

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

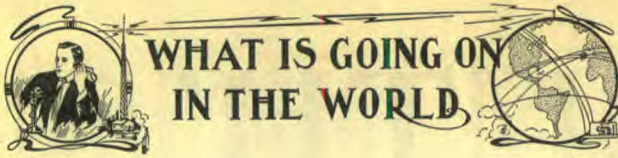
Vol. LVI

May 12, 1908

No. 19



AN AVENUE OF PALMS



STATISTICS say that more than a million babies are killed annually by morphine and soothing sirup.

THE House Committee on Appropriations has voted to allow the restoration of canteens in the National Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers.

APRIL 24 two cyclones swept over portions of Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, and Georgia, doing much damage to property, killing hundreds of persons, and injuring many others.

THE test for tuberculosis was given to three hundred sixty-four herds of cows in New York, and over seventy-two per cent of them were found to be suffering from the disease.

THE chairman of the Pure Food Committee of the National Consumers' League says that more and more as cattle are rejected for the dairy are they being sent to the slaughter-houses, to be consumed later by the non-vegetarian.

FALL RIVER, Massachusetts, a city of one hundred twenty thousand inhabitants, eighty-five per cent of whom are Catholics, has just recognized "Good Friday" as a holiday for the public schools.

A Few Government Expenses

A BILL is now before the House Committee on Appropriations, calling for an appropriation of one hundred five million dollars, some of which is to be divided among the following interests:—

Isthmian canal, \$27,627,000; Life-saving Service, \$2,268,857; engraving and printing, \$3,354,758; Public Health and Marine Hospital Service, \$1,299,750; repairs in the Interior Department building, \$12,500; construction of the House of Representatives office building, \$109,611 on account of extra expenses; Geological Survey, \$1,085,520; Government Hospital for the Insane, \$370,800; Freedman's Hospital, \$29,000; and expenses of the Executive Mansion, \$78,000.

A Similarity to Daniel Webster

MANY young men are led into evil habits by the bad example of some famous person who has succeeded, not on account of his bad habit, but in spite of it, through some unusually strong ability. Senator Chauncey Depew has recently told this story concerning a member of Congress who is in the habit of taking too much for his own good: The congressman was being shaved by an aged colored barber in Washington. The shop was a favorite one with the prominent men of the capital, and the old colored man who presided over it often boasted that he had shaved every great statesman since the Madison administration. On this day the congressman said to the barber: "Uncle, you must have shaved many famous men?"

"O, yes, sah; I has indeed."

"And a great many of those famous personages must have sat in this very chair where I am sitting, eh?"

"Dat's right, sah. Dey's set jes' whar yo' is a settin' des moment, sah. Yes, sah. An' I'se jes' been a

noticin' a mighty cur'us similarity between yo' and Dan'el Webster, sah."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the highly delighted lawmaker. "Is it the similarity in the shape of my head, uncle?"

"O, no, sah. 'Tain't dat."

"Is it my manner?"

"No, boss, 'tain't yore manner, nudder; hit's yore breff."

As a rule, the young man who sets himself to aping the vices and sins of some famous man ends with the vices and sins, and never rises to any of the good qualities which have given to the great man some measure of success in spite of his defects.—*L. A. Banks, in Twentieth Century Knighthood.*

"Old Glory" Rearranged

By order of the War Department, the field, or union, of the national flag in use in the army will, after July 4, 1908, consist of 46 stars in 6 rows, the first, third, fourth, and sixth rows to have eight stars, and the second and fifth rows seven stars each. This arrangement leaves space for an additional star in two of the six rows, so that the next time a State is made, the field of "old glory" will not have to be materially rearranged.—*Popular Mechanics.*

A Grass from Which Paper Is Made

ESPARTO is not an agricultural product, and it seems fitting that the leading export of the Tripolitan people should be a product of their own arid land, wild and incapable of cultivation. Since 1868, when the first shipload of esparto was sent to England, vessels have borne away thousands of tons yearly to that country. You or I pick up a heavy-looking book, perchance, and marvel at its lightness, and the reader of some London newspaper peruses its columns, and then casts aside the finished product of the esparto-picker.

In 1901, which was an average year, 215,155 camelloads came into the coast towns, nearly 134,000 passed through the gateway of Suk-el-Halfa, the total export of the country amounting to about 33,000 tons. That from the town of Tripoli, 16,690 tons, brought £75,500, which was over a fourth of the amount of her total exports.—*C. W. Furlong, in Harper's Magazine.*

Police Dogs

NEW YORK has recently added a number of dogs to its police force. These were purchased in Ghent, Belgium, where the dog police system has proved effective, there being about sixty in service in the quaint little town. Lieutenant Wakefield was sent from New York to Belgium to study the dog police; and being favorably impressed with its utility brought back a number of the dogs, which have been in training for some months.

The Paris police authorities have had a long series of trials to determine which country possessed dogs most suited to such service, with the result that preference has been given by that city to the German sheep-dog. Paris therefore has established a permanent auxiliary to the police force of these German dogs.

It is said that during the trials these dogs displayed exceptional "intelligence in detecting and arresting imitation criminals, protecting their masters when attacked, and in finding lost articles."

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVI

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No. 19

Our Contributors

Raymond Lull

KNOWN in literature, science, and philosophy, as well as in religious history, is the name of Raymond Lull.

He was born at Palma, on the island of Majorca, about 1236. The early part of his life was given entirely to worldly amusements; but in his thirty-second year he came to the turning-point of his career. While composing a love sonnet, the image of Christ on the cross presented itself before his eyes, and made so powerful an impression upon him that he could write no further. Later he decided to retire from the world, and consecrate himself wholly to the service of Christ. Accordingly he resigned his appointment of the king, sold his estate, and provided for his wife and three children; but reserved a bit of ground on the mountainside to which he might retire for prayer and contemplation.

Nine years were spent in "home missionary work" for the peasants of his native islands, and in preparation for more extensive labors. During the two centuries previ-

ous to this time, all Christendom had been aroused by the Crusades. She had emptied her treasuries and sacrificed her children, but it was now dawning upon her that the cause was lost; the infidel was still master of the holy places. By pondering over the results of the Crusades, Raymond Lull concluded that they were contrary to the spirit of God. He says, "The way of violence is not the way of the cross. To me it seems that the promised land may never be won in any way but that which thou, Lord Christ, and thy apostles won it,— by love, by prayer, by tears, and by the offering up of our own lives." Thus persuaded, Lull began preparing for work among the Saracens by purchasing a Moorish slave to be his instructor in the study of the Arabic language.

In the year 1274 he visited Montpellier and Paris for

the purpose of promoting the founding of missionary colleges for the study of Eastern languages; and for the purpose of expounding his recently planned *Ars generalis*,— a formal science which was to prove, to the satisfaction of all, the truths of the Christian faith by incontestable arguments. As a result, a convent was founded in Majorca where thirteen young Franciscans were to be trained. Several years later he influenced the pope to issue an ordinance for the establishment of professional chairs of Oriental languages in all the papal institutions.

Being unable to establish a united effort for the promotion of his enterprise, Lull in 1287 decided to go alone as a missionary to the infidels in North Africa. Arriving at Tunis, he called together the more learned

Mohammedans, and compared Christianity with their doctrines. He was soon banished, and returned to Naples.

In the years 1306-07 he made his second trip to Africa, and visited Bugani, the center of the Mohammedan empire, but after ardent public labors he was imprisoned and again banished.

Lull could not rest at ease, but expressed a desire to give up his life in the cause to which he had been called. On his third tour he again visited Bugani, where he was stoned to death by an infuriated mob, June 30, 1315.

The greatness of the life of Raymond

Lull is not in the numerical result of his labors in converting the heathen, but in his influence upon the general character of the age. Although some of his ideas were bold speculations, he, with tongue and pen, greatly influenced public opinion, and promoted a more modern idea of missions. N. C. BUNGOR.

Out in the Fields with God

DEAR are the memories of boyhood days spent in the fields, where daisies glowed through all the drowsy days of summer. Often have we rested beneath the spreading branches of some great oak, amid whose green bowers the choristers of nature sang—

"Music that gentler on the spirit lies,
Than tired eyelids upon tired eyes;



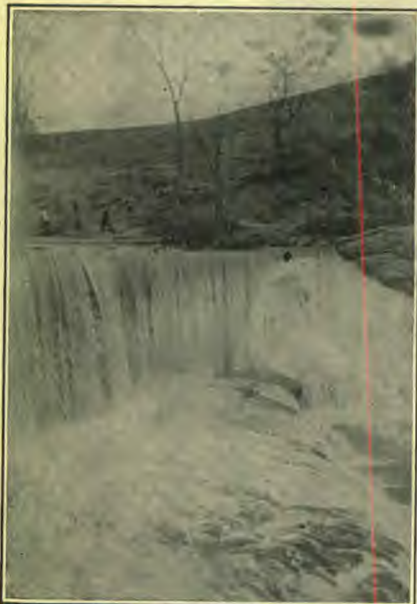
"THE BEAUTY OF ALL CREATED THINGS IS BUT A GLEAM FROM THE SHINING OF HIS GLORY"

Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies."

