

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LIX

May 9, 1911

No. 19



THE "FIGHTING TEMERAIRE"



MOST of the dispensary work in India is being done by lady nurses. Over forty-two thousand treatments have been given during the past year.

THIS year has been one of the hardest in Russia because of restrictions, but Elder J. T. Boettcher, president of that union, writes the Mission Board that Elder Conradi announced the greatest gain during the year in the Russian Union.

THE following students have left the Seminary during the year for foreign fields: Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Montgomery, to Singapore, Straits Settlement; Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Bolton, to Freetown, West Africa; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Lorenz and Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Stauffer, to Argentina, South America; Miss Nora Davis and Miss Maud Carner, to Montevideo, Uruguay, South America.

MISSIONARIES unite in saying that the way to learn a foreign language is to study while at work among the people. Brother Walter L. Foster writes from Japan: "What I have learned here has come by hard knocks of experience, and I believe that the thing for our evangelistic foreign workers is to stop for about three months at Tokyo, learn a little of the language, then go on to the interior, where they can study the language and sell literature."

Farming at the Seminary

So you thought we did not bother much about agriculture at the Foreign Mission Seminary? That is where you are wrong. You see we have the Seminary with about seventy students; the Sanitarium with its many patients and large corps of nurses; and several cottages near by where some of the faculty and the physicians live. All these need milk, cream, butter, eggs, and garden produce; and while land is available for cultivation we should not be content to buy these things in the markets. We believe in having the very best of milk and eggs and vegetables.

Nearly a mile beyond the Seminary is a good-sized farm that is rented by the Seminary. It was a good farm about the time of the Civil War, but has been allowed to run down until it is in poor shape. As our farmer, O. F. Thompson, is an enthusiastic believer in the beneficence of mother earth when properly treated, under his care the condition is coming up.

To-day you will find a fine herd of thirty tested cows that furnish milk, not only for the institutions, but also for many of the people in Takoma Park. Also, you will see some two hundred chickens as fine as are to be found; and horses, six of them, all sound and faithful. The new gray one will attract you, if you are not utterly indifferent to fine horses. You may ask how we can afford such a fine animal. It is because our farm superintendent prefers one good horse to two poor ones.

You ask if the only connection between the farm and the Seminary is through the kitchen. Certainly not. Come with me next Sunday morning at eight, and we shall see a class of seven spending two hours in their weekly agriculture recitation. And if you will wait, you will see them spending three more hours out on the farm in practical experiment work.

If you remain throughout the time, you will probably hear some animated and practical discussions of the comparative value of different fertilizers, or different varieties of tomatoes, or some problem in landscape gardening. Follow the boys around, and you will see hotbeds with numerous things promising summer delicacies, and the onion bed, from which they expect large returns, and the cabbage plants, that made a brave struggle through a late and severe frost. O, there are things to be seen over on the farm!

Agriculture is not a matter of punching a seed into the ground and then waiting for fruit. It is a matter of being well prepared, and thoroughly forearmed against insects, drought, and storm. He who has learned how is the one who can go out and make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, and can make the desert bloom and sustain life where before it only destroyed life. He is the one who can teach people a better way of life.

So do not forget that we do bother about agriculture at the Foreign Mission Seminary.

W. S. M.

Prepared for Him

THE member of the board of education who was visiting one of the schools in the primary department had made a little speech to the children on the importance of correct pronunciation. Picking up a chalk crayon, he wrote the word heinous on the blackboard.

"To give you an example, boys and girls," he said, "I wonder how many of you know how to pronounce that word."

"Haynus!" shouted the children in concert.

"Miss Guernsey," said the visitor, turning suspiciously to the teacher, "how did you know I was going to try them on that?"

"I didn't know it, Mr. Judson," she answered, "but I am something of a crank on pronunciation myself, and we have frequent drills on words. You will find that these children know how to pronounce exquisite, despicable, demoniacal, misconstrue, coadjutor, naïveté, sacrifice, genealogy, program, gerrymander, discipline, paresis, caoutchouc, exemplary, and hilarious, together with many others that do not occur to me just now."

"I see," said the official visitor, uncertain whether to be crestfallen or elated, "that these youngsters do not need any lesson on pronunciation from me, anyhow," and he departed.—*Selected.*

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
Farming at the Seminary.....	2
Personal Work.....	3
What We Are.....	3
Friendship.....	4
Only a Spark.....	4
The Greatest Victorian Poet.....	5
The Brothers.....	6
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.....	7
The Two Seeds — a Parable.....	7
A Day in the Woods.....	8
Church Department.....	9
Geysers.....	10
Michael Faraday.....	10
The Enjoyment of Pictures.....	11
India and Its Needs.....	12
The Third Angel's Message Among India's Millions.....	13
SELECTED ARTICLES	
Prepared for Him.....	2
Work Where You Are (poetry).....	3
Are They Moslem or Christian?.....	7
The Land of Nod (poetry).....	8
The Excavation of the Panama Canal.....	10

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 9, 1911

No. 19

Work Where You Are

PERHAPS you can not go away
To some far-distant clime
To preach the glorious truth of God,
The message for this time;
But then your own dear little home
Can be your mission field.
Just work for God where'er you are;
Let love her scepter wield.

Perhaps you can not preach like Paul,
In language clear and plain;
But you can live the truth of God,
And work in Jesus' name.
Perhaps you can not do great things,
Nor mighty deeds each day;
But you can speak of Jesus' love,
Or give a tract away.

— Selected.

Personal Work

G. A. SANDBORN



HAVE wondered if our young people realize the full value of personal effort in winning souls. Christ is our best example in this. During his ministry on earth he neglected no opportunity to help the sin-sick soul. While sitting at Jacob's well, he spoke words of life to the Samaritan woman. In Bethany Mary sat at his feet and listened to a message of hope and salvation. And again, as the shadows of evening fall, we find him alone with the troubled Nicodemus, and hear him say, "Thou must be born again." At times the spirit-filled words of Jesus rang out to the listening multitude, but he also loved to meet the sinner alone, and speak to him words of life.

What the Master did, he asks us to do. There is no more exalted work. The servant of God has said, "Of equal importance with special public efforts is house-to-house work in the homes of the people." "By personal labor reach those around you. Become acquainted with them. Preaching will not do the work that needs to be done. Angels of God attend you to the dwellings of those you visit. This work can not be done by proxy. Money lent or given will not accomplish it. Sermons will not do it. By visiting the people, talking, praying, sympathizing with them, you will win hearts. This is the highest missionary work that you can do. To do it you will need resolute, persevering faith, unwearying patience, and a deep love for souls."

Yet we let many opportunities to do this work slip by unimproved. Not long ago a boy who was not a Christian was placed in one of our schools. After a few weeks, he became dissatisfied, and would stay no longer. A friend of his, who was a Christian woman, came to the town where the school was located, to take the boy home with her. While here she met one of the older students of the school. As the young man expressed his regret that the boy should leave, the woman looked at him, and said, "Has any one at the school taken an interest in him?" The young man replied that he thought so. "But that is not all I want to know," the woman replied. "Has any one been a real friend to him? Have you made him at home among you? Have you worked for his soul's salvation? Has one student in this school ever been on his knees and prayed with the boy?" The young man could not answer yes to one of the questions, but the rebuke was not lost upon him. The words, "Has any one prayed with him?" rang in his ears, and he resolved to work with greater earnestness for the souls about him.

