

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE SEA END OF A GREENLAND GLACIER—A PLACE WHERE
SPRING IS UNKNOWN



DR. WILEY, chief chemist for the government, says that there are but three kinds of sirup — maple, cane, and sorghum. If what you purchased is labeled "Table Sirup," or if it bears any other name than that of one of the three mentioned, you may know it is not a pure sirup.

THE Catholic Bishop of Pittsburg has given an order that wherever there is a Catholic school within two miles, "parents and guardians are forbidden, under pain of mortal sin, to send their children to any non-Catholic school, and confessors are forbidden to absolve those who do not obey."

THE Brewers' Association has agreed to raise a million dollars, if necessary, to fight prohibition in Alabama, Georgia, and Mississippi. A more humane use of the million dollars would be to use it in setting up into some honorable business the men who have been thrown out of a disreputable business by the prohibition law.

ON March 4, the Dutch steamship "Ocean" was almost destroyed by the immense waves caused by a meteor falling into the ocean near the vessel. The captain claims that the gas produced by the burning meteor would have asphyxiated the crew had they not sought shelter below decks. Notwithstanding their endeavor to escape from the gas, many were made ill by its inhalation.

"TRAVELERS in the celebrated Death Valley of California have described the wonderful contortions of the sand pillars that small whirlwinds sometimes send spinning across the hot plain. Even more remarkable are 'dust devils' seen by an explorer, in the valley of the White Nile. Sometimes two of these whirling columns, gyrating in opposite directions, meet, and if they be well matched, the collision stops them, and a struggle ensues as to which way they shall twist. Gradually one gains the mastery, and the two combined rush on together.' Some of these whirlwinds will strip the clothes from an Arab's back, or send a goat spinning round and round like a top."

Postal Banks Wanted

THE Postal Bank bill now before Congress will doubtless be reported upon favorably by the Senate; but it is expected that it will be regarded less favorably by the House.

One design of the postal-bank service is to encourage children to save their pennies. The bill provides "for the sale by post-offices of cards, each to hold nine stamps. A child may buy a card for one cent and purchase stamps at one cent each. When nine stamps have been attached, the child may deposit the card, and receive credit for a deposit of ten cents.

"Every money-order post-office of the presidential class is to be a postal savings bank from the start, and the Postmaster General is authorized to extend the system as rapidly as possible to other money-order offices. Corporations are barred from opening accounts, the purpose being to encourage individual savings. The initial deposit on an account is to be not

less than one dollar, but additional deposits of ten cents or multiples thereof are allowed. An interest rate of two per cent is allowed."

A Newspaper in Tibet

THE *Tibet Times*, the first Tibetan newspaper, has recently been established in the hermit land of Tibet. The grand lama has also established lecture and reading rooms that the people may become conversant with the geography, history, and industrial condition of their country.

April

APRIL laughed, and threw a kiss;
Then, afraid it seemed amiss,
Quick she dropped a shining tear,
And it straightway blossomed here;
Seeing this, she then threw more,
Crying harder than before —
A tear for ev'ry kiss she threw;
From ev'ry tear a blossom grew,
Till she, laughing, ran away,
And left her flowers all to May.

—Selected.

Decay in Wood Prevented

IT is estimated that a fence post, which under ordinary circumstances will last for perhaps two years, will, if given preservative treatment costing about ten cents, last eighteen years. The service of other timbers, such as railroad ties, telephone poles, and mine props, can be doubled and often trebled by inexpensive preservative treatment.

It is estimated that one hundred fifty thousand acres are required each year to grow timber for the anthracite coal-mines alone. The average life of an untreated mine prop is not more than three years. By proper preservative treatment it can be prolonged by many times this figure. Telephone and telegraph poles, which in ten or twelve years, or even less, decay so badly at the ground line that they have to be removed, can, by a simple treatment of their butts, be made to last twenty or twenty-five years. Sap shingles, which are almost valueless in their natural state, can easily be treated and made to outlast even painted shingles of the most decay-resistant woods. Thousands of dollars are lost every year by the so-called "bluing" of freshly sawed sapwood lumber. This can be prevented by proper treatment, and at a cost so small as to put it within the reach of the smallest operator.

In the South the cheap and abundant loblolly pine, one of the easiest of all woods to treat, can by proper preparation be made to take the place of the high-grade longleaf pine for many purposes. Black and tupelo gums and other little-used woods have a new and increasing importance because of the possibility of preserving them from decay at small cost. In the Northeastern and Lake States are tamarack, hemlock, beech, birch, and maple, and the red and black oaks, all of which by proper treatment may help to replace the fast-diminishing white oak and cedar. In the States of the Mississippi Valley the pressing fence-post problem may be greatly relieved by treating such species as cottonwood, willow, and hackberry.

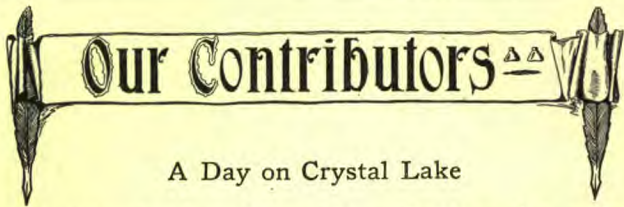
Circular 139 of the Forest Service, "A Primer of Wood Preservative," tells in simple terms what decay is, and how it can be retarded. The circular can be had free upon application to the Forester, Forest Service, Washington, D. C.

The Youth's Instructor

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A Day on Crystal Lake

AMONG the five thousand small lakes for which Michigan is noted, Crystal Lake, located in the north-western portion of the Lower Peninsula, is considered one of the most beautiful. It is nine miles long, from two to three miles wide, and is sometimes called the Geneva of America. Its waters abound with perch,



THE EAGLE'S NEST

of beech, birch, maple, hemlock, and cedar, while here and there are cozy farmhouses nestling among fruit-trees of various kinds. Frequently a sparkling stream of pure water, from a cool hillside spring, makes its way across the beach.

Being somewhat worn with labor, I sought to heed the Saviour's advice to "come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile;" and so with my family, I pitched a tent in a quiet spot on the border of the lake.

One bright morning in July we decided to take a trip upon this beautiful sheet of water. The children were up bright and early; and as the wind was blowing softly from the east, we set sail toward an outlet stream, which lay to the west. Here we found a dam over which the water flowed into a large reservoir about fifteen feet deep, thus making a natural aquarium. Its waters were clear, and we could easily see hundreds of fish of different kinds sporting about in its depths.

While here, the wind began to blow from the south, and we set sail to the northward, crossing the lake in about an hour. We landed at a beautiful waterfall called Glenn Rhoda. The stream comes leaping and dashing down from a large spring several hundred feet up among the hills. It is lined with the silver birch, from which we gathered a good supply of birch bark.

Here we ate our lunch with a keen relish, for there is nothing like exercise and fresh, pure air to stimulate the appetite.

We learned that about half a mile from these falls was an old eagle's nest, and my little boy and I decided to visit it. We first scaled a sand cliff above the shore, and then made our way for some distance through the thicket and forest up among the hills. We almost de-

spaired of finding the nest, when suddenly, in a little opening before us, it dawned upon our view,—and what a sight! High up, in a lone pine tree which towered far above the other trees of the forest, perhaps seventy-five feet from the ground, in the depth of the woods, and away from the dwelling of man, but in full view of the entire lake, the eagle had built its nest. And what a nest! It was fully six feet in diameter, and altogether a fit abode for the king of birds.

At this high point we were forcibly impressed with the psalmist's description of the child of God, who, he says, will "mount up with wings as eagles." Underneath the tree we found the skeleton of a lamb, and a number of eagle's feathers.

Here the original builders come year after year to rear their young, and just as often the young ones leave; where they go no one can tell. We took the precaution to arm ourselves with stout clubs in case of an attack, but failed to see the eagles. We since learned that a man who attempted to capture them was severely wounded, and barely escaped with his life. Subsequent to our visit, we occasionally saw them flying about the lake, sometimes savagely pursued by small birds. Those who have seen them at close range describe them as of mammoth proportions, with legs like the arms of a strong man.

As we descended to the shore, we were again favored, as the wind had shifted to the west. We set sail, and were blown gently but firmly back to our starting point.