I do not believe that the heart of the man or woman attuned to the grand symphony of nature's orchestra can ever grow old. Years bring their burdens, and whitened hairs; but let him who feels the approach of age steal away, even though for but a day, from the daily round of labor, and he will find that the happy memories of youth will return with irresistible impulse.

This lovely morning, unsullied and fair, I hear with a thrill of joy the song of a free-hearted bird. The melody floats through the fragrant air, and I listen in silence, and my heart joins in the praise that ascends to the Creator through the hushed air. Now I hear a shrill call, followed by a drumlike roll. It is the music of the woodpecker,—my drummer boy. His uniform is black and white, and his cap a bright red. How the pieces of decayed walnut wood fly as he drills his way into the heart of the old tree! Now and then he stops his work, and plays hide-and-seek with me around the tree. Here comes a butterfly across the light-green sea of grass, dipping, here and there, into the wind-tossed surface. As it goes from blossom to blossom, it carries the pollen which gives such a beautiful variety of colors to the beds of flowers. How beautiful are the markings on its wings! the velvet surface, the gold and brilliant black stripes, and the glowing spots of red! Surely it is a thing of beauty, and a quiet helper in the plan of the Creator.

Yonder is a pretty cascade, overarched by willow-trees, and for a background, a high rolling hill, gilded with sunshine. Past it runs a road, flecked with sunlight and shadows, far away over the hill to the horizon. It calls up memories of carriage rides along winding roads, through sunlit vales, and down by a hillside



forest, where a reckless stream brawls along over the fallen monarchs of the stately grove. How the waters dance and swirl as they near the cascade, over which they rush in their mad joy.

Above us is the marvelous scroll of the sky, with its crimson and purple and blue clouds. Yonder comes a great cloud-ship across the tranquil, blue deep,

its vast sails far spread to the winds of the sky, looking like one of the old Norse vessels pictured in our school-books. How stately it looks, as it sails along to some far-off port on the horizon.

Down in the meadow, tall, light-purple wild-flowers stand out in brilliant relief against the green robe of the earth. And, on the hillside, bloom yellow flowers in great clusters, like golden trumpets.

Now I hear tinklings of cowbells from the clover fields, where the trees throw long, cool shadows in the



evening, and a placid stream flows under long rows of maple trees. How it sparkles through the open field, where groups of kingly golden-rod wave their bright scepters over the lowly flowers along the bank.

Across the field, along a hillside, is a beech grove. How fair it is,

and from the light columns spring graceful arches, through which the streams of golden sunshine pour over the delicate leaves, and fall upon the ground in dazzling splendor.

How pleasant it is to be here, where God would have his children dwell. And in the light of his Word, what new beauties are revealed at every turn. Truly, "nature is the mirror of divinity." We are not to worship that which reveals God, but love and worship the Creator of all these beautiful objects we behold. Now while the silver light from the western sky filters down through the network of the maple-tree branches, I praise God for his Holy Word, my chief source of inspiration, and for the book of nature, in which is written in deathless characters the power of Him who clothes the earth in beautiful garments, and "tellecth the number of the stars, he calleth them all by their name."

GEORGE E. TACK.

Be Sure Your Ticket Is Good

IN traveling by rail it is necessary to possess a ticket. As the conductor enters the coach, he is indifferent to the size, sex, or color of the passengers; his interest centers in their individual possession of a ticket. In reply to his cry, "Tickets!" each passenger is expected to produce one. Soon the ticket of each is examined; if found to be correct, the passenger is allowed to proceed on his journey.

One person seeks to remain on the train, but his ticket is out of date; it is over a year old. He pleads that once it was good, that he paid for it; but without avail. His feelings since boarding the train have been those of uncertainty. Now they are feelings of despair. Another passenger is without a ticket; he hopes in some way to avoid detection. The flash of the lantern in his face, with the request, "Ticket!" terrorizes him; he is obliged to get off in the darkness.

Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will enable one to pass safely every test of the judgment, provided it is a present abiding faith. Some are making the fatal mistake of trusting in a past experience. They at one time paid the price—the surrender to God of their sins—and by faith received the Lord Jesus into the life; but if this is a past experience, and not a present one, they can have no hope in the day of judgment. Others never have had an experience. If such continue to live Christless lives, the judgment will find them unprepared, and outer darkness will be their fate.

JOHN QUINN.



A Good Testimonial

SIR WILLIAM HUNTER, author of the "Imperial Gazetteer of India," said in a lecture before the Society of Arts in London: "The record of the work done by the first missionaries in India reads like an Eastern romance. They created a prose literature for Bengal; they established the modern method of popular education; they founded the present Protestant Indian church; they gave the first impulse to the native press; they set up the first steam-engine in India; with its help they introduced the modern manufacture of paper on a large scale; in ten years they translated and printed the Bible, or parts thereof, in thirty-one languages. The main part of their funds they earned by their own hands and heads. They built a college which still ranks among the most splendid educational edifices in India."—*Frank T. Bayley.*

As Your Day, So Shall Your Strength Be

A REFORMED and converted drunkard, Jesse Pullen, was trying to lead to Christ one of his old companions, and, when the latter expressed a fear that he would not hold out, Pullen said: "You know that I run a little steamer in the summer. I don't wait until I get up steam enough to carry me across the sound before I start. It would blow the boat all to pieces. The boiler wouldn't stand it. But when I get about twenty pounds of steam up, I sing out, 'All right, captain! Go ahead!' Down in the hold I have plenty of coal, and, as fast as we use up the steam, we make more; and so we go across the sound, though we never have more than twenty or thirty pounds at any one time. Now, the Lord does not start us off with grace enough for a whole lifetime. Poor human nature couldn't stand it, I suppose. But he wipes out all our past sins with his mercy, and gives us just grace enough for one day's duty. But, mind you, he provides plenty of fuel to make more grace, even the Bible and prayer and the Holy Spirit; and so all the way along the voyage of life we have grace and help in time of need."—*Selected.*

The Martyr and His Bible

IN the year 1554, in a little town on the south coast of England called Brighthelmstone, and known now to us as Brighton, a few simple-minded folk met together at the house of one Derick Carver for prayer and reading the Bible. Certainly not a very dreadful thing to do, but in those days a dangerous occupation; for in a short time two of the little company found themselves before Bonner, Bishop of London, charged with heresy. Those were sifting days, the fierce winnowing of persecution often separating the chaff from the wheat. But Derick Carver stood firm, and right nobly gave his testimony against the errors of Rome and for the truth of God.

"Turn or burn" was the test then! It was burn if anybody denied that in the wafer which the priest consecrated there was not the actual physical body of

Christ. Derick Carver believed in a living Christ seated on high at the right hand of God, and not in a wafer-god which a mouse can nibble, or that will go moldy if kept some length of time.

Derick Carver had confessed his sins to his Great High Priest in heaven, and had obtained a full and free pardon; so he refused to acknowledge the authority of any man-ordained system of priesthood. Finding that he would not recant, the authorities remanded him until another day for a final hearing. Upon that occasion he was asked if he would still abide by his confession of faith, which involved the denial of the doctrine of the mass. Would he recant? "No," said he; "I will stand to it, for your doctrine is poison and sorcery. If Christ were here, you would put him to a worse death than he was put to before." Rome had only one answer to this sort of belief. Derick Carver must be burned alive at the stake in the country town of Lewes, in Sussex. So to that breezy town, high up on the south Downs, he was taken, and on a sunny day in July, when everything around was full of life and light, he willingly laid down his life. It was Rome, not England, that spilled the martyr's blood in those unhappy days; for when he was brought to Lewes to suffer, the people called out to him, beseeching God to strengthen him. He thanked them, and prayed God that he would strengthen them with like faith.

When Carver arrived at the Starr Inn, the people crowded around, comforting him as best they could. He kneeled down and prayed while the sheriff with great haste made everything ready for the last sad scene. His Bible was thrown into the barrel full of combustibles in which the martyr was to be burned. As soon as he was placed in the barrel, with the fagots all around him, he seized hold of his Bible and threw it out among the crowd that was standing round. The order was given that the book was to be destroyed; but to this day it remains,—a link between those bad old days and the happier days in which God has placed our lot.—*Selected.*

The Point of View

A PESSIMIST, we're told,
Is one who sees the cloud that lowers,
But not its fringe of gold;
Blind to the silver lining,
We hear his sad repining;
E'en through the sun's clear shining
He sees the distant showers.

An optimist, they say,
Finds rainbow tints in any sky,
Let storms beat as they may;
What if the dark cloud lowers!
He knows the cooling showers
Will bring the fruits and flowers
In God's good by and by.

