

Not far from the capital city is a temple dedicated to "Escepolo," a wooden saint that is said to have been found on the spot where the temple is. The story goes that it was carried to the city, but in a few days it had gone, and was again found in the same place whence it was taken. The priests then said it wanted them to build a temple there for it, which was done.

This idol (we may call it that) is said to have great healing power, and many make long pilgrimages to worship before it and receive its blessing. This is not done so much now as in the past, I am glad to say.

#### View of the Market

At the market one can get a good idea of the resources of the country. The market building, or enclosure, is perhaps eight hundred feet square, and running from one end to the other are rows of tables or benches; on these the vegetables and other articles for sale are placed. There is a wonderful variety of vegetables, all the kinds which are grown in the temperate zone, as well as in the tropics. There are plenty of apples, too, but they are not so tempting as those grown in the home land. Few markets could equal this one for variety of eatables. The flower market is also of interest. Here are great heaps and baskets full of many kinds of flowers, all species of the rose, violet, carnation, with others too numerous to mention.

#### The Need of Missions

We called on the American minister, and asked what attitude the government held toward missionary work. He said the government was favorable, but of course the priests object greatly. There are two small mission stations (Protestant) operating in the republic. The governor at Barrios told me we could enter no more books through the customs.

Before concluding this article, let us take a retrospective view of the whole country, with reference to mission work. Here is a large country as healthful as one could find, containing 1,500,000 people. Perhaps 100,000 of these are Indians, who know but little about God, and have no knowledge of the third angel's message; and there is not a soul in all that country to represent this truth. Then lying on its southern border is the republic of Salvador, containing nearly 1,000,000 souls, and no one there to stand for this truth. Here are 2,500,000 intelligent people enjoying many of the advantages of modern civilization, and nothing has been done for them in the way of giving them this truth. And why is this so when these countries are so near the home land? Simply because we have not had the workers to send to them who could speak the Spanish language. Dear young people, is it not time that something should be done for them? Many of our young people should be studying the Spanish and other languages while they are in school, that they may be ready to enter the work at once on coming to a country like this.

In this connection let me say that the establishing of the Foreign Mission Seminary has brought comfort and consolation to the hearts of those who are on the firing line; it means more workers with a better preparation. May the Lord start a fire for missions burning in your heart, such as burned in the heart of Judson, Livingstone, and others, until you shall say, "Here am I, Lord, send me." E. L. CARDEY.

#### Man's Best Work

(Continued from page two)

and women who are hardened in sin out of the hands of the cruel enemy, and give them new thoughts, new ways, new aspirations, new hopes.

Need I tell you that this best work of man is the work of soul winning, which finds its noblest exposition in the work of the ministry? There is no work so noble as this. To turn a man from a sinner into

a saint is, of course, the work of God alone, through his Spirit and the merits of Jesus Christ, but to be the channel through which that Spirit can work is man's noblest employment. If I could turn one young man or young woman to choose this vocation, laying all these more popular ones aside, or making them entirely secondary to the main object of saving souls for God's kingdom, laying all of self on the altar for that purpose, I would feel that I had done one humble deed for the dear Master, and my reward would come in seeing in his kingdom the saved ones he has brought with him. I plead with you as God pleads with you through his Spirit, not to resist his call to this his noblest work. You may have the gift of oratory. You may be able to charm with song, or music, or pen, or brush, or chisel. You may be hopeful of grand attainments in law, literature, or mechanics. You may yet tunnel Dover's Strait or Gibraltar. You may rear a bridge over the Amazon. You may work out a cure for tuberculosis or cancer. Your voice may ring out over a cultured audience in Faneuil Hall, or the halls of Congress. Your articles for the press may be sought by the leading magazines of the day. You may write a poem that will sing in men's hearts around the world. Whatever you achieve will perish soon, but if you "turn many to righteousness," you will shine as "the stars forever and ever." E. L. PAULDING, M. D.

#### Talking Fishes

FISHES are silent folk. Myriads of them dwell in the vast water-world, some gliding along with stately dignity, others darting hither and thither like flashes of light beneath the waves; but swift or slow, they go about their business silently. This is the rule among fish-folk; but, like other rules, it is open to exception. Some fishes, we are told, whistle; some grunt, and others make queer sounds which are doubtless the form chatter takes in the water-world. The sea-swallow is one of the grunTERS, and the gurnards caught upon our own shores are called by fishermen pipers, on account of the curious wailing sounds they make after capture.

Certainly in these days there is nothing sweet or enticing in the songs these fish-folk give us. Miss Mary Kingsley is an authority on such subjects. In the course of her travels she came upon several fishes that could talk after their fashion, but she never felt attracted by them. On the contrary, she tells us she threw empty bottles at them in the vain attempt to silence them. But they would not take a hint, and could not believe they were a nuisance. Miss Kingsley, traveling up the river O'Rembo, in West Africa, often passed the night in her canoe, and her rest was constantly disturbed by fish serenades. No sooner was she comfortably settled and ready for sleep, than she would hear, "Dum, dum!" close to her ear, and again on the other side, "Dum, dum! Dum, dum!" If she looked over the side of her canoe, she could see her visitors, all in a row, with their silly noses stuck up against the canoe. They were not a bit shy. "Dum, dum!" they said; "we've come to have a chat with you." Then Miss Kingsley would try to shoo them away, splashing the water to frighten them. But they would not budge; nor did they mind more forcible arguments in the shape of empty bottles. The canoe was a great attraction; they had come to see what was going on, and were not to be deprived of the show.—*Sunday Reading.*



We have also a more sure word of prophecy; whereunto ye do well that ye take heed. 2 Peter 1: 19.

### France

FRANCE does not come specifically into the field of prophecy until the days of the French Revolution. Before that she had her place only as one of the ten horns that sprang from the fourth beast of Daniel 7, representing the ten kingdoms into which the Roman empire was divided.

A special interest attaches to the later history of France. Her devotion to the interests of the papacy had won for her the title, "Eldest Daughter of the Church," yet it was her hand that gave the papacy its deadly wound. In the year 1798, a French general, Berthier by name, entered Rome, by the command of the French Directory, abolished the papacy, proclaimed a republic, and took the pope away to France, where he died, a prisoner, the following year.

That which had brought about so great a change in France was the natural outworking of the principles of the papacy. At one time France had wavered between Protestantism and Romanism. It almost seemed as if her adhesion to the cause of Protestantism was about to insure its prosperity. But France gave her decision against the truth, and went back into the darkness. The massacre of St. Bartholomew showed how thoroughly she had given herself over to work the will of the papacy.

For a time Protestants were more or less tolerated in France, but in the year 1685, Louis XIV, the most powerful monarch of his time, revoked the edict which granted toleration, and all who valued liberty of conscience fled the country. Purged of its nobler elements, France was given up to a strange mixture of superstition and infidelity. Her rulers forgot the claims of humanity, and abandoned themselves to extravagant indulgence of every kind. Religion was nothing but a form. The papacy had retained its hold upon the people, but only at the expense of all true spirituality.