As we neared our tent, the sun was sinking in the west, and its bright rays across the water resembled a pathway of gold. The orchards and forests on either shore were bathed in a flood of sunshine, which clothed them with glory and beauty; the gentle murmur of the lake was soothing to the ear; and altogether our day's outing was one long to be remembered.

Truly "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have pleasure therein." This old



GLENN RHODA WATERFALL

earth still contains much that is beautiful, and many things that speak to us of the loving care and tender mercy of our Heavenly Father toward the children of men. But what will it be when all is made new and glorious, and every trace of sin and the curse is removed. May all the INSTRUCTOR readers strive earnestly to join the society of the pure and the holy, and have a part in that goodly land. M. C. GULD.

"THEY go from strength to strength." Ps. 84:7.



Nature's Secret

NATURE, smiling to herself,
 A secret safe is keeping;
 She knows her children are not dead,
 But only softly sleeping.
 She knows the thrilling flood of life
 Within the forest welling,
 And sees the branches blushing red
 With longing to be telling.
 She feels the Mayflowers lift their heads
 From off their mossy pillows;
 And now—the smallest tree has told,
 For here are pussy-willows!
 You dear, wee, furry, silvery things!
 We touch you with caressing;
 And pluck your sprays with eager hands
 And many a whispered blessing.
 A robin chirrups on the hill,
 A bluebird in the hollow,
 For these are pussy-willow days,
 And spring is sure to follow.

— Selected.

Cruel Fate of the Egrets

FLORIDA is rapidly losing its flocks of herons. The white egret is being slaughtered into extinction for the sake of the beautiful white feathers on its back, which, when plucked and placed on a flinty-hearted woman's hat, become an aigret.

The scale on which the massacre of these beautiful birds is being carried on is almost incredible. An idea of it may be gained from the fact that one egret will furnish only one sixth of an ounce of plumage feathers, and yet at a public sale in London less than a year ago more than eleven thousand ounces of osprey plumes were offered for sale.



The most lamentable feature of the slaughter of the beautiful and innocent birds is that the feathers grow at the time when the egrets are nestling and breeding. The best plumes are taken from the upward tuft at the back, which is developed at the breeding season, though feathers are, of course, taken also from the wing and the breast. They are common to both sexes, and it is impossible to distinguish between the male and the female. An egret is shot, the few coveted feathers are torn from its back, its body is left to rot on the ground, and the young ones perish of starvation.— *Boston Globe*.

The Inventor of the Post-Card

THE honor of this cheap and convenient means of communication belongs to Prof. Emanuel Herrmann, of Vienna. On Jan. 26, 1869, he wrote a letter to the *Neue Freie Presse*, in Vienna, in which he developed his plan of a simple card which should be issued at two kreutzer (.8 cent, or 8 mills) by the Post-office Department, and which should be good for the Austro-Hungarian empire. At first the department objected to making the price so low as two kreutzer, but agreed to three kreutzer. But Professor Herrmann and those

interested in his plan objected to the extra kreutzer, so that finally the government agreed to the cheaper rate, and on Oct. 1, 1869, the first postal-card ever issued was put on sale in Vienna. Some years later Germany also adopted Professor Herrmann's postal-card idea, but it was not a great success until the Franco-Prussian War broke out, when they came into general use in Germany. Gradually other countries issued them. The United States, which handles them by the million now, was one of the last countries to adopt Professor Herrmann's idea.— *Selected*.

America Alone Has Humming-Birds

THOUGH the art museums of Europe may have some treasures of which the American continents can not boast, America has the distinction of having the world's supply of humming-birds, the gems of all the feathered creation. Of these there are said to be some four hundred species—the four hundred we may well call them—nearly all of which are peculiar to the tropical regions. Only eighteen cross the borders of the United States from Mexico, and occur chiefly in our Southwestern States. The ruby-throat is the only native humming-bird of eastern North America.



The popular idea is that the hummer lives only on honey, gathered from flowers. This is a mistake. The bird does secure some honey, but its food consists mainly of the small insects which frequent the flowers. Some of these insects are injurious to the blossom, and the tiny bird fulfils a useful function in destroying them. That the hummer is insectivorous is also shown by its habit of catching tiny insects on the wing.— *Outing Magazine*.

By-Products of Petroleum

ONE of the larger Standard Oil tankers sailed a few days ago with each of its sixteen reservoirs full, and the commander took along two complete lines of samples of all the by-products of petroleum, which now number forty-four. These will be placed on exhibition in various capitals of Europe. The manufacture from the refuse of common crude oil, rock oil, or Seneca-oil, of forty-four highly important and immensely valuable commercial and medical articles, toilet preparations, foods, and so forth and so on; and at the same time have the refined oil left, is wonderful. The by-products are worth more than the oil; yet only a few years ago all this refuse was dumped far out in the ocean, a whole fleet of scows being employed for the purpose, at great cost. No scows now from the Hook! Here is a miracle of evolution.

Before the Standard Oil chemists began to discover that there were millions in the by-products of petroleum, the company had buried a vast fortune in filling up the marshes and shallows about Constable Hook with the refuse from the tanks. It was making land out of mush. Iron dump carts were driven up to the tanks, and the hot, tar-like sediment was poured in, and hauled away to the filling. There is no estimating

the number of cubic yards thus wasted, but it runs into the millions. It is said now that negotiations are pending for a resurrection of these fillings. "The property covers several acres," said one of the interested parties, "and is as rich as a gold-mine."

One of the very late by-products of petroleum is butter. It is far superior to most of the cheap so-called butter that is sold in corner groceries, and a great deal better than oleomargarine. I had the experience of eating some the other day without knowing what it was, and thought it most excellent. I assume it is vaselin prepared in a buttery way. Will wonders never cease? — *New York Press*.

A Conversation with Mr. Edison

THOMAS A. EDISON was asked the question, "Is the age of invention passing?"

"Passing?" he repeated, in apparent astonishment that such a question should be asked. "Why, it hasn't started yet."

"You believe, then," asked the *Post's* correspondent, "that the next fifty years will see as great a mechanical and scientific development as the past half century?"

The answer was unhesitating and emphatic! "Greater; much greater!"

"Along what lines do you expect this development?"

"Along all lines," answered Mr. Edison. "A man can't particularize. You can never tell what some apparently small discovery will lead to. Somebody discovers something, and immediately a host of experimenters and inventors are playing all the variations upon it. Take Faraday's experiments with copper disks; looked like a scientific plaything, didn't it? Well, it eventually gave us the trolley car. Or take Crooke's tubes; looked like an academic discovery, but we got the X-ray from it. A whole host of experimenters are at work to-day; what great things their discoveries will lead to no one can foretell.

"You ask if the age of inventions is passing? Why, we don't know anything yet. Tell me, what physical law do we know? — Not one. So far as science is concerned, we're still groping about in the dark. With this world of knowledge before us, how can any one say that the age of invention has passed? How can we say that we've reached the limit of a force whose very nature we are ignorant of?"

"For the reasons that I've already pointed out, it's impossible to predict the lines along which electricity will be developed. It may be illumination. It may be power transmission. Then there's wireless telegraphy and telephony — commercial propositions already, but both in their infancy.

"The gyroscope? I experimented with the gyroscope over twenty years ago. An astronomical expedition was going to the coast of Guinea to observe

an eclipse, and I designed a platform for their telescope, which was to be set up on deck and maintained in stable equilibrium by a huge gyroscope. The necessary money was not forthcoming, and the scheme never got beyond the model stage.

"I can't say just what the gyroscope's development will be, but it undoubtedly has its uses.

"Yes, it might be used to maintain the equilibrium of a train on a single-track railroad.

"No, with or without the gyroscope we'll never have a twenty-four-hour transcontinental train. The wind resistance would be too great for one thing. That speed is too great. But if Americans keep on developing their nervous hurry, the one-hundred-mile-an-hour train will be a regular feature on our railroads.

"Yes, my molded houses will be a big item in this suburban development. Just think what it will mean when you can set up an iron mold, pour in concrete, and have a complete house constructed in twenty-four hours. It's going greatly to reduce the cost of dwellings, and enable the poor man to get out of the crowded tenements. I'm at work on my mold now, and expect to have it completed soon." — *Washington Post*.