Many of the readers of this paper are in school. Are there students in your school who do not believe in Christ? If so, were you ever on your knees praying with them? And you who are not in school, have you a brother, a sister, a friend, who is not in this truth? Have you ever prayed with such a person? Is your conversation with them of things above? If not, you fail to realize the full meaning of following your Saviour in personal work.

Too young to work? Yes, I know many will think that. How old was Jesus when he did his first recorded work? Are you too young to follow his example? Will not a child's prayer reach the ears of the Father in heaven? No, you are not too young to work for souls. Did you ever give an INSTRUCTOR to a friend or playmate? Try it next week, and give it with the prayer that it will help your friend to know Christ better. As you have opportunity, tell of the Saviour's love. You can pray with some one. It may be too late to gather souls when you are older. Begin now. Keep the love of Jesus in your hearts by passing it on to others.

For those who are older, the duty is even greater. Do we show our neighbors and associates by our lives that we are Christ's? Do they know the truths for which we stand? If not, are we doing our duty? Let every opportunity to plant the truth in their hearts, be grasped. Drop a kind word, do a kind deed, give a truth-filled tract. By doing these little things, we shall see a broadening field for personal work opening before us.

By laboring for souls, we ourselves draw nearer to God, and receive greater blessings from him. How much more earnest are our prayers when the burden for some soul is on our hearts! When we are working for others, how much more we realize our dependence on God! When we begin work in earnest, the results will return as showers of blessing; for "he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

We all profess to believe that Jesus is coming soon. Are we working as if we really believed it? Let us begin work to-day in the vineyard at our doors.

What We Are

It is by beholding that we become changed. What we see or hear leaves an impression on the mind, and these impressions shape the life, either for good or bad. If the impressions are evil, the life is bound to be evil; and if good, the life is good. The sum total of one's character is the impressions received.

and retained in the nerve-cells. As has been aptly expressed, "The brain is the battle-ground of character. Here the greatest battles of the ages are fought." Contending forces are seeking access to the mind that they may shape the life; hence the inspired admonition, "Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life." In this text the battle-field is defined; we are placed on our guard, and should carefully inspect the thoughts that enter, admitting only such as will add strength and beauty to character.

A wise carpenter rejects timbers that will weaken the structure he is building. We are building for eternity, and should be even more particular in our selection of material. If we would dwell on high, we must stop our ears from hearing of blood and shut our eyes from seeing evil.

The mind is active when one is awake. The impressions that have been received, are reviewed and pondered. They are compared, united, and rearranged. Every time a thought is repeated, the impression deepens, and as thoughts travel along the paths of least resistance, one soon forms a way of thinking which is not easy to change.

Pause a moment, and pass through the gallery of your mind, your memory, and see what kind of pictures you have there. As you behold, would you wish to have your friends with you on this tour of inspection? Remember, these pictures determine what you are, for as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he."

H. H. JOHNSON.

Friendship

"WHAT is the secret of your life?" asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley; "tell me, that I may make mine beautiful too." He replied, "I had a friend."

One of the greatest blessings bestowed upon mankind is the ability to make friends. It means looking away from self, and appreciating what is good and noble in another. We should remember, however, that friendship consists not in the multitude of friends, but in their worth and choice.

Many of us start out in life with rather definite opinions about friendship. We think our friends must be this or that. How often after associating with those whom we have believed to be ideal, we find that they, too, are only human, and have faults of which we had not dreamed. They may have failed in some essential, and have disappointed us deeply. What should we do, cast aside the friendships that we have hitherto prized so highly? — No. "A friend loveth at all times." What! when the loved one has failed us, has proved to be unfaithful? — Yes. "A friend loveth at all times." How much is crowded into those few words — loyalty and patience, forgiveness and fidelity! This sentence of Solomon's allows of no compromise. We must know and admit that our friends can be and are at fault often — as all human beings are — and loyalty means to love them in spite of all these faults.

Be truthful with your friends. Do not flatter them. By so doing you not only do them an injustice, but injure your own character. There is a vast difference between flattery and encouragement. Flattery is insincere praise, designed to deceive. To encourage is to inspire. We should speak words of encouragement to our friends with the purpose of calling forth their highest efforts.

When our Saviour was upon earth, he chose the twelve disciples to be his closest companions. But they often misunderstood him, and in the most trying hour of his life, when he longed for human sympathy, they failed to see his need, and he was left alone. Thomas doubted him; Peter denied him; Judas betrayed him; but he loved them still. After his resurrection, he patiently taught them the Scriptures, that their understanding might be opened. This brought joy into their lives, where there had been only sorrow and discouragement since the day of his crucifixion. What a friend he was! We may follow his example.

"Wanting to have a friend is altogether different from wanting to be a friend. The former is a mere human craving; the other, the life of Christ in the soul." "The only way to have a friend is to be one;" for, comforting as it is to receive, it is much more blessed to give. So let our motto be, "To minister, not to be ministered unto."

Be useful where you live. Fill the atmosphere around you with gladness; and as your circle of friends grows larger, you will find that those ties that bind you to the hearts of these friends can never be broken.

The object and ideal of friendship is not mere enjoyment, but a companionship which will bless and enrich the life. With this in mind, ask the questions, Are the friendships which I am forming ennobling and beautifying my life? Are they helping in the development of a true Christian character? Also, is my friendship doing the same for my friend?

MARY C. KENT.

Only a Spark

A PARTY of young men were on a mountain trip. With their guide they entered the crater of a semi-active volcano, and descended among the lava rocks to the lowest point that was considered safe. As they stood there, gazing down upon rocks which looked just as secure as those on which they were standing, one adventurous young man decided to go farther down. His companions and the guide urged that it was dangerous, but to no avail. He was not afraid, and insisted on satisfying his curiosity. Everything looked safe enough, so, fastening a rope about him, he lowered himself to the rocks below. Held by the rope, he gazed into the black depths of the earth. He had not seen that where the rope passed over the rocks, a spark, small at first, but soon turned into a tiny blaze, was eating the rope, strand by strand. He could not see it; those above could not see it; but it was surely doing its work. The rope gave way — it parted — and the young man was instantly hurled into the depths.

What a price to pay for disregarding counsel!

We shudder to think of it, but are inclined to say, "He was warned." Let us examine ourselves. Is there a parallel in our lives? Has not our Guide counseled us many times? Do we ever descend into the crater of sin against his will? Is there ever a little spark of selfishness in our hearts that may be fanned into a blaze and hurl us into eternity? Shall we heed the counsel, or pay the price?

G. A. S.

THE only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything. — *Theodore Roosevelt.*

The Greatest Victorian Poet

LEONA M. TULY

THE year 1809 is memorable for the birth of three well-known poets: Edgar Allan Poe, in America; Elizabeth Barrett, Browning and Alfred Tennyson, in England. Honor and fame, both at home and abroad, have come more especially to the latter.

Somersby, a quiet hamlet in Lincolnshire, was the birthplace of England's famous laureate. His home was a great, rambling house on the edge of a wood, surrounded by sloping hills and large pastures,—an altogether "peaceful habitation."