### Then Came the Reign of Terror

The infuriated people, tired of hardship and privation while the aristocracy and priesthood lived in selfish luxury, regarded both as public enemies, and put to a violent death all of both classes on whom they could lay their hands. Supposing that Christianity, which they associated with the priesthood, was the cause of all their misfortunes, the people revolted against it. The Bible was proscribed, churches and cathedrals were desecrated, and the Deity was publicly defied. Inscriptions were placed over the cemeteries announcing that death was an eternal sleep, and in order that the rest-day might be forgotten, the length of the week was changed from seven days to ten. A prostitute was enthroned on the high altar, and worshiped as the Goddess of Reason. Gradually the revolution wore itself out; a reaction followed; the excitement of foreign wars diverted the popular hatred from nobles and priests, and in the year 1800 a new pope was appointed. But all the world had seen what came of choosing the service of the papacy, rather than the yoke of Christ. A tenth part of Babylon's kingdom had fallen, "and the remnant were affrighted, and

gave glory to the God of heaven." Rev. 11:13. The two witnesses, the Old and New Testaments, referred to in Revelation 11, were no longer obliged to testify in sackcloth. They were exalted to heaven, and were greatly honored. Powerful Bible societies were formed, and the Scriptures have been translated through their agency into practically every known language.

The experiences of the Reign of Terror are referred to in Rev. 11:7-13 and in Dan. 11:36-40. Both of these prophecies apply at the time of the end, which began with the termination of the 1,260 years of papal supremacy in 1798. In that very year the king of the south, Egypt, and the king of the north, Turkey, did simultaneously attack the French army in Palestine and compel it to retreat. Dan. 11:40. Both of these prophetic passages employ language which indicates the unparalleled boldness of the infidelity which raged in France during the Revolution. As a nation, France committed herself officially to the declaration that there is no God.

To the present time she has continued to demonstrate the ruinous effects of papal domination upon the best interests of a country. The infidelity and immorality of the nation are but the harvest of the seed that was sown in earlier years when France was the mainstay of the papacy.

There is a striking lesson to be learned from the history of the connection between France and the papacy. When Rome looked on the powers that were marshaled under her banner, she gloried in her invincible strength. She did not know that her most trusted ally was to become the instrument of her own degradation. It seems to be written in the very constitution of the papacy that those who give their power and strength unto the beast shall come to hate the power to which they sell themselves. They "shall make her desolate and naked, and shall eat her flesh, and burn her with fire." Rev. 17:12, 13, 16, 17. Even so will it be again. When John saw the great harlot rejoicing in her pride, confident that her cup held nothing but the delicious, intoxicating draft of unrestricted power, he heard a voice from heaven declare her sentence, and noted that it was proportioned to her seeming triumph: "Reward her even as she rewarded you, and double unto her double according to her works: in the cup which she hath filled fill to her double. How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her." Rome's passing triumphs are but the measure of her coming woes.—*Present Truth.*

### Hating Evil

(Continued from page eight)

men's hearts, and get them to *turn from* the evil. But if after being enlightened, they refuse to renounce it, but cherish it, making it a part of themselves by free and full choice, they then become joined to the devil, to evil, and must share God's penalty upon sin.

God is love, but nowhere can it be found in the Bible that that love embraces evil. Satan seeks to bewilder souls here, by representing that God is a God of infinite love, and can not destroy the creatures he has made. But because God's love is infinite, he hates sin and evil, and proposes to rid his universe of it. And to do so he will be compelled by that eternal and infinite love utterly to destroy sinners from off the face of the earth.

T. E. BOWEN.



# THE HOME CIRCLE



"Children, who in their tender years sow courtesy, shall in their declining years reap love."

## Only a Little Thing

'Twas only a little thing for Nell  
To brighten the kitchen fire,  
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,  
As her mother might desire—  
A little thing, but her mother smiled,  
And banished all her care.  
And a day that was sad  
Closed bright and glad,  
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do  
For a sturdy boy like Ned  
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,  
And bring the wood from the shed;  
But his father was glad to find at night  
The chores were all well done.  
"I am thankful," said he,  
"As I can be,  
For the gift of such a son."

Only small things, but they brighten the life,  
Or shadow it with care;  
But little things, yet they mold a life  
For joy or sad despair;  
But little things, yet life's best prize,  
The reward which labor brings  
Comes to him who uses,  
And not abuses,  
The power of little things.

—Selected.

## Too Busy to Be Kind

"I THINK of innumerable nice things to do," said a man, "but I do not have time for them. I know how much they would please people, and each one of them alone is only a little thing, so that it would seem that one could do it; but because I think of so many, I don't seem to be able to push out and do any of them. I wish I had leisure to do such things."

But it is not leisure that enables people to do such things. It is the readiness to do them, even without leisure. No one ever had a heavier burden or had more cares resting upon him than Lincoln, in the Civil War, but he found time for just such fine, beautiful little acts. On Nov. 21, 1864, for example, he wrote this letter to Mrs. Bixby:—

"DEAR MADAM: I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I can not refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so

costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

Such a letter took only a few minutes to write. It must have been a treasure beyond all value to the mother who received it. If we had been in Mr. Lincoln's place, we should have been too busy to do such a thing; and yet such things are our business, and we could better neglect something else than the cup of cold water, or the token of love.—*Selected.*

## The Daughter's Turn

LAY the book down, Isabel, before the story's done;  
Leave your picture, Marion, though the piece be just begun;  
Come from dreamland, Miriam, however sweet the dream,  
Wash the dishes, bake the bread, sew the waiting seam.  
School is over; hasten another task to learn:  
Mother's worn and weary; it is now the daughter's turn.

Watch lest you be wanting in what her heart most needs—  
Earnest, thoughtful service, gentle, loving deeds.  
As her footsteps falter, O may she never miss  
A daughter's strength to lean on, a daughter's tender kiss.  
A lifetime is not long enough your filial debt to learn:  
Mother's worn and weary; it is now the daughter's turn.

—The Round Table.

## Echoes from Japan—Compulsory House Cleaning

I THINK some good Boston housekeeper would be much surprised if, on a fine October morning, a police officer in uniform and with a sword dangling at his side, and a pair of white gloves slung to the hilt by a cord, should appear at the side door of her castle, and with a bow address her as follows:—

"Madam, by order of the police department, you will clean house next Wednesday."

"Clean house! Next Wednesday! Go to! I will clean house when I please," she would exclaim, amazed at the impudence of such a suggestion.

Whereupon the officer would bow, and say with great calmness and dignity, "Madam, by order of the police department you will clean house next Wednesday. You will clean out all your furniture from cellar to attic into the garden or the street; you will take up and beat your carpets, and turn your closets inside out, and sweep and scrub your house from top to bottom. And when you have made everything clean, and before you have replaced your furniture, an inspector will come to see if you have done it well."