Tree Trunks as Filters

A WELL-KNOWN Austrian engineer, M. Pfister, has discovered a remarkable property of the trunks of trees; namely, that of retaining the salt of sea water that has filtered through the trunk in the direction of



ABOVE THE CLOUDS

Volcano Smeroe in the distance; volcano Bromo near, but not ejecting smoke.

the fiber. He has consequently constructed an apparatus designed to utilize this property in obtaining drinkable water for the use of ships' crews. This apparatus consists of a pump, which sucks up the sea water into a reservoir, and then forces it into the filter formed by the tree trunk. As soon as a certain pressure is reached, the water is seen at the end of from one to three minutes, according to the kind of wood used. It makes its exit from the other extremity of the trunk, at first in drops, and then in fine streams, the water thus filtered being drinkable, freed, in fact, from every particle of the usual salty taste of ocean water. — *Montreal Standard*.

Chronology of Inventions

THE folding envelope was first used in 1839.
 Coal gas was first used as an illuminant in 1826.
 The velocipede was invented by Drais in 1817.
 Bombshells were first made in Holland in 1495.
 Roller-skates were invented in Plymton in 1863.
 Barometers were first made by Torricelli in 1643.
 Steel needles were first made in England in 1545.
 Alcohol was discovered in the thirteenth century.
 The first almanac was printed in Hungary in 1470.
 The first American paper money was made in 1740.
 The first iron wire was drawn at Nuremburg in 1351.
 Advertisements first appeared in newspapers in 1652.
 Shorthand writing was the invention of Pitman in 1837.
 Stem-winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.
 The first pipe-organ was made by Archimedes in 220 B. C.
 The first dictionary was made by Chinese scholars 1109 B. C.—*Our Young Folks*.

A Possibility of Our Sun

UP in the blue heaven floats a beautiful, beautiful star,— ninety-three million miles from us, yet nearer than any other star. I said *beautiful*, and it is,— a fiery, glowing, gaseous creation, scarcely tangible, yet of every possible moment to us. This star is our sun.

Its central mass is supposed to be composed of gases, at an enormous pressure and at an enormous temperature; and the shining surface that we see is a luminous cloudland, something like our own clouds, that is, gases in which float small liquid or solid particles.

Outside of this is the chromosphere, which under ordinary circumstances is invisible, but can be seen with the telescope for a few seconds during the fleeting moments of a total eclipse. It appears also to be composed of gases, mainly hydrogen and helium, and is "like a sea of flame, covering the surface to a depth of from five thousand to ten thousand miles." It has been described as looking like a "prairie on fire."

Then there are the prominences, which are visible at certain times, playing through the rifts in the surface clouds like flames over a coal fire.

And this wonderful, flaming, glowing creation is the all-important nucleus around which drift in circling paths a whole family of planets,—our own little earth one. It is like an immense power-house from which are drawn light, heat, in fact, we might almost say, life itself; for without it life indeed—the dependent life of our little globe—would soon become extinct.

To any influence on the surface of the sun our earth is naturally very susceptible. Thus when sunspots, the most interesting and conspicuous objects on the solar surface, are most numerous, then are our magnetic storms and the exhibitions of our aurora borealis most marked.

To the daily meting out of light and heat in the usual quantities, to the continuance of day and night, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, we are so accustomed that we scarce give a thought. Yet for all these things we depend on the sun. They have been, we say, and they will be. Alas, how little we know how long they will be!

Throughout the stellar universe, those bodies known in astronomical phrase as stars, in opposition to planets, satellites, etc., are of the same material com-

position as our sun. Now I want to tell you the story of one such star. It belongs to the constellation of the Northern Crown. Some years ago, so scientists tell us, a star of the tenth magnitude, or brilliancy, in this constellation suddenly blazed forth as a star of the *second* magnitude, and dozens of eager telescopes, anxious to penetrate the secrets of these far-off spheres, were bent upon it. Its unusual brightness gave it the name of Blaze Star. But its fiery, wonder-exciting brilliancy lasted only for a time. Gradually its light diminished, till now, as of old, it shines in the self-same place,—a star of about the tenth magnitude.

What happened? What fearful conflagration had taken place on that far-off, lonely sphere? The spectroscope revealed the fact that a large portion of its light came from glowing hydrogen, and it was estimated that its brilliancy increased during this fiery interval fully eight hundredfold.

The earth, subjected to the fearful temperature, would have caught flame, and been consumed like tinder. Might it not be even so that the great and terrible day of the Lord, in which "the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein be burned up," shall come to pass?

We, indeed, what are we?—Atoms, merest atoms. All our petty likes and dislikes, our joys and grievings and pain, sink into insignificance. Our little lives



ATMOSPHERE OF THE SUN IN IDEAL SECTION

we must carry in our hands, and be ready any time to hold them out and say, "Here, take, Thou who gavest, take." Helpless alike and worthless, we must turn to our fate, whatever it be.

But through it all comes a whisper, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Ah! the Omnipotent Force, then, that fashioned the glowing suns and circling planets, is looking out for his sparrow. Down on this earth he planted, long ago, a little human spark. It throve and multiplied, and like a father he pities and remembers.

You have read about the cloud on the horizon no larger than a man's hand; how it came nearer and nearer, and grew larger and larger. And what was it?—Christ, the gracious, merciful Christ, the Redeemer of mankind, and with him throngs on throngs of angels, so many that they looked like billows round about him. He had come for his sparrows. And this just before the hour of his anger,—the hour of the Lord's fierce anger! Fortunate are we that our God is a great and compassionate God, that not even a sparrow can fall to the ground without his knowing it.

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.

Studying Together

"OUR church," writes one sister, "has not started a Young People's Society, but all the women who could do so have met every week since last October to study the lessons on 'Early Writings.' These have been a real help to us. We now expect to study together 'Ministry of Healing.'" Many advantages must come from such organized study.



THE HOME CIRCLE



"He that loveth pureness of heart, for the grace of his lips the king shall be his friend." Prov. 22: 11.

Home

O God, my heart goes out to thee;
I long for strife to cease—
The fight of faith that now must be
To quicken, mold, and polish me,
And make me fit to dwell with thee
In that sweet home of peace.

O thou who stilled the Galilee,
I hear thee saying, "Come."
Oft I hear thy "Peace, be still!"
And know it is the Master's will
His every promise to fulfil,
And bring me safely home.

PAULINE ALDERMAN.

Happy Nancy's Secret

THERE ONCE lived in an old brown cottage a solitary woman. She was thirty years of age, tended her little garden, knit and spun for a living. She was known everywhere from village to village, by the name of "Happy Nancy." She had no money, no family, no relatives; and was half blind, quite lame, and very crooked. There was no comeliness in her, and yet there, in that plain-featured, deformed body, the great God, who loves to bring strength out of weakness, had set his royal seal.

"Well, Nancy, singing again," would the chance visitor say, as he stopped at her door.

"O, yes, I'm forever at it."

"I wish you'd tell me your secret, Nancy—you are all alone, you work hard, you have nothing very pleasant surrounding you, why are you so happy?"

"Perhaps it's because I haven't got anybody but God," replied the good creature, looking up. "You see rich folks like you, depend upon their families and their houses: they've got to think of their business, of their wives and children, and then they're always mighty afraid of troubles ahead. I ain't got anything to trouble myself about, you see, 'cause I leave it all to the Lord. I think, Well, if he can keep this great world in such good order, the sun rolling day after day, and the stars a-shining night after night; make my garden things come up the same, season after season, he can certainly take care of such a poor, simple thing as I am; and so you see, I leave it all to the Lord, and the Lord takes care of me."

"But, Nancy, suppose a frost should come after your fruit-trees are all in blossom, and your little plants up, and suppose —"

"But I don't suppose; I never can suppose; I don't want to suppose, except that the Lord will do everything right. That's what makes you people unhappy; you're all the time supposing. Now why can't you wait till the suppose comes, as I do, and then make the best of it."

"Ah, Nancy, it's pretty certain you'll get into heaven, while many of us, with all our worldly wisdom, will have to stay out."