Life may be gold or gray;
Aflame with light or overcast
May be our pilgrim way,
As we may choose to view it:
Trouble—well, why pursue it?
A cloud—why not look through it?
The storm will soon be past.

—*Edith Virginia Bradt.*

"CHEERFUL, obedient, honest, and strong,
I'll be a soldier of right against wrong.
Loving and helpful to all whom I know,
I will make sunshine wherever I go."

"AND my mansion of stately height is Love;
And the only career I know
Is serving each day in its sheltering walls
For the dear ones who come and go."



The Gila Monster

INSTRUCTOR readers may be interested to learn something of the nature and habits of the Gila monster, a large lizard often seen in Arizona. He is a large, sluggish fellow, measuring about ten inches in length when full grown, and resembling the tiger salamander in many ways, but having a more blunt tail. This reptile is found nowhere except along the Gila River and its tributaries; hence his name.

Whenever a person is bitten by him, he imbeds his poisonous fangs deeply into the flesh, and then locks



his jaws, thus making it impossible to sever his vicious grasp. Decapitation would be of no effect, as his jaws remain locked; so he must be torn loose, only to leave his grooved

fangs behind, to be painfully extracted by a physician. The writer has been informed that the bite of the Gila monster is nearly always fatal.

Another peculiarity is that he gains his livelihood by exhaling a poisonous breath, thus placing his prey under a deadly anesthetic. This strange characteristic has been fully demonstrated by casting mice and small birds into its cage alive.

The Gila monster is fast becoming extinct, although many may still be seen on exhibition in cages at the Indian curio stores in Phoenix, the capital of Arizona.

With rejoicing the people of God look forward to that glad day when his creatures shall not hurt nor destroy in all his holy mountain, and when the righteousness of God shall cover the earth as the waters cover the seas.

ISAAC P. DILLON.

With the Sponge-Fishers

"DID you not find it a very dangerous life?" I asked of the retired sponge-gatherer to whom I made a visit while in Key West, Fla., as I wanted to learn some of the facts and incidents connected with the business of procuring sponges from the bottom of the sea.

"Not so dangerous as exciting!" he replied quickly, with a flash of the eyes that lit up his rugged face wonderfully. "But there was danger," he admitted, "especially when a sudden squall caught us in our small boats far out from shore."

"But I have reference to the danger of diving," I reminded him. "Did you not often feel frightened away down under the water in your heavy diving-suit, not knowing at what time the line connecting you with fresh air might be put out of order?"

"The fashion of diving for sponges has long since gone out of style, at least in this part of the country," he declared, smiling good-naturedly. "But I tried it a bit in my day," he continued, "times enough to find out that it is not only a wearisome but a bungling way to gather sponges; because a diver in his heavy suit

is very much hampered. His vision, too, reaches over but a contracted space. He can not see all the attractive growths that are about him. Thus in his eagerness to secure those he does see, he tramples upon many perhaps of greater value. No, no; diving for sponges is a poor business. The diver loses more than he gains."

"But there are still many sponge-divers about the Florida coasts," I reminded him; "at least, so I have been told."

"O, you are thinking about the Greeks over on the west coast! Yes, there are still a good many of them. But you see they cling to the old way because they don't know a better one. Anyhow, they won't try the better one."

"How do you get the sponges?" I asked.

"We rake them up," he returned with a smile. Then, seeing how perplexed I looked, he added, as he excused himself for a few moments. "I'll show you."

He had been gone but a brief time when he returned, bearing in his hand a queer-looking rake, curved like the comb a lady wears at the back of her head. It had three prongs, each about four inches in length and three inches apart.

"This is what we take the beauties out with," he said, as he handed it to me for inspection. "I've raked up as fine sponges with this as have ever been brought into Key West, or anywhere else, for that matter."

"Raked them up; but how?" He must still have thought me a great dullard. "It has a handle, hasn't it? I see the opening for it."

"Yes, a handle, of course; in fact, several of them. Some are no more than five feet long; others are from twenty to forty. Most of the sponge-fishing, or sponge-raking, as it could more properly be called, that is carried on around the Florida Keys is done in water from six to forty feet deep, and is within a distance of from five to thirty miles from Key West. The sponge-fishers go out in small sail-boats, though some take only rowboats. From the time they start until they reach the landing again, they are on the lookout for sponge growths.

"A sponge garden looks not unlike a patch of cabbages of various sizes, though it is oftener of far queerer shapes than cabbages ever take. When a sponge garden is located, the sponge-fisher lowers a bucket with a glass bottom that is carefully waxed around. Then, leaning over the side of his boat, he peers long and intently through the glass, moving the bucket from time to time until he is quite sure that he sees a sponge of the size and quality that will repay his efforts in trying to bring it to the surface. The rake is then lowered, a handle of sufficient length having been fitted, and care is taken to attach the prongs to the sponge in such a way that they will not only bring it to the surface safely, but will not injure it.

"Sometimes a fisher finds one or more sponges that are of a specially fine growth, but not of sufficient size at the time to induce him to bring them up. He leaves them and goes back from time to time to see



A SPONGE FISHER

how they are faring. Sometimes he loses them; another fisher gets ahead of him; but he is willing to take the risk to have the sponges grow to the size desired."

"Do the sponges grow slowly or rapidly?" I asked.

"Almost as rapidly as spring vegetables in a well-tilled garden. I remember once having located a sponge of quite small growth, but of such promise I was sure that it would prove a beauty in time. In three months it had grown to nearly six times its size when I found it; nor was I mistaken in its value. It proved to be one of the finest ever brought to Key West.

"I've seen many strange things in sponges during my time of fishing. I've raked up from the bottom of the gulf some as queer shapes as eyes ever looked at — so twisted and contorted and wrought into hideous forms as fairly to make one shiver to handle them. It was all owing, however, to the substance about which the sponge shaped its growth. A sponge will attach itself to anything at hand and proceed to grow. Once I found a sponge growing about a spoon. Some ship's cook had no doubt dropped the spoon overboard, and the sponge had forthwith appropriated it.

"One thing I greatly enjoyed in my days of sponge-fishing was setting out a sponge garden of my own. I proved beyond any doubt that sponges can be successfully transplanted. But they must not be removed entirely from the water," he added quickly, anticipating my question. "If you bring a sponge above the surface of the water, even for a few minutes, there is little chance of its proving a success when transplanted. Whenever I would find small sponges of particularly fair promise I would move them along, just below the surface of the water, for transplanting in my sponge garden. In this way I grew some unusually fine sponges for the market."

"Did you find it a business that paid you well?" I asked, not from curiosity, but from a desire to have the information.

"Yes, for a time; but so many went into it, the receipts were not nearly so large as when a few shared them. At the height of the business it was no unusual experience to bring in, as the result of one day's work, twelve to fifteen pounds of number one sheep's wool, a yellow sponge of fine fiber — the one best known to the druggist's trade — with several additional pounds of grass sponge. For the sheep's wool we often received as much as one dollar fifty cents a pound, while the grass sponge brought from thirty to fifty cents a pound. This was for the sponge dried out. Sometimes we sold out by the boatload, without the trouble of drying the sponge. When the demand for sponges was unusually brisk, the dealers would come down to the wharves, and inspect and bid for the boatloads as we brought them in. But that was in the old days," he added with a sigh. "The trade isn't nearly so profitable as it used to be. I was sensible enough to quit in time and go into the grocery business," he concluded, with an expression of satisfaction, as he gave a look backward into his well-stocked little store. "Yet sometimes now," he admitted, after a pause, "I go out for a day or so, just to try my luck, and it isn't all for fun, either. Sponge-fishing is still one of the industries of this island, though sponge has declined in price."

I found that he was right. Key West still does a large business in the sale of sponges. In fact, the city ranks to-day as the largest sponge market in the United States.— *A. M. Barnes, in Young People.*

King Bird of Paradise

At a rare bird show in London, a king bird of paradise valued at five thousand dollars has been on exhibition. This beautiful creature is extremely rare, and is a wonderful example of tropical color. The back and head are of a warm, coppery red of delicate shadings. There are curious little green wing-feathers, which reflect the light in many colors of the rainbow. Beneath the copper-colored neck is a ruffle of velvety black feathers. Even the feet of the bird are unusual, being colored a brilliant light blue.— *Young People's Weekly.*

A Saving Bell

A GENTLEMAN, talking one evening with a florist in Philadelphia, was surprised by the sharp tinkling of a bell. "That is my frost bell," said the florist, and he hurried off to his greenhouses.

"The fires had sunk," the florist explained on his return. "The watchman had fallen asleep. But for my frost bell I should have lost hundreds of dollars. That bell is a very valuable arrangement to me," he continued. "An electrical contrivance is connected with a thermometer, and when the mercury falls to a certain point, a bell rings a warning in my house or office. Many a crop of winter fruit and flowers has been saved in the last year or two, by the clever little frost bell.— *The Quiver.*

Largest Clock in the World

THE framework has been put in position on the roof of Colgate and Company's plant in Jersey City for what will be the largest clock in the world. The timepiece will face the river, and at any part of the day or night New Yorkers and passengers on ferry-boats will be able to set their watches by it.