By this time Mrs. Housekeeper will be fairly in a rage, and she will feel like saying, even if she does not say it, "Indeed! Do you suppose I am going to have any police inspector, or any other kind of an inspector, look into my closets, and tell me whether or not I know how to clean house? Well, not if I can help it!



I would have you know that when I clean my house, I am well able to find all the dirt!"

Of course this will not happen in Boston, though there are parts of Boston where compulsory house cleaning would not be out of order; but this is exactly what does take place in Japan. Every year once, in some quarters twice, the order goes out to clean house. The city is divided into small districts, and all the residents of any one district are notified to clean house on the same day. If the weather proves bad, the game is called off, and a second notice is served.

There are degrees of strictness in the enforcement of the rule, according to the place and the conditions. In the closely packed business sections the order is generally issued twice a year. In the purely residential districts, only once; and where the district includes both, residents are generally excused on the second call. There are other exceptions. When a house has been recently built, and the mats are therefore fresh and new, and there has not been time for the accumulation of rubbish, it is often passed over. Foreign houses with solid floors and foundations and no mats are exempt. And we have found that though we live in a Japanese house, the police are very lenient in applying the rule to us, permitting us to choose our own time, and generally omitting the inspection altogether. But the rule is strictly enforced in the congested districts. In smaller cities and rural communities there is not the same consideration for foreign ideas, nor the same discrimination with regard to conditions. Here is to be found the self-important official who magnifies himself and his office, and carries out orders to the letter. Here too, possibly, may be found that kind of official who carries personal spite into his official duties. But more often, where they are not literalists in the interpretation of their duties, they are more actuated by curiosity than by a sense of duty, and by their curiosity they are impelled to take advantage of their official position to see what is inside of a foreigner's house. At least this sometimes seems to be the case. For instance, the house in which I am now writing is spick-and-span clean from top to bottom, with not the slightest suggestion of dirt outside or in, but a few days ago the inspector religiously made an examination of every room in the house, and the likelihood is that if there had been dirt enough to produce a severe pucker in the nose of a New England woman, he would not have known the difference. An American lady who has a sharp thin nose, so sensitive that it will smell dirt at a considerable distance, and whose forte is to seek dirt and pursue it, was wont to relate her experience with sanitary inspectors in the country town where she formerly lived, with much detail and many acidulous comments on the ways of the Japanese, whom she generally regarded as her natural enemies—and she was a missionary, too. It stirred her soul greatly to have an officer peer into her closets and look under her beds. She declared it was an imposition, and certainly a more tactful and less imaginative man would have contented himself with seeing less.

An Anglo-Saxon's house is his castle; but not so with the Japanese. They bow to authority, and ask no questions. And so it happens that on a certain day all the dwellers on both sides of a street will, in response to official orders, set all their household goods into the street with philosophic cheerfulness, and in full view of all the passers-by, give the house a thorough cleaning. After the furniture is out and piled

up in the street, the mats are carried out and set up in the sun preparatory to beating, and by this time the highway is fairly blocked. The loose floor boards are taken up and cleaned, and the ground underneath swept, and both are plentifully sprinkled with air-slaked lime. There is a great fluttering of brooms and dusters, and running about of men and women with blue and white towels wrapped about their heads.

At last the house is clean from foundation to ceiling,—I can not well say from cellar to attic,—and ready for inspection. At a certain hour two or three officers are seen moving from house to house and noting the result. After the revolution comes the restoration. The floor boards are laid again, and the mats, which are generally beaten with two bamboo sticks to a sort of rat-a-tat-too, are put in, and the household goods reinstated. Out in the street are left great heaps of rubbish to be taken away by the dust cart; and as we pick our way along, we wonder how so much trash could accumulate in houses which are thoroughly overhauled twice a year. But since it does, and no one passing through a street on cleaning day can doubt it, even an American must acknowledge that compulsory house cleaning is an admirable measure in Japan. And this year especially, when the cholera is on the increase, there is an added reason for keeping things as sweet and clean as possible.—*Selected.*

### Hating Evil

THE psalmist wrote, "Ye that love the Lord, hate evil." Evil is of the devil. He originated it. It is not of God. God hates it. Christ hates it. The loyal angels hate it. And here the command is given those who love the Lord to hate it. And why not? What but ruin and misery and desolation hath it wrought? Good does not come of evil. But God brings it in spite of the evil. Good and evil are as distinct as light is from darkness, and as widely separated as the east is from the west.

It is by failing to hate evil that we are enticed into sin. Our souls must become so filled with the love of the truth, of righteousness, of God, that they will loathe and spurn evil. We should flee from it as from a den of vipers. We must train our eyes to quickly detect the vile, the evil, and our ears to become deaf to it, by securing the abiding presence of the Spirit of God. The love of God is often most forcibly expressed by the hatred manifested for sin. When Eleazar, the priest, slew the Israelite and the Midianitish woman in open sin at the door of the tabernacle, he caused righteousness to stand forth in distinct contrast to the vileness of evil. For this act God greatly blessed and honored him. God spoke to Moses and said: "Behold, I give unto him my covenant of peace: and he shall have it, and his seed after him, even the covenant of an everlasting priesthood."

David prophetically wrote, expressing first his own hatred of sin, and then that of the Messiah to come: "I hate and abhor falsehood; but thy law do I love." "Surely thou wilt slay the wicked, O God: depart from me therefore, ye bloodthirsty men. For they speak against thee wickedly, and thine enemies take thy name in vain. Do not I hate them, O Jehovah, that hate thee? And am not I grieved with those that rise up against thee? I hate them with perfect hatred: they are become mine enemies." Ps. 134: 19-22.

It is the wickedness, the evil, to which men cling that Christ hates. He sought, and still seeks, to win  
(Concluded on page six)



# • CHILDREN'S • PAGE •



## Tales of a Terrace—No. 4 How Redbreast Lost His Scalp

"CHIR-R-UP! Good morning in there!"

So peremptory a greeting demanded recognition, and I turned from the table in the kitchen and looked out the back door to see who might be addressing me so boldly thus early in the morning. The back yard of the terrace was yet in its spring state of disorder; the grass was matted and unraked; boards and empty cans were scattered about; while, in one corner, a heap of

ashes awaited the refuse wagon's coming. I'm sorry to say the people of the terrace, in theory more than in practise, were zealous advocates of the "beautiful America" movement.

That moment, however, the ash heap was doing good service as a pedestal for my interlocutor who, perfect stranger though he was, stood upon its very summit and gazed unblushingly straight into the kitchen door, and hailed me,—inso-

lent fellow!—without considering the necessity of awaiting any formality in the way of introduction or apology. But being quite forbearing with his kind, I took no offense, but awaited further developments, while returning the stranger's saucy stare with one which I tried to make match in sauciness, inquisitiveness, and utter fearlessness.