"There you are at it again," said Nancy, shaking

her head, "always looking out for some black cloud. Why, if I was you, I'd keep the devil at arm's length, instead of taking him right into my heart; he'll do you a desperate sight of mischief."

She was right. How many times we take the spirit of care, of distrust, of ingratitude, right into our hearts. How often we canker pleasures with the fear of coming ill, and seldom hail the daily blessings when they come.

It would be well for us to imitate Happy Nancy, and "never suppose." If you see a cloud, don't suppose it is going to storm; if you see a frown, don't suppose a scolding will follow: do the best you can, and there leave it. Be childlike toward your Heavenly Father; believe more and more in his love; instead of trusting your finite understanding, learn to confide in his infinite wisdom; and above all, "wait till the suppose comes, and then make the best of it." Never give place in your thoughts to imaginary evils; and depend upon it, our days will have more sunshine in them if we follow Happy Nancy's rule.—*Arranged by Ernest Lloyd.*

The Master Is Risen Indeed

"WHEREVER a mantle of pity falls soft on a wound of woe,
Wherever a peace or a pardon springs up to o'ermaster
a foe,
Wherever a soft hand of blessing outreaches to succor
a need,
Wherever springs healing for wounding, the Master is
risen indeed!

"Wherever the soul of a people, arising in courage and
might,
Bursts forth from the errors that shrouded its hope in
the gloom of the night,
Wherever, in sight of God's legions, the armies of evil
recede,
And truth wins a soul or a kingdom, the Master is risen
indeed!"

Influence

THE life of Christ was an ever-widening, shoreless influence, an influence that bound him to God and to the whole human family. Through Christ, God has invested man with an influence that makes it impossible for him to live to himself. Individually we are connected with our fellow men, a part of God's great whole, and we stand under mutual obligations. No man can be independent of his fellow men; for the well-being of each affects others. It is God's purpose that each shall feel himself necessary to others' welfare, and seek to promote their happiness.

Every soul is surrounded by an atmosphere of its own—an atmosphere, it may be, charged with the life-giving power of faith, courage, and hope, and sweet with the fragrance of love. Or it may be heavy and chill with the gloom of discontent and selfishness, or poisonous with the deadly taint of cherished sin. By the atmosphere surrounding us, every person with

whom we come in contact is consciously or unconsciously affected.

This is a responsibility from which we can not free ourselves. Our words, our acts, our dress, our deportment, even the expression of the countenance, has an influence. Upon the impression thus made there hang results for good or evil which no man can measure. Every impulse thus imparted is seed sown which will produce its harvest. It is a link in the long chain of human events, extending we know not whither. If by our example we aid others in the development of good principles, we give them power to do good. In their turn they exert the same influence upon others, and they upon still others. Thus by our unconscious influence thousands may be blessed.

Throw a pebble into the lake, and a wave is formed; and another and another; and as they increase, the circle widens, until it reaches the very shore. So with our influence. Beyond our knowledge or control it tells upon others in blessing or cursing.

Character is power. The silent witness of a true, unselfish, godly life carries an almost irresistible influence. By revealing in our own life the character of Christ we co-operate with him in the work of saving souls. It is only by revealing in our life his character that we can co-operate with him. And the wider the sphere of our influence, the more good we may do. When those who profess to serve God follow Christ's example, practising the principles of the law in their daily life; when every act bears witness that they love God supremely and their neighbor as themselves, then will the church have power to move the world.—*Mrs. E. G. White.*

Your Manners

WHAT of your manners, girls? How do you face your world? So as to make a good impression or a bad one?

It is useless to say that manners do not count. They have as much to do with success or failure in life as qualities which we may regard as infinitely more important.

The vain, boastful, self-opinionated girl; the girl who is curt or brusque; she who is boisterous or rough in speech or voice; the girl who is affected or palpably insincere, will be hampered in her career, though she have gifts of mind and body far beyond her fellows.

To be simple, kind, and courteous in manner to all alike is the highest mark of good breeding. The really great men and women of all times are marked by simplicity and consideration in their dealings with their fellow men.

If you are a hero worshiper, and most young girls are, this trait is worth remembering; nay more, worth imitating.

Try to model your manners after some one who represents to you the highest type of gentlewoman, and you will make life sweeter for all around you, and far, far happier for yourself.

Moreover, you will get along better in the world, with fewer jars and rough places, for by a sort of inverse working of the "golden rule," as your manner is to others, so, in all probability, will be the manner of others to you.—*Selected.*

LONGFELLOW said: "I do not like to have women discussed in public. Something within me rebels at the profanation."



Reach Out Thy Hand

REACH out thy hand, reach loving out,
And help thy feeble brother.
Our God's the father of us all;
Thus we should love each other.
Hast thou great riches on the sea,
Or treasures vast on land?
Then share with poor, despairing ones
With gen'rous, lavish hand.

Why shouldst these bounties given thee
Make heart of thine so proud?
For dusty pillow awaiteth thee,
And grass grows o'er thy shroud;
Thou canst not carry aught with thee
When for thee bells will toll;
Then share, my brother, share thy gifts,
'Twill benefit thy soul.

The Master said, with pleading tone,
To one who sought his love,
"Sell all thou hast, and give away,
And follow me above."
O, canst thou see, my brother dear,
If thou wouldst this obey,
Thy soul, e'er peaceful, then leaps forth
To worship and to pray.

EVELINE SPOONER SHULTZ.

Work for Missionary Volunteers — No. 9

Conversation

WE associate with friends every day with whom we are upon intimate terms. One of them may be unconverted. We talk of our work, our plans, our pleasures, everything but that which is of infinite importance. What reason can we give in the judgment for never introducing in our conversation the theme of themes? We have topics of the greatest interest. Christ is at hand. He is now engaged in the judgment work in the heavenly sanctuary. How do we know but that our friend would be intensely interested in these things? Let us pray for divine guidance, and then improve our God-given opportunities. If we are repulsed, we know that we have done our duty and are clear before God.

"When thrown into the society of unbelievers, whether walking, working, riding, trading, or visiting, we should, as we have opportunity, introduce the subject of religion, and speak of the things which concern their eternal interest. We should not do this abruptly, but with tact. This was the way in which our Saviour taught concerning the kingdom of God.

"'Be instant in season, out of season.' To be 'instant in season' is to be alert to the privileges of the house and hour of worship, and to the time when men are conversing on the topics of religion. And 'out of season,' means, when you are at the fireside, in the field, by the wayside, in the market, to seek to be ready to turn the thoughts of men, in a suitable and wise manner, to the great themes of the Bible. With tender and fervent spirit urge the claims of God upon the soul. Many, many precious opportunities are allowed to slip by unimproved, because men are persuaded that it is out of season. . . . He who is sowing seeds of eternal truth may bear a burdened heart, and send up

(Continued on page ten)



CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Riddle

I AM bright, I am sharp as a body can be,
 But my honesty none may suspect,
 For all will agree who have dealings with me
 I am perfectly straight and correct.

I've a good eye for business; times out of joint
 Only urge me to greater dispatch,
 And any inquirer who comes to the point,
 Will find me right up to the scratch.

Of labor and energy though I may tell,
 Yet may talents have greater variety;
 Indeed I am graceful and polished as well,
 And will shine in the highest society.

I am not self-willed, but alert to obey,
 And go where my arbiter takes me;
 And though my fate hangs
 by a thread, as they
 say,
 I will get through my
 work, if it breaks me.

—Selected.

Miss Rachel's Boy

BILLY was ten years old, his eyes were round and bright; he had come from a city orphanage, and Miss Rachel had agreed to feed and clothe him, send him to school, and give him a comfortable home. Miss Rachel did her part well; it was Billy who failed in his. He was to work in the garden, cut wood, feed the chickens, and above all things, do what he was told. One night he neglected the largest coop of chickens, leaving it open, and a weasel sneaked in and killed the entire brood. He failed over and over to close the rear gate, and stray dogs had done great damage in the neat little yard. He climbed out on a branch of the winter apple-tree and came down with it, and the apples that were wasted shocked Miss Rachel's economical soul to its center. Thereupon, it came about, to the consternation of the neighbors, who liked Billy, and were proud of having a real orphan in the town, that Miss Rachel wrote to the agent to come and get the boy.