The boy, brought up amid such scenes, which he has made famous in his "Ode to Memory," had a passionate love for the open air and the independence of country life. He loved the water, too, the murmuring spring and the flowing sea. Tennyson

was taught at first by his father, and early began to read the classics. The story is told of his younger days that when he heard of the death of Lord Byron, he wrote on a sandstone rock by a secluded spring, "Byron is dead;" and, turning to his brother who was standing near, he said, "I mean to be great."

The year 1828 found him at Cambridge University, but he

never cared for the place, although his pleasing personality made him very popular. There he studied the classics, history, and science, and the following year was granted a medal for the poem "Timbuctoo."

His most intimate friend of university days was Arthur Hallam, a young man of genius and intellectual ability. When only twenty-two, just in the bloom of youth, Hallam died near Vienna, whither he had gone in search of health. His body was buried at sea. This event cast a shadow over Tennyson's life, not alone for his own loss, but because Hallam was his sister's fiancé. After the first shock of grief was over, Tennyson began writing his noble elegy, "In Memoriam," dedicated to Arthur Hallam.

The years sped on. In 1836 Tennyson's brother Charles married Louisa Sellwood, her elder sister Emilia acting as bridesmaid. It fell to the lot of Alfred to escort the bridesmaid to church, and in that hour it entered his mind to win her. But he must wait, for as yet he was only an unknown poet, with no living, no position, no prospects. He read, wrote poetry, lived very simply, taking care of his

widowed mother. Tennyson was always interested in social movements, politics, and the literary world. During this time he met Carlyle, Ruskin, Thackeray, Dickens, Landor, and others. Carlyle, writing to Emerson, said of him, "I do not meet such company often; we shall see what he will grow to."

By the time he was forty-one, the severer struggles of his life were past, and he had a good income. On the thirteenth day of June, after fourteen years of waiting, he married Emilia Sellwood, whom he had loved so long. The bridegroom was forty-one, and the bride a trifle younger. In speaking of his marriage, he said, "It was the happiest and most fortunate act of a life hitherto vexed. The peace of God came into my heart before the altar when I married her." Mrs. Tennyson was a woman of loyalty and

unfailing sweetness, delicate taste, cheerfulness, courage, and sympathy, an ideal companion for a great lonely nature like Tennyson's. Years afterward he said to a friend, "I have known many women who were excellent, one in one way and one in another, but this woman is the noblest I have ever known."

In 1850, the laureateship of England, made vacant

by Wordsworth's death, was given to Tennyson. He now traveled much, visiting different parts of Europe. Honors and dignities continued to come. He was offered the rectorship of Edinburgh University, but declined it.

In 1854, we find him at work on "Maud," morning and evening. "In the early spring, when nature begins to awaken from her sleep, I can do my best," said the poet. He worked sitting in a high-backed wooden chair in his little room at the top of the house, Farringford. He would write, and murmur aloud his fragments of lines. In 1855, he sent five thousand copies of his "Charge of the Light Brigade" to the British soldiers of the Crimea. "In Memoriam" and the "Princess" had already appeared. He now began his "Idylls of the King."

The prince consort died in 1861, and this led to Tennyson's first interview with Queen Victoria. Of this event he wrote, "There was a kind of stately innocence about her. I do not very well recollect what she said to me, but I loved the voice that spoke, and I could perceive so great an expression of sweetness



TENNYSON'S HOME, "FARRINGFORD"

in her countenance." From this time dated a sincere friendship between the two. The story is told that once, when the queen asked Tennyson if there was any service she might render him, his reply was, "Nothing, my queen, but shake my two little boys by the hand. It may keep them loyal in troublous times to come."

"Enoch Arden," Tennyson's most popular work, perhaps, appeared in 1864. He wrote it in a fortnight in a little summer-house on his estate. Five years later Mr. Gladstone offered him a baronetcy. This began their friendship. When Mr. Gladstone took up the cause of Irish Home Rule, Lord Tennyson said, "I love Mr. Gladstone, but I hate his present policy." About this time Tennyson became especially interested in the drama. He liked the analysis of human nature; but there was a great contrast between his dramas and his other poetry. One of his biographers says, "It was as though a musician who had almost reached perfection on the violin, took up at threescore the practise of the organ." His plays lack interest, emotion, and reality.

In the closing days of October, 1889, he wrote the poem beginning,—

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me."

This was a fitting crown to his life's labors. The poet requested this to be placed at the close of every collection of his works.

When parting with his brother in the spring of 1892, he said, "I shall never see you again on this earth; good night here; good morrow there." As the autumn days passed, the life of the great poet slowly ebbed away. The end came near midnight on October 6. His last words were a blessing upon those present,—Lady Tennyson, his children, and a few friends. The full moon flooded the room with light, and the watchers waited silently as the final summons came.

"The man is dead, but his work lives after him." His was a sincere faith in—

"That God which ever lives and loves;
One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

Tennyson voiced the hope of humanity when he said,—

"Far off Thou art, but ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;
I prosper, circled by thy voice;
I shall not lose thee though I die."

His influence upon the thought and life of the age is immeasurable. From the humble peasant to the king on the throne, all have been inspired by his noble words of love and courage. We can but believe that he will see his "Pilot face to face when he has crossed the bar."

The Brothers

[The following is a paraphrase of "The Two Brothers," by Wordsworth.]

IT was evening in the little village of Ennerdale; in the quiet churchyard could be seen a stranger, sadly passing from mound to mound. Suddenly he stopped. He had come to a sacred spot,—the family plot. Yonder, at the end of the row, he thought he saw an added grave. As he approached it he paused, and there for half an hour he stood, and "to the sessions of sweet silent thought, he summoned up remembrance of things past."

He thought of his childhood, when, as a shepherd lad, he had roamed on these mountains, and how at sixteen he had gone to answer the call of the sea. Yet in his heart he was still a shepherd boy. Many times while on his voyages he had been seen gazing into the water, in which he imagined he saw mountains and quiet flocks of sheep, tenderly cared for by the gray-clad shepherds of Ennerdale.

Now he had returned after twenty seasons spent on the perilous waters. Everything seemed changed. The little path that wound along the brook through the meadows was gone; and even the dark cliff in the distance was not the same. He had returned with an eager hope of finding the one he left behind,



and of whom he had ever been thinking. He hoped not all the former companions were lying under these mounds.

As the stranger glanced up toward the entrance, he saw a man approaching whom he recognized as one he had loved many

years ago,—the priest, a man of fourscore years. "These heaps of earth are holding many dear ones from us," said the priest. "Here lies Walter Ewbank, a man beloved of all the folk of Ennerdale. You see that little cottage yonder on the hill? Up there he lived, alone, caring for his flocks upon those verdant hills. Yet he was not to live thus all his days. His brother died, leaving two boys, who came to live with their Uncle Walter. Tenderly he cared for them, and many happy days they spent together.

"Leonard, the elder by eighteen months, always took loving care of his brother James, who was a delicate child. Many times have I seen them on their way to school. If the brook was high, Leonard would take James on his back, and carry him safely to the other side. England never knew worthier lads. They were always at church on Sunday morning, although the woods were filled with nuts just dropping from their shells. They could read and write, and knew as much as many of their elders. Every nook of this dale was known to them, and they were familiar with every rock on these mountains.