"Chir-r-up! I'm a tourist, just returned from the South. Can't you see I'm a stranger in this place? Why don't you offer me something to eat?"

"A stranger, and begging at back doors; hm-m-m! Call yourself a tramp, not a tourist, Mr. Redbreast," was my unspoken reply.

"Che-e-e-rupp!" angrily; "I'm here for the summer!" with an impatient movement down the side of the ash heap, and a sidewise twist of his head the better to survey me as I advanced toward the open door. This gave me a view of his profile, and then I had no further room to criticize his bold stare, for I gazed as rudely myself, and, as rudely, was moved to exclaim:—

"Why, Mr. Redbreast! How did you lose your scalp?"

How, indeed? Evidently this tourist had met with at least one thrilling adventure in his travels—one in which it would seem he had encountered the tomahawk of some winged Apache, and had come near losing his life, as his scars amply testified; for the entire back of his head and neck was bare, the skin seeming to have been torn quite away, leaving a curious gap, above which the first layer of feathers projected like an awkwardly placed topknot. The wound seemed to have perfectly healed, however, leaving Mr. Redbreast none the worse as far as health and activity were concerned, but, perhaps, adding a bit to his asperity and defiant attitude toward a world that had used him so ill.

At least, he received my blunt inquiry with a decidedly resentful air. He stared at me an instant in haughty surprise, as if unable to believe that any one could be guilty of so gross a breach of etiquette, turned his back squarely upon me, and, refusing even so much as to admit that he had heard my question, flitted from the ash heap into a big oak-tree, and disappeared with a flutter so scornful that I felt quite crushed, and which plainly said:—

"Any one with the smallest pretensions to good breeding will never notice another's physical defects, to say nothing of openly commenting upon them. You lack refinement; I refuse to associate with you!"

Feeling justly rebuked and somewhat ashamed of myself, I would have conciliated Mr. Redbreast if possible; but I soon found that he meant to persist in his cold reserve, and he absolutely refused to respond to my apologetic overtures. But he told the truth when he said he had come for the summer, and I often saw him flitting about the terrace and its vicinity. Our clothes-pole and wire clothes-line were favorite perches of his, from which he could gaze into the kitchen and chatter for crumbs; again, he could often be seen up to his neck in wet clover, searching for bugs and worms in the early morning. He was, also, very industrious in the way of carrying sticks and straws for nest building; and once I saw him in the midst of a garden before the kindergarten door, tugging at a bit of cotton which had become partly buried in the ground, but which he finally succeeded in excavating, immediately bearing it away in triumph to the terrace tree tops.

But there were three things in which Mr. Redbreast was a summer-long mystery; he never revealed where his nest was hidden; he never gave us so much as a glimpse of his mate; and, most exasperating of all, he never by any means consented to speak of his adventures, particularly the one in which he lost his scalp. So I was obliged to make up a theory of my own, or allow the mystery to go unexplained and my curiosity forever unsatisfied.

By watching Mr. Redbreast's behavior and various moods at the terrace, I could form a fair idea of his disposition and manner elsewhere, and, with this foundation to build upon, I gave way to imagination one



A VIEW OF HIS PROFILE



"THE BATTLE OF THE MAGNOLIA"

day, and told to my own satisfaction the story of how Mr. Redbreast lost his scalp.

A great magnolia tree stood at the top of a little hill overlooking a lazy stream in the far-away South. It was November, but one could hardly realize it, the air was so warm, the grass so green, and the leaves of the magnolia so thick and fresh. November is often thus in the far-away South.

The woods were filling with birds that had forsaken colder regions for this delightful spot, and many of them visited the magnolia tree. Among them, a pair of bluebirds, hungry and tired but happy in reaching their journey's end, alighted upon a bough to rest and look around for something to eat. Shortly afterward, Mr. Redbreast, with scalp intact and feathers smooth and shining, flew to a perch not far away, to be followed speedily by a fierce black hawk, which, with a loud scream, found a place on the magnolia's topmost bough, from which he soon spied out the bluebirds, though Mr. Redbreast was hidden by a cluster of leaves.

Now this hawk was also very hungry, and looking down upon the tired bluebirds sitting side by side, he thought what a good supper one of them would make, and immediately resolved to have one. So, all of a sudden, down he swooped and attempted to seize poor startled Mrs. Bluebird in his beak.

Now her mate was a valiant little fellow, and, with a shrill battle chirp, he flew so fiercely to her defense that the hawk, for a moment, was confused and hesitated a bit. But soon he returned to the attack, and then the bluebirds were forced to fight for their very lives, each trying to defend the other against their murderous foe.

But things went badly for the pair, every snap of the hawk's great jaws threatening to crush out the life of one or the other, and no telling how disasterously for them the battle would have ended had not Mr. Redbreast come to the rescue just at the critical moment. Down he dashed directly into the hawk's face. The bluebirds redoubled their efforts. There was a terrific din of screams and cries, and the hawk, badly worsted, flapped heavily out of the magnolia tree, and flew away to look for some other kind of supper beyond the lazy stream, while the bluebirds, safe and sound, sprang to a higher perch and filled the magnolia with a joyful song of thanks to their champion and deliverer.

But, alack! For one unlucky instant Redbreast had been within reach of the hawk's savage beak. It seized him at the first spot that presented itself, which chanced to be the back of his head, and, as dextrously as any Indian hatchet could have done, tore away his scalp, and dashed him, bleeding, from the bough. But he was not killed, and, as he fluttered back into the magnolia tree and listened to the joyous praise of the bluebirds, he could not regret even the loss of his smooth bright crown in prolonging so much happiness.

Of course, this is only a make-believe story. It might be that Redbreast did not lose his scalp in such a commendable manner. He might himself have picked a quarrel, or might have been shot while thieving, or a cat might have caught him while young. But I liked to think him a noble veteran, retired upon a pension of cracker crumbs and chicken bones, to spend his declining days at the terrace, after being disfigured in supporting a noble cause and standing bravely and unswervingly for the right. So, unless he comes back to tell me differently, I shall always consider him the

hero of the Battle of the Magnolia, on the hill in the far-away South. MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

### Answers to Bible Questions

#### Issachar

- |                |           |
|----------------|-----------|
| 1. Ishmaelites | 5. Caleb  |
| 2. Samson      | 6. Herod  |
| 3. Samuel      | 7. Aaron  |
| 4. Absalom     | 8. Rachel |

### The Transformation

JUDGE ERSKINE (deceased), of Georgia, ran away from home and went to sea when he was sixteen, and not being much of a sailor was sent to the galley and made into a cook. For many years he was known as "Johnny the cook." So life went on until he was forty-five years of age. Most men at that age would have said that the wider spheres of life were forever closed, but at forty-five he began to read law, and his advance in his profession was so rapid that he was appointed to the judgeship of the United States court for the northern and southern districts of Georgia. After he had been judge for a year or two, he went one day to Savannah to preside over the federal court. One afternoon he strolled down to the docks to look at the vessels in port. The captain of one of the ships came ashore and passed the judge, giving him a sharp glance, for he retraced his steps and stared hard at the man who was enjoying the scene on the river.