Perhaps by the time the agent put in an appearance, Miss Rachel was sorry for her hasty action, but she was not the kind of woman to give people trouble for nothing, so Billy was prepared to return to the orphanage, with two new suits, a whole set of underclothes, stockings, and handkerchiefs enough for any small mortal, carefully packed in his bag.

"It's well I didn't adopt him outright, that's certain," Miss Rachel said, "because then I reckon I couldn't get rid of him so easily."

"That's true," said the agent. "Be sure you want a boy before you decide to adopt him."

"I was mighty good to Billy," said Miss Rachel, back in her house, which seemed desperately lonely. "I sent him to school and let him have everything he needed, and last Saturday I gave him a quarter."

After a while Miss Rachel said, sighing: "I wonder how Billy will spend his quarter. He intended getting a tablet and pencils, but I guess they furnish such things free at the orphanage."

A knock roused Miss Rachel, and opening the door, she faced Jim Purdham, the one messenger boy in the place.

"A telegram for me, Jim!" she cried, in dismay. "No'm," said Jim, "it's a note from a little fellow sitting on the depot steps."

Miss Rachel retired quickly into her house, carrying the note. It was from Billy, of course, no other small boy sitting on the depot steps would be thinking of her. A strange feeling was upon her as she took the note and began to read:—

"DEAR MISS RACHEL: Our train is late. I'll write and say good-bye once more. I wish things were different. I wish I were coming to your house instead of going away. Thank you for all your kindness.

"BILLY."

"He spent his quarter getting this to me," said Miss Rachel. Then, in a desperate hurry, she put on her cloak and bonnet and hastened away to the depot, fearful lest the train should reach there first and get her boy. But, no, she got to the station before the train came in, and ran and took Billy by the hand. "I want him back, sir," she said to the agent. "I think if I adopt him outright, we'll get on better."

And from the way Billy and Miss Rachel looked at each other, the agent decided that they would; and he did not make a mistake.—*Louise R. Baker, in the Morning Star.*



"HERE I COME"—DON LAWRENCE PLUMMER

Little Acts of Kindness

A BEAUTIFUL German story relates how one day a little girl named Jeannette witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeannette was seated on the stand, she saw a feeble old woman trying very hard to get where she could see. The little German girl said to herself:—

"It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor, feeble, old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old."

Then she gave up her seat to the old woman, and went and stood in the crowd. But while Jeannette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courier of the emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side, and said: "Little girl, His Majesty would be glad to see you in the royal box."

When the abashed child stood before the emperor, he graciously said: "Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman, and now you must remain by my side."

So God honors those who honor his servants, especially honors those who honor the aged and seemingly helpless disciples, whose earthly pilgrimages are nearly ended.—*Selected.*

A Doctor Tells of the Conduct of His Horse on a Stormy Night

THE best story told in an evening of amusing talk at the Winnepeg Club meeting this week was that of Dr. Paul about his partner in business for a score of years or more, his horse. When the doctor and he were twenty years younger in practise, Dr. Paul received a "hurry" night call from one of the best families in his circle. They lived a mile or more away in a rural neighborhood, and although it was late at night and storming, the doctor rushed out there at full speed.

On arriving in the yard at the house, he threw the blanket hastily upon, or rather at the horse (which never required hitching), and dashed into the house with his case of instruments. It turned out that the aged grandmother of the family had had a fall, that her shoulder was dislocated, that the pain was so great that ether had to be administered, in short, the doctor could not take his hand off his work for three hours. All this while a driving sleet storm, the moisture freezing as it fell and giving everything a coat of ice, was beating upon his partner out in the yard.

When the doctor finally emerged in the small hours, it was to find the horse where he had left him, except that the rig was headed round for home. A daylight examination revealed the fact, through the marks of the hoofs and wheels of the buggy, that during his long wait of three hours in a pelting and freezing storm, the horse had a score of times made up his mind to go home, and had gone down the road sometimes a quarter, sometimes half, of the way, and then had thought this hard on the doctor, and had turned back to wait as in duty bound.—*Boston Transcript.*

The Rivulet

DANCING in the meadows,
Gleaming in the light,
Babbling all the sunny day,
Singing all the night,
Waking up the daisies,
Stiffening the ferns,
Goes the little rivulet,
On and never turns.

Onward, ever onward,—
Still a merry song,
Till it finds a neighbor rill,
So they flow along.
Gathering the streamlets,
Everywhere they roam,
Tumbling over cataracts,
Piles of snowy foam;

Pinched in narrow gorges,
Spreading o'er the plains,
Starved by drought till nearly dry,
Swelled by heavy rains,
Rushing, dashing, roaring,
Down a steep defile,
Going peacefully to sleep,
Dreaming, many a mile.

What has been its mission?—
Helping everything;
Cheering, cleansing, making strong,
Till the hedges ring
With the sweetest music,
Sung with happy trills,—
Praise to Him who gave us
Rivulets and rills.

B. F. M. SOURS.

Work for Missionary Volunteers—No. 9

(Continued from page eight)

prayers with supplication and tears, but he will come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—*"Gospel Workers," pages 274, 275.*

Let us be sure that it is the love of Christ and an intense longing in our hearts to save the lost one which prompts our words. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." The love of God in you, expressed in tender sympathy and words of counsel to the sinner to turn from death and accept eternal life, will seldom fail to find some response, and will always leave a lasting impression.

"How can you associate with the young, and yet have so little desire for their salvation? Let them see that you care for their souls. As far as possible, break down every barrier that keeps them from Christ. Labor for them at their homes. Pray with and for them. Point them to the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world, and urge them to come and be healed."—*"Gospel Workers," page 453.*

A Christian worker visited a jail in an Eastern city, and made an earnest, tender appeal to the inmates to turn from sin to Jesus. Opportunity was given to ask for prayer, and all responded save one boy of about fifteen, who appeared hardened and depraved beyond redemption. The worker dismissed all but the boy, who, with a scornful sneer, appeared to brace himself against all advances. But the love of the Man of Calvary filled the worker's heart, and he sat down beside the boy, put his arms around him and drew him closer and closer to his side. The boy was touched. Little by little he yielded till his head dropped upon the shoulder of the worker, who looked down and tenderly whispered, "Charlie, wouldn't you like to have some one love you?" Sobbing as if his heart would break, the poor, lonely, friendless boy replied, "No one has talked to me like that since mother died." Such is the power of Christian love and sympathy.

Correspondence

Many a soul has been won to Jesus by a letter, or even a few words showing a personal interest in his salvation.

A lady writing a letter to a young naval officer who was almost a stranger, thought, "Shall I close as anybody would, or shall I say a word for my Master?" Lifting up her heart in prayer for guidance, she wrote him that his constant change of scene and places was an apt illustration of the words, "Here have we no continuing city," and asked if he could say, "I seek one to come."

In trembling she folded it and sent it off. Back came the answer: "Thank you so much for the kind words. My parents are dead; I am an orphan, and

no one has spoken to me like that since my mother died long years ago." Soon he was rejoicing in the love of a new-found Saviour, and who can say how great was the influence of those few words?

Let us never close a letter "as anybody would" when we could say a word for Jesus, but seek opportunities for making known his love through correspondence.

Mr. H. Clay Trumbull was led to Christ by means of a letter written him by a young friend who had been converted. This experience changed the whole course of Mr. Trumbull's life, and he became a marvelously successful worker for God, bringing hundreds to Christ through his personal efforts.

We know from experience and observation that many — perhaps the great majority of those who desire to do this work — are hindered by not knowing what to say, or how to introduce the subject. This difficulty can never be overcome by any set form of rules to be observed. There is but one way to meet it successfully. Go to the Lord and talk with him about it. Endeavor to comprehend his love for the individual in whom you are interested. Ask him for just the words to write that the Holy Spirit can use to touch the heart. Do you think that God could refuse to hear and answer such a request from a sincere heart burdened for a soul that is the purchase of the blood of Christ?

MEADE MACGUIRE.