The dial will be twenty-eight feet in diameter, and will have an area of over eleven hundred thirty square feet, or five hundred forty-four more square feet than there are in the face of the clock on the city hall in Philadelphia. The clock will weigh about six tons. The minute hand is seventeen feet and a quarter long, and weighs with its counterpoise one third of a ton. The weight which moves the hands tips the scales at two thousand pounds.

The hands and numerals on the face of the clock will be outlined with incandescent lights, enabling persons miles away to tell the time at night.— *The Inter Ocean.*

Combined Moving Picture and Talking-Machine

A DEVICE which is practically nothing more than a combination of the graphophone horn now in use and a projecting lantern with moving picture rolls, has been invented for the purpose of giving the thousands of owners of talking-machines the added pleasure of having their records illustrated with appropriate scenes, or views of the singers and monologue artists themselves. Pictures and music are turned on simultaneously and work together, the pictures being projected through the same horn that projects the sound.

The device can be quickly connected to any make of talking-machine by the simple turning of a screw. The lantern, fitted with a Welsbach light, is then attached to a gas-jet, a sheet is hung across one side of a room, and everything is ready to begin operations.— *Popular Mechanics.*

Helped by Personal Effort or by Reading

The Personal Word Saved

ABOUT seventeen years ago a little lad joined the Junior Christian Endeavor Society at the Bolton Avenue Presbyterian church, Cleveland; and four years later, upon the organization of the Trinity Congregational church, became a member of their intermediate society. A fourteen-year-old, tall, lank, red-headed, freckled-faced, bashful boy he was, with feet too big to keep out of the way, without a single talent as far as any one could see,—just an ordinary backward boy without any promise.

Three years later, at seventeen, he was so weak as to be almost an invalid, and stammered so that he could not even tell his own name when Russell H. Conwell, after a sermon in Cleveland, placed his hand on the boy's head, and said, "The Lord has power to make even you a preacher, my lad, if you are willing to let him."

From that day he was a new boy; no, the boy was laid aside; he was a man, and asked the Lord to remove the thorn in his speech; and, as demands were made on him, he responded to them.

He was recently ordained to the gospel ministry by the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Without college training or even a complete high-school education, but with seventeen years' training in the ranks of Christian Endeavor, he has developed so that the people of a part of Ohio along the Sandusky Bay, about ten miles by four, call him their pastor.—*Selected.*

How the Light of the Last Gospel Message Came to Me

WHEN I first heard of this truth, I was a mere child. An old gentleman who came to our home for water was the first to open my blind eyes to its beauty. I became so interested in this new doctrine that I would often run to the well when I saw the old man coming for water, that I might ask more about our dear Saviour and his soon coming.

Many times I would go to this brother's home, where the Bible was faithfully studied, to obtain food for my hungry soul. Days and weeks rolled on until at last I accepted the invitation to visit the little white church down the ravine.

This truth became so fascinating that I decided to attend services every Sabbath, and also on Sundays because of the wishes of my parents.

This way of doing did not satisfy them; but somehow I always obtained the permission I desired when Sabbath morning arrived.

Zeal took hold of me so strongly that I encouraged the organization of a Young People's Society. This soon became a reality, and our Society went to work with a good will, though the membership consisted chiefly of those not of our faith. Despite the fact that the leader was only fifteen years of age, enough was learned to encourage one to search the Scriptures. Still this was not sufficient. My schoolmates must know of this wonderful treasure I had just found. I copied sketches of truth from different papers, and passed them to the pupils. This soon became old to them, and I was often the object of ridicule. However, many who rejected me at first, became friendly in time, and all was well once more.

Opportunity then came for me to attend one of our

colleges, and here I am now busily engaged in trying to become a competent worker for Christ. I am thankful for this privilege, and I am still more thankful that through perseverance and prayer my parents are now of like faith.

LILLIE WOLF.

Kept Through Past Kindnesses

THE following incident shows the power of little things in their influence upon the lives of others, even though they are done almost unconsciously:—

About four years ago, a young Japanese boy was living near me. He was receiving so little for his work that he had to live with the closest economy, and he was entirely without friends, as he had been but a short time in this country. After a time he was taken sick. I learned of this, and that he did not have the food and care that he needed, so I did what I could for his comfort, taking warm food to him, and caring for him as I would wish any one to do for my own boy under similar circumstances. All this had almost passed from my memory till a short time ago, when I received a letter from this young man. Although thousands of miles away, he remembered my little acts of service with much gratitude. He said: "I have had many different kinds of hard times since I last saw you, about four years ago. Although I have not written to you for so long, I have never forgotten your motherly kindness, and shall never forget it, for I never received such kindness before. I cried because of such kindness when I was sick in bed. Some time ago I was having so hard a time that I almost gave up, but my remembrance of your Christian love and kindness kept me on the right way, and so to-day I am still striving to serve the Lord. I always think of you as my American mother."

CARRIE R. KING.

The Infidel's Verdict

A GERMAN writer relates that at a literary gathering in the house of the Baron von Holbach, where the most celebrated infidels of the age used to assemble, the gentlemen present were one day commenting on the absurd, foolish, and childish things with which the Holy Scriptures, as they maintained, abounded. But the French philosopher and infidel, Diderot, who had himself taken no small part in the conversation, suddenly put a period to it by saying, "But it is wonderful, gentlemen! it is wonderful! I know no man in France who can write and speak with such ability. In spite of all the evil that we have said, and undoubtedly with good reason, of this book, I do not believe that any of you could compose a narrative so simple, and at the same time so elevated and so affecting, as the narrative of the sufferings of Christ; a narrative exerting so wide an influence, and awakening so deep a universal feeling, and the power of which after so many hundred years would still be the same." This unlooked-for remark filled every one with astonishment, and was followed by a protracted silence.—*Selected.*

How to Treat Difficulties

CLINCH thy difficulties fast
With a determined hand,
Until, in thy victorious grasp,
They crumble into sand.
He who overcomes at last
Will not mourn about the past.

—Lady Teignmouth.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



All in an Hour

"EIGHT o'clock. Why, it's almost school-time!"
 And Ted looked up at the sun.
 "There's really no use in beginning,
 When you can't get anything done!"
 So he wasted a whole long hour,
 Tick! tick! it went slowly by.
 What wonders he might have accomplished,
 Had he only the pluck to try!

"An hour! Why, that's sixty minutes!"
 Cried Dick, with his face aglow.
 "I've time to read over my lessons,
 And run on an errand or so!"
 He blacked father's boots in addition,
 Combed Brother Bob's curly brown hair,
 Mailed some letters, and brought in the eggs—
 And then had three minutes to spare!

—A. F. Caldwell, in *Youth's Companion*.

Good Old Washakie

NOT long ago there died, on the Shoshone Indian Reservation in Wyoming, Chief Washakie of the Shoshone tribe.

Perhaps a great many have heard the statement made that "the only good Indian is the dead one." However, in the case of Washakie this was not true; for, throughout a long and busy life this chief never wronged the whites or any of his own people. He it was who piloted General Fremont across the country when he went to make a way for the advance of civilization beyond the Rockies.

Washakie was a wonderful man in many ways. He never broke his word. Once, when one of his sons led a band of restless young warriors away from the reservation to pillage among the whites, Washakie sent a runner to say that if the warriors were not back on the reservation by sunrise the next morning, they would never return. They did not heed the warning, and the old chief personally led some of his best fighters against his son. True to the word of Washakie, none of the band ever returned. All were slain. This seems a hard thing for any one to do; but, always stern, and vowing all his life that he would never break his word, Washakie made good in this case as he did in every other.

For his long, valuable services to the whites in the troublesome days of the early frontier, President Grant once sent a beautiful black pony, a fine saddle, and a silver-mounted bridle by special messenger to the chief. When the messenger arrived at the agency building, the sun had just set. Washakie was standing at a window looking on the gold and purple which flooded the snow caps of the mountains.

Post Trader Moore soon found the Indian, and told him to look at the pony with its fine saddle and bridle.

The pony stood just beneath, where it could be seen to good advantage. Said Moore, "Well, Washakie, what have you to say to the white father for sending you such a beautiful present?"

Washakie did not speak.

The post trader repeated the question; but instead of replying, the old chief began to drum on the window-panes. Thus he stood for some moments. Moore finally walked to where he could see the Indian's face, and was surprised to see that Washakie was crying. Great tears were rolling over his scarred cheeks, and occasionally the great, fearless warrior sobbed, a thing that no torture could have made him do.

In due time, Washakie turned about and said, slowly, "Tell the white father for me that when the Frenchman gives thanks, he has plenty tongue, but no heart; when Washakie gives thanks, he has plenty heart, but no tongue." He was too much affected by the attention paid him in the bestowal of the gift to express his thanks in words.