"Now I'll bet that's Johnny the cook!" exclaimed the bluff old sailor.

Erskine looked at him and recognized his old captain. The two shook hands heartily, and the captain told the other how he had identified him by the scar on his face.

A brief talk about old times followed, and then the captain glanced at his former cook's clothes.

"You must have prospered in this country," he remarked. "What is your line of business?"

"There is a long story connected with that," replied the judge, "and as I have to meet an appointment now, I must postpone it until I see you again. Meet me in the United States court room to-morrow morning at ten o'clock."

The next morning at ten o'clock Judge Erskine was on the bench in his black robe, dealing out justice to a crowd of moonshiners. In a few moments the old sea captain walked into the court room. He glanced round in a puzzled way, and was evidently disappointed in not finding the man he sought. Finally he raised his eyes to the bench. For a moment he seemed dazed. He doubted his own eyes. Erskine saw him, and beckoned to him to come inside the railing, which fenced off the lawyers from the spectators.

With trembling step the captain took his stand one step below the platform on which the judge sat. Erskine welcomed him cordially, and during some unimportant routine business told the astonished sailor about his career in America and his elevation to the bench.

The captain was so thoroughly astonished by what he saw and heard that he seemed anxious to get away, and when he had reached the bottom step on leaving, he gave the judge a sweeping glance as he ejaculated, in a distinctly audible voice, "Only to think of it!"

—Selected.

"CONSTANT self-indulgence of any kind is incompatible with strength."



### Work for Missionary Volunteers — No. 5

THE spirit of the personal worker is well illustrated by the story of the heroic efforts of a member of the life-saving crew of the Northwestern University at Evanston, Ill.

"Some years ago in the early morning, there came the word that a steamer was in distress, and the students hastened down to the shore. There they saw the 'Lady Elgin,' not only in distress, but going to pieces, and men and women in imminent peril of being lost. Among the students were two brothers from Iowa. One of these brothers stripped off all surplus clothing, and swam out and brought one to shore, and another, and another, and another, until he had, what seems incredible, some eight or nine rescued on the shore of Lake Michigan. A fire had been built, and he was blue with cold. As he stood there trembling before the fire, and looked out over the lake again, he saw another man in peril. He said, 'I must go again.' His friends gathered around him and said, 'It does not mean rescue for him for you to go; it means death to you.' He broke from the crowd and plunged out, and brought a tenth, an eleventh, a twelfth, and again he stood, strength apparently all gone. And as they looked at him there, so blue and chilled, they thought that death had put its finger upon him. He looked out, and again he saw others in peril, and again he struck out through the storm, and brought the thirteenth, and the fourteenth, and fifteenth to the shore. And now he stood there by the fire once more. Again he looked out and saw a beam drifting in, and clinging to that beam a man. And as he looked again, he saw the man's wife, apparently, and the man was making almost superhuman efforts to save her, and as he looked, he saw that the beam was drifting around a point of land which meant death. He broke out from the crowd again. He plunged into the water, grasped hold of that beam, swung it around the perilous corner of the lake, and brought man and wife safely to land.

"That afternoon as he stood in his room, with his roommate, shivering and white and exhausted, he said, 'Did I do my best? Did I do my very best? O, I am afraid I did not do my very best!' And that night they say he tossed in delirium all night, and they tried to calm him. The only thing he thought of was those that were lost. His brother said, 'Why, you saved seventeen.' 'O,' said he, 'if I could have saved just one more!'

"Dear reader, look out to-day. Don't you see the storm-tossed sea? Don't you see the people in your home? Don't you see the millions of heathen going down? O, in the strength of God to-day let us plunge in again and again, and again, until every last ounce of strength is gone, and when at last utterly exhausted in the service of Jesus Christ we sink upon the sand in the intensity of our longing to save some, let us cry, 'O, if I could only have saved just one more!'

"How many of our young men will enter the service of God, not to be served, but to serve? In times

past there were those who fastened their minds upon one soul after another, saying, 'Lord, help me to save this soul.' But now such instances are rare. How many take those whom they know to be in peril, presenting them to God in prayer, and supplicating him to save them?"—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, page 412.

"We should educate the youth to help the youth; and as they seek to do this work, they will gain an experience that will qualify them to become consecrated workers in a larger sphere. Thousands of hearts can be reached in the most simple, humble way. The most intellectual, those who are looked upon and praised as the world's most gifted men and women, are often refreshed by the simple words that flow from the heart of one who loves God, and who can speak of that love as naturally as the worldling speaks of the things which his mind contemplates and feeds upon. Often the words well prepared and studied have little influence. But the true, honest words of a son or daughter of God, spoken in natural simplicity, will open the door to hearts that have long been locked."—*Id.* page 115.

"Let labor for souls become a part of your life. Go to the homes of those even who manifest no interest. While mercy's sweet voice invites the sinner, work with every energy of heart and brain, as did Paul, who 'ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears.' In the day of God, how many will confront us and say, 'I am lost! I am lost! and you never warned me; you never entreated me to come to Jesus. Had I believed as you did, I would have followed every judgment-bound soul within my reach with prayers and tears and warning.'"—*Gospel Workers*, page 453.

Throughout the Bible and the history of God's servants for centuries, the most important and effective means of soul saving is the definite, personal efforts of one individual for another individual.

"We fully believe in church organization; but this is not to prescribe the exact way in which we should work; for not all minds are to be reached by the same methods. Nothing is to be allowed to keep the servant of God from his fellow men. The individual believer is to labor for the individual sinner. Each person has his own light to keep burning."—*Testimonies*, Vol. VI, page 116.

MEADE MAC GUIRE.

### Speaking to the Stranger

ONE summer evening there came into the gospel tent, in Athol, Massachusetts, where we were conducting a series of meetings, a young college student from the Boston School of Technology. He was quite interested in the Bible study of the evening, and at the close of the meeting I went and spoke to him. In our conversation he told me that he was not a Christian, that he did not believe in Christ or in the inspiration of the Bible.

God gave me a great burden for his soul, and I studied and pleaded with him for some time after all the others had left the tent. He promised me that he would read a little from the Bible each day, and pray to God for faith to believe it. He attended a few more meetings, and then returned to school.

Some time after this experience I wrote to him and asked him if he had received the faith for which he was praying, and if he had yet found Christ as his Saviour. His reply follows:—

(Concluded on page fifteen)



M. E. KERN  
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman  
Secretary

### Lesson for the Missionary Volunteer Society

#### Hawaiian Islands

Note.—Although the Hawaiian Islands are not under the supervision of the Australasian Union, we consider the group here, and thus complete our study of Oceanica before taking up Malaysia.

#### Program

#### OPENING EXERCISES.

#### HAWAIIAN ISLANDS:—

General Description.