The Singer but not the Song Forgotten

A LITTLE incident which came under my observation, has always reminded me of the words of the song "Though they may forget the singer, they will not forget the song." The name of the person who sent the tracts was long ago forgotten, if indeed the recipients ever cared enough to notice. But some one sent some tracts to a home in the mountains. The family was too indifferent even to open them, but laid them on a closet shelf. Months afterward the fifteen-year-old daughter was cleaning the closet, and noticed the packages. She opened them, and became interested in their contents. During a call from their minister not long afterward, he noticed one of the tracts lying on the table, and inquired with alarm whence it came. When told it was something the daughter had found, he warned the parents not to allow her to read such writing, for it was the rankest heresy, and it was dangerous for her to read it. This aroused the curiosity of the parents to see what it could be which was so dangerous. The result was that the whole family, father, mother, and daughter, became firm believers in the third angel's message, and the father spent the remainder of his life as a faithful minister of Christ. Although the singer was forgotten, the song has gone on all these years, and will continue throughout eternity.

MRS. CARRIE R. KING.

"I've Got It to Do!"

A FRIEND of mine met a young cowboy, fifty miles from any town or camp, dragging a steer by a rope. He had lost his horse, and was walking. The sun was tropical, water was nowhere to be had, Indians were likely to appear and kill him; still he tugged at his burden, which was harder to pull than if it had been dead. My friend inquired where he was drawing the cow, and was told that the cowboy's

destination was a place two days' distant on horseback. "Why!" my friend exclaimed, "what makes you try to pull a 'cow' all that distance?"

"Because I've got it to do!" was the laconic answer.

I tell you that young cowboy had found the secret of success. I believe in the poetry and romance of life as much as any man; I believe in the beauty and glory of enthusiasm; but I assure you that the poetry and romance and the enthusiasm of living come to the men who are true to their duty, and who, when they are face to face with unpleasant labor, do not dodge it, or shirk it, or sneak away, but grit their teeth and clinch their fists, and say, "I've got it to do!"—*Selected.*

What Cowardice Can Do

A GENTLEMAN who was organizing a company of young people to do evangelistic work in the slums, politely declined to accept the services of several of those who signified their willingness to go. When he was questioned as to his action, he said: "These whom I have declined to take have no confidence in the undertaking. They say that the odds against us are too heavy to be overcome. We can't afford to take the fearful with us when we are on such serious business." "O!" said his friend, "they would probably not help much, but they are harmless." "That is just where you are mistaken," was the reply. "Just because they are not bad, it does not follow that they would do no harm. Pure water is a good thing in its place, but pour it into a bucket of rich milk, and you will so weaken the milk that it will be good for nothing; so the presence of a few cowards may so weaken the courage of a company that its usefulness will be destroyed."—*Mattie M. Boteler.*

Why the Doctor Succeeded

RECENTLY a physician in a city of the East received a call to attend a patient on the outskirts of the city. Five minutes later, while crossing the railroad in his automobile, a train bore suddenly down upon him, and wrecked his machine, the doctor escaping only by leaping an instant before the engine crashed into the automobile.

Most men would have given up the intended professional call, but the doctor was not that kind of man. Three minutes after the accident occurred, he was again on his way, though it meant a walk of two miles.

There was an account of the incident in the papers that night, and the writer chanced to overhear a bit of conversation in reference to it.

"That's the doctor all over," said one gentleman. "If he ever starts out to do a thing, he does it, and it has been the making of him. I never heard of his disappointing a patient. If he said he would come, you could depend on him."

How few men there are in the world like the physician referred to above! Occasionally we meet one, but the majority are swerved from their purpose by nearly every adverse wind.—*Frederick E. Burnham.*

"O, WE are querulous creatures! Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us."



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society
Malaysia — No. 2

Program

OPENING EXERCISES.

JAVA: —

- General Description.
- History.
- Missions.

SONG.

SUMATRA: —

- General Description.
- Missions.

THE BIBLE IN MISSION FIELDS.

Java

GENERAL DESCRIPTION: How Java keeps her millions is nothing short of a marvel. The census of 1901 shows an average of about five hundred eighty persons to the square mile. Man, bird, and beast seem to thrive. Everywhere the European meets natives. In the heavy forests countless tigers, panthers, and other fierce animals prowl; nearly three hundred kinds of birds are found; and the streams and surrounding waters abound in fish. Then nature adds the beautiful streams, the wooded mountain-sides, and the fertile plains which rival the famous scenery of Italy. But Java's many destructive volcanoes respect not her beauty. One writer says that in the general eruption in 1883 whole villages were swallowed up, a tract of land fifty miles square disappeared forever, and probably one hundred thousand souls perished.

Three races are found in the island, but Javanese is the principal language. The natives are almost all engaged in agriculture, and through industry and irrigation, they prevail on nature to give them two crops annually. They live in houses built of rough timber, with thatch roofs. Schools are provided for the natives. They do well in music, but have made very little progress in the sciences or in architecture.

HISTORY: Java was drawn out of the mist of oblivion by the Dutch East India Company in the sixteenth century. Later the island became a possession of Holland, but up till 1825 parts of it were under native princes who paid tribute to Holland. At that time a revolt resulted in the subjection of the entire island. For some time slavery was practised, but in 1859 it was abolished.

The Dutch government is a modern Pharaoh in this island. The law compels the natives to work, and

forbids them to leave their districts without a passport. Perhaps one of the gravest mistakes the government has made is that of forbidding the natives and Chinese to learn the Dutch language. "No native or Chinese dares to speak Dutch; this is considered unpardonable." Neither are the natives permitted to wear European clothes. Still the colony is prospering, and is among the richest of the Dutch possessions; but intercourse with the aggressive Japanese has bred and fostered a spirit of discontent among the natives, which may be an omen of trouble.

MISSIONS: "Holland's treasure-house" knows little of the eternal riches in the Father's house above. Before Europeans found Java, Brahmanism had entered; but in the fifteenth century the Hindu dynasty was overthrown by the Saracens, so that the natives are now nominally Mohammedans. God has wrought many miracles of grace through consecrated missionaries. Twenty thousand Mohammedans have been converted, and the whole Bible has been prepared in Javanese. To-day seven missionary societies have nearly one hundred workers in the fields.

"The union Conference in 1906 sent Elder G. Teasdale and wife and Sister Petra Skadsheim to open work in Java. A Sabbath-keeping family from Singapore had moved into Sourabaya. In 1907 about half a dozen were reported keeping the Sabbath. An independent lady missionary in the interior visited our people, wishing to affiliate her work with us, inasmuch as she had been keeping the Sabbath for many years, and teaching the little company in her mission to do likewise. A young Javanese from her colony has come to Sourabaya to receive a training for work among his people."

Elder Teasdale writes: "Even in this country we find isolated persons keeping the Sabbath, and waiting for the establishment of the kingdom of glory." Last autumn our workers were stricken with the dreaded fever. Death claimed the son of Elder Teasdale. Soon after this sad loss, the bereaved family found it necessary to go to the mountains in search of health.

Sumatra

GENERAL DESCRIPTION: Sumatra, lying under the equator, ranks next to Borneo in size. It produces various metals, and is rich in excellent coal. In natural scenery and in the wealth of wild animals it compares with Java. Together they

share the blessings and trials of Dutch rule. Among the tribes of Sumatra neither priests nor temples are found. They believe that demon spirits haunt the mountains. One of the most beautiful mosques in the East Indies is found in this island. The tomb in it is said to contain the body of Alexander the Great.

MISSIONS: Despite the difficulties of this another Mohammedan field, Christianity is making progress. The work was opened in 1820. Some years later two missionaries were brutally murdered by the cannibals, but the blood of martyrs has again proved to be the



JAVANESE GIRL WITH FRUITS



COFFEE DRYING IN JAVA

"seed of the church." Thousands have been won from Islam. "Our principal work," says one writer, "is to keep the heathen back, and see that they do not become Mohammedans. It is quite a mistake to think that Mohammedanism may be the first step from heathenism to Christianity." Five societies are now at work there. Most of the Bible has been translated into Malay, and the New Testament into Nicabar, for the Battaks, one of the most interesting tribes in Sumatra. But hostilities have not ceased there; the *Missionary Review* for June, 1907, contains a cablegram reading, "Rhenish mission destroyed through uprising of natives."