"Their uncle grew old, and soon they were left alone. His little cottage, which had been mortgaged, was sold, and the flocks, so dear to them, became another's.

"Leonard decided to go to sea. Before he left, I gave him a Bible, which he promised he would read. And if I could see him this day, I think he would still have it.

"It has been twelve years since we heard from him. The last was that he was in slavery among the Moors. What a happy day it will be when he returns! But such a day may never come.

"For many years James lived among us, staying a few months at one place, and a few at another. While he was at our home, he was always cheerful, except when his thoughts were on Leonard.

"One day while he and his companions were wandering among the hills with their flocks he lay down

to rest on the top of yonder cliff. The others passed on with their flocks; but when they returned at night, James was not there. They thought no more of his disappearance until they came to the house at which he was staying and found that he had not returned.

"In the morning all Ennerdale was out in anxious search for James. He was found lifeless at the bottom of that cliff. Half-way up the cliff hung his staff, which still can be seen on the rock where it caught as he fell. I buried him three days after, and there, near where you stand, is the grave. Poor James! he died, it is supposed, looking for his far-off brother Leonard."

Here the priest stopped. The stranger tried to speak, but he felt a gushing from his heart that took away the power of speech. The priest turned and walked slowly to the gate. Sadly the stranger followed, and reaching the gate he looked back upon the little heap of earth, and whispered, "My brother."

ALTA M. BOWEN.

Jesus, Lover of My Soul

"JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!"

Charles Wesley, the author of this hymn, is one of the noblest and most gifted writers of song. He was thirty-two years of age when he wrote this hymn. Several incidents have been given as having suggested to him its composition. One is that his narrow escape from death in a storm inspired him to portray in verse the thoughts and sensations of a Christian in deadly peril. Another is that as he stood by an open window on a summer day, a little bird, sorely pressed by a hawk, sought refuge in his bosom, and that then and there he conceived the idea of pointing out the soul's one sure place of safety in time of danger.

A family tradition states that Charles Wesley was preaching in the fields of Killielee, County Down, Ireland, when he was attacked by a number of men who did not approve of his doctrine. He sought safety in a farmer's house near by. The farmer's wife told him to hide in the milk-house down in the garden. Soon the mob came, demanding the fugitive. She sought to quiet them by offering to get refreshments. Going down to the milk-house, she told Mr. Wesley to get through a rear window, and hide under the hedge. It was while here, with the cries of his pursuers all about him, that he wrote his immortal hymn. Whatever may have been the inciting motive, the same can be said of Wesley as was said of Sidney Lanier, the gifted Southern poet, "God taught him."

Many interesting incidents connected with this hymn might be written. Some years ago a ship was being dashed to pieces on a rocky shore. As she drew nearer the shore, when the winter twilight faded into night, a few men could be dimly seen desperately clinging to the rigging. It was impossible for a small boat to live in such a sea, and there were no other human means of rendering aid. One by one the sailors hopelessly gave up the struggle, and their bodies were cast upon the beach. It was thought

that all had perished, when, in a momentary lull in the roar of wind and the booming of the waters, a man's pleading voice was heard, away off in the blackness, singing:—

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O, receive my soul at last!"

The watchers heard no more. The voice was stilled forever; the sailor had reached "his desired haven." Soon tender hands drew his body from the surf, and the next day it was laid away under the trees in the near-by churchyard. On quiet Sabbath mornings, when the fisher folk gather for their devotions, the story of the storm and the song is often repeated.

The cheering words of this matchless hymn, wedded to deathless music, will continue to sound along the years, making the world better, faith stronger, and God more real.

AGNES ROBERTSHAW.

The Two Seeds — a Parable

A LITTLE seed in the forest was awakened by the rain and the warmth, and started to grow. It sent a tough root downward and a sturdy little shoot upward. Patiently it struggled for many years, though the shade was deep and the place crowded. It drew with all its might on the soil for strength, and pushed upward and upward till at last its top reached the sunshine and free air above the forest. Its trunk meanwhile became thick and strong, and with its roots fixed deep in earth and wrapped about the stones, it was fitted to stand for centuries.

Another seed woke to life at the same time. It was as hardy as the first, but before it had grown very high it found that the soil had stones in it, and that the surrounding trees would hinder it from branching out freely if it grew upward. So it became discouraged with trying to grow up, and instead sent its branches out sidewise among the trunks of the other trees. This was easier than growing up, and, although it made its branches as strong as it could, the vines and undergrowth twined about them, dragged them to the ground, and choked their life out. So the tree perished and left no descendants in the forest; but its spirit is more persistent in the human race. Indeed, all mankind seems naturally more willing to follow the easy way, at whatever risk of ultimate destruction, than to attempt in faith to perform their part in the plan of the universe.

W. SPICER.

Are They Moslem or Christian?

THERE are about fifty thousand people in the country around Ezeroum, Trapezund, Chaldea, and Neo Cæsaria (Asia Minor) who, though outwardly conforming to Mohammedanism, have for generations remained secret Christians. They are called Stavriotes. They have gone to mosques, but used Christian prayers there, have had two names, one Christian and the other Moslem, and have administered secret baptism, and used Christian marriage ceremonies. Their whole story recalls that of the Jews of Spain in the sixteenth century, who accepted Catholicism, became priests and even bishops while secretly continuing their Mosaic worship. With the announcement of religious freedom these secret Christians are throwing off the mask and openly announcing themselves followers of Christ.—*The Missionary Review of the World.*



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Time to Rise

A BIRDIE with a yellow bill
 Hopped upon the window-sill,
 Cocked his shining eye, and said:
 "Ain't you 'shamed, you sleepy-head!"
 —Robert Louis Stevenson.

System

EVERY night my prayers I say,
 And get my dinner every day;
 And every day that I've been good
 I get an orange after food.

The child that is not clean and neat,
 With lots of toys and things to eat,
 He is a naughty child, I'm sure,
 Or else his dear papa is poor.
 —Robert Louis Stevenson.

The Land of Nod

FROM breakfast on through all the day
 At home among my friends I stay,
 But every night I go abroad
 Afar into the land of Nod.

All by myself I have to go,
 With none to tell me what to do —
 All alone beside the streams,
 And up the mountainsides of dreams.

The strangest things are there for me,
 Both things to eat and things to see,
 And many frightening sights abroad,
 Till morning in the land of Nod.

Try as I like to find the way,
 I never can get back by day,
 Nor can remember plain and clear
 The curious music that I hear.
 —Robert Louis Stevenson.

A Day in the Woods

"HELEN, run up-stairs and get that large covered basket, and you may help me pack the lunch," said Mrs. Arnold, one bright spring morning as she was hurrying around, getting ready to take the children



to the woods. As Helen came down-stairs with the basket, she met Willie and Bessie Gordon in the hall, "O, I am so glad you came!" she cried. "We are almost ready, and I was afraid you could not go." Everything was soon ready, and off they started. The sun was shining, and everywhere they could see that spring had come.

"I wonder if we shall find many flowers," said Bessie, as they turned to follow a path through the woods; "I haven't seen any this spring."

They ran along the path until they came to a pretty creek, and there, leaving their lunch-basket in a safe place, they went in search of wild flowers.