Washakie, single-handed, could pilot one or any number of whites through any hostile country. All Indians feared him. Once, when with General Fremont, a Shoshone came to tell Washakie that Flying Elk, an Indian of another tribe, with a number of followers, had spread a report to the effect that he meant to ambush General Fremont's party and kill them all.

Washakie listened till the runner finished talking, then he sat down on a log and laughed. General Fremont was greatly frightened for a few moments, knowing that his party was not very strong at that time, and the only escort that he had was the old chief and a mere handful of braves.

When the laughter was over, General Fremont asked for an explanation, remarking that he saw nothing very amusing about the matter.

"I will tell you a story," quietly began Washakie. "Once, long, long, ago, there was a medicine man

belonging to a tribe of Blackfoot Indians who said that he could hear in the murmur of the river [the Colorado] words that told of wonderful hunting-grounds. Game was very scarce at that time where the Indians lived, and it was decided to follow the medicine man's advice, and seek the wonderful hunting-grounds which he told about. They set out. Long they journeyed; but no wonderful game country had been found. Daily the medicine man listened at the river, and daily he told that the great country was just a few miles beyond. At last they came to where the river emptied. There the stream was very wide, and made a lot of noise. Almost disgusted, the Indians refused to go farther. They were very hungry, living almost en-



"God thought about me, and so I grew;
 God thought about you, and so I'm here."

tirely on fish. The medicine man said, 'I was mistaken. The game lands are in the other direction. We should have gone north instead of south.'

"Again they set out, this time going north, and they traveled and traveled, coming at length to the source of the river, where it was merely a few tiny rivulets fed by springs and melting snows. Still the waters sang, and the medicine man had to give it up; for the country was devoid of game, and his people were tired and hungry and had lost faith. One warrior sat down and laughed as I did a while ago. His people thought it a strange way to act at that time when starvation was at their heels. Explaining, the Indian said, 'I laugh because of the great words which the river employed to tell the medicine man about the game lands. When we went south, we found a great mouth, still talking. When we come north, we find a little head, still talking. Big mouth, plenty noise; little head, no game.'

"That is like Flying Elk," said Washakie, "big mouth, little head, no fight."

Washakie coolly rolled himself in his blankets and went to sleep, not so much as putting out a guard to watch for enemies. He knew well the man that Flying Elk was. The latter did not so much as come near General Fremont's party.

Chief Washakie fought in one hundred fifty-seven battles in aid of the whites.—*Ross B. Franklin, in Republic Sunday Magazine.*

Carried Off by a Tiger

It is not often that a person who has been in the claws of a tiger can tell later how the experience seemed to him. Mr. John Bradley, an English sportsman, had the good luck to escape with his life from such a predicament, and in his "Narrative of Travel and Sport" tells what the sensation was like. He was hunting tigers in the eastern part of Burma when he met with the adventure. Two other Englishmen were with him at the time.

"We marched along carelessly without observing order or caution, and were not prepared to take advantage of Akbar's warning, when he exclaimed, 'Beware, *sahib!*' and a full-grown tiger went past us at a gallop.

"A straggling volley was fired after it, and although evidently not struck, the beast stopped, and rearing up on its hind legs, clawed the bark of a tree just as a cat scratches the leg of a chair or a table.

"Mr. Grant and I fired simultaneously, but without effect, and before a thought of the creature's intention had time to flash through my mind, I was down under its paws.

"Seizing me by the left thigh, the tiger shook me as a dog shakes a rat, and then, growling horribly, dragged me at a tremendous rate through the thick undergrowth of the forest. I heard the frightened shouts of my companions, and the report of several shots, and then dizziness came over me; but I did not lose consciousness.

"As I was jolted through the forest, I several times caught hold of the trees; but the tiger, growling fiercely, shook me free in an instant. All this time, although quite calm and collected, I felt a strong desire to preserve my existence, and never for a moment experienced that apathy with regard to the danger that some persons have described under similar circumstances.

"How long I was in the jaws of this brute I can not tell. It seemed to me an age before the creature stopped. My companions afterward declared that I had been dragged at least half a mile from the spot where I was first seized. They followed as fast as they could run, and although I was unaware of it at the time, never lost sight of the beast. To this circumstance I undoubtedly owe my life, for had there been any delay in rendering me assistance, it must have been fatal to me.

"The moment the tiger halted, it released my thigh, and seemed to be attracted by the approach of my companions, although as yet I did not see them myself. Taking advantage of this release, I tried to escape to the shelter of some tall bushes near at hand.

"In an instant and with a terrible roar the creature pounced upon me, seizing me this time by the shoulder, and at the same time lacerating my chest with its claws.

"A shot was fired, and I heard the bullet whistle overhead. Fear of hitting me had caused them to aim too high. A second and third shot were equally unsuccessful; and the tiger, again releasing me, began to lick up the blood which oozed through my jacket. I began to feel very faint, and could not suppress a groan. Several times the tiger dabbed his paws, apparently in play, about my face, but did not use its claws, fortunately for me.

"Presently the beast seemed to be seized with a sudden rage, and began to spit like an angry cat at some one approaching, whose footsteps I could hear, but whom I could not see, owing to my position; for I was lying flat on my back. There was the sharp bang of a rifle close to my head, a heavy weight fell across me, and then I comprehended that my friend was pulling me from under the dead body of the tiger."—*Youth's Companion.*

In Passing Through the World

WHAT are you letting the great world do?
Stifle the conscience God gave to you,
Sully the thoughts that are pure and true,
And blur the beauty your childhood knew?
Stay! what are you letting the great world do
To that soul of yours, as you pass through?

What are you letting the great world find,—
This needy world with its ceaseless grind?
Each, in the passing, must leave behind
Either good or ill to his fellow kind.
But what are you letting the great world find,
Dust or jewels from heart or mind?

What are you letting the great world do?
Win you away from the good and true,
From the simple faith your childhood knew?
That was the birthright God gave to you?
O, see that you let not the great world do
A wrong to your soul, as you pass through!

—*Anna J. Granniss.*

Costly Attire

THE queen of Siam owns what is perhaps the most costly gown in the world. It is a silken robe of state, the fabric being completely concealed by an embroidery of diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and sapphires. Its worth is estimated at five million dollars.

Another valuable gown is the property of the Grand Duchess Xania, the czar's sister. Her highness owns a Russian national costume, which, from cap to slippers, is incrustated with precious stones. The weight of the complete outfit is so heavy that it is almost unwearable.

Another Russian princess has a wrap made of silver-fox fur. The collar alone is worth thousands of dollars, while the whole garment's worth must be estimated at its own weight in gold.—*Washington Post.*

Study for the Missionary Society

(Concluded from page thirteen)

work, arguing that, should he be buried by another cave-in, "Queen Toria's" war-ship would call them to account, and likely destroy them. Mr. Paton, however, went to work again.

One evening he told the old chief he believed God would give him rain the next day, but he was assured such a thing was impossible, the more probable result being his dropping through into the sea, and being eaten by the sharks. Next morning he went down again and sank a narrow hole in the center. Trembling with excitement, he saw water rush up and fill the hole. Tasting it, he found it was not salt, and falling upon his knees, he offered praise and thanksgiving to Jehovah.

On hearing the good news, the chiefs and their men gathered near the well in eager expectance. "A sample of the water was given to the old chief, who shook it to see if it would spill, then touched it, to see if it felt like water, and at last, tasting it, he rolled it in his mouth, swallowed it, and shouted, 'Rain! Rain! Yes, it is rain!'" No difficulty was experienced in getting the natives to carry coral blocks from the beach for lining the well, for now they avowed that truly "Missi's Jehovah" had helped him, and had made it rain from below.

The Old Chief Preacher

Old Namakie's heart was touched with love for Jehovah and his "Missi," and he begged permission to occupy the pulpit at the next meeting, and preach a sermon on the well. This was granted him, and when the time arrived for his turn, he came forward dressed in shirt and kilts; and using his tomahawk to enforce his gestures, he spoke eloquently of the greatness and goodness of Jehovah; of the new and wonderful order of things; of his faith in, and acceptance of, the Saviour; and besought all present to destroy their powerless idols, and give homage to the great Creator.

The sinking of the well was the breaking of the back of heathenism. From that time on, a transformation took place in the hearts of the people. The light grew brighter and brighter, till from the shores of little Aniwa, faithful souls were sent to bear the gospel to the darkened natives of Tanna.

Work among the islands grew steadily. The first "Dayspring" was wrecked; later, a second vessel of the same name appeared; but this was inadequate to meet the demands of the work, and it was decided to secure a new "Dayspring," furnished with steam power. Mr. Paton was chosen to undertake the raising of the necessary funds. Once more he was sent to England, and later to Canada and the United States, lecturing on his "one theme," and collecting means for the furtherance of the work among the heathen. While in these countries, he also lent his influence to the passage of a bill prohibiting the sale of intoxicants and fire-arms by the traders.