History.

People.

As American territory.

General Missionary Work.

Our Work.

**GENERAL DESCRIPTION:** About two thousand miles southwest of San Francisco, under the tropic of cancer, lie the Hawaiian Islands. Here tourists wishing to escape the extreme temperatures, find a perennial resort. Eight of the islands are inhabited. Besides having an enviable climate, this cluster of marine gems is noted for its beautiful scenery. It boasts the highest mountain in Polynesia (Mauna Kia), and the largest volcano in the world (Mauna Loa.) Both of these are on the island of Hawaii. Near Honolulu are also old craters, which it is hoped will ever remain silent, for on their sides many little homes cluster. The arable and the grazing lands are cut by many steep canyons and rugged mountain regions.

Frost never robs the Hawaiian agriculturist of his plants. Strawberries and raspberries can be had all the year round. There are a number of coffee plantations, but the most valuable plant is the taro. One writer claims that forty square feet of taro will supply

an average-sized family with food for one year. Flowers abound in Hawaii, and nearly one hundred and fifty kinds of trees are found. It is well that the lava rock makes excellent building stone, for as yet artizan skill has failed to make good bricks from Hawaiian clay.

While the surrounding waters abound in fish, the group shares the common fate of the island world in being almost destitute of animals.

**HISTORY:** According to native legends Hawaiian history covers a period of more than one thousand years. The early annals are wrapped in mystery; but the human bones which have been found under lava streams and coral formation prove that the islands have been inhabited. How the Hawaiians came there is not known. However, they possess the characteristics of the Malayan race which has peopled the insular world of the South Seas.

Spanish navigators visited the islands in 1542. They claim to have found Norsemen and Spanish sailors there, but the dawn of civilization did not break until 1778, when Cook first visited the group. (It was here that the famous explorer assumed liberties which cost him his life.) History remains silent concerning the government till 1782, when Kamahama wrested the rule from the petty kings. From then till 1839 the king was the proprietor of all the lands on the islands.

**PEOPLE:** The wants of the Hawaiian, beyond simple food and scant clothing, are very few. His ambition seldom leads him to exertion, save perhaps in the pursuit of pleasure. He is hospitable almost to a fault. "My home is yours," is the stranger's welcome. These people are lovers of nature, and devotion to it constituted their religion before they accepted Christianity. Their language can be understood by the New Zealander. It contains only twelve letters,—five vowels, five consonants, and h and w.

Immigration of Chinese, Japanese, and Portuguese, as well as contact with Western civilization, has brought many changes. Early, polygamy and infanticide prevailed. The people were steeped in ignorance and superstition. They attribute the eruption of volcanoes to the goddess Pele. Fruits, animals, and sometimes human beings, were cast into the crater to appease the wrath of the goddess.

During the winter of 1899-1900 the Asiatic plague made terrible inroads among the Hawaiians, but the ever-prowling foe is leprosy. About fifty miles from Honolulu is a leper colony. Some years ago twelve hundred lepers lived there. This colony, at a distance, resembles a graveyard, for the little bamboo huts are whitewashed every month. A story is told how one afflicted family fled to the mountains to avoid being sent to the leper colony, and how later the officers found six graves near the little mountain cabin, and a lifeless form in the room,—the sad evidences of a pitiful tragedy.



A GROUP OF HAWAIIANS EATING DINNER

#### AS AMERICAN TERRITORY:

The king made several attempts to abrogate the constitution granted in 1840; but in 1893 the people dethroned the sovereign, and secured the protection of the United States. Public sentiment forbade a proclamation of neutrality. The people seized Uncle Sam's coat sleeve with a tenacious grip, and refused to let go. Negotiations for annexation were completed July 7, 1898, and on the twelfth day of the next month the stars and stripes were hoisted. Two years later the islands were organized as a territory. The annexation ushered in an era of general prosperity. Many improvements have been made; better agricultural methods have been introduced. Inter-island mail and passenger service is good, and short lines of railroad are now in operation on all the important islands.

**GENERAL MISSIONARY WORK:** In 1809 a small Hawaiian lad was found weeping on the doorstep of Yale College. This was Obookiah. He was converted, and soon entered the mission school at Cornwall, Conn. His preparation for carrying the gospel to his insular home was almost completed when death claimed him. Plans were frustrated. The star of hope sank, but only to arise and shine with greater splendor; for in 1819, the year after Obookiah's death, a group of seventeen missionaries embarked for Hawaii. They found that God had gone before them. The people were in revolt against their national religion. Faint traces of a knowledge of the true God were found among them. Two years after arriving, the missionaries reduced the native language to writing, and since then several hundred books have been published. When the Catholics entered, in 1827, they met with considerable opposition, but the French government soon secured for them privileges similar to those granted to Protestants.

Christian missions have had a remarkable history in these islands. In 1823 the Hawaiian Evangelical Association, composed of missionaries and native converts, was formed, for the purpose of carrying Christianity to the island world. In 1839 the whole Bible was given to the people in their own tongue. Three years afterward, the number of professed Christians had reached 19,210. In another year there were twenty-three churches, with an average membership of over one thousand. The work continued to progress, and in 1863 Hawaii was recognized as a Christian nation, and the Hawaiian Evangelical Association took charge of the work formerly conducted by the American Board.

**OUR WORK** in the Hawaiian Islands began more than twenty years ago, when Brethren Scott and La Rue visited Honolulu. A few tent-meetings were held, and occasionally workers on their way from or to Australia would visit the group. But in 1895 Brethren H. H. Brand and E. H. Gates with their families located there. Two schools were opened, and the following year Dr. P. S. Kellogg started a sanitarium.



ONCE MEMBERS OF OUR CHINESE SCHOOL AT HILO, HAWAII

The work has passed through trying experiences, and the Macedonian call still comes from these islands. They are to-day a mission field of the North Pacific Union Conference. Brother and Sister C. D. M. Williams are the only missionaries in that field. There are about twenty Sabbath-keepers. The church has a Young People's Society, of seven members. One young woman supports a Chinese girl in school.

The following extracts are from a letter which the Mission Board recently received from Brother Williams: "There are only two of us here to do the work on the eight islands. We have one church, but the members are located on four different islands. This year we have been building a church in the city of Honolulu. It is framed, 28 x 40 feet, and is now nearly completed. We have succeeded in paying for everything, so far, except to the amount of about forty-five dollars. The lumber company will trust us to any amount that we want, but we have decided not to be in debt, and although it will take but about one hundred dollars to finish, we think it best to wait. Everything is very high here. We have to add to the coast prices a high freight bill and a large margin for dealers here. These three things make it almost too expensive to live. For instance, at times if we bought, we should have to pay three dollars a bushel for potatoes, and seven dollars for apples. Eggs are much of the time forty to sixty cents a dozen. Wood and fuel are very expensive.