In 1900 our first missionaries went to Sumatra. These were Elder Munson and family, formerly Methodist workers in Singapore. Several baptisms followed, and among those baptized was Timothy, of whom we shall hear more in our study of China. The efforts have brought good results. After leaving Sumatra for Australia to take up the work of translating, Elder Bunson received the following letter from one of the natives known as Sister Anna: "I have received your two letters. I understood the contents. I have asked Sim Pye [one of her relatives] to read the New Testament to me, also the books you sent, and he has translated them into Malay for me. He has read the whole for me, and made it plain. I pray for you and your household daily." For about a year Sumatra was left without laborers. Then G. A. Wantzlick entered the field.

"In 1907 a mission property was purchased at Padang. A young man of the Battak people accepted the truth in 1907, and reported six others keeping the Sabbath in the Battak country, northern Sumatra, where work by our foreign missionaries is prohibited." Recently the Australian Sabbath-schools gave the donations for one quarter to the work in Sumatra.

"Laborers wanted. The ripening grain
Waits to welcome the reapers' cry.
The Lord of the harvest calls again;
Who among us shall first reply,
'Who is wanted, Lord,—is it I?'"

"The Master calls, but the servants wait.
Fields gleam white neath a cloudless sky;
Will none seize the sickle before, too late,

Winds of winter come sweeping by?

Who is delaying, Lord,—is it I?" MATILDA ERICKSON.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course—No. 24

"INTO ALL THE WORLD," pages 120-137; Test Questions, 1-20 (omitting 1, 5, 6, and parts of 18, 19) pages 216-217.

THE INCAS had no written history, and all we know of them before the Spanish conquest in the sixteenth century is what has come down through tradition. "This conquest," says Prescott, "Was one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history." They were very wealthy. Their most ordinary utensils were of gold and silver. Their government was a pure,

mild despotism. The Inca was chief, and also the head of the priesthood. They believed in a Great Spirit, the creator of the universe, who, being a spirit, could not be represented by any image. They also believed in the resurrection. Among other things which show their advancement in civilization is their system of artificial irrigation, which is said to be the most stupendous that the world has ever seen.

THE AZTECS were the leading aboriginal tribe of Mexico, dominant on the central plateau at the time of the Spanish invasion in 1519. It is supposed they founded Mexico City in 1325. Their government consisted of an elective monarchy. They were warlike and religious. Thousands of human sacrifices were offered to their gods annually. Considerable progress was made in science. They were acquainted with the cause of eclipses; recognized important constellations, and used the sun-dial and an ingeniously constructed calendar. They were proficient in agriculture and in engineering.

SOME SOUTH AMERICAN LEADERS are friendly to America, and desire to promote immigration and the investment of foreign capital. The papal church controls the situation. Protestantism has to-day no social standing, neither has it wealth or position, in Latin America.

SOUTH AMERICA was discovered by Columbus in the third voyage, in 1498. Magellan reached the strait bearing his name in 1520. There are thirteen political divisions—ten republics and three European dependencies.

The Bible in Mission Fields

"The first object of Protestant missions is to give the Word of God to a people in their own tongue wherein they were born."—*Thomas Laurie*.

"The nineteenth century presents to the twentieth printed copies of the Holy Scriptures in about four hundred languages."—*Ed. W. Gilman*.

The missionary, whose life-blood has flowed through the translator's pen, merits inexpressible gratitude; for no mission can have permanence unless it is founded upon the "Gibraltar of Truth," the infallible Word of God. The following are a few among the many Bible translators: Eliot gave the Bible to the American Indians, Carey gave it to India, Morrison to China, Judson to Burma, Smith and VanDyke to Syria, Hepburn

to Japan, Henry Martyn to Persia, Eli Smith to Arabia, W. G. Schauffles to Turkey, Elias Riggs to Armenia and Bulgaria, the Moravians to Siam and Tibet.

A spiritual lesson may be drawn from this study of Bible translations. Christ was the translation of the Word of God into human flesh. John 1:14. He is able to translate it into twentieth century human flesh, he longs to translate into the lives of all young men and women the principles of that living Word.

NOTE: It would be interesting to have the members of the society respond to roll-call with some good thought from the lives of Bible translators; for instance, Carey said, "My business is to preach the gospel; I cobble shoes to pay expenses." When young Morrison embarked, the owner of the ship sneeringly asked him if he really expected to make an impression on the idolatry of China; he replied: "No, sir; I expect that God will." While suffering persecution and seeing no results of his toil, Judson said, "Prospects are as bright as the promises of God."

MATILDA ERICKSON.

To Young Converts

EVERY young convert in the land should read the article, "Young Men," in the Missions Department of the *Signs of the Times* for March 25. Every student should be urged to read the article. It points out the dangers that await one who has chosen to follow Christ, and suggests a most excellent course for gaining the victory over sin. Another strong article in this number of the paper is one written by L. A. Phippeny, dealing with the subject of the right of choice. It is a logical, well-written article that sets forth the reason for man's probation, man's test, and God's wisdom and justice in it all.

WANTED.—Clean copies of the *Signs of the Times*, *Review and Herald*, *Life and Health*, *Liberty*, *Watchman*, and the *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR* for use in reading racks in Oakland, Berkeley, and in their vicinity. Brother James Harvey, who is in charge of this work, writes: "I am now supplying seven reading racks. One of these is in Berkeley. I am supplying the sixteenth Street depot rack, Oakland, regularly twice a week. Our librarian has just ordered a large metal rack for this location, as it is one of the most important distributing places in the city." Address all publications to James Harvey, 1055 Brush St., Oakland, California.

Florence Nightingale

(Concluded from last page)

As if a door in heaven should be
Opened and then closed suddenly,
The vision came and went,
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long
Hereafter of her speech and song,
That light its rays shall cast
From portals of the past.

A Lady with a Lamp shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood.

Nor ever shall be wanting here
The palm, the lily, and the spear,
The symbols that of yore
Saint Filomena bore.



IV — The Sin of Moses and Aaron

(April 25)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Num. 20:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Prov. 16:32.

Review

Where was Kadesh-barnea? How many men were sent from this place to search out the land of Canaan? What reports were brought back by the spies? Which report did the people believe?

The Lesson Story

1. After these things the children of Israel turned their faces away from the promised land, and went back into the wilderness. Here they wandered about from one place to another for thirty-eight years. During this time the men of war who came out of Egypt died, and their children grew up to take their places.

2. All these years the Lord cared for his people. Though they often forgot him, he led them and kept them from harm and danger. "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them."

3. After the years of wandering in the wilderness were finished, the children of Israel came again to Kadesh. Here Miriam, the sister of Moses and Aaron, died and was buried. Here, too, the Lord tested the faith of his people, to see if in all these years they had learned to trust him. But at the first trial they failed.

4. "And there was no water for the congregation: and they gathered themselves together against Moses and against Aaron. And the people chode with Moses, and spake, saying, Would God that we had died when our brethren died before the Lord!

5. "And why have ye brought up the congregation of the Lord into this wilderness, that we and our cattle should die there? And wherefore have ye made us to come up out of Egypt, to bring us in unto this evil place? it is no place of seed, or of figs, or of vines, or of pomegranates; neither is there any water to drink.

6. "And Moses and Aaron went out from the presence of the assembly unto the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, and they fell upon their faces: and the glory of the Lord appeared unto them.

7. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Take the rod, and gather thou the assembly together, thou, and Aaron thy brother, and speak ye unto the rock before their eyes; and it shall give forth his water, and thou shalt bring forth to them water out of the rock; so thou shalt give the congregation and their beasts to drink."

8. Many long years had Moses patiently borne the murmuring and complaining of the people. But now, for a short time, he allowed a spirit of anger and impatience in his heart. "Hear now, ye rebels," he said, "must we fetch you water out of this rock?" Then, instead of speaking to the rock, as the Lord had told him to do, "Moses lifted up his hand, and with his rod he smote the rock twice."

9. "And the water came out abundantly, and the congregation drank, and their beasts also.

10. "And the Lord spake unto Moses and Aaron, Because ye believed me not, to sanctify me in the eyes of the children of Israel, therefore ye shall not bring this congregation into the land which I have given them.

11. "This is the water of Meribah; because the children of Israel strove with the Lord, and he was sanctified in them."