Closing Years

The latter years of Mr. Paton's life were spent in Australasia, where he still labored for the advancement of the gospel among the islanders. During his

seven years on Tanna and his fifteen years on Aniwa, this veteran of the cross had fought and won many a battle for his Master-leader. As old age weakened him, and unfitted him for active mission work, he turned his efforts toward nourishing that which was already begun and seeking recruits for the field.

We are accustomed to think with awe of the great deeds performed by earth's mighty warriors,—the Alexanders, Cæsars, and Napoleons, whose armies destroyed cities and conquered nations; but here is a soldier whose weapons were not carnal, who entered the very strongholds of the evil one, and hoisted over his bulwarks the banner of Prince Immanuel.

"On January 28, 1907, Dr. Paton passed peacefully away at Canterbury, Melbourne; and it is firmly believed that his name will stand among the foremost of the fifty great foreign missionaries who belong to the Victorian age of missions." OTTO M. JOHN.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course — No. 28

"INTO ALL THE WORLD," pages 160-183; Test Questions, pages 221, 222.

Notes

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.—The Portuguest were the first to go into the interior of Africa for slaves. In 1503 they landed some on San Domingo. From that time until the nineteenth century, traffic in negroes was carried on by all Christian colonial powers. We find the Christian nations rising from the ruins of the Roman empire, carrying on the buying and selling of human souls. The Moslem kept African slaves during the Crusades.

Africa has always been a land of ignorance, debasement, and vice. At the doors of the most enlightened countries of the world, she has remained uncivilized. Slavery is a giant evil, a great wrong. Truly have the sons of Ham been servants of servants, hewers of wood and drawers of water.

In 1814 the government of England prohibited slavery. In 1813 Sweden forbade slave traffic, and Holland did the same the following year. Later, France, wishing to gain the friendship of England, decided to stop the trade in all her colonies.

COST OF AFRICA.—Africa has been called "the white man's grave." Five hundred and fifty out of its seven hundred explorers lie buried there. Since the time of Raymond Lull, hundreds of heroes have laid down their lives for Africa's redemption; and to-day the continent is dotted over with missionary graves. The average length of a missionary's life has been eight years. There are about one hundred missionary societies working in Africa. Seven of these have sacrificed two hundred lives in the last half-century.

Six months after Krapf reached Africa, he was compelled to dig two graves for his wife and little child; but he wrote these words, "Tell our friends at home that there is now on the East African coast a lonely missionary grave. This is a sign that you have commenced the struggle with this part of the world." When Hannington was on his way to his mission field, he was assassinated, and his dying words were, "I have purchased the road to Uganda with my life." When Mackay was a student, he wrote in his diary: "This day last year Livingstone died — a Scotchman and a Christian, loving God and his neighbor in the heart of Africa. Go thou and do likewise." It has been said of Livingstone, "A score of forward movements can be directly traced to the discovery of that kneeling body at Ilala."



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

An Hour with John G. Paton

Program

EARLY LIFE.
A CALL TO MISSIONS.
FLIGHT FROM TANNA.
SINKING A WELL.
THE OLD CHIEF PREACHER.
CLOSING YEARS.

Early Life

One of the most thrilling stories in missionary history is the life of John G. Paton, apostle to the New Hebrides Islands. Spurgeon aptly titled him, "king of the cannibals;" for by him thousands of savages were led from their degrading superstitions to a knowledge of the true and living God.

Paton was one of the pioneer missionaries which Scotland has given to the world. He was born in Dumfries, May 24, 1824. His father, a humble stocking-maker, retired daily into the "middle room" and there poured out his soul to God in behalf of his family, nor did he forget the heathen in foreign lands. With awe the children listened to his pleadings before God, and Paton has confessed that this daily scene was one of the influences that in later years impressed him to labor with untiring zeal for the heathen.

His early education was gained amid difficulties. He attended the village school until twelve years old, when he began working with his father. Every odd moment, however, was spent in study, and later he was able to attend college, after which he taught school for a time.

An opening in the Glasgow City Mission was presented to him, and the years he spent in this work served as an excellent preparation for similar missionary effort in foreign lands. "Here he learned to deal with men of nearly every shade of thought and character, and to lead them to the knowledge and service of the Saviour."

A Call to Missions

While actively engaged in this work, he heard from across the sea, the heathen's need, pleading, "Come

over, . . . and help us;" and in 1858, with his wife and another missionary, he set out for the New Hebrides Islands. After four and a half months on the ocean they landed at Aneityum, where they stopped to consult missionaries. They then settled on a neighboring island, Tanna, and there started a mission at Port Resolution. They found the islanders were painted savages, wearing scarcely any clothing, and ignorant of a written language. Just at that time the Tannese were in a very unsettled state, and war was threatened among various tribes. Only a few days after the arrival of the missionaries, an engagement took place between parties of armed men. After the fray it was learned that several warriors had been killed, and their bodies carried off to a boiling spring, and there cooked and eaten.

Under these trying circumstances Mr. Paton prepared a suitable place for his work, and at once began to learn the language and customs of the people. "He

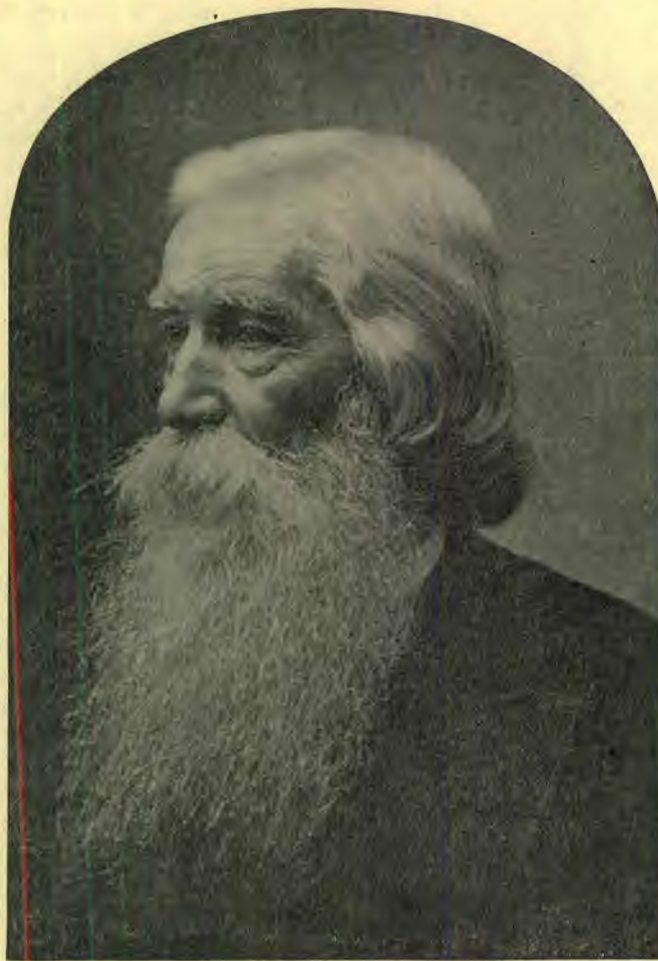
found that they possessed many stone idols, charms, and sacred objects, which they feared greatly, and in which they devoutly believed." This goes to show how, though destitute of a knowledge of the true God, they were groping after him, if haply they might find him.

Less than two years had slipped by when the dreaded fever and ague robbed Mr. Paton of his beloved companion. Scarcely had he laid her away, when his little baby boy was also taken. This was a trying hour, but his spirit was buoyed up by a faith and hope deeply anchored in the Saviour's promises. Nothing could induce him to abandon his work, and he determined to labor on, alone with his native teachers.

Many attempts were made by the cannibals to take the missionary's life. One time several tribes united with the one purpose of killing Mr. Paton.

They had gathered together to counsel how best they might accomplish the deed. After all the leading warriors had spoken, an old chief, Nowar, rose, and stepping into the ring, swung his club vigorously, and said, "The man that kills Missi must first kill me; the men that kill the mission teachers must first kill me and my people, for we shall stand by and defend them till death." Instantly other chiefs rose and made similar declarations, and the original plan was soon abandoned. How effective is the divine touch, even upon the heart of a cannibal!

The native teachers, Abraham and his wife, were ever faithful companions to the lonely missionary. Once when Mr. Paton was stricken with fever and ague, they carefully carried him to the highlands, which were fanned by invigorating breezes, and there laid him



JOHN G. PATON, "KING OF THE CANNIBALS"

under the shelter of palm leaves. For many days they provided him with nourishment, watching over him with paternal care, till he returned to consciousness and was restored to health. Mr. Paton pays the following tribute to his co-laborer: "That noble old soul, Abraham, stood by me as an angel of God in sickness and in danger; he went at my side wherever I had to go; he helped me willingly to the last inch of strength in all that I had to do; and it was perfectly manifest that he was doing all this, not from mere human love, but for the sake of Jesus. That man had been a cannibal in his heathen days, but by the grace of God there he stood, verily a new creature in Jesus Christ."