"We have many languages to contend with — Hawaiian, Spanish, Portuguese, Japanese, Chinese, Korean, and a few others. The white population becomes smaller each year, and the others, especially the Japanese, are increasing. It is very hard to reach the people here, as most of the few white people have rejected the message. The Chinese are quite ready to listen to the truth when there is not too much opposition, but I never saw a place where the ministers were so jealous of their members, or where they put forth a more decided effort to keep them from hearing and receiving the truth. We are very much in need of more laborers. Our shipwork should also be looked after more extensively."

"And ye who can not go, O help  
With the wondrous weapon, prayer!  
While ye uplift your hands at home,  
The cross shall triumph there.

"And give ye freely of your store,  
To the warriors in the field;  
The more you give, to you the more  
Barrel and cruise shall yield."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course—No. 19  
"INTO ALL THE WORLD," pages 77-82; Test Questions 9, 16-23, page 206.

"OUTLINE OF MISSION FIELDS," pages 43, 44; "Supplement," pages 15, 16.

Give significance of the following dates in our mission work in China: 1887, 1902, 1903, 1905, 1906.

Locate the first headquarters; one school; one printing-press and four companies of missionaries.

Who or what is Amoy? Shanghai? Timothy? Keh? Law Keem? Allum?

What plans were laid at the general meeting at Shanghai?

Name two workers who have fallen in China.

What proportion of China's millions were Sabbath-keepers in 1904?

#### Notes

NOMADS OF MONGOLIA are governed by the Chinese empire. They live in tents covered with pieces of felt, and periodically shift their encampments. The seats are pieces of felt spread upon the ground. The men shave and wear a cue. In summer they wear a calico shirt and wide trousers, over which comes a long cotton robe of gay colors. A girdle around the waist carries a knife, tinder-box, and tobacco. In winter skins or costly furs are worn. The women dress much the same as the men until they are married.

CHINESE BIBLE: Morrison was the pioneer translator of the Chinese Bible. The work was begun in 1807, and was published in 1823. This version is in the Wen-li or classical dialect. Although a lofty and concise style, the Wen-li is intelligible throughout the empire. Several other versions by different translators have been prepared in various dialects, including the Easy Wen-li and Mandarin or colloquial form.

AWAKENING OF CHINA: During the past few years the great Oriental giant has been awakening from his sleep of centuries. One of the immediate causes is Japan's example. Over eighteen thousand Chinese students are in Tokyo, Japan. Christianity is rapidly spreading. The nation is waking up intellectually and politically, and is already seeking an entrance into the international game. The few scores of native Christians of a half century ago have increased to over two hundred thousand.

#### Right Triumphs

LIFE'S a battle with reverses,  
Which to all true hearts appear.  
Heaven's blessings, not its curses,  
Come to test us through the year.

Yield to sin, dear soldier?—Never!  
Soon its baleful race is run;  
Truth and right must live forever  
'Neath the circle of the sun.

There is death to all the evil,  
There is life to all the good;  
Cleave to Christ, resist the devil;  
And the secret's understood.

S. O. JAMES.



## XII—The Tabernacle Finished

(March 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Exodus 40.

MEMORY VERSE: "Let them make me a sanctuary; that I may dwell among them." Ex. 25:8.

### Review

How did the people respond to Moses' invitation to make offerings for the tabernacle? Name some of the articles they brought. How faithfully had the people worked? What did Moses do for them?

### Lesson Story

1. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, On the first day of the first month shalt thou set up the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation." The Lord told him how every piece of furniture, every curtain, and every part of the tabernacle should be arranged. And Moses did according to all the Lord had commanded him.

2. "And it came to pass in the first month in the second year, on the first day of the month, that the tabernacle was reared up. And Moses reared up the tabernacle and fastened his sockets, and set up the boards thereof, and put in the bars thereof, and reared up his pillars. And he spread abroad the tent over the tabernacle, and put the covering of the tent above upon it; as the Lord commanded Moses.

3. "And he took and put the testimony into the ark, and set the staves on the ark, and put the mercy-seat above upon the ark: and he brought the ark into the tabernacle, and set up the veil of the covering, and covered the ark of the testimony; as the Lord commanded Moses." This was the apartment of the tabernacle called the most holy place. It was ten cubits square, just half as large as the holy place, from which it was separated by a veil. The high priest went into the most holy place only once a year.

4. "He put the table in the tent of the congregation," or the holy place, which was about ten by twenty cubits in size, "upon the side of the tabernacle northward, without the veil. And he set the bread in order upon it before the Lord; as the Lord had commanded Moses.

5. "And he put the candlestick in the tent of the congregation, over against the table, on the side of the tabernacle southward. And he lighted the lamps before the Lord; as the Lord commanded Moses.

6. "And he put the golden altar in the tent of the congregation before the veil: and he burnt sweet incense thereon; as the Lord commanded Moses. And he set up the hanging at the door of the tabernacle.

7. "And he put the altar of burnt-offering by the door of the tabernacle of the tent of the congregation, and offered upon it the burnt-offering and the meat-offering; as the Lord commanded Moses.

8. "And he set the laver between the tent of the congregation and the altar, and put water there, to wash withal. And Moses and Aaron and his sons washed their hands and their feet thereat: when they went into the tent of the congregation, and when they came near unto the altar, they washed; as the Lord commanded Moses.

9. "And he reared up the court round about the

tabernacle and the altar, and set up the hanging of the court gate. So Moses finished the work.

10. "Then a cloud covered the tent of the congregation, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle. And Moses was not able to enter into the tent of the congregation, because the cloud abode thereon, and the glory of the Lord filled the tabernacle.

11. "And when the cloud was taken up from the tabernacle, the children of Israel went onward in all their journeys: but if the cloud were not taken up, then they journeyed not till the day that it was taken up. For the cloud of the Lord was upon the tabernacle by day, and fire was on it by night, in the sight of all the house of Israel, throughout all their journeys."

#### Questions

1. Who spoke to Moses? What did he say? What did the Lord tell Moses about the arrangement of the furniture? What did Moses do?

2. On what day was the tabernacle reared up? Name the parts that composed the outside wall. The covering.

3. What was placed in the ark? What above it? By whom was it carried? Where was the ark placed? What was this apartment called? How often did the priest enter here? How large was this room?

4. Describe the table that stood in the holy place. Where did it stand? What was placed on it? How large was the holy place?

5. Where was the candlestick placed? What was done with the lamps?

6. Where was the golden altar placed? What was burned upon it? What was placed at the door of the tabernacle?

7. Where was the altar of burnt-offering placed? What was offered upon this altar?

8. Where was the laver? What was in it? For what purpose was it used?

9. What was reared up around the tabernacle? What was placed at the court gate?

10. When all was finished, what occurred? Why could not Moses enter the tabernacle?

11. When the cloud was lifted up from the tabernacle, what did Israel understand they were to do? What did they do when the cloud was not lifted? What was over the tabernacle by day and what by night during all the journeys of Israel from this time on?