"Which kind do you like best, Bessie?" asked Helen.

"O, I think arbutus is the sweetest, but I never can find it! Last spring Willie found much of it, but I found only a few plants."

"You haven't learned how to look for it; but come down the hill, and I'll help you. It usually grows in low ground under dead leaves. I think you will find plenty down by the creek."

Bessie walked along the banks of the creek, scraping away the dead leaves, and soon found many little blossoms, while Helen went back up the hill-side searching for violets, digging up the roots of the prettiest ones to take home to plant.

Soon Freddie and Willie, who had been chasing a rabbit over the hill, came back, asking for something to eat.

"My dear boys," laughed Mrs. Arnold, "I don't see how you can be hungry already; but if you will go up to the spring and get some water, we shall have lunch when you come back."

When the boys returned, they said there was an old deserted farmhouse over the hill, which they wanted to explore that afternoon. The lunch was spread under a large beech tree, and eaten with unusual relish. After clearing things away, they walked over to the farm. The house was very large, with a row of dormer-windows along the side. The old chimney, covered with a tangle of vines, looked ready to fall down. After looking around awhile, they went back where they had left their basket, and saw that while they had been away two squirrels had been making a feast on some crusts they had left. The squirrels were now up in the tree chattering and scolding because their feast was disturbed.

While Mrs. Arnold sat down to rest, the children ran off again after flowers, and soon returned with their arms full. Then all started on their way homeward, saying they had had a happy day and wanted to go again soon.

LORRAINE FANKHOUSER (aged 13).

"THINK less of your rights and more of your duties."



"And every day that I've been good I get an orange after food"

Church Department

DOUBTLESS those who have thought of the subject realize that in our Adventist churches there is too often a lamentable lack of good deportment by both old and young. Those who have visited churches of other denominations have certainly been impressed with the great contrast between some of these and our own.

Who has not attended service in an Adventist church where there was positive confusion up to the very moment the service opened? — yes, and sometimes even during the silent prayer. When you have opportunity, notice how much unnecessary noise the worshipers make when they kneel; and the noise is doubled if the church is seated with movable chairs. If each person should make just a little effort to kneel quietly, the result would be surprising — and gratifying.

During service people usually — unfortunately, not always — remain fairly quiet, though there are times when the number of persons passing in and out is distressing to the audience, and certainly must be equally so to the speaker. And then what a very noticeable stir in the audience when the minister is closing his remarks! He has been teaching the way of life and godliness, and as he brings his remarks near the close, where he wishes to enforce the vital point of the whole sermon, the people rudely hinder his efforts by beginning a search for their rubbers, gloves, or books, and as a climax, we sometimes lose the last words of the benediction because of the movement toward the door.

It is needless to say that order in the house of God is eminently desirable. Divine worship does not consist in mere attendance at church; in order to be acceptable, it must be prompted by a right spirit, a spirit of reverence. If our conduct is not such as will put us at ease where all is order, then surely we shall never reach heaven; for God has no place for disorder.

Have you ever had an experience like this? A friend attended one of our services. At the close the comment was: "Good sermon, but why are your people so very disrespectful to both the speaker and the house of God?" What would you have answered? I knew there was no possible excuse, and had to accept the rebuke. If a person of this world makes such a comment, is it probable that angels of God are less observant? We all desire to win some soul to Christ. Is our conduct in the house of God such that if we invite people to worship with us, they will see Christ manifested in our very manner?

Can we not as young people decide that our desire for righteousness shall be seen by our deportment in the church of God? The promise of righteousness is to those who hunger and thirst for it. When we attend a service, and immediately afterward begin a social chat about the hundred things that occupy our minds through the week, is it reasonable to think that God will consider us sincerely hungering for the bread of life?

Here are three suggestions for those who desire to see improvement in our church deportment: —

Sit quietly a few moments before the service begins. Kneel quietly, thoughtfully avoiding every noise. Wait a moment after the benediction in silent prayer of thankfulness for any lesson or thought received.

W. S. M.

Our Privilege in Bible Reading

HOMER STUNTZ, missionary to the Philippines, tells of a native who came panting into his presence, his clothes disordered, his general appearance wild. Carefully closing the door, he gasped: "I want to ask you something. My father was dragged from his home when I was a child, and taken away to be tortured because he read the Word of God. He may be dead now. As he was being taken away, the soldiers destroyed our Bible, but my mother tore away a few leaves, which she hid. Those leaves contained the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth chapters of John, and those words are in my heart! Tell me, can I read the Bible now?" Homer Stuntz, pointing to the American flag which was waving overhead, said: "As long as that flag is there, you can read the Bible on the housetop three hundred sixty-five days in the year. — *Sunday School Times.*



"THE most difficult problem any human being has to solve is the prevention of an insidious lowering of his standards." We sometimes feel discouraged at our apparently vain efforts to keep our standards high. This should not surprise us; for it is the experience of the multitude about us, and has been the experience of man for six thousand years; but there is a way to keep our standards high. Christ never lowered his standards, and he will help us. Let us rely upon that help constantly; the lowering of ideals along any line means a lowered life.

"GREATNESS is putting our best into our least duties."



Geysers

COULD you tell, offhand, in an intelligent manner, what a geyser is and how it acts? By the courtesy of Prof. F. O. Rathbun we are enabled to publish the accompanying picture of a geyser in action. It is from a photograph taken by him while on a trip through Yellowstone National Park last summer. This geyser gushes forth only once in seven to nine days.

A geyser is a basin in the earth from which gushes forth at intervals a huge column of hot water. The basin is connected with a tube, and it is supposed that the water in the basin flows back till it comes in contact with melted lava, and then the steam formed forces the water out again. Probably the lava gradually cools; for the gushings diminish in frequency and regularity. Old Faithful geyser in Yellowstone



gushes now only about every hour and a half, whereas formerly it did so every hour.

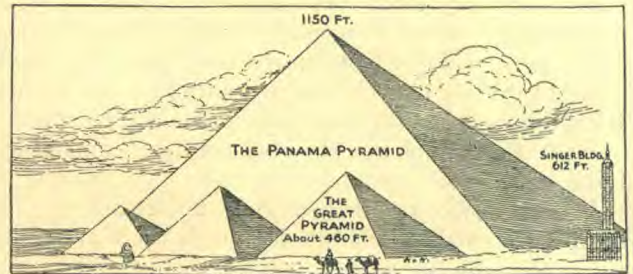
Iceland, New Zealand, and Yellowstone Park are almost the only places where geysers are found today, and they are commonest in the latter place.

M.

The Excavation of the Panama Canal

THE total amount of earth excavated and yet to be taken out in building the Panama Canal under the projected plans, amounts to 214,666,594 cubic yards. Such figures have no real meaning to the ordinary mind, unless they are compared to some existing objects the size of which can be comprehended by the eye.