Besides establishing "the worship" in and about Port Resolution, Mr. Paton and his native helpers made regular tours among the neighboring villages. In this way many people became acquainted with the gospel although they were slow in accepting it. Their degraded condition was in itself a great obstacle; but to make matters worse, the ungodly white traders employed every means to prejudice the natives against the missionaries, and all this for the purpose of holding them in savagery, that they might rob them.

With the object of "humbling" them, as these men called it, several sailors suffering with the measles were placed on the island, and the disease spread like wildfire among the natives; and by the time the epidemic had run its course, nearly one third of the inhabitants of Tanna were carried off. The superstitious natives blamed the missionaries and in revenge endeavored to exterminate them. Men were sent to Tanna to induce the natives to murder their missionaries, of whom Paton was the leader. At first the scheme was resented, but soon they agreed to carry out the suggestion. Nearly every tribe was leagued in an effort to accomplish this, and daily attempts were made on Mr. Paton's life.

Flight from Tanna

The only hope of safety was in fleeing to the mission station at the other end of the island. Under cover of the night, the refugees, accompanied by old Nowar, attempted the journey. They arrived safely at the mission, but it was only a few days before an attack was made by the infuriated savages. About this time a ship called at the island, and took on board Mr. Paton and his helpers, and

conveyed them to Aneityum. Little did the savage Tannese realize their great mistake in driving away their truest friends. Time revealed this to them before many years, however, and gladly would they have welcomed the missionaries back to their shores.

From Aneityum, Mr. Paton sailed to Australia, where he labored among the churches, interesting them in the island missions, and in raising a sum of money to purchase a mission boat. The vessel was named

"The Dayspring." It made many successful cruises among the islands. Mr. Paton also visited England and Scotland, telling there his thrilling story of Tanna. While on this trip, Mr. Paton married again, returning to the New Hebrides soon afterward.

This time he settled on Aniwa, a small island not far from Tanna. Several times the lives of Mr. Paton and his helpers were threatened by the superstitious natives, who believed them to be the cause of deaths and catastrophes; but by degrees their confidence was won, and many attended the mission school. An interesting incident is connected with the settling of Mr. and Mrs. Paton on Aniwa. While on their way to that Old Nowar met them, and tried to induce them to remain, but all his pleadings were in vain. Just at that time an Aniwan chief was visiting



Taking a look at "Jehovah's Rain"

Tanna. Nowar went to him, took the white shells from his own arm, and bound them on the Aniwan, saying, "By these you promise to protect my missionary and his wife and child on Aniwa." Let no evil befall them; or, by this pledge, I and my people will revenge it." It is believed that this was the means of saving their lives on several occasions.

Sinking a Well

The water-supply on the island was very scanty and uncertain. Several times the missionaries (who could not use salt water as the natives did), had almost perished from thirst. Mr. Paton resolved to sink a well. The chiefs were greatly astonished, and urged him not to attempt so foolish a project. But Mr. Paton determined to carry out his plan, and began work, using a pick, spade, ax, hammer, bucket, crowbar, and ladder. Once the chiefs came to him, and in tender tones cried, "O Missi, your head is going wrong; you are losing something, or you would not talk wild like that. Don't let our people hear you talk about going down into the earth for rain, or they will never listen to your word or believe you again." Then, seeing that their pleadings were of no avail, the good old chief told off his men in relays to watch the well-digger, lest he should try to take his own life, or do some rash thing.

Under the rays of the tropical sun, the work went very hard. Rather than admit that he was beaten, Mr. Paton resorted to an ingenious scheme. He filled his pockets with beautiful English fish-hooks, and one hook was offered for every three buckets filled and emptied. A rush was made for the bucket, and the spade, hammer, and ax were soon in action. That day the well reached the depth of twelve feet, but next morning one side was found caved in. Not a native would venture into the well, lest he be buried alive. Once more the old chief begged Mr. Paton to cease

(Concluded on page eleven)



"O Missi, dear Missi, show me how to make it speak!"

Be Ye Patient

If there is any one thing in a Christian's character which makes it beautiful and attractive, and which draws others to the dear Saviour, it is a spirit of patience,—humble, childlike trust in God. "My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience."

For ten long years the writer's loved ones prayed for his return to this precious truth; but they had not the least evidence of his doing so, until after accepting it he wrote to them. It was nothing but their earnest, persevering prayers, with simple faith in God's promises, that touched the tender chords of his heart and softened it. And he is now praising God for his salvation, and for having a part in giving this last warning message to those who sit in darkness.

Reader, is there some one about whom you are anxious? If so, lay the case before God, and be patient. Are you anxious about your position in the work of God? Do you feel that your work is not appreciated? "Promotion cometh neither from the east, nor from the west, nor from the south. But God is the judge: he putteth down one, and setteth up another." Every man has his place in the eternal plan of heaven. Whether we fill that place depends upon our own faithfulness in co-operating with God. "Not more surely is the place prepared for us in the heavenly mansions than just so surely is the place designated on earth where we are to work for God."

Having been tried in various experiences, the writer's heart is filled with this subject of patience, and the Lord has helped him many times to overcome. Patience is one thing that all who go through to the glorious kingdom of God will be tested on,—a simple, childlike faith in their Heavenly Father.

O, let us pray earnestly that we as young people may realize the times in which we are living; and study carefully this subject of patience, waiting to let our all-wise Father do things for us. In "Ministry of Healing," pages 469-516, are precious, encouraging thoughts worthy of our attention. Very soon we shall be in our beautiful home in the new earth, there to enjoy pleasures far beyond our expectation. 1 Cor. 2:9.

"O let me walk with thee, my God,
As Enoch walked in days of old;
Place thou my trembling hand in thine,
And sweet communion with me hold;
E'en though the path I may not see,
Yet, Jesus, let me walk with thee."

ERNEST A. DUNN.

Bible Readings

Baptism

1. FIRST administered by John the Baptist. John 1: 25-28.
2. John's baptism a type of cleansing from sin. Mark 1: 4; "Desire of Ages," page 104.
3. Christian baptism commemorates the burial and resurrection of Christ. Rom. 6: 4; Col. 2: 12.
4. John's disciples were rebaptized. Acts 19: 3-5.
5. Christ was buried but once, and arose from the dead but once, therefore there is only one mode of baptism. Eph. 4: 5.
6. Baptism a part of the gospel commission. Matt. 28: 19.

H. M. HIATT.



VIII — Crossing the Jordan

(May 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Joshua 3 and 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Power belongeth unto God." Ps. 62: 11.

Review

What man was chosen to be leader in the place of Moses? Where is Moses now? What was Joshua to do?

Lesson Story

1. "And Joshua rose early in the morning; and they removed from Shittim, and came to Jordan, he and all the children of Israel, and lodged there before they passed over.

2. "And it came to pass after three days, that the officers went through the host; and they commanded the people, saying, When you see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests the Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place, and go after it. Yet there shall be a space between you and it, about two thousand cubits [more than one-half mile] by measure: come not near unto it, that ye may know the way by which ye must go: for ye have not passed this way heretofore.

3. "And Joshua said unto the people, Sanctify yourselves: for to-morrow the Lord will do wonders among you. And Joshua spake unto the priests, saying, Take up the ark of the covenant, and pass over before the people. And they took up the ark of the covenant, and went before the people."

4. "And it came to pass, when the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan, and the priests bearing the ark of the covenant before the people; and as they that bare the ark were come unto Jordan, and the feet of the priests that bare the ark were dipped in the brim of the water (for Jordan overfloweth all his banks all the time of harvest), that the waters which came down from above stood and rose up upon an heap: . . . and those that came down toward the sea of the plain, even the salt sea, failed, and were cut off: and the people passed over right against Jericho.

5. "And the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord stood firm on dry ground in the midst of Jordan, and all the Israelites passed over on dry ground, until all the people were passed clean over Jordan.

6. "And it came to pass, when all the people were clean passed over Jordan, that the Lord spake unto Joshua, saying, Take you twelve men out of the people, out of every tribe a man, and command ye them, saying, Take you hence out of the midst of Jordan, out of the place where the priests' feet stood firm, twelve stones, and ye shall carry them over with you, and leave them in the lodging place, where ye shall lodge this night."

7. "And the children of Israel did so as Joshua commanded, and took up twelve stones out of the midst of Jordan, as the Lord spake unto Joshua, according to the number of the tribes of the children of Israel, and carried them over with them unto the place where they lodged, and laid them down there.

8. "And Joshua set up twelve stones in the midst

of Jordan, in the place where the feet of the priests which bare the ark of the covenant stood: and they are there unto this day. For the priests which bare the ark stood in the midst of the Jordan, until everything was finished that the Lord commanded Joshua."

9. "And it came to pass, when all the people were clean passed over, that the ark of the Lord passed over, and the priests, in the presence of the people."