5. To whom is this lost dominion to be restored? Micah 4:8.

6. Why did Jesus come to this earth? Luke 19:10.

7. What will be restored through him? Acts 3:19-21.

8. How much did the promise recorded in Gen. 13:14-17 include? Rom. 4:13.

9. Did Abraham receive the promised inheritance? Acts 7:1-5.

10. What assurance is given that he will yet receive the promise? Heb. 11:8-13, 39, 40.

11. How do we become heirs to the promise? Gal. 3:29.

12. How will the earth be purified? 2 Peter 3:10-13; note 1.

13. Describe the new earth. Isa. 35:1, 2; Rev. 21:1-4.

14. How real will be our homes there? Isa. 65:21, 22; note 2.

15. What will be the character of the people who dwell there? Matt. 5:5; Rev. 2:7.

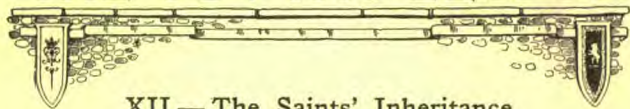
16. Describe the appearance of the righteous. Matt. 13:43.

#### Notes

1. "And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." The fire that consumes the wicked purifies the earth. Every trace of the curse is swept away. No eternally burning hell will keep before the ransomed the fearful consequences of sin. One reminder alone remains: our Redeemer will ever bear the marks of his crucifixion. . . . And the tokens of his humiliation are his highest honor; through the eternal ages the wounds of Calvary will show forth his praise, and declare his power.—*Great Controversy*, pages 673, 674.

2. In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called a country. There the heavenly Shepherd leads his flock to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are ever-flowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the wide-spreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home.—*Id.*, page 675.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON



### XII—The Saints' Inheritance

(March 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." Matt. 13:43.

#### Questions

1. What was God's purpose in creating our earth? Isa. 45:18; Ps. 115:16.

2. What dominion was given to man in the beginning? Gen. 1:25-28; Ps. 8:4-8.

3. What became of this dominion? Rom. 6:16; 2 Peter 2:19.

4. What did Jesus call Satan that showed that he recognized the fact that man had lost his dominion? John 12:31; Luke 4:3-6.

#### Speaking to the Stranger

(Continued from page eleven)

GREENWOOD, MASS., Feb. 17, 1907.

DEAR FRIEND: It was very kind of you to remember me all this time, and to take the interest in my welfare which you have shown.

I am glad to be able to tell you that I have the love of our Saviour, Jesus, firmly fixed in my heart, and although doubts will still creep in, it is only because I have not yet reached the limits of understanding and faith to which I hope to attain.

I have continued to pray and read the Bible every day, and now expect to continue so until my journey here is finished.

I hope that you are prospering well in your work, and that you still get as much enjoyment as ever in it. I am very busy in my college work now, so have been unable to answer this until to-day.

Still hoping for continued Christian progress for both of us, I remain, sincerely yours, \* \* \*

A. E. SANDERSON.

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1870.

MISS WILLETTA STANLEY wishes to thank those who have sent her copies of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR to distribute in the hospital.

GOVERNOR HOKE SMITH, of Georgia, recently "declined to attend a certain society function in Atlanta because champagne sparkled in the menu."

ELEVEN thousand dollars was recently given to the General Conference for foreign mission work by some of the conferences belonging to the North Pacific Union Conference.

ELDER CARDEY's article on his "Tour through Guatemala," setting forth the need of workers for these Catholic countries, must awaken in some of our young people a determination to fit themselves for work in these fields.

"AND they brought him to Jesus," was the minister's text. As he was returning home after the service, his little girl, walking beside him, said, "I liked that sermon very much."

"Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?"

Soberly and thoughtfully she answered, "I think, papa, I will just bring myself to him."

NEW YORK is at present considering the advisability of having a force of women policemen, who would "exercise a general supervision over children in the streets, and who would mingle with them in their games." It is thought such an addition to the police force would also help in "leading its future citizen away from the door of the saloon."

MR. WALTER DAMROSCH, conductor of the New York Symphony Orchestra, recently paid twenty-five dollars apiece for sandwiches for the ten members of his organization. When the train stopped at Saratoga, these persons hastened to a near-by restaurant for sandwiches. They lingered too long, and the train left them. As no other scheduled train could get them to Montreal in time for the concert, Mr. Damrosch ordered a special train, which cost him two hundred fifty dollars. Another illustration of the costliness of a small mistake.

## A Camera Surprise

DR. FRANCIS CLARK tells an interesting story of a young man living in Maine, who was out in the woods one day with his camera, taking photographs of attractive bits of scenery. He came upon the mouth of a little cavern between the rocks, and he said to himself, "I will see what sort of picture I can get out of that cave," and as it was a dark day, he decided to take a "time exposure" instead of a "snap-shot." Steadying the camera upon his knees as well as he could at the edge of the cave, he gave the sensitive plate a long, deliberate look at the semi-darkness within, went his way through the woods, and after a few hours returned to his home. Several weeks afterward in a leisure day, on developing his picture, you can imagine his astonishment to see in the picture in the very center of the cavern, with arched back and bristling fur, and within springing distance of the spot where he had laboriously balanced his camera, a huge Canadian lynx, that might easily have torn his eyes out, and have destroyed his life. And yet he came and went, and saw no signs of danger.

We walk in the midst of physical and moral perils every day we live. How splendid the promise, "He that keepeth thee will . . . neither slumber nor sleep."

## The Bells of Prayer

Up in the Tauern Mountains  
Are bells on the summit peaks;  
They hang in the golden sunshine  
All silent for days and weeks:  
But lo! when the storm wind rises,  
And blasts from the hilltops blow,  
Those bells send their peals while swinging,  
Far down in the valley below.

And so in each heart is hanging  
A bell, yea, a bell of prayer,  
Oft silent in days of sunshine,  
But pealing when storms are there.  
'Tis well in the days of beauty,  
In the solemn and quiet hour,  
To set all the prayer bells ringing,  
For prayer is the key to power.

—Eliza H. Morton.

## Begin Well

For young people who want to start each day aright there is nothing to be compared with the Morning Watch. Do not argue against it before you try it. The plan is very simple; and when acted upon, its results will surprise you. Just set apart the first half-hour, or even the first ten or fifteen minutes of each day, for Bible study, prayer, and quiet thinking. Before you mingle with men, have a talk with God, and then go out inspired for a day of victory and service. We need this daily vision of his glory. David felt the need of the morning watch when he said: "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." David must have found that when he looked up trustfully in the morning, he did not have to look down guiltily at evening. We shall find it so. One author, who believed in the efficacy of a right start, gives us this message: "Five minutes spent in the companionship of Christ every morning—aye, two minutes, if it be face to face, and heart to heart—will change the whole day, and make every thought and feeling different." And so, brethren and sisters, let us begin each day as he would have us—"in the secret of his presence."

ERNEST LLOYD.