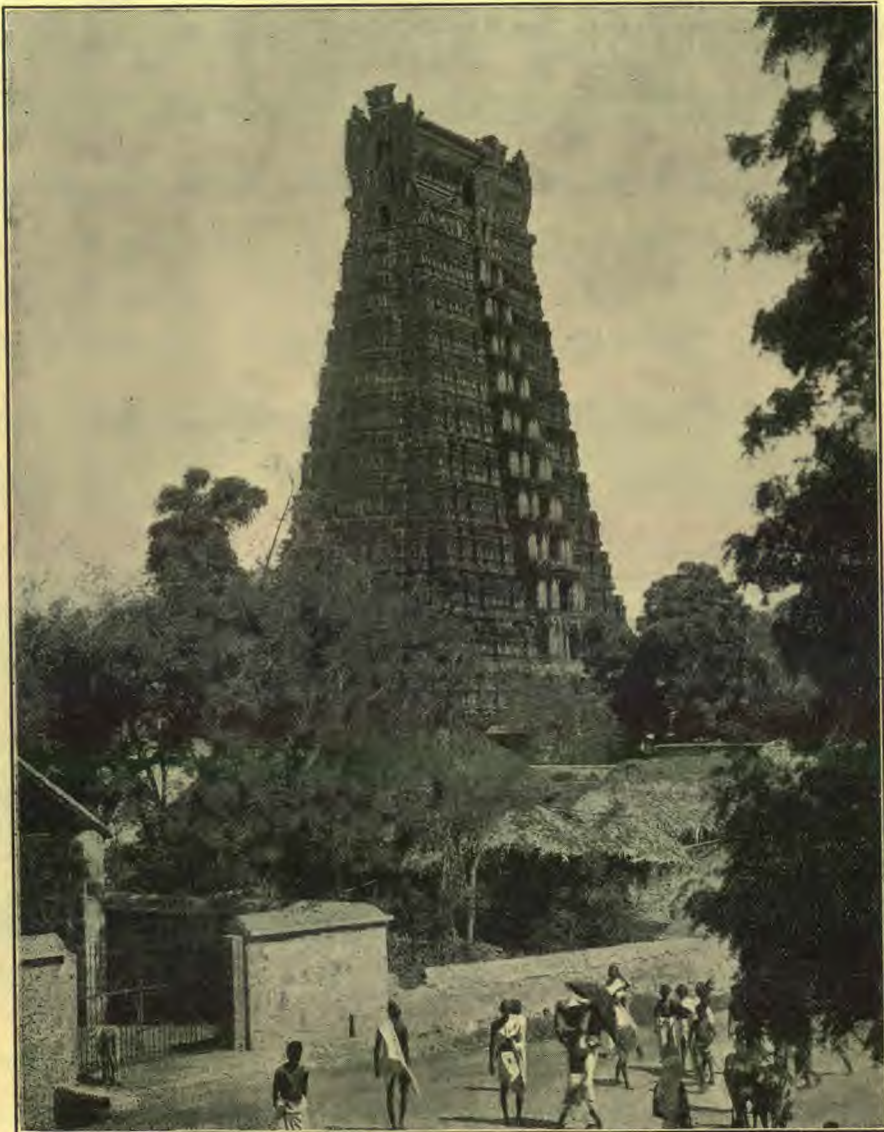


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LVIII

May 3, 1910

No. 18



HINDU TEMPLES OF SOUTH INDIA

Summary of *Missionary* Volunteer Work for Quarter Ending December 31, 1909

Conferences	No. Societies	Present Membership	Conf. Society Members	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Given Away	Books Sold	Books Given Away	Pages of Tracts Sold	Pages of Tracts Given Away	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Persons Fed Clothing Given	Offerings for Foreign Missions	Offerings for Home Missions	
Atlantic Union Conference																			
Central New England	6	120	..	148	75	410	157	46	3600	1640	13	27	2255	2814	267	166	\$ 90.78	\$ 64.04	
Greater New York	4	66	..	147	101	244	101	37	2421	540	6	53	25	661	846	223	7.88	25.40	
Maine	3	36	6	4	2	2	...	66	1	...	546	2	2	5.00	12.19	
New York	7	133	6	114	70	187	22	106	556	2065	14	9	117	1254	163	48	35.33	10.29	
So. New England	7	78	..	61	18	141	238	41	37	806	10	12	5	891	81	49	.25	7.86	
Western New York	5	95	3	146	25	56	8	49	491	1287	33	18	2	2373	378	36	2.00	12.60	
Canadian Union Conference																			
Maritime	4	77	..	74	19	170	7	...	386	2066	5	9	...	3765	42	1	28.71	8.41	
Ontario	6	68	5	58	12	315	76	7	398	415	1	19	42	8760	25	23	68.18	16.39	
Quebec	2	22	..	8	42	266	661	280	..	5.25	
Central Union Conference																			
Kansas	29	542	..	300	200	315	117	197	409	4007	527	113	741	15201	152	332	96.00	62.38	
Nebraska	27	350	..	54	30	32	15	11	838	2322	6784	2941	286	..	1140.44	110.96	
Southern Missouri	5	75	3	46	18	87	10	8	276	340	2	44	...	589	117	1	1.90	18.78	
West Colorado	4	88	25	224	113	476	60	3	3	1403	14	51	...	11816	230	20	70.02	35.20	
Columbia Union Conference																			
Chesapeake	1	31	2.86	
District of Columbia	2	89	..	173	64	210	22	37	17	1290	4	33	25	1817	81	31	20.83	87.58	
Ohio	11	161	..	53	1	216	17	3	113	1878	123	25	...	3829	36	104	9.51	57.41	
New Jersey	5	88	..	33	14	408	45	1	549	1209	27	42	72	5670	82	18	3.50	24.16	
Virginia	4	70	6	54	26	289	184	13	303	455	18	28	4480	4282	28	63	11.25	14.26	
West Pennsylvania	6	93	2	14	3	41	29	...	7	217	..	19	...	557	15	20	1.45	5.00	
Lake Union Conference																			
East Michigan	12	237	4	36	15	314	140	...	161	1659	29	30	...	1453	125	40	16.58	12.80	
Indiana	12	172	39	22	12	257	68	5	925	504	4	35	72	135	182	23	150.17	2.47	
North Michigan	8	95	..	30	4	9	13	...	26	500	2	3	...	550	240	..	18.15	1.07	
Northern Illinois	9	128	..	92	47	246	54	22	1036	1075	3	23	4	56717	15575	102	37.39	9.35	
Southern Illinois	7	115	..	200	41	263	2518	65	284	...	3388	114	262	68.98	
West Michigan	6	159	3	69	31	127	9	5	384	2017	1	35	13941	161	40	57	14.66	34.93	
Wisconsin	1	2	2	2	118	2	4	...	591	10.00	9.85	
Northern Union Conference																			
Iowa	19	298	30	183	34	300	86	34	324	3696	25	42	218	2397	333	256	207.46	27.46	
Minnesota	5	58	31	30	10	50	10	10	21	125	196	1	28	6975	85	4.55	
South Dakota	4	150	..	27	6	4	1	1	491	1	...	1053	
North Pacific Union Conference																			
Southern Idaho	2	50	6	36	9	22	13	48	79	955	10	24	175	214	61	1	58.01	82.90	
Upper Columbia	8	382	..	82	22	123	19	5	1194	2910	7	68	332	3443	10	44	114.15	113.59	
Western Oregon	9	178	7	115	13	127	89	5	...	2168	15	42	10	6910	59	135	21.45	5.53	
Western Washington	12	233	16	164	47	178	93	13	894	3051	54	78	32	5432	101	90	20.95	48.82	
Pacific Union Conference																			
California	11	289	..	165	83	64	14	...	216	1897	2	360	100	1668	118	1029	187.72	432.29	
Southern California	20	459	4	128	70	273	210	26	1755	2427	48	62	126	5668	88	120	518.85	117.50	
Southeastern Union Conference																			
Cumberland	4	73	2	70	14	69	34	8	4214	586	12	6	...	354	52	95	22.37	3.50	
Florida	5	48	76	16	12	46	37	6	155	510	96	10	...	2750	23	46	20.30	14.00	
Georgia	5	67	10	57	19	149	44	8	1332	812	79	12	...	2277	65	208	15.40	24.62	
North Carolina	4	58	..	14	9	2	317	6	3	1503	14	2.82	7.12	
South Carolina	2	19	2	5025	
Southern Union Conference																			
Kentucky	1	21	..	7	2	28	20	...	94	89	5	10	
So. Missionary Society	5	93	..	60	48	257	119	2	129	161	11	12	60	364	73	52	1.72	.26	
Tennessee River	4	66	6	25	10	15	8	2019	..	3	...	2580	18	1	51.50	15.69	
Southwestern Union Conference																			
Oklahoma	7	129	..	35	10	28	6	10	113	851	12	4	60	7264	...	2	2.30	.10	
Texas	5	188	..	75	28	68	78	...	721	937	..	31	953	168	9	15	17.17	
West Canadian Union Conference																			
British Columbia	2	40	6	48	20	139	...	19	86	783	..	7	...	403	108	76	13.50	50.02	
Manitoba	3	35	..	29	5	104	8	1	...	251	..	5	...	739	4.50	
Australasian Union Conference																			
New South Wales	22	590	79	127	49	1055	68	7	5565	12829	28	89	164	36897	768	31	209.70	151.30	
New Zealand	7	140	12	143	46	231	28	49	2880	2273	281	91	16	5436	579	47	30.21	26.83	
Queensland	3	59	20	13	11	64	14	12	2099	957	6	16	625	4135	39	..	109.86	1.35	
South Australia	9	127	..	78	28	505	82	11	1186	8178	3	51	108	16131	52	17	30.36	
Tasmania	5	67	..	37	23	40	3	5	401	1202	6	16	328	5238	42	3	34.23	28.57	
Victoria	14	66	15	135	36	746	52	14	6817	11134	245	96	881	26900	613	25	167.56	44.42	
West Australia	14	80	5	98	36	106	29	7	1263	1313	20	30	952	4691	96	2	46.25	55.79	
Singapore	1	17	742	10	2818	10.98	
Tahiti	2	21	..	15	7	62	69	13	10	144	6	5	...	300	10	4	4.21	
British Union Conference																			
North England	2	14	..	4	...	20	286	94	..	3	7	205	15	2.04	
South England	7	112	..	83	23	81	56	...	3153	864	20	172	938	14806	91	..	1.22	9.98	
Welsh	1	8	11.08	2.50	
Portugal	1	21	..	8	...	44	6	1	171	360	..	3	16	1270	53	6	
Scandinavian Union Conference																			
Conference	10	246	..	82	20	40	24	50	...	939	23274	...	199	50.00	82.00	
Totals	428	7690	429	4360	1693	9855	2712	956	49371	95489	2162	2270	36197	324196	22948	4125	\$3805.77	\$2093.49	

¹ Quarter ending Sept. 30, 1909.