10. "And it came to pass, when the priests that bare the ark of the covenant of the Lord were come up out of the midst of Jordan, and the soles of the priests' feet were lifted up unto the dry land, that the waters of Jordan returned unto their place, and flowed over all his banks, as they did before."

11. "And the people came up out of Jordan on the tenth day of the first month, and encamped in Gilgal, in the east border of Jericho."

12. "And those twelve stones, which they took out of Jordan, did Joshua pitch in Gilgal. And he spake unto the children of Israel, saying, When your children shall ask their fathers in time to come, saying, What mean these stones? then ye shall let your children know, saying, Israel came over this Jordan on dry land."

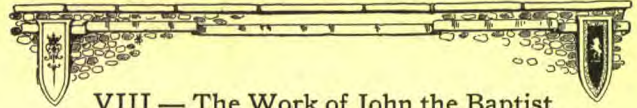
13. "For the Lord your God dried up the waters of Jordan from before you, until ye were passed over, as the Lord your God did to the Red Sea, which he dried up from before us, until we were gone over: that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty: that ye might fear the Lord your God forever."

Questions

1. To what place did Joshua and the children of Israel come? What did they do there?
2. After three days what did the officers of Israel do? What command did they give the people? What distance must they leave between themselves and the ark? Why?
3. What did Joshua tell the people to do? What command did Joshua give to the priests? What did the priests do?
4. In what condition was the River Jordan at this season? What took place as soon as the feet of the priests carrying the ark touched the edge of the water?
5. Where did the priests who carried the ark stand? What did the people do?
6. When all the people had passed over, what command did the Lord give to Joshua?
7. How was this command obeyed? Where were the twelve stones carried?
8. What did Joshua set up in the midst of Jordan? How long did the priests stand there?
9. After this what did the priests do?
10. What took place as soon as the priests bearing the ark had come up out of the river?
11. On what day did Israel pass over Jordan? Where did they pitch their tents that night?
12. What was done with the twelve stones that were carried out of the bed of the river? What would the children who saw this pile of stones ask in days to come? What were the parents then to tell the children?
13. Who was it who dried up the waters of Jordan? What had he done at the Red Sea? Why had the Lord done so many mighty works for his people?

"THE blessings pronounced on 'the mount' are aptly termed *be-at-it-udes*. There is no premium promised on idleness."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VIII — The Work of John the Baptist

(May 23)

MEMORY VERSE: "He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their iniquities." Isa. 53: 11.

Questions

1. What did the apostle John say of the mission of John the Baptist? John 1: 6, 7.
2. What testimony did John himself bear concerning his work? John 3: 27, 28.
3. How did John compare the Messiah with himself? Verse 30.
4. How did John meet the questioning among the people whether he might not be the Messiah? Luke 3: 15, 16.
5. What definite testimony did Jesus bear concerning John and his work? Matt. 11: 10, 11.
6. What definite testimony did John bear concerning Jesus and his work? John 1: 29.
7. What prophecy was thus interpreted and applied? Isa. 53: 6.
8. What would the Messiah be able to do for many by bearing their iniquities? Verse 11.
9. With what statement did John point out the Messiah to his own disciples? John 1: 35, 36.
10. What was this messenger of good tidings to Zion and Jerusalem instructed to say? Isa. 40: 9, margin or A. R. V.
11. In thus applying the expression, "Behold your God," to Jesus of Nazareth, what great truth was taught? Compare John 1: 1, 2, 14; 1 Tim. 3: 16.
12. Why was such testimony as this necessary? Mark 6: 2, 3. *Ans.*—Because his own people failed to realize who he was.
13. Of what was John's message a fulfilment? Mark 1: 2, 3.
14. In a time of severe trial what inquiry did John make of Jesus? Matt. 11: 2, 3.
15. To what fulfilment of prophecy did Jesus appeal in his answer? Verses 4, 5.
16. What statement in the message of John the Baptist shows that his work will not be fully completed until the second advent? Compare Isa. 40: 10 with Rev. 22: 12.
17. Of what movement, then, is the work of John the Baptist typical, and how is his message now being proclaimed?

Notes

1. The message of John the Baptist was a very definite one, and by his application of the expression, "Behold your God," he pointed out Jesus of Nazareth in the place where he then was, and indicated the work which he came to do as a sacrifice for sin.
2. In the threefold message of Revelation 14 the expression, "Behold your God," in its proper application points out Jesus in the heavenly sanctuary, as the high priest accomplishing his final work of atonement. There is the same need of definiteness now as in John's time.
3. The voice which was once lifted up "with strength" is heard again in the threefold message which is proclaimed "with a loud voice," and with which "another angel" (Rev. 18: 1) joins.

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Missionaries on the Ocean

SIX missionaries recently left this country for South Africa. Four of them were Mr. and Mrs. Homer C. Olmstead, and Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Campbell, all of Fernando Academy, Fernando, Cal. The other two were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Koenigmacher, once students of South Lancaster Academy, South Lancaster, Massachusetts.

April 23 Prof. Walton C. John and family left New York for South America. Professor John has been connected with the Foreign Mission Seminary as instructor in Spanish and music. He will have charge of the training-school at Camarero, Argentina.

Influence of Mohammedanism and Buddhism

MRS. ISABELLA BIRD BISHOP, the noted traveler and author, says the people of Christian lands do not sense the corruption prevalent in heathen countries. She says, further:—

"I think that we are getting into a sort of milk-and-water view of heathenism—not of African heathenism alone, but of Buddhism, Hinduism, and Mohammedanism also, which prevail in Asia. Missionaries come home, and they refrain from shocking audiences by recitals of the awful sins of the heathen and Moslem world. When traveling in Asia, it struck me very much how little we heard, how little we know, as to how sin is enthroned and deified and worshiped. Sin and shame are everywhere. Mohammedanism is corrupt to the very core. The morals of Mohammedan countries, perhaps in Persia in particular, are corrupt, and the imaginations very wicked. How corrupt Buddhism is! How corrupt Buddhists are! It is an astonishment to find that there is scarcely a single thing that makes for righteousness in the life of the unchristianized nations. There is no public opinion interpenetrated by Christianity which condemns sin or wrong. There is nothing except the conscience of some few who are seeking after God 'if haply they might feel after him and find him, though he is not far from every one of us.' And over all this seething mass of sin and shame and corruption hovers 'the ruler of the darkness of this world,' rejoicing in the chains with which he has bound two thirds of the human race.

"These false faiths degrade women with an infinite degradation. I have lived in zenanas and harems,

and have seen the daily life of the secluded women, and I can speak from bitter experience of what their lives are—the intellect dwarfed, so that the woman of twenty or thirty years of age is more like a child of eight intellectually; while all the worst passions of human nature are stimulated and developed in a fearful degree,—jealousy, envy, murderous hate, intrigue, running to such an extent that in some countries I have hardly ever been in a women's house or near a women's tent without being asked for drugs with which to disfigure the favorite wife, to take away her life, or to take away the life of the favorite wife's infant son. This request has been made of me nearly two hundred times. This is only an indication of the daily life of whose miseries we think so little, and which is a natural product of the systems that we ought to have subverted long ago.

"It follows necessarily that there is also an infinite degradation of men. The whole continent of Asia is corrupt. It is the scene of barbarities, tortures, brutal punishments, oppression, official corruption, which is worst under Mohammedan rule—of all things which are the natural products of systems which are without God in Christ. There are no sanctities of home, nothing to tell of righteousness, temperance, or judgment to come; only a fearful looking for in the future of fiery indignation from some quarter, they know not what, a dread of everlasting rebirths into forms of obnoxious reptiles or insects, or of tortures which are infinite, and which are depicted in pictures of fiendish ingenuity."

While crime and corruption of all sorts abound in our own country, there are thousands of Christians holding high the lamp of truth, from which other lights are continually being lighted. These prevent the depth of sin and degradation prevailing in our land that characterizes the countries cursed with false religions. Should we not be more anxious to carry the gospel to these dark lands? "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." John 4:35.

What Is the American Board?

It is the oldest Foreign Missionary Society on the American continent. It carries on work in 1,534 stations and out-stations, using twenty-eight different languages, and in behalf of 75,000,000 people. It has 569 missionaries and 4,135 native pastors, preachers, teachers, and Christian workers.

It is an organizer of 580 native churches, having a membership of 68,952, to which are now added yearly about 6,000 new members; a publisher of 40,000,000 pages annually of Christian and educational literature in twenty languages; a supporter of seventy Christian hospitals and dispensaries, which treat annually over 300,000 patients; and a conductor of industrial work for industrially depressed races.

It is an inaugurator of a vast school system, with eighteen colleges and 1,450 other schools, giving Christian instruction in all to 65,152 pupils; and a trainer of native Christians to evangelize their own people and to conduct their own work. Natives in its mission fields paid last year \$226,271 for the maintenance of their own institutions.

Thorough in its work, economical in its management, and wide-reaching in its results, it relies upon the voluntary gifts of God's people to conduct its great enterprise.—*Selected.*