Questions

1. Where did the children of Israel go after their murmuring at Kadesh-barnea? How long did they wander in the wilderness? What occurred during this time?

2. Who kept the people all these years? How tenderly did he pity them? How did he save them?

3. After thirty-eight years to what place did the children of Israel again come? Who died here? Why did the Lord test the people? What spirit did they show?

4. Why did the people gather together against Moses and Aaron? What did they say to Moses?

5. What questions did they ask Moses? To what kind of place did they say he had brought them? What did it lack?

6. Where did Moses and Aaron go when they heard these words? What did they do? What appeared to them?

7. What did the Lord tell Moses to do? What was he to do to the rock? What did the Lord promise to give from the rock?

8. What had Moses long borne patiently? What did he now allow in his heart? What did he call the people? What question did he ask? What did he do to the rock?

9. What took place when Moses smote the rock? What did the people and their cattle do?

10. Who now spoke to Moses and Aaron? What did he tell them they could not do? Why were they not to have this great privilege? What does this show?

11. What name was given to the place where these things occurred?

God's Way the Better Always

It is better always to *let God have his own way*. Putting Moses' story in Deuteronomy (1:21, 22) with Num. 13:1-3, it seems clear that the sending of the spies was not God's suggestion, but theirs. God's plan was that they should go up and take possession of the land in his strength without knowing how great the difficulties were. Sometimes it is better not to know, but simply to obey blindly, because God tells us to. Sometimes it is better to obey than to pray for more light. One of our greatest common blessings is that we do not know ahead the dangers and difficulties of life. Every man of us is a perfect stranger to what is ahead, however shrewdly we may guess. Evidently God thinks it better so. For while possibly in some instances the knowledge might lead a very few of the stronger ones to fight better, generally we would be completely bewildered and crushed by the dangers and difficulties, even as those desert dwellers were. God's plan can not be improved upon. When he says, "Go up and possess it" (Deut 1:21), better drive ahead. He knows the difficulties, and that is knowledge enough in the camp. Difficulties are best gripped at close range. They seem bigger at a distance. They grow smaller and weaker under

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — The Call of Abraham, and the Inheritance — No. 2

(April 25)

1. In what more definite form was the original promise of a country renewed to Abraham? Gen. 13:14, 15.

2. What other comparison was used to indicate the number of his seed? Verse 16.

3. What covenant did the Lord afterward make with Abraham? Gen. 17:7. How enduring was this covenant?

4. Under this covenant how long were Abraham and his seed to retain the promised land? Verse 8.

5. How much territory was included in the land promised to Abraham and his seed? Rom. 4:13.

6. What is said concerning the fulfilment of this promise during the life of Abraham? Acts 7:2-5.

7. What fact is of no avail in determining the seed of Abraham? Rom. 9:7, 8. Compare Gal. 4:28 and Acts 3:25.

8. Who then are the heirs of the promised inheritance? Gal. 3:29.

9. What experience brought to Abraham the promise that he should be the heir of the world? Rom. 4:13.

10. What enabled Abraham to spend his whole life as a stranger in a land which had been promised him as a possession? Heb. 11:9.

11. Who, as children of Abraham, will share in the benefits of this promise? Gal. 3:6, 7.

12. For what reason is the promise sure to all the seed? Rom. 4:16.

13. What is inseparable from such a faith as Abraham exercised? Rom. 4:9.

14. What will the Lord do in order to fulfil his promise to Abraham and his seed? Isa. 65:17.

15. When may we look for the fulfilment of the promise to the seed of Abraham? Gal. 3:16, 19.

16. What will be the character of those who inherit the land? Isa. 60:21. Compare with 2 Peter 3:13.

17. For what then is the threefold message of Revelation 14 a preparation? What must be proclaimed as the basis of confidence for a share in the inheritance?

Suggestions for Additional Study

Is there any connection between "the everlasting gospel" of Rev. 14:6 and "the everlasting covenant" made with Abraham?

How will the experience of the people described in Rev. 14:12 compare with the experience of Abraham?

In what time are we living as regards the promise to Abraham? Read Acts 7:17.

What is the required condition upon which alone any can claim a share in what was promised to Abraham? Read Rom. 4:13 again.

What is the difference between the test of faith in Abraham's time and in our time?

Can any one share in the reward of righteousness by faith until the Seed comes to whom the promise was made? Read Heb. 11:39, 40.

the touch of action and of faith. Bold attack and close gripping and simple trust are the best treatment for difficulties.—*Sunday School Times*.

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Last-Day Indications

THE spirit of lawlessness described by Paul in the third chapter of Second Timothy is certainly abroad in the world. Because the faculty at Leland Stanford University made a regulation prohibiting the use of liquor on the college campus, about three hundred students recently took part in a demonstration that necessitated the suspension by the faculty of several of the young men. This news, reaching the students, caused them to demand the reinstatement of the suspended young men, with the threat that if this concession was not made, no male students would attend classes.

Ann Arbor University students also took part recently in a lawless procedure. Because one student was put out of a theater on account of unseemly behavior, a whole mass of students espoused his cause, and sought to retaliate by battering down the wall of the theater. Policemen were overpowered, and the attendants upon the theater almost thrown into a panic. Neither the mayor of the city, nor the president of the university was able to restore order; and not until much damage was done to buildings, and some lives lost, did the young men come under control.

According to the *Washington Times* of March 19, insurrection is brewing also in the student body of Georgetown College, and some demonstrations not altogether pleasing to the faculty have taken place.

Something occurred during a recent holiday in a Portuguese village that needs no comment to reveal a spirit of lawlessness and hardness of heart almost beyond belief. The insatiable appetite of the people for entertainment could not be met with anything less than an attempt to reproduce the awful assassination scene of the late King Carlos and Crown Prince. The people gathered in the public highway, and as a carriage containing four persons dressed to represent the royal party passed, the assassin brandished his revolver, and unwittingly shot to death his brother, a young man of about the age of the Crown Prince.

It is not unwise for those who want to be kept from such deplorable demonstrations to refuse to have anything to do with even the simplest exhibitions of lawlessness and revenge. It is not unwise to see that the heart cherishes no ill will under lawful restrictions; nor any ill feelings even under small provocations; for dire results frequently come from these small beginnings.

As the spirit of rebellion, headiness, and high-mindedness spreads over the world the young people in our schools should see that the saving blood of loyalty and integrity is placed high on the lintels of every one of our training-schools, that the "destroying angel" may pass over these institutions without leaving any evidence of his destructive work.

Florence Nightingale

MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE has had recently conferred upon her by King Edward the Order of Merit. She is the first woman to receive the honor. Though Miss Nightingale is an author of several books of merit, she is best remembered for her service in the Crimean War, a war between Russia and Turkey. In 1853 Russia was being ruled by a monarch who felt that his country was able to defy all Europe. "Under his influence, national pride rose to an absurd height. A pretext for a war upon Turkey, having for its object the capture of Constantinople, was sought and found. Great Britain, France, and Italy came to the help of Turkey. The war in the Crimea, on the Black Sea, was the result."

The conflict continued from 1853 to 1856, and the "suffering and losses of the allies in camp were terrible." It is said that no general won renown in this war; but Miss Nightingale's name, because of her efficient service in caring for the sick and dying, became known the world over. She received a voluntary contribution of \$250,000 after the war as an expression of gratitude from the people of the countries she had so graciously served. This sum she devoted to the establishment of a Home for the training of nurses.

The great Sanitary Commission of our Civil War was a product of her genius.

Miss Nightingale is now in her eighty-eighth year, and though she has had many tributes of praise, doubtless she values none higher than the simple but beautiful poem written of her work by Longfellow. The poem is entitled—

Santa Filomena

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds
Thus help us in our daily needs,
And by their overflow
Raise us from what is low!

Thus thought I, as by night I read
Of the great army of the dead,
The trenches cold and damp,
The starved and frozen camp,—

The wounded from the battle-plain,
In dreary hospitals of pain,
The cheerless corridors,
The cold and stony floors.

Lo, in that house of misery
A lady with a lamp I see
Pass through the glimmering gloom,
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss
Her shadow, as it falls
Upon the darkening walls.

(Concluded on page fourteen)