Those persons fortunate enough to have taken the trip up the Nile, in Egypt, have marveled greatly at the immensity of the great pyramids. And yet if the rock and earth dug out in making the Panama Canal were to be built up in a solid pyramid, the proportions of the Great Pyramid, or Pyramid of Cheops, would seem insignificant in comparison. The "Panama Pyramid," as it may be called, would tower nearly two and one-half times as high as Cheops, and would contain about fourteen times as much material, by volume. In height, it would extend up into the



sky nearly one thousand one hundred fifty feet. The area covered by Cheops is slightly more than thirteen acres. The "Panama Pyramid" would extend over nearly seventy-five acres. Taking the length of an average city block as six hundred feet and its width at the same figure, the "Panama Pyramid" would cover an area about nine times that of a city block. Assuming its base to be perfectly square, the "Panama Pyramid" would be three city blocks long, three blocks wide, and its height nearly twice that of the tower of the Singer Building in New York City.

If these figures are not startling enough, let it be supposed that the rock and earth excavated from the Panama Canal be loaded into six-hundred-foot steamers. About thirty thousand such vessels would be required, and if stretched in line, end to end, they would form a bridge of boats extending clear across the Atlantic from New York to Liverpool.

Suppose, again, that common dump carts, such as used by contractors, were employed to carry away the dirt. Over one billion carts would be needed, and if they were strung out in line, they would extend no less than one hundred sixty times around the earth at the equator.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Michael Faraday

It is impossible in one article to do justice to a character so great and noble and yet so humble as that of Michael Faraday. Faraday was born at Newington, now included in the city of London, on the twenty-second of September, 1791. His parents were of the poorer class, his father being a blacksmith. Young Michael received very little training in school, and was early apprenticed to a bookbinder. While thus employed, a book on chemistry was given him to bind. He became interested in it, and read other books on the subject. Soon after this he became assistant to a bookseller, and, having access to many books, read much on science. Becoming especially interested in chemistry, he performed such simple experiments as he could with an expenditure of a few pence a week. About this time he attended some lectures on chemistry by Sir Humphry Davy. He took careful notes, and later, at the suggestion of a friend, sent them to the speaker, who was so favorably impressed that he secured Faraday a minor position in the Royal Institute.

When Faraday was twenty-two years old, he was taken by Sir Humphry Davy, who had become much interested in him, for an eighteen months' trip on the continent, during which they visited all of the leading countries, and met many of the great scientists of the day, with several of whom Faraday became personally acquainted. On this trip Faraday kept very careful notes, which he found of great value later, especially as his memory was not very good. It was Faraday's practise throughout his life to make complete notes of everything he wished to remember, particularly in his scientific experiments. It was this practise which attracted the attention of his benefactor, without whose influence it would have been impossible for Faraday to have enjoyed such opportunities as he had at the Royal Institute.

Upon his return from the continent Faraday was given a much better position in the Institute, which afforded him an opportunity to carry on experiments that led to important discoveries, among them being many of the laws governing electricity. In 1812 (less than one hundred years ago) he performed his first successful electrical experiment, that of producing an electrical current by means of a voltaic pile consisting of seven halfpence, six disks of zinc, and six pieces of paper moistened with salt-water.

Soon after this, Faraday was married, and lived at the Institute. It is said that in his home relations he added chivalry to affection; and this may be taken as a key-note to his life. Those who knew him best say that although he had a hasty and fiery temper, yet he always controlled it, so that while he was quick to retort and to stand up for what he thought was right, he was always a gentleman. One who was an intimate friend of his for the greater part of his life, says:—

"Underneath his sweetness and gentleness was the heat of a volcano. He was a man of fiery nature; but through his high self-discipline he had converted the fire into a central glow and motive power of life, instead of permitting it to waste itself in useless passion. 'He that is slow to anger,' saith the sage, 'is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.' Faraday was not slow to anger, but he completely ruled his spirit, and thus, though he took no cities, he captivated all hearts."

This very control of his spirit kept him from becoming conceited over his success, and he never got too old to profit by his own mistakes. This is well shown by an extract from the preface to a collection of his early papers and notes:—

"Some, I think (at this date), are good; others, moderate; and some, bad. But I have put them all into the volume because of the utility they have been to me—and none more than the bad—in pointing

out to me in future, or, rather, after-times, the faults that it becomes me to watch and avoid."

His spirit of humbleness, and his ability to profit by his mistakes, were important factors in Faraday's great achievements.

Faraday belonged, as did his ancestors, to the Sandemanians, a small religious sect which had split off from the Scotch Presbyterians. He was an active member of this church throughout his life, at two different times being an elder. The Sandemanian religion was very simple, based upon the Bible alone, with nothing added or taken away. They had no priests nor paid ministers, but used a system of unpaid eldership. The following is an extract from an address Faraday made before a high authority a short time previous to his death, in 1867,

and shows that, unlike some scientists, he did not find his religion undermined by his science:—

"I have never seen anything incompatible between those things of man which can be known by the spirit of man which is within him, and those of higher things concerning his future, which he can not know by that spirit." LEWIS PRESCOTT.



MICHAEL FARADAY

The Enjoyment of Pictures

How many who looked at the frontispiece this week wondered what there was in *that*—if indeed they thought of it at all? How many know that that picture is one of the world's masterpieces? Do you know who painted the original? where it hangs? and that John Ruskin wrote volumes on the work of this same artist? If you know none of these things, then, perhaps, you did not look very long

at the front page. I wish I could suggest to your mind the keen enjoyment there is in pictures, and what a wealth of interest and pleasure awaits those who will seek it.

Let us see what we find in this picture. It was painted by J. M. W. Turner, who named it the "Fighting Temeraire." Why the "Fighting Temeraire"? We see no fighting nor signs of fighting. Ah, but it is the "Temeraire," the ship that with Nelson's flagship at the battle of Trafalgar fought so valiantly! And now behold the indignity! The mighty old ship that has fought such a good fight in her day is being towed away to be broken up. She that has so many times not only maintained her own standing, but repelled attack after attack, now must submit to being towed by a puffing, straining, splashing tug. And, as though to add insult to insult, see how the tug puffs her foul smoke into—as it were—the very face of the "Temeraire." We feel a natural pity for the proud old ship.

Then take the picture as a whole, and see how nature corresponds with the scene. The "Temeraire"

is finishing a glorious career; the midday of her pride and power is past, and she is passing to darkness and oblivion. So with the day; it has been glorious with brilliance, and now, although we see only black and white in our picture, yet we easily imagine the wonderful brilliance of the clouds as they are lit up by the last blaze of light before the sun sinks behind the horizon.

We have seen sunsets, and many attempts to paint sunsets, but somehow in this the very atmosphere of sunset glory pervades the scene. And the ability to put that on canvas is one great thing that distinguishes an artist from a painter.

Recently as I was looking through the Corcoran Gallery here in Washington I noticed a summer scene some distance away from me. There was a broad field and a narrow, dusty road down which walked a woman with a heavy basket. I had not seen the title, but I knew that everything about that picture conveyed to my mind the oppressiveness of midday in summer, and involuntarily I seemed to wish for a fan.

Upon closer examination I saw that details were far from perfect,—in fact, any photograph would be more perfect,—but, nevertheless, this picture had in it what a photograph probably could never have, the very air of "A Summer Day"—as I found the title to be. Until this time I had been unappreciative of pictures by Corot, but now, having discovered one for myself, I became interested in the endeavor to discover another; for I knew he was a great artist.

The same art is needed in painting seascapes. You have doubtless seen pictures of the sea where the coloring was correct, the details arranged properly, everything just as it should be, and yet the sea had not the slightest appearance of wetness. On the other hand, you will see pictures where, before you have examined closely, you realize that the water is liquid. This something is a little difficult to define and more difficult to produce; indeed, if I could, I would produce it instead of writing about it. One instance that comes to my mind is Winslow Homer's "All's Well." It is not a picture of water, but in one corner a little glimpse is caught of dashing sea beyond, and it is most watery.

If you are interested in pictures and have access to it, I suggest that you read Henry Reuter Dahl's article in the April *Craftsman* on Winslow Homer and his work. You will be well repaid, and it will help you to appreciate pictures. And I wonder if you know that Henry Reuter Dahl's experience as a painter of sea scenes particularly fits him to write on Homer's work.

Or, if you have access to a book library only, read some in Emery's "How to Enjoy Pictures," or in some of John C. Van Dyke's books on pictures and their study. Do you say you can not afford to travel and visit the world's galleries? Perhaps not; but that is only a trifle when we remember that for a small sum we may own excellent reproductions of the masterpieces by great artists. Lying before me at this moment are some half dozen of my favorite pictures, and they cost me—a \$500 trip to Europe? No—a little study and twenty-five cents.

W. S. MEAD.

India and Its Needs

The Country

INDIA is one of the world's greatest empires. Its area of 1,766,597 square miles equals more than six tenths of the United States minus Alaska, and would more than cover the region east of the Rocky Mountains.

The population of the empire at the present time exceeds three hundred million, nearly one fifth of the human race. But it is a source of encouragement to the missionary to know that ninety per cent of the population is scattered in villages. Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras are the only cities in the empire with more than five hundred thousand inhabitants. The average density of population is 167 per square mile.

Writers on India usually divide the country into four sections. The first includes the Himalaya Mountains; the second, the plains of Northern India; the third, the table-lands of Central and Southern India; and the fourth, Burma. The most fertile and most densely populated region is in the northern plains, the region of the great rivers, the Brahmaputra, Ganges, and the Indus. These rivers furnish cheap highways of commerce, and afford water for very extensive irrigation.

The climate of India is dependent to a great extent upon the winds, known as monsoons in Southern Asia, but in other parts of the world better known as trade winds. But for these monsoons India would be an uninhabitable waste. And yet they come not wholly as messengers of blessing, for they are sometimes attended by great disasters, such as floods and cyclones, followed by an immense amount of suffering.

The year may be divided into three seasons, cold, hot, and wet. The cool months are from November to March; from this time on till about the middle of June "the hot west wind blows with increasing intensity, and the people take refuge from it, as they do from cold in more northern climes." About the end of June the "monsoon bursts." Then follows the wet season.

The People—Their Religions and Needs

The larger part of the population of India is of Aryan origin. And it is to this same Aryan race that the ancient ancestors of the Persian, the Greek, the Teuton, the Celt, in fact, most of the peoples of Europe and North America, belong. According to the census of 1901, the languages spoken by the people of India number one hundred eighty-five. English, being the language of the government and of the higher education, is rapidly coming into use.

Hinduism, Mohammedanism, and Buddhism are the three chief religions of India. The people of this country might justly claim the compliment paid by the apostle Paul to the people of Athens, for they, like the ancient Athenians, are a very religious people. The following religious statistics have been obtained by the government, although here, as elsewhere, figures do not show the moral strength of the various sects represented. Hindus, 207,147,026; Mohammedans, 62,458,077; Buddhists, 9,476,759; Animists, 8,584,148; Christians, 2,923,241; Sikhs, 2,195,339; Jains, 1,334,148; Parsees, 94,190; Jews, 18,228; others, 129,900.

A well-known missionary, after spending forty-six years of his life in India, says, "India may not

(Concluded on page sixteen)

SPEAK to Him thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.
—Tennyson.



M. E. KERN Chairman
 MATILDA ERICKSON Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, May 27

Missions — India

LEADER'S NOTE.— If possible, reproduce, on a large sheet of paper, the map given below, and locate the mission stations. This should be placed on the wall where all can see it. Excellent help on the program can be obtained from the following books: "Christian Conquest of India," "India and Christian Opportunity," and "An Outline of Mission Fields."

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).
 India and Its Need (eight-minute talk). See page 12.
 The Third Angel's Message Among India's Millions (fifteen-minute talk). See next column and map.
 Report of work.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 4 — Lesson 31: "Christ's Object Lessons," Pages 212-237

Test Questions

1. How did the parable of the barren fig tree apply to the Jews of Christ's day?
2. What warning does it bring to Christians in this generation?
3. Why was the parable of the great supper given?
4. What did the supper represent? The guests?
5. Why did those invited excuse themselves?
6. How does this parable show to how many the gospel invitation is extended?
7. What three classes of people are to be gathered from the highways and hedges?
8. Give four essential qualifications for a successful Christian worker.
9. What special message does this parable bring to us to-day?
10. Give five helpful lessons you have learned from this week's assignment.

Junior No. 3 — Lesson 31: "Story of Pitcairn Island," Pages 181-214

Test Questions

1. Why did Captain Hammond wish to visit Pitcairn? Tell about the sad fate of his ship.
2. Why was it hard for the islanders to care for the shipwrecked crew?
3. How did the crew finally reach the States?
4. How did the crew that was shipwrecked there in September show their gratitude for the kindness of the islanders?
5. Name some of the gifts received from San Francisco. Which do you think was most appreciated by the school?

6. Tell about the first organ on the Pitcairn.
7. Tell about the islanders' visit to the "Shah."
8. What was the population of Pitcairn in 1878? How many doctors were there? How were the laws made?
9. What customs in the daily life of the islanders particularly impressed Admiral de Horsey?
10. Tell about the boats, organ, and Bibles sent from England.
11. Why did the efforts to open business in Pitcairn fail?

The Third Angel's Message Among India's Millions

ON the ninth of July, 1706, Bartholomew Ziegenbalg and Henry Plütschau, two young men from Germany, anchored in the harbor of Tranquebar to begin missionary work. They received little encouragement from the governor. Nevertheless, they began the study of the language, and within eight months Ziegenbalg preached his first sermon in Tamil. "I chose such books," wrote Ziegenbalg, "as I should wish to imitate, both in speaking and writing, and had such authors read to me a hundred times, that there might not be a word or an expression which I did not know or could not imitate." Ten months after his arrival, five were baptized. Schools were established, translations made, and his work prospered. Thus was begun the work in a dark heathen land.

Space will not permit to tell of Schwartz, Carey, Martyn, Schudder, Duff, Anderson, and others who wrought nobly and faithfully in breaking down the bulwarks of superstition and dispelling to a great extent the darkness of the heathenism. A great work has been done in the past for India, but still there is a stupendous task there before us.

Our Work

The proclamation of present truth was begun in India about the year 1893 by some canvassers. Other workers soon followed, and the third angel's message has been gradually but surely advancing.



SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST MISSION STATIONS OF INDIA

All branches of our work have received attention. Every missionary does some canvassing, some medical, and some ministerial work. All these departments of the message are being developed. The *Oriental Watchman*, first published at Calcutta and afterward at Karmatar, has had a wide circulation, and is doing much good. In 1903 Brother Quantock traveled across India in the interest of this paper, taking many subscriptions, besides selling some books. A printing-plant is now in operation at Lucknow. Miss Helen Wilcox met with good success with the health literature in Bombay. Sister Jewett and Anna Orr canvassed in different stations in India in 1904. They used the *Oriental Watchman* and *Good Health* in canvassing the gold-fields. Many of the workers took up the canvassing work while learning the language.

Brother Barlow at Simultala translated some tracts into the vernacular and several thousand have been sold. In 1904 a native brother in Southern India translated some of our tracts into the Canarese language. "Turkey in Prophecy," "The Coming of the Lord," and "Russia in Prophecy" were some of them. A native brother in Burma wrote a tract in the Burmese language entitled "The Law of God Written in the Heart." Brother Meyers, the pioneer worker of Burma, has been successful in scattering literature there. The tract society office is at Calcutta. Our literature is now being published in eight different languages in India.

The medical work is a great help in this field. In 1897 Dr. Place began this work in Calcutta. In 1899 Dr. and Mrs. Ingersoll joined Dr. Place in his efforts, and the medical institution was placed upon a self-supporting basis. Much good has been done and several have accepted the truth by these efforts. Brother Barlow gave some treatments in connection with his school work. We also have canvassing nurses doing a splendid work. Dr. W. W. Miller arrived in India in 1904 and joined the rank of medical missionaries. The sanitarium work was transferred from Calcutta to Mussoorie in 1908. This is a beautiful location in the Himalayas.

Work was begun at Karmatar in 1897, and in 1904 a training-school for workers was opened. Karmatar is about one hundred sixty-eight miles northwest of Calcutta. Our Santal mission is located at Simultala. Brother Barlow has had an industrial school there. Success has been attending his efforts. An effort is being made to have an industrial school at Meiktila, North Burma. Sixty pupils were in attendance in 1910. Brother and Sister Burgess have opened a school in the Garhwal district. The Garhwal school has sixty students. A school is also being conducted in Mussoorie for men, and one in Dehra Dun for women and girls.

Rapid strides have been made in India the past seventeen years. There are now ninety-five workers in that field, twenty-five of whom are native. At the close of the biennial conference of 1908 there were six organized churches, with two hundred thirty Sabbath-keepers. Quite a number have been baptized since. There are now about one hundred Sabbath-keepers in East Bengal. Twelve Sabbath-schools were organized there in 1910. The tithe amounts to about three thousand five hundred dollars a year. Work is being done in seven languages besides the English,—Bengali, Hindi, Urdu, Santali, Burmese, Tamil, and Karen.

(Concluded on page sixteen)



VIII — Death of James; Peter Delivered From Prison; Death of Herod

(May 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 12: 1-25.

MEMORY VERSE: "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry." Ps. 34: 15.

Questions

1. When Barnabas and Saul reached Jerusalem what did they find? Who was Herod? What had his grandfather tried to do when Jesus was a babe? Note 1.

2. What did Herod now seek to do? What apostle did he kill? Acts 12: 1, 2.

3. Who was James? What special privileges had he shared as a disciple of Jesus? What had his mother once asked for him? What cup had he been permitted to taste? Note 2.

4. What led Herod to continue his evil work? What other disciple was seized upon? During what feast did this occur? Verse 3; note 3.

5. Where did Herod put Peter? To whom was he delivered? What was Herod's intention concerning Peter? Verse 4; note 4.

6. Had Peter ever been in prison before? Acts 4: 1-3; Acts 5: 17-20.

7. While Peter was kept in prison, what was the church doing? Acts 12: 5.

8. The night before Peter was to be put to death what was he doing? How was he guarded while he slept? In what way was he bound? How was the door of the prison kept? Verse 6.

9. Who came to the prison that night? What shone there? What did the angel do to Peter? What did he say? What became of the chains on Peter's hands? Verse 7.

10. What did the angel tell Peter to do? When he was dressed, what was he bidden to do? Did Peter know what he was doing? What did he think he saw? What places did he pass on his way out of prison? To what did he then come? What wonderful thing took place at the gate? How much farther did the angel go with Peter? What did the angel then do? Verses 8-10.

11. What did Peter then realize? What did he say to himself? From whom had the Lord delivered him? After thinking awhile, to whose house did he go? Whom did he find there? What were they doing? Verses 11, 12.

12. How did Peter make known that he was outside? Who came to the door? How did she know Peter was there? What did she do when she heard his voice? What did the people say to her? What did she continue to do? What did they then say? Verses 13-15.

13. What did Peter continue doing? When the door was opened, how did all feel? How did Peter quiet them? What did he declare to them? To whom did he tell them to show these things? This James evidently was the brother of Jesus. What did he then do? Verses 16, 17.

14. What took place at the prison as soon as it

was day? How did Herod try again to arrest Peter? When he could not be found, what was done with the keepers? Where did the king then go? Where is Cæsarea? Verses 18, 19.

15. How did Herod feel toward those living in Tyre and Sidon? Find these cities on the map. With whom did these people make friends? What did they desire? Why were they anxious for peace? Verse 20.

16. What display did Herod make before the people on a special occasion? How did the people applaud him? What did they say? Verses 21, 22.

17. Why did Herod make this feast? What did he know? Yet what did he accept? How did the Jews show their inconsistency? Note 5.

18. How was Herod immediately punished? Why was he smitten? Verse 23; note 6.

19. What effect did these things have upon the Lord's work? Who returned to Antioch after their visit to Jerusalem? Whom did they take with them? Verses 24, 25.

Notes

1. When Barnabas and Saul reached Jerusalem with the gifts sent by the Christians of Antioch, they found the brethren suffering from persecution as well as famine. Herod Agrippa, grandson of Herod the Great, who killed the children of Bethlehem in his efforts to destroy the Child Jesus, had commenced to persecute the Christians in order to find favor with the Jews.

2. James, once a fisherman of Galilee, then a favored disciple, had been permitted to witness the healing of the daughter of Jairus (Luke 8:51), and to share the vision on the Mount of Transfiguration (Matt. 17:1), and was one who was chosen to watch with the Saviour in Gethsemane (Matt. 26:37). His mother once asked for him one of the first places, next to Jesus, in his kingdom. In his cruel death James had been permitted to taste the cup of suffering which Jesus drank to its dregs. He and Judas are the only ones of the chosen twelve whose deaths are recorded in the New Testament.

3. The Passover was called the feast of unleavened bread, because no leaven, or yeast, was allowed in Jewish homes while the festival lasted.

4. A quaternion is four; so there were four sets of men, one set for each watch, appointed to guard Peter. Peter was chained to two of the guards, and two of them stood at the door. Knowing, doubtless, that Peter had once escaped from prison, Herod determined this time to make escape quite impossible.

The Greek word Passover is wrongly rendered Easter in this version of the Bible.

5. Herod made this feast to please the people and gain their applause. He knew he was but a man, yet he did not rebuke his subjects, nor refuse to be called God. The Jews had rejected Jesus, the Son of God, but they were ready to worship and bow down to a wicked man.

6. The angel of the Lord "smote" Peter to arouse him from slumber. It was a different stroke that he gave Herod, bringing fatal disease upon him.

2. What faithful