² Financial report for one year.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 3, 1910

No. 18

Tinneveli District, South India—No. 3

J. S. JAMES



OUR work must be carried forward in India according to languages and their related dialects and not by geographical boundaries, such as are usually followed in countries of a universal language. The southern half of the Indian peninsula is inhabited by races speaking languages of Dravidian origin, and quite different in form and expression from the Aryan languages of the north. These languages are twelve in number, six of which have been reduced to written form and have a literature of their own. The Dravidians are supposed to be the original inhabitants of India, who sought refuge in the south to escape the Aryan invaders who swarmed over the frontier borders of north India.

The Tamil language, while not spoken by as many as other Dravidian tongues, is considered the most fully developed of all. It contains the greatest number of ancient forms, and is the most copious and elastic as a means of expressing thought. Forty per cent of the language comes directly from the Sanskrit. The alphabet is supposed to be derived from the early Devanagari, or from earlier cave inscriptions. The forms have been altered from time to time to suit the methods of writing. The same forms are used

in both printing and writing. Originally Tamil was written in one continuous line, without spaces or punctuation, but modern methods in printing are now universally recognized. The characters are symmetrical and uniform, but they bear no resemblance to the languages of north India or to any of the Latin languages of Europe. Philologists pronounce Tamil the most difficult of the written languages of India, and only fourth from that of the Chinese.

The Tamils are a most industrious and enterprising people. They have been styled the Greeks or Scotch of the East. On the plantations throughout Ceylon, Burma, and the Straits, Tamil coolies are found in great numbers, and the majority of native money-makers in Colombo are Tamils. Throughout the Madras Presidency the majority of servants of Europeans are Tamils. As the Mahrattas hold the name of being the great cave temple excavators, so the Tamils have won the name of erecting the largest temples above ground. Some of the most wonderful and most ancient heathen temples in the world are found in south India.

Originally devil-worship was the religion of the Tamil people. The majority of the devils are supposed to have been human beings — mostly those who have met with a violent or sudden death, especially if they have been objects of dread in their lifetime. Devils may be either male or female, of low or high caste, of Hindu or foreign lineage. The majority dwell in trees, but some wander to and fro, or take up their abode in the temples erected in their honor, or in houses, and often a person will become possessed. Every evil and misfortune is attributed to demons. Always malignant, never merciful — inflicting evils, not conferring benefits — their wrath must be appeased, not their favor supplicated. A heap of earth adorned with whitewash and red paint, near a large untrimmed tree, constitutes in most instances both the

temple and the demon's image, and a smaller heap in front of the temple forms the altar. The tree is supposed to be the devil's ordinary dwelling-place, from which he snuffs up the odor of the sacrificial blood, and descends unseen to take part in the feast.

Any one may be a "devil dancer," or priest, who for the occasion is dressed in the vestments of the devil to be worshiped, on which are hideous representations of demons. Thus decorated, amid the blaze

of torches and accompanied by frightful sounds, the devil dancer begins his work. The "music" is at first slow, and the dancer seems sullen and impassive, but as it quickens and becomes louder, his excitement rises. Sometimes, to work himself into a frenzy, he uses medicated drafts, cuts, lacerates, and burns his flesh, drinks the blood flowing from his own wounds or from the sacrifice, then brandishing his staff of bells, dances with a quick and wild step.

Suddenly the afflatus descends: the dancer snorts, stares, and gyrates; the demon has now taken bodily possession of him, and though he retains the power of utterance and motion, both are under the demon's control. The bystanders signalize the event by a long shout, and a peculiar vibratory noise caused by the hand and tongue, and all hasten to consult him as a present god. The night is the time generally devoted to these orgies, and as the number of devils worshiped is in some districts equal to the number of worshipers, and every act is accompanied by the din of drums and the bray of horns, the stillness of the hour is turned into a dismal uproar.



YOUNG TAMIL MEN

Christian influences have served to lessen the superstitions of the people in a small degree in this region, although marked evidences of it can be seen in the third and fourth generations from Christian ancestors. Exorcism is commonly practised. Recently I met a professed Christian whom I had seen many times before, with a large fierce-looking sore on his right shoulder. Upon my inquiring the cause of his trouble, he told me he had burned it. Supposing it was done accidentally, I began to express sympathy and offered to help him. To my great surprise he said he had done it on purpose to drive away an acute pain (rheumatism) he had in his shoulder. I saw this man every day for three months afterward, and during that time his sore made little or no improvement, doubtless because he continued to irritate it as long as his rheumatism continued.

Our Correspondence Work

I HAVE read of a college president who said that he would rather be able to write a good letter "than be able to write any other kind of composition." Writing letters is one method of personal work which every Christian may cultivate. Sometimes a letter may be a better means of communication than conversation. The letter enables the writer to make a full statement without interruption, and one is very likely to ponder its contents somewhat before replying. "On the other hand," says one, "we must not yield to the temptation to write instead of speaking, because it seems to be easier, except as we would make the letter the occasion for a conversation." Christians generally have not emphasized or utilized this method as a means of influencing their friends for Christ.

There is hardly an individual in the church who ought not to write twice as many letters of friendship as he does. Many of our comrades hesitate over the matter of taking up this effective line of work, and say, "We do not know how to go at it." "We would like to have a model." Very well, here it is,—"*Paul's letter to the Philippians*,"—a perfect example of success in the fine art of letter-writing. There have been many famous letter-writers whose compositions are studied as models in worldly schools, but I am sure that we can learn more from a careful perusal of this letter from Paul to the Philippians than from any other single friendly letter that was ever written.

The whole epistle is full of Christ, and is, therefore, saturated with "joy" and "hope," and the "truly optimistic spirit." Think of it! In spite of the fact that he is in that prison and liable any day to be dragged to a martyr's death, and that he often lacks food and comforts, and that he has many enemies, the letter runs over with joy. The word "rejoice" rings like a refrain all through it. "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and *again* I say, Rejoice." Notice the deep peace of his mind. Phil. 4: 6, 7. How this must have strengthened the faith of the Philippian brethren! Paul wrote things that helped because he was in constant touch with the great Helper. His one ambition was to gain Christ. To be found in him,—this was his absorbing thought. This was his great desire for his friends. It had become *the passion of his life*. He loves them. He yearns after them — *and tells them so*. Mark how this letter abounds in strong expressions of personal love.

"It is a great mistake to repress the demonstrations of love. There are many persons whose hearts are

starving for love, and there are others who love them, but who omit to say so." Yes; they let long weeks and months go by without writing; and when they do write, they don't put in any affectionate things. Paul's heart speaks right out in a warm, loving manner: "Therefore, my brethren, *dearly beloved and longed for*, my joy and my crown, so stand fast in the Lord, *my dearly beloved*."

A message like that from you to one of our workers in a lonely field, or to a missionary in some far-away corner of the earth, would be like the benediction of an angel. We may not have Paul's gift of writing, but each one of us can send out a message of courage and love to some weary heart or to a lone worker "battling at the front." Assure him that you are praying for him; that you remember his endeavors for Christ's honor, and that you stand ready to help in whatever way you can.

How often the impulse comes to write to some one and show that we are interested in his work, but we neglect to do it. Dear reader, let us write more letters. Do not be so concerned about the finish of the rhetoric, but let it throb with the earnestness of a true friend. Let us write to our unconverted friends, not sermons, but simple messages that will show that we have them on our hearts. Let us remember to follow such with prayer. Be sure that God will bless the effort, and *expect* blessings to result. There will be a double blessing in all this. Your own life will be enriched by such expressions of the thoughts and desires of your heart.

"Loving Master, we know thou wouldst have us to be all things to all men, if by any means we may win some. Help us in this way of working for thee, to learn skill and efficiency." ERNEST LLOYD.

Thoughts on an Unusual Sabbath Morning

It is a Sabbath morning, bright, sunny. The call of the spring is in the breeze and the sun, and the earth is responding to the call. I am sitting on a ledge far up on the mountainside, near the highest point on the school farm. Just at my feet there is a patch of mountain daisies, elbowing yellow buttercups, and bird's-foot violets; the dogwood is whitening all the slopes, and the delicate green-and-bronze of the new oak leaves is showing among the pines. The redbird and the thrush have ceased to lead the morning matins; but the bees are busy in the wild plum and the sarvis, the little lizards are scampering about from tree to tree, and as I came up, I noticed the ants building a new city. The world is awakening.

But the day is not so beautiful as it might be. For three days and nights we have been fighting fire; and just last night it was brought under final control. Now three of us are posted along the mile of waste on our farm, watching lest the fire burst over the bounds again. There has been little rain for weeks; and when a careless neighbor, burning the "sage-grass" off his field, preparatory to setting his one-ox plow at work, let the fire escape him while he went to dinner, the mountain was doomed. Isolated and stopped a dozen times, the fire would break over at some unguarded point, and in an hour the labor of a day would be undone. Fences, cabins, and timber were threatened, the whole community for miles around were brought at last to the battle, and the desolator turned back upon itself.

After the stress and strain of half a week, in smoke

and heat, we thank the Lord for a quiet Sabbath, though some of us must be absent from the little Sabbath-school down in the valley, and seek our communion in the temples of the groves and in the household ministrations at a sick neighbor's. My eyes have just been resting upon those words of James, marked in my little pocket Bible: "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth! And the tongue is a fire." Night before last, coming out of the smoke, where for hours we had been half strangled, one of our young men said to me: "I've been thinking how like this fire is to an ugly feeling between members of a school or a family. It blackens and blasts everywhere it goes."

"And when you think you have it stopped," said I, "it may be smoldering in some hidden place, ready to break over at an unguarded point, and sweep away your work of peacemaking."

"Yes," said he, "we may think we have let the Lord kill every bit of selfishness, but we may find we are deceived when some wind of provocation comes."

"Who of us knows what absolute consecration is?"

"And the tongue is a fire, . . . and setteth on fire the course of nature." As I sit here this Sabbath morning, all behind me is desolation,—smoking stumps, charred logs, blackened forest floor. And everything is so dry. We love the sunshine; and, indeed, if it were not for the sun, there would be no life. Sometimes we ask for rain, but I think we do not really want the rain: we want its effects. For rain means clouds, darkness, disagreeable wetness. If we could get the moisture without the rain, we would not ask for rain. But when there comes no rain, then there comes the tindery dryness that a spark may touch into flame. And so, in this state of the world, we need the rain to alternate with the sun.

Just as well we love the sunshine of favorable circumstances. And truly, without the favor and love of God we could not live. Sometimes we ask for patience, strength, endurance; but that is asking for trouble; for "tribulation worketh patience." And most of us do not welcome trouble. We may adopt a heathen philosophy, to "grin and bear it;" but when we appear to be driving straight into a thick cloud of downpouring tribulation,—perhaps of hunger, of self-sacrifice, of opposition and scorn,—we are tempted to leave the narrow path for the plains where the sun is shining. And then, friends, when we do escape the wetting, how dried up our hearts become, how ready to blaze into passion at the little flash of the ill-advised word. "For the tongue is a fire," and there is always some one to "stick out the fire," as people say here: "it is set on fire of hell." O, how dry souls are swept by the fires of passion when the tongue is let loose! A fire in the woods takes days of the time of many innocent men; but an evil fire set into the soul may take all the eons of eternity from many innocent men.

Yet, if your soul and mine are in danger from this fire, we may remedy that. We need not seek trouble; but if we move forward unquestioningly to do God's commands, you may be sure we shall come into the rains of adversity, our dry souls will be moistened, and the flame of evil tongues can not do us harm.

Away in the distance the Blue Ridge raises its dusky length, dim in the haze of the smoke of a score of fires. Three mornings ago the air was clear. Pisgah Range, the Swannanoa Mountains, the Big Craggies, and the Blue Ridge lifted their dark purple against a deep blue. But to-day the beauty of the "Land of the Sky" is spoiled. "Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" Not alone in the local soul does

the flame of passion do its work: far over the world's landscape stretches the pall of its smoke. The world may sometimes applaud the sallies of the tongue, but it suffers therefor. "Mama," I overheard my little girl say yesterday, after she had been watching in the night the ring of fire round about upon the mountains, "mama, the fire looks good, doesn't it, but it doesn't do good." So the bitter wit that is often applauded as brilliance: it may look good, brother, but it doesn't do good. The world pays for it.

But the world is not all gloom. To look one way, there is blackness and the smoke of ruined lives. But down below me stretches the green valley of the farm: the wheat and the rye are thrusting their green up over the brown of the field, the silver thread of the creek weaves in and out, and the white-robed apple trees cluster about our home. Field and wood, valley and mountain, succeed one another, and the glory of the sunshine, dimmed though it is, lies in and over all. The promise of the harvest is open before us. So in this world, while evil stares at us from every point, we may yet rest our eyes upon the graciousness of the good that was in Eden, and that has found, to flow through to us again, the channel of Calvary. Therein is the promise of the perfect day so soon to dawn. Everywhere, behind the traces of sin, we may let our eyes dwell upon the traces of goodness and glory.

"For the cloud and the leaf and the blossom,
The shadow, the flickering beam,
Are waifs on the sea-like bosom
Of beauty beyond our dream.
Its glow to our earth is given,
It freshens this lower air:
O the fathomless wells of heaven,
The springs of the earth rise there!"

A. W. SPAULDING.

Brave Purity

O DAINTY flower in the rain,
So pure and sweet;
So pure and sweet and free from stain—
A gem complete.

O brave and fearless spot of blue,
Stand in thy place;
Look up and drink God's gift to you,
Lift up thy face.

O dainty messenger so pure,
It is for me;
When trials come, I will endure—
Look up with thee.

MAX HILL.

Refusing Light

I ONCE happened to be on a visit to a great castle situated on the top of a hill. There was a steep cliff, at the bottom of which was a rapid river. Late one night there was a woman anxious to get home from that castle in the midst of a thunder-storm. The night was blackness itself; the woman was asked to stop till the storm was over, but she declined; next they begged her to take a lantern, that she might be able to keep upon the road from the castle to her home. She said she did not require a lantern, but could do very well without one. She went. Perhaps she was frightened by the storm — I know not the cause — but in the midst of the darkness she wandered from the path and fell over the cliff. The next day that swollen river washed to the shore the poor lifeless body of this unwise woman! How many foolish ones are there who, when the light is offered them, only say, "I am not afraid; I fear not my end!" and how many have perished because they have refused the light of God's truth.—*Bishop Villiers.*



Spring at the Door

THE Crocus had slept in his little round house,
So soundly the whole winter through;
There came a tap-tapping—'twas Spring at the door;
"Up! Up! We are waiting for you!"

The Crocus peeped out from his little brown house
And nodded his gay little head;
"Good-morning, Miss Snowdrop, and how do you do
This fine chilly morning?" he said.

—Selected.

Mt. Etna Active

MT. ETNA continues active, and the lava streams are still flowing toward the sea, though more slowly than last week, about twelve feet an hour. Many vineyards and grain fields have been destroyed, and some villages are threatened. Cavaliere, a village of fifty houses, has been engulfed. The church bells are kept tolling, and throngs of people remain praying day and night in front of the lava streams in spite of the rain of water and ashes. The altars, reliquaries, and statues of the Virgin and the saints, which have been erected to check the flow, have to be moved backward to prevent their destruction by the molten rock. There are now thirty open craters on the mountain, and the showers of small stones and cinders extend to the sea. Over sixty thousand tourists have come to see the spectacle.—*The Independent.*

Chinese Telephone Exchange

THE Chinese, after holding out firmly for many years against the introduction of the telephone in their country, have finally yielded and abandoned the idea that the method of conversing by wire is too mysterious to have anything good in it. Last year the government made an appropriation of one hundred fifty-two thousand dollars to be expended by the Bureau of Post and Communications of China, for the establishment of a telephone exchange in Peking. This has been expended so advantageously and efficiently that the first central telephone station, capable of handling six thousand five hundred subscribers, has just been opened in that city.

The only serious difficulty experienced was in securing efficient telephone girls. The demure little Chinese maids were eager enough to learn, but the foreigners who had made the installation had overlooked the vital point that a new set of phrases must be written, to correspond to such expressions as, "What is your number?" "Busy," "Ring off," and the like. However, a San Francisco telephone company, wishing to extend its lines to the Chinese quarter of that city, had secured a number of Chinese girls who, after being drilled by a competent countryman of theirs, soon became ideal "hello" girls. The Peking company bethought themselves of the incident, and correspondence followed, with the happy result that the exchange in Peking is now operated by a number



of Chinese girls, most of whom were born in San Francisco. The Chinese are now so pleased with the service rendered by the exchange that lines will soon be run all through the empire.

The accompanying illustration is from a photograph showing a section of the interior of the Peking exchange.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Quickly Made

DON'T fail to learn how to make the paper cup described below. The knowledge may prove useful often to you. We are indebted to the *Youth's Companion* for the idea.

Take a smooth, clean piece of paper seven or eight inches square. Fold diagonally; hold the paper so that the fold will be toward the floor. Fold the left corner over, so that the point meets the middle of the opposite side. Fold the right-hand corner under so as to meet the middle of the opposite side. Then take the two upper points and push them down into the pockets at the front and back, and the cup is completed.

Not only cups but good-sized paper buckets may be made upon the same plan from any sort of paper. Thus a foot-square piece of newspaper may be quickly converted into a container for berries, mushrooms, or any other pasture or forest delicacy which the rambler may wish to gather. The inconvenient bucket and pail may be left at home, as the paper bucket is always ready for any emergency, and may be kept in one's pocket until wanted.

With the Toiler

I'M with the people—I'm with every man
Who tills the soil, and sows the potent seed,
And gathers harvests for the common good;
Who wields the ax not for himself alone;
Or, if for self, yet harms not any man;
Who turns the wheels of industry around
With foot, or hand, or with the active brain,
Supplying every need for every man—
Were but supplies with love distributed
And with a sense of common brotherhood.

—*Erman Ridgway.*

News Notes

THE French mint is preparing to strike a whole series of minor coins in an alloy of aluminum.

The plan to establish a permanent State exposition in Washington, D. C., in which every State and Territory in the Union will be given an opportunity to have an individual building, is meeting with considerable favor.

Nearly three hundred saloons and six breweries will be closed by the recent vote in Michigan. The no-license forces carried fifteen counties, and the license forces twelve. Two of these had been dry counties. It is a shame for any community to vote for license; but it seems a double shame for dry territory to open again its doors to the terrible curse of liquor.

Ido is the name of the new interlanguage, as it is called. It has been produced by a subcommittee appointed by the international committee on artificial languages. It has been described as a "quintessence of European languages," and its advocates claim that it is simpler and easier to learn than Esperanto, and many are adopting it. It is claimed to be a purified Esperanto.

Great Missionary Events

Question.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of India?

*Answer.—*The Pentecost in the Lone Star Mission of the Baptists. Started in 1836, the success of the mission was so slight that when Dr. John E. Clough went out in 1865, nearly thirty years later, he found only twenty-five converts. It was called the "Lone Star Mission" because it was marked by a single star on the missionary map, and when there was talk of abandoning it, Dr. S. F. Smith, author of "America," wrote a famous poem that saved it. But after Dr. Clough went there, a terrible famine came, and he, being a civil engineer, employed thousands of the starving people on a government canal, preaching Christ to them all the while. At once they began to beg for baptism, but he refused it for months, till the famine was over, and he could be sure of their motives. Then, in 1878, after careful examination, two thousand two hundred twenty-two were baptized in a single day, and nine thousand were received before the close of the year.

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of Burma?

*Ans.—*The imprisonment of Judson. This was during the war in which England conquered Burma. The heroic missionary was thrown into a crowded death-prison, where for seventeen months he was confined, laden with fetters, whose marks he bore to his dying day, in stifling air, amid horrible filth and vermin, compelled to sleep on his shoulders with his feet drawn high in the air, and tortured with the constant expectation of death. He suffered agonies from heat, hunger, and fever. His precious translation of the Bible, sewed into a pillow, was providentially saved by a Christian native. Judson's noble wife ministered to him from the outside as best she could, and died soon after the close of those terrible days.

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of Persia?

*Ans.—*The martyrdom, in 1892, of Mizra Ibrahim, a Moslem convert. He was taken before the government, charged with being a Christian. When cruelly beaten, he only cried with delight, "So was my Saviour beaten." Thrown into a dark dungeon, he was chained to the worst of criminals. As he spoke of Christ to them, they kicked him and choked him so that he died from his injuries. "How did he die?" asked the Christian prince, and his jailer answered, "He died like a Christian."

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of Turkey?

*Ans.—*The Armenian massacres, which began in 1894 and lasted for two years. At the instigation of the sultan, and with the use of Turkish troops and the fierce Kurdish tribes, amid circumstances of the most outrageous cruelty, more than forty thousand Armenian Christians were slain. They were burned alive. They were tortured in all sorts of horrible ways. Children were placed in a row that it might be seen how many could be killed by a single bullet. Their towns were burned, and their fields were laid waste. Mission property was destroyed. In all this the fidelity of the Armenians and the heroism of the missionaries furnish one of the most glorious pages of human history.

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of Arabia?

*Ans.—*The decision of Bishop French to become a missionary to that country. He was a very consecrated man, a missionary bishop in India. He always went on foot, and lived in the simplest way. When he was sixty-five years old, he read an appeal for missionaries to go to Arabia and stop the terrible African slave-trade by converting its promoters, the Arabs. When no one responded, he resigned his bishopric, learned Arabic, and went all alone to Arabia, where he went zealously to work. In three months, however, he received a sunstroke in that terrible climate, and died at the age of sixty-six, in the year 1891.

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of China?

*Ans.—*The Boxer massacres of 1900, in which one hundred thirty-five missionaries were killed, and fifty-three of their children, with at least five thousand native Protestants. In addition, about fifty Catholic missionaries were slain, with about twenty thousand native Catholics. The Chinese Christians died with the greatest courage rather than deny their religion. The minister from Germany was assassinated in Peking, and more than four hundred foreigners, with nearly as many Chinese, were shut up for eight weeks in the British legation, and withstood a siege against sometimes as many as ten thousand men armed with modern weapons. They were rescued by an army formed of the troops of eight allied nations.

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of Japan?

*Ans.—*The funeral of Joseph Neesima, who, when a mere lad, had learned a little about the wonderful land across the sea and its religion, and stole away to learn more. He made friends, who gave him an education, and he returned home to found the great Christian college, the Doshisha. He became its president, and made it a university. When he died, a building accommodating three thousand had to be erected for his funeral, and the funeral procession was a mile and a half long. In it was a delegation of Buddhist priests bearing a banner telling who they were.

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of the Pacific islands?

*Ans.—*The sinking of Paton's well. That heroic missionary, John G. Paton, had passed through almost incredible perils on the island of Tanna in the New Hebrides. All kinds of violence were used against him, including an attempt to burn him to death, but a providential rain put out the fire. At last the missionary was compelled to flee to the near-by island of Aniwa, where he succeeded in building up a splendid Christian community. He won the hearts of the people in the first place by the dramatic sinking of a well, and when the simple natives saw what they thought to be rain coming up from below, they yielded at once, saying that their gods had never helped them in that way!

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of South America?

*Ans.—*The death of Allen Gardiner and his comrades on the desolate shore of Tierra del Fuego. Gardiner had led a life of marvelous energy, one of the most romantic of all missionary careers, and had spent years in heroic efforts for the Neglected Continent. At last, with six other enthusiasts, he went to minister to the savages in the extreme south, and

all seven were found months afterward starved to death. Upon a rock they had painted this from the Psalms: "My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him."

Q.—What is the most stirring event in the missionary history of Africa?

*Ans.—*The persecution of the native Christians in Madagascar in the middle of the last century. They held to their faith through the most terrible ordeals. Some were burned to death, some strangled, some killed with a horrible poison, some with boiling water. In the capital city is a rock cliff one hundred fifty feet high. One by one fourteen Christians were lowered over this cliff, asked whether they would give up Christ, and when they said "No," the rope was cut, and they fell to their death upon the rocks below. The missionaries were driven from the country, and when they were allowed to return, twenty-five years later, they found nearly four times as many Christians as were there when they left.—*Amos R. Wells, in Christian Endeavor World.*

Historic Sketch of Palestine — No. 3
Judea

JUDEA is the southern division of the land of Palestine. The province of Judea was first mentioned in Ezra 5:8. It became a Roman province A. D. 6. It was divided into three divisions: the lowlands, lying along the western coast; the hill country, in the central part; and the valley, which formed the depression through which the Jordan flowed in its course toward the Dead Sea.

It was in the lowlands that the principal business activities were carried on, the trade passing through its cities to Phenicia and the ports of the Mediterranean Sea. But the hill country was the portion especially dear to the Jewish heart. Its scenery was far less beautiful than that of either Galilee or Samaria; its mountains lower, and more barren, and not so heavily wooded. However, the sacred memories of the past and the "venerable places of ancient days" which were crowded into this region more than made up to the true Jew for all this.

Going from Galilee to Jerusalem by the shorter road through Samaria, one would pass many places of interest to the Bible student. First came Shiloh, which was at one time the center of worship for the tribes of Israel; then Bethel, where Jacob saw the wondrous ladder reaching from earth to heaven (Gen. 28:12, 19); and Ramah, the home of Samuel. To the south of Jerusalem lay Hebron, one of the most ancient cities of Palestine. Here Sarah was buried (Gen. 23:9), also Abraham. Gen. 25:8, 9. About six miles south of Jerusalem was the little town of Bethlehem, which brings to mind the scenes recorded in the book of Ruth. It was also the home of David, but a far greater than David was born there, for to Bethlehem was granted the honor of being the birthplace of the King of kings. Northeast of Jerusalem is the city of Jericho, which was conquered by the Israelites just after crossing the Jordan and entering the promised land. This city is situated on an elevation made fertile by streams from the mountains. "Around the city were palm trees and rose gardens; the roads were bordered with trees. There was a strange contrast between the luxuriant beauty of the city and the wild country behind it. Deep ravines came plunging down toward the valley of the Dead Sea from the central highlands.

The caves and fastnesses of the rocks were the haunts of robbers." This brings to mind the parable of the man, who, going from Jericho to Jerusalem, "fell among thieves," and was so tenderly cared for by the "good Samaritan." Luke 10:30-35. This wild region was called the "wilderness of Judea," and it was here that John the Baptist spent some time before coming forth as the herald of the Messiah. It is probable that it was to this place Jesus went after his baptism, and was tempted of the devil. Matt. 4:1.

The way from Jericho to Jerusalem lay through a narrow valley that opened to the eastern slope of the mount of Olives, where stood the little town of Bethany. This town, though now a "wretched village of some twenty families," is so closely connected with the last days of our Saviour's life that we can not pass it without more than mere mention. As we think



of Bethany, our minds revert to the peaceful home of Martha, Mary, and Lazarus, whose doors were always open to the "Man of sorrows" as he trod his lonely way. We can imagine Martha careful and anxious for the comfort of her guest, while Mary sat at the feet of her Master and eagerly listened to the gracious words which fell from his lips. Later, we see the dark shadow of death hang over their home, and our hearts beat in sympathy with the sisters as their only brother is borne from them and laid in the silent grave. Then we remember how they appealed to the only One who could help them in the time of need. How the sympathizing Jesus wept with them in their sorrow! Then with authority that the powers of darkness could not withstand, he called, "Lazarus, come forth!" and the brother was restored to his loved ones.

Leaving Bethany and going a little farther up, the top of the mountain is reached. Below is the valley of the Kidron, and on the hills to the west shine the domes and minarets of Jerusalem. But we must take a closer view of Mt. Olivet before leaving it. This mountain is a ridge running north and south on the east side of Jerusalem, its summit only about half a mile from the city's wall. It received its name from the olive groves which covered its sides. There are three prominent peaks, the southern being the lowest. Over this was the road to Bethany, the most traveled road to Jericho and the Jordan. The central peak rises about two hundred feet above Jerusalem, and from it is gained a fine view of the surrounding country. At its feet lay Gethsemane. From this point Jesus beheld Jerusalem a few days before his crucifixion, and wept over it. It is thought by some that it was from here the ascension took place. We learn from Zech. 14:4 that when our Saviour comes again, "his feet shall stand in that day upon the mount of Olives, which is before Jerusalem." How fitting that he should come again in his glory to the mount which was so closely associated with his humble earthly life, his death, and his ascension.

Jerusalem, the chief city of the Holy Land, is situated on the central table-land of Judea, about twenty-four hundred feet above the Mediterranean. Within the city's walls are three hills. Zion, the highest, was in the southwestern part of the city. It was skirted on the south and west by the valley of Hinnom. On its north and east sides was the valley of the Kidron. Zion was formerly called the "city of David," and, surrounded as it was by walls and deep valleys, was the strongest part of Jerusalem. It contained the king's palace. Arca was a smaller hill to the north of Zion, and was called "the lower city." Moriah, on which the temple was built, lay to the northeast. It was at first a small elevation, but was enlarged to make room for the temple. This mount was the scene of the trial of Abraham's faith. Gen. 22:2, 14.

Jerusalem was first known as Salem. Gen. 14:18. It was afterward called Jebusi (Joshua 18:28), as it belonged to the Jebusites, from whom it was taken by David (2 Sam. 5:6, 9), and after the division of the tribes, was made the capital of Judea, until the time when the Jews were conquered by the Babylonians. At the close of the seventy years of captivity the Jews returned and rebuilt the city and temple, B. C. 536. It was taken by Alexander B. C. 332. Later it fell into the hands of Antiochus Epiphanes, who "razed its walls, set up an image of Jupiter in the temple, and used every means to force the people into idolatry." The Jews regained their independence B. C. 163, only to be conquered by the Romans a century later. Herod the Great spent large sums in repairing and beautifying both the city and temple. And here, clad in human garb, unknown and unwelcomed, came the One to whom the services carried on in the temple for ages, pointed. Surely he "came unto his own, and his own received him not." They rejected and crucified the only One who could save them; and forty years later, A. D. 70-71, the city and temple were destroyed by the Romans under Titus.

Much more could be written about this interesting city, but space forbids. So we will pass over its history from the time of its destruction by the Ro-

mans to the present. It undoubtedly stands on its old site, and is described by those who have seen it as still "beautiful for situation," though its former glory has forever departed. "The distant view of its stately walls and numerous domes and minarets, is highly imposing. But its old glory has departed; its thronging myriads are no more; desolation covers the barren mountains around it, and the tribes go up to the house of the Lord no longer." Its present population is about twelve thousand, of whom probably two fifths are Mohammedans, the remainder being Jews and Christians.

The Jews still mourn for the glory of their lost temple and city; but it is to the New Jerusalem, which is to descend to this earth after it has been purified and cleansed from its load of sin,—that city whose gates are of pearl, whose streets are of gold, whose walls are garnished with all manner of precious stones, and whose domes and minarets will shine with the glory of God,—that the Christian now turns with longing eye.

MAY WAKEHAM.

Little Sins

O, HOW little it takes to soil the windows of the soul, and to dim and blur the spiritual landscape! How small the worm needed to wither and blight the gourd of our spiritual joys! How little it takes to rust the key of prayer, clip the wings of faith, chill the warmth of love, and shut us out from the loving ear of God! — *Caussin*.

Make the Truth Your Partner

AMONG boy friends one generally has a partner, an intimate, trusted more than any one else. Men have partners for leadership and for the sake of business.

Another kind of partner is told of in this story. Franklin MacVeagh, treasurer of the United States, was a successful merchant all his life until elevated to his present position by President Taft. Many years ago, when Mr. MacVeagh was selling groceries and feeding about half of the Northwest, a young man, who knew him, called and asked him for some advice. This young man said:—

"Mr. MacVeagh, I am just starting in life, I am bound to make mistakes, but I wish to make as few as possible. I want to have you give me a guide to success with others."

"Do you mean monetary success or character success?" asked Mr. MacVeagh.

"Well, I want both."

"No man can guarantee you success in money matters," was the reply of the merchant, "for that depends upon your business ability, the markets, and a hundred and one other things. But you can get character success in only one way—make Truth your partner. It will stand close to your ear and heart, and guide you just the way you should go. After a time men will notice more and more that Truth is your partner, and that you can not be induced to break up that partnership. Then you will have won character success. Take my advice; get intimate with Truth, and stick to it, no matter what it costs you."—*Selected*.

"WITH absolute confidence may the sincere and faithful dare the unknown; for they know that their life is a plan of God, and that he will never fail to superintend its working."



A Funny Old Man

A FUNNY old man passed by my door,
With his "grip" in his hand to-day;
On his arm he carried his best fur coat—
It was Mr. Winter, they say.

And who do you think followed close in his track,
As he went through our quiet old town?
Why, Miss May-flower, sweet in her little pink cap,
And young Robin, in scarlet and brown;

And gay little Crocus, who laughed in her sleeve,
To think that he never would know
How near to his feet, as he traveled along,
The birds and the flowers dared go!

—Ellen Knight Bradford.

A Blossom Blizzard

THE cherry tree near the high board fence in a yard beside the terrace was in full bloom. The cherry tree was not straight and shapely and vigorous like the young oak tree. It could lay small claim to outward beauty; in fact, it was twisted, crooked, gnarled, and one-sided, yet it never allowed itself to be discouraged on this account. Instead, it made the very best of itself, veiling its deformities in leaves, fresh and fair enough to hold the gaze till it forgot to wander to the imperfect form beneath, and, in proper season, decking itself in garlands of bloom or clusters of fruit so rich and lovely that the tree's own ugliness was forgotten in delight and admiration for the beauty it put forth for others. Indeed, I sometimes fancied that because of its very ugliness, because of the little attractiveness that was expected of it, the cherry tree's blossoms seemed more snowy and sweet, its leaves more tender and bright, and its fruit more graceful and richly tinted than that of the other cherry trees, however well grown and perfect, in the neighborhood.

The cherry tree was in full bloom, and, as has been said, in spite of its imperfections, was fair to see against the blue skies of April and through the green boughs of the hickory and oak trees between. Its faint perfume floated upward into the grove and over the fence toward a near-by grape arbor, adding its mite toward scenting the breath of the baby spring, and rising like an imploring incense that seemed saying to the handsome trees of the grove, "Please do not judge me by my looks but by my deeds."

And the great shade-trees seemed to look down benignly upon it, lean over with an indulgent grace, and whisper in the gentlest of caressing rustles, "You are always lovely to us, for you are always cheerful and unselfish." And the cherry tree laughed, yet fluttered happily and looked up at its protectors with tender gratitude. I say, "protectors," for the shade-trees seemed ever hovering around the little twisted cherry tree, as if they were prepared to protect it with their lives from further disfigurement or injury, while at the same time, they seemed crowding back some-

what, away from the fence, in order to give the cherry tree plenty of space, fresh air, and the full sunshine to encourage it to a more healthy and vigorous growth.

The cherry tree was in bloom, but life of cherry blossom the most robust is not long, so, in a short time, these of the terrace cherry tree grew to full maturity, gleamed for a little space in all their glory, and then grew ripe to fall, although with petals still intact until the day of the storm.

What storm? Why, the cherry-blossom storm, of course,—a regular blizzard of bloom, with a chill northern wind blowing, but, strange to say, with the sun shining quite clearly during the whole first day of the tempest, for you must know that, like many other blizzards, this lasted the better part of two whole days.

In other words, the full white cloud of the cherry tree was crowded with flakes all ready to fall, needing only a brisk breeze to start them off. Growing on

the south side of buildings, they were partly sheltered; but on the day of the storm, the north wind was so boisterous that it came roaring down the passage between the houses, swirling around the corners, and shrieking into the tops of the shade-trees, not neglecting, now and then, to give a strong puff into the white cloud of the cherry tree. Then its flakes fell in showers, floating over the board fence into the neighboring garden, across the alley, away toward the distant South. This continued until, when night came, there were only a few flakes left, and the cherry-tree cloud looked quite empty, ragged, and exhausted, as if its

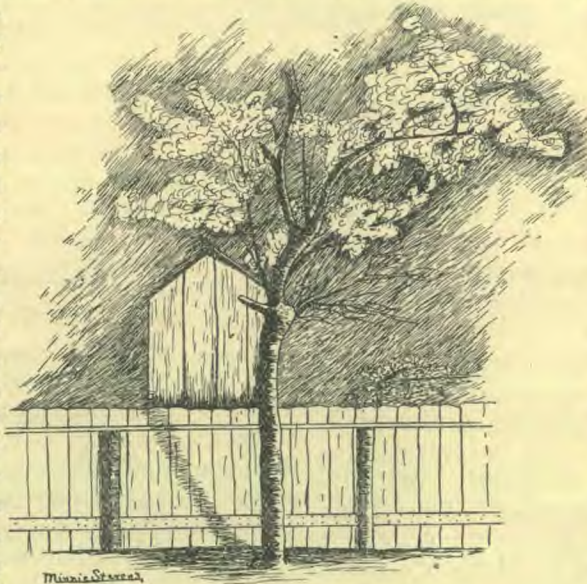
greater part had been borne by the wind into the far-away regions where it was bound.

So ended the first day of the storm.

And now comes the wonderful part of the story. Next morning it was no longer sunny, but we went out into the yard, never thinking anything else than that the cherry-tree blizzard was over, though a straggling flake from the tree, every now and then, fluttered downward, as if the ragged cloud was still "spitting snow." But now, instead of floating south, it floated north; for the wind had changed and blew gently from the south with a warm, moist breath that was very sweet.

And wonder of wonders! beside the scattered flakes from the cherry-tree cloud, the air was literally filled with other flakes, larger and softer, but no less sweet and beautiful. 'Twas a funny quarter for a blizzard, but, nevertheless, the flying flakes seemed simply pouring out of the sky from one direction and whirling out of sight on the wings of the gentle wind, just as their brothers had whirled in an opposite direction the day before.

Indeed, it was almost as if the cherry blossoms that had blown away to the south were now all blowing back to their starting-place; or as if the warm south



"THE CHERRY TREE WAS NOT STRAIGHT AND SHAPELY"

wind had met the cold north wind as he bore away the cherry-blossom flakes, had rescued them from him, gathered them all together, set out at once to bring them back home, and was now pouring them down about the crooked cherry tree, where they collected in little drifts along the walks and upon the scattered chips and sticks beside the high board fence. For good measure, of course, the south wind brought along a lot of snowflakes, which fell so swiftly and mingled so perfectly with the last lingering petals from the cherry-tree cloud that it was hard to tell just where the snow flakes left off and the blossom flakes began.

At any rate, it was a great blizzard, and I doubt if the terrace sees its like again in many a long year.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Birds and Lilies

THE fowls of the air do not sow,
Nor into their barns gather seed,
Yet God, the Creator of all things, doth know
Of what these poor creatures have need.
Are we not much better than they?
Why worry for what we shall eat?
From his bounteous storehouse he feeds us each day,
For the life is more than the meat.

Consider the lilies that grow;
No toiling nor spinning do they;
Yet Solomon in all his glory and show
Was not dressed in such glorious array.
And are we not better than they?
Why worry and be in distress,
E'en though all our clothes may not be very gay?
For the body is more than the dress.

JULIA ROSS.

A Red Man's Sense of Honor

THE famous Indian chief, Red Cloud, is dead. He was the last great leader of the Sioux tribe.

Years and years ago, when telegraph and railway lines had not crossed the Mississippi, when soldiers guarded the thin line of civilization opening the first ranches and farms of the far West, my father was a colonel at one of the distant army posts. A little less than four hundred soldiers held in check over four thousand Sioux, Blackfeet, Flatheads, and wandering Comanches.

The familiar station names of the far West were not St. Paul, Fargo, Bismarck, Miles City, Casper, as now, but Forts Shaw, Abraham Lincoln, Snelling, Laramie, Fetterman, etc. They were isolated from all that was best of the life of the East, and as a boy, then seven years old, I can remember how we welcomed the mail from Chicago, New York, and Boston, which reached us once every six weeks, and brought a single newspaper nearly two months old, which gave us knowledge of what the outside world was doing.

Among the afterward famous chiefs of the red men who surrounded our small post, were Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, White Buffalo, Kicking Horse, Little Wolf, and, not the least, Red Cloud, who said even then that no white man should ever destroy or take the feeding ground of the buffalo, the food of his people.

Many who never personally knew the Indians, who have their only knowledge of them through writings none too honest, have been led to believe that all Indians were "bad," that they had no sense of honor and would not give the "square deal" as an honorable white man would. But this is a very mistaken idea. Honor does not belong exclusively to races, but to individuals, and red, black, and yellow skins often dis-

play as high a sense of it as any white skin that ever existed.

And that is why I wish to pay this tribute to Red Cloud, by whose side I rode when a boy of six, and who once said to my father: "Red Cloud trust you — you no lie — white man no lie, Indian never be bad. Indian no like lie."

My father would fight Indians if they had to be fought; he would strike hard when his duty required he should; but he would not lie to them, would not betray any trust they reposed in him. It was part of his duty to protect small settlements of ranchers established outside of the Fort, but this was very difficult, as the troops were few, the ranches far removed, and when the Indians, incensed by abuses heaped upon them by unscrupulous people, raided, they moved swiftly and with sad vengeance.

One day we received word at the post that Mr. Scatterwood, a rancher from Ohio, whose land was fifteen miles from the post, had died from injuries received while trying to break a wild horse. He left a wife and four children, two young sons and two daughters. A detail was sent from the post to attend to the funeral and to bring in the widow and children; but when it returned, the message was conveyed to my father by the first lieutenant in charge of the command: "Mrs. Scatterwood says she will not leave the land. She and the children will care for it and the stock. They say they are not afraid of the Indians."

Of course Mrs. Scatterwood had the right to remain on her land, but the Indians, when striking in anger, often did not discriminate between the innocent and the guilty. A detail of soldiers could not be permanently kept at the ranch, and yet, if it was not, any moment might bring news of the massacre of the helpless ones.

My father saddled up one day, and, taking myself and two soldiers, rode over to the ranch, but he could not persuade Mrs. Scatterwood to leave.

"My husband left me the land," she said. "It is all I and the children have. If the Indians attack us, we shall have to stand it."

Sent for Red Cloud

The day after my father's return to the post, he sent for Red Cloud. The Indians were very restless at the time. They had seen surveying parties in their hunting lands, and had learned that "smoke devils" (locomotives) were coming. Much of the wild game had also been ruthlessly slaughtered by reckless hunters, and then — worst of all — they had been taught the drinking of whisky. Under the influence of this, their wrongs seemed much greater than they really were.

Red Cloud was a natural-born orator, and, although then young, was a power among his associates. He thought there were more "liars" among the white men than truth tellers, and he was ready to die rather than allow the hated race possession of the lands his people called their own. He was of sullen face when he entered the stockade gate of the post, and none too amiable when my father extended his hand to him.

They smoked the customary pipe of peace, and then my father in detail explained the situation of Mrs. Scatterwood. In the language of the Sioux he pointed out her helpless condition, how wrong it was to attack a defenseless woman and young children, and how all — white men and Indians — should join to see that she prospered.

Even at that moment, although we did not know it, Red Cloud was planning a vengeful raid, but he lis-

tened to all said, no muscle of his face moving. When my father had finished, there was silence for quite a time. At last Red Cloud rose, drew his blanket about his fine figure, and said: "White man no lie—White woman no trouble come to—Red Cloud keep his word—Red Cloud no lie."

He stalked away, a king of his fellows, and at three o'clock the next morning the post was roused with the wild alarm that a large band of the Indians were on the war-path. From that time on there was nothing but fighting on both sides. One time the Indians would be successful, and the next the troops. Twice my father was brought in wounded, but he was of the "no surrender" kind, and he was at it again as soon as he could move.

In the end, the Indians were badly defeated, and made temporary peace. But through all that fierce period no harm came to the Scatterwood ranch. Ranches on all sides of it were raided, and many persons killed. A hot battle between sixty soldiers and five hundred braves was fought within a mile of it, but mother and children, cattle and home, remained free of the scourge.

Red Cloud was made a prisoner, and took his punishment stoically. All he said to my father after his capture was: "Woman no hurt—Red Cloud no lie."

Years later I fought against Red Cloud myself, and witnessed his capture. In the guard-house I had a long talk with him, and recalled the days of the now dead father and my youth to him. I even spoke of the Scatterwood incident, and how the Sioux had never injured that ranch.

Red Cloud was a comparatively old man then, but his memory had not failed him. He even smiled once or twice, as much as an Indian ever smiles, at some old-time stories I told. But when I spoke of the Scatterwood ranch and his pledge, he drew up proudly and replied, "Red Cloud no lie."—*H. F. Cable, in the Boys' World.*

STAY, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where,
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

—Longfellow.

The Sin of Extravagance

"IT may be a folly, but you wouldn't think of calling extravagance a sin?" asked a young man of his minister.

"I don't care to offend you by harsh terms, but if we agree that it is a folly, that is reason enough for wishing to be wiser."

"But it's very easy to spend money when one is with others, and one does not like to be called 'tight.'"

"John," said the minister, "I don't propose to argue with you, but I want to tell you two stories, both of them true, recent, and out of my own experience. They will illustrate the reason why, knowing you as well as I do, having baptized you and received you into the church, I can not view without concern your growing extravagance, and the company into which it leads you, and the interests from which it tends to separate you.

"A few months ago a young man came to this city, and spent his first days here under my own roof. I have known his father for many years, an earnest,

faithful man, who has denied himself for that boy, and prayed for him, and done everything that a father ought.

"I chance to remember a word which his father spoke to me a number of years ago, when the boy was a young lad, and was recovering from a sickness that made it seem possible he would need a change of climate. I happen to remember meeting his father, who told me of this, and how he was arranging in his own mind to change his business, to make any sacrifice, to move to the ends of the earth, if necessary, for that boy's sake.

"The boy is not a bad boy. But he had not been in my home an hour before he asked me for the address of a tailor, and when his new suit came,—a suit which I thought he might very well have waited to earn,—it was silk-lined throughout. I do not believe the suit which his father wears as he passes the plate in church every Sunday is silk-lined.

"I knew what the boy was to earn, and could estimate what he could afford, and I knew that he could not buy that suit out of his own earnings.

"I had a letter from his father a few days ago. Shall I read it to you? It is very short. It reads as follows:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I hope you will never know how hard it is for me to write to you to say that you must not under any circumstances lend money to my dear boy."

"And those last three words make it the more pathetic.

"The second story, too, is recent. Another boy, from another State, came to this city, and for the first few Sundays attended our church. We tried to interest him in good things; we liked him, and did our best for him. I saw little in him to disturb me, except that he was spending more money than I could think he earned. Recently I received a letter from his father. It is longer, and I will not read it, but will tell you the substance of it. He wrote saying that his son was employed in a business where, with economy, he ought to be able to make a living from the start, and with hope for advancement, but that from the first week he had written home for money. Not only so, but the father had all too good reason to believe that the boy was still leaving bills unpaid. The father wrote to ask me whether he could not arrange with some one connected with the church to receive the boy's money from home week by week, and see that it was applied to the uses for which it was sent. He added that he would be glad to consider himself a contributor to the church during the period of this arrangement.

"I had little hope that any arrangement of this kind would help matters, but I took it as indicating that the boy needed looking after, and I sent at once to look him up. Where do you think we found him?—In jail.

"These are not imaginary stories, nor are they of a remote past. And I see other young men for whom I am anxious. Wear the coat a little longer, but pay for it out of your own money. Be considered 'tight' if necessary, but live within your means. It is good sense; more than that, it is good religion.

"And now I will answer your question, or rather, you may answer it: Is extravagance merely a folly, or is it also a sin? What do you think?"—*Youth's Companion.*

One Thing Against Another

GOD sets the night over against the day. He sets the winter over against the summer. He gives the stars, but takes away the sunshine. He gives the fruit, but takes away the flower. And so is the year made perfect in its course; and so are our lives made perfect in their course. He setteth one thing over against another. . . . You are not a poet, but you have common sense. You are not imaginative, but how practical you are! It is a big world, with a thousand needs.—*Rev. G. H. Morrison.*

The Young Woman and the Sabbath-School

[The following article was recently presented as a paper on Young People's day in the Mountain View (California) Sabbath-school. The writer is sixteen years of age.—**EDITOR.**]

THE benefits which a young woman may derive from the Sabbath-school are various, numerous, and important. The young woman needs the Sabbath-school, and the Sabbath-school needs the young woman.

One of the most important things which mold our characters is our associates. Emerson realized this when he said, "I sent my son to the master, but the boys educated him." Where, outside of the home, can the young woman find better associations than in the Sabbath-school? There she mingles with those who have traveled the Christian pathway for many years, those who are now giving all their strength, ambition, all they have, for the furtherance of this message. She also meets those who are as young in experience as she is, those who share her trials, joys, and ambitions. There, too, she mingles with little children, and can draw lessons from their trust and faith. Above all, God's Spirit and his holy angels are there. Where could we have more blessed associations than in the Sabbath-school?

The spirit of prophecy makes a statement to the effect that character is the only thing one can take with one from this life into the next. How careful, then, we ought to be in forming our characters, and how anxious we ought to be to grasp this golden opportunity of the Sabbath-school in helping us to form them in the right way. Do you think that the importance of the Sabbath-school as a character-building institution can be exaggerated? If the Sabbath-school did not meet with the approval of God, he would remove it from his church through his appointed means of communicating with his people. I believe that the Sabbath-school is one of God's chief agencies for training persons of character to carry on his work. By loyally supporting it by our donations, by partaking in its activities, we are better prepared for work in his vineyard, and God's blessing will attend us.

The Sabbath-school is the church at study. Paul wrote to Timothy, "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15. Here is the exhortation for Bible study. It is more important to have a thorough knowledge of the Bible than to have a worldly education. Not only does the young woman study the Bible in Sabbath-school, but in daily preparation she uses it, and the excellent helps written by the Lord's servants.

Finally, when we consider the great advantages which one who attends Sabbath-school has over those who are negligent in attendance, we are urged to greater faithfulness in this matter.

HELEN DRAKE.



M. E. KERN Secretary
 WATILDA ERICKSON Corresponding Secretary

Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

XX — Messianic Prophecy

SYNOPSIS.—From the first announcement of the plan of redemption, gradually the character and work of Christ, the Messiah, was unfolded through the prophets. In Eden he was revealed as the "seed" of the woman, who would ultimately triumph over Satan. Later the promises were made that Christ should come from Abraham, through Isaac; that Judah should be the honored tribe, and the family of Jesse the exalted line. His virgin birth, the place of his nativity, his forerunner, and the time of his appearance as the Messiah, were definitely pointed out. His rejection was also foretold, and many details of that divine tragedy by which the Lamb of God was offered for the sins of men.

Questions

1. What was the first prophecy concerning Christ? **Gen. 3:15.**
2. What was the central theme of all the prophets? **Luke 1:69, 70.**
3. What promise was made to Abraham? **Gen. 12:1-3; 17:19; Gal. 3:16.**
4. Through which of the twelve tribes of Israel was the Messiah to come? **Gen. 49:10.**
5. Through what royal family was he to come? **Isa. 11:1; Luke 1:32; Rom. 15:12.**
6. Of whom should he be born, and where? **Isa. 7:14; Micah 5:2.**
7. What experience connected with his birth was foretold? **Jer. 31:15; Matt. 2:16-18.**
8. How was his coming to be heralded? **Isa. 40:3; John 1:19, 23.**
9. How was the time of his appearance pointed out? **Dan. 9:25.**
10. What was said of the character of his work? **Isa. 61:1; Luke 4:16-21.**
11. How did the prophet say that Christ would be received? **Isa. 43:3.**
12. What was to be his relation to sin and sinners? **Verses 5, 7.**
13. What are some of the foretold events connected with his sacrifice?
Zech. 9:9. Ps. 69:21.
Zech. 11:12. Ps. 22:18.
Isa. 53:7; Matt. 27:13, 14. Isa. 53:9.
14. Through whom was the assurance of a resurrection given? **Ps. 16:10; Acts 2:31.**
15. What holy man of the patriarchal age prophesied of the final triumph of Christ? **Jude 14, 15.**

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3

Review

(The book may be used in answering these questions.)

1. WHAT signs in the heavens and on the earth proclaimed the time of the end? Give dates.
2. Who was the early leader in the first angel's message in America? Name three others prominently connected with him.

3. How widely was the advent message sent, before 1844? Name at least two men outside of America who gave the message.

4. Describe briefly the midnight cry and the beginning of the second angel's message.

5. What was the date of the day of disappointment? Explain the disappointment.

6. Tell briefly how the three most prominent truths of the third angel's message — the sanctuary, the Sabbath, and the spirit of prophecy — were introduced among us.

7. Give a brief history of the publishing work.

8. Name some of the most prominent features of the health work. For what purpose has God introduced health reform among us?

9. Give a brief history of the educational work.

10. When and through whom was our foreign missionary work begun? What was the extent of the advent message at the time the book "The Great Second Advent Movement" was published?

Getting Ready

ONE of Robert Browning's pithy utterances is, "God takes time." The truth of it is abundantly illustrated in nature and in providence. It is a very suggestive truth. The reason why the divine operations seem to us slow is that God gets ready before he brings things to pass. He inspires a prophecy or speaks a promise, and men impatiently look to see the word made good speedily.

The movements of God and of men are differently timed. Heaven's calendars are not like those of earth. There one of earth's days is expanded into the significance of a thousand years, and the meaning of a thousand years is compressed into a single day. But, in addition to that revealed fact, there are preparations to be made, forces to be enlisted, and affairs to be ripened, all of which take time.

The point to be chiefly considered is that therein the divine method is a pattern for us. Our failures often come from lack of plan and preparation. This is not supplying an excuse for dawdlers. It is a hint toward efficiency.—*Young People.*

Speak the Truth

THIS is an age of prevarication. Even people of good standing are too often guilty. It is so easy to "color things" just a little, to make them answer our purpose. For instance: Not long since, an aged woman said to a grocery clerk, "Are these gingersnaps strong?" "No, madam," replied the trained clerk. "Then I don't want them; I am looking for strong ones." The clerk cleared his throat and said, "Let me see, O, yes, come to think about it, they are quite strong." Now the fact was, the clerk knew nothing about the gingersnaps, but was willing to say anything to make a sale. And so it is. Truth is little regarded. Falsehood is abroad in the land; aye, it is even a companion common to well-nigh every one. But there are a few with whom it can not make friends; there are a few who will hew to the mark, who will swear to their own hurt, and change not. Let every Seventh-day Adventist young man and woman be among that few. Tell the truth — the plain, straight truth. It may at times seem expedient to use a little coloring, but it only *seems* so. Truth in the long run will prove the only expediency. Again, don't be afraid to speak the truth. David says, "Thou wilt destroy them that speak lies."—*D. D. Rees.*



VII — Jesus Again Foretells His Death; James and John Reproved; Two Blind Men Healed

(May 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 20: 17-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "If any man desire to be first, the same shall be last of all, and servant of all." Mark 9: 35.

The Lesson Story

1. As the time of the passover drew near, Jesus again journeyed toward Jerusalem. He knew the suffering that awaited him there. But the disciples were not prepared for what would take place; therefore Jesus "took the twelve disciples apart in the way, and said unto them, Behold, we go up to Jerusalem; and the Son of man shall be betrayed unto the chief priests and unto the scribes, and they shall condemn him to death, and shall deliver him to the Gentiles to mock, and to scourge, and to crucify him: and the third day he shall rise again."

2. Even after hearing these words, the disciples still believed that Jesus was to establish an earthly kingdom. And the mother of John and James, two of his first disciples, came to worship him, and to ask a certain thing of him. "And he said unto her, What wilt thou? She saith unto him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one on thy right hand, and the other on the left, in thy kingdom."

3. Jesus read the hearts of these disciples. He knew that they loved him and longed to be near him. Instead of rebuking them for seeking a place above their brethren, he tenderly sought to deepen and purify their love. He said, "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink of the cup that I shall drink of, and to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with? They say unto him, We are able." They desired to share all that befell their Master.

4. Then Jesus said, "Ye shall drink indeed of my cup, and be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with: but to sit on my right hand, and on my left, is not mine to give, but it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared of my Father." In the kingdom of God position is the result of character. The crown and the throne are tokens of self-conquest,—overcoming through the help of the Lord.

5. When the other disciples heard of the request made by James and John, they were displeased with these two brethren. They also longed for a high position in the kingdom. But Jesus called them unto him, and explained that the highest position in his kingdom on earth is one of service to our fellow men. The strong are to assist in bearing the burdens of the weak. Education or talent, power or position, makes one more able to serve his brethren.

6. Jesus said: "Whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

7. "And as they departed from Jericho, a great multitude followed him. And, behold, two blind men sitting by the wayside, when they heard that Jesus passed by, cried out, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou Son of David. And the multitude rebuked them, because they should hold their peace." Their

cries annoyed the people. "But they cried the more, saying, Have mercy on us, O Lord, thou Son of David.

8. "And Jesus stood still, and called them, and said, What will ye that I shall do unto you? They say unto him, Lord, that our eyes may be opened. So Jesus had compassion on them, and touched their eyes: and immediately their eyes received sight, and they followed him."

9. Our Heavenly Father would have us ask for what we need, and believe that he will give that which is best for us to have. When we earnestly pray with the whole heart, we shall gain such blessings that we also will follow the Saviour in all that we do and say.

Questions

1. As the time of the passover drew near, toward what city did Jesus again journey? What awaited him there? Why did his disciples need more definite instruction about these things? When Jesus had taken the twelve apart in the way, what did he plainly tell them?

2. Notwithstanding this, what did they still believe that Jesus would establish? Who came to worship him, and to ask of him a certain thing? When Jesus asked for her request, what did she say?

3. What did Jesus know in regard to these disciples? How did he seek to help them? What question did he ask them? Give their reply. What did they desire to share?

4. What did Jesus say to them? Why could he not grant their request? In the kingdom of God of what is position the result? Of what are the crown and the throne tokens?

5. How did the other ten disciples feel when they heard what James and John desired? For what did they also long? When Jesus had called them to him, what did he explain about position in his kingdom? How are the strong to help the weak? What added responsibility does power of any kind bring?

6. What did Jesus say of those who wished to be chief among others? What did he say of his own example?

7. Who followed Jesus as he departed from Jericho? Who sat by the wayside? What did the blind men do when they heard that Jesus passed by? Why did the multitude try to stop them? What effect did their rebuke have?

8. What question did Jesus ask the blind men? How definite was their answer? How did Jesus feel toward them? What did he do? What was the immediate result? How did they manifest their gratitude and love toward Jesus?

9. How does our Heavenly Father wish us to pray? If we seek him with the whole heart, how great will be our reward?

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapter 60; *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACE: Near Jericho.

TIME: Shortly before the last passover, spring of A. D. 31.

MEMORY VERSE: Mark 9:35.

Questions

Crucifixion Foretold

1. How did Jesus again endeavor to prepare the disciples for the coming crisis? With what result? Matt. 20:18, 19; Luke 18:31-34; note 1.

2. What was the feeling of the twelve on their journey toward Jerusalem? Mark 10:32; note 2.

Unholy Ambition Rebuked

3. What request was presented to Jesus, and by whom? Matt. 20:20, 21; Mark 10:35-37.

4. What was the Lord's reply? Matt. 20:22, 23; note 3.

5. How were Jesus' words concerning the future experiences of James and John fulfilled? Acts 12:2; Rev. 1:9.

6. What feelings were aroused on the part of the other apostles by this request? Matt. 20:24.

7. What rule concerning the conduct of his children did Jesus then set forth? How did he illustrate it? Verses 25-28; note 4.

Healing the Blind Men

8. Who was with Jesus as he passed through Jericho on his way to Jerusalem? Mark 10:46, first part.

9. Who interrupted the progress of the company, and for what purpose? Verse 46, last part; Matt. 20:30, 31.

10. What did Jesus do for them, and why? Luke 18:40-43.

11. Give an example of persistent prayer and its results. 1 Kings 18:42-45; note 5.

Notes

1. Since the time of his rejection in Galilee, Jesus had been walking as it were in the shadow of the cross. During this time he endeavored to give the twelve a true understanding of the nature of his work on earth, and to prepare them for the great crisis. See Matt. 16:21; 17:22, 23. The instruction given at this time is more in detail than any given before.

2. The disciples knew well the dangers that threatened Jesus. On this account they had objected to his going to Judea at the time of the sickness of Lazarus, and at that time the Sanhedrin had again determined upon his death. Now his face is turned steadily toward Jerusalem again. Knowing these things, and thinking of a temporal kingdom and the twelve thrones which had recently been promised them, the apostles must have been very much troubled and confused in their minds.

3. "Our Lord means that such dignities as his disciples desired would not, and could not, be conferred in a capricious way by a mere act of the sovereign's pleasure. There could be no scope, in such high matters for personal favoritism. It was in vain, therefore, for any to attempt to steal a march on their fellow servants. What they asked has been divinely prepared for those who are most worthy, those who have done most, and in heart and will sacrificed most, and suffered most. In the kingdom of heaven there is no chance of the highest posts and dignities being conferred on incompetent or inferior servants. The highest in excellence will be the highest in honor. It is for such, whether they be apostles, or ordinary preachers, or humble Sabbath-school teachers, whether they be crowned monarchs, or the lowliest of menials, that the highest places have been prepared by the Father in his all-embracing purpose and plan."—*Peloubet's Notes*.

4. "The one who stands nearest to Christ will be he who on earth has drunk most deeply of the spirit of his self-sacrificing love."—*Desire of Ages*, page 549.

5. "I asked the angel why there was no more faith and power in Israel. Said he, 'Ye let go of the arm of the Lord too soon. Press your petitions to the throne, and hold on by strong faith. The promises are sure. Believe ye receive the things ye ask for, and ye shall have them.' I was then pointed to Elijah. He was subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly. His faith endured the trial. Seven times he prayed before the Lord, and at last the cloud was seen. I saw that we had doubted the sure promises, and wounded the Saviour by our lack of faith."—*Early Writings*."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VII—Jesus Again Foretells His Death; James and John Reproved; Two Blind Men Healed

(May 14)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 20:17-34.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Mark 10:32-52; Luke 18:31-43.

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"GIFTED bards
Have ever loved the calm and quiet shades."

"Who Is It?"

THE writer of the article in last week's INSTRUCTOR entitled "Black and White — Who Is It?" left it for the readers of the paper to guess whom he meant. Those who concluded that the description fitted Manasseh were right in so deciding.

Anticigarette Day

THE Temperance Committee of the International Sunday School Association has designated Sunday, May 8, as Anticigarette day. Many Sunday-school teachers, if the Temperance INSTRUCTOR is presented to them on time, will be glad to purchase a sufficient number to give one to each member of their classes on that day.

"Give Me Liberty, or Give Me Death!"

MARCH 23 was the anniversary of Patrick Henry's famous speech, delivered before the Virginia convention, which he ended with those memorable words, "Give me liberty, or give me death!" The young Virginia patriot was only twenty-nine years of age when he delivered his famous invective against the mother country. His words rang from end to end of the colonies. They fired the hearts of patriots, inspired the strong, and gave courage to the doubtful. They were the war-cry of the inevitable conflict that was to make a free nation.

The Virginia convention assembled on March 20, 1775, at Richmond. One after another of the delegates arose and delivered a fiery denunciation against Great Britain. Patrick Henry listened attentively. On March 23 he arose to address the assemblage. As one writer put it, it was "Patrick Henry's individual declaration of war against the mother country." He was in his courage somewhat in advance of his associates, and it needed the spur of that opposition to rouse him to his greatest efforts. His resolution left no loophole, once adopted, and it was a virtual declaration of war. With his prophetic vision he saw that war must come, and he was for making immediate preparations to meet the issue.

The effect of Henry's speech was overwhelming and tragic. A clergyman who heard the speech says: "His voice rose louder and louder, until the walls of

the building and all within them seemed to shake and rock with its tremendous vibrations. Finally, his pale face and glaring eyes became terrible to look upon. Men leaned forward in their seats, with their heads strained, their faces pale, and their eyes glaring like the speaker's. His last exclamation, 'Give me liberty, or give me death!' was like the shout of the leader who turns back the rout of battle."

Another hearer gives a thrilling account of Patrick Henry's delivery of the closing words of the speech — for it must be remembered that the entire oration has not been preserved — where he said:—

"Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!"

The writer goes on to say: "When he spoke the word 'liberty,' his hands were open and his arms elevated and extended, his countenance radiant; he stood erect and defiant, while the sound of his voice and the sublimity of his attitude made him appear a magnificent incarnation of freedom.

"As he closed the grand appeal with the solemn words, 'or give me death,' which sounded with the awful cadence of a hero's dirge, fearless of death and victorious in death, he suited the action to the word by a blow upon the left breast with the right hand, which seemed to drive the dagger to the patriot's heart."

The whole assemblage was carried away by the force of his eloquence. The situation was so tense that when he sat down, there was not the faintest murmur of applause. Henry's speech had determined the character of the proceedings of the convention, it had silenced opposition, and had made the timid courageous. A committee was at once appointed to report a plan for the organization of the militia. This plan was adopted, and shortly after, the convention closed its session and Patrick Henry retired to his home with the laurels of fame on his brow.— *Selected.*

"WHAT is right living?— Just to do your best
When worst seems easiest. To bear the ills
Of daily life with patient cheerfulness,
Nor waste dear time recounting them. To talk
Of hopeful things when doubt is in the air.
To count your blessings often, giving thanks,
And to accept your sorrows silently,
Nor question why you suffer. To accept
The whole of life as one perfected plan,
And welcome each event as part of it.
To work, and love your work; to trust, to pray
For larger usefulness and clearer sight:
This is right living, pleasing in God's eyes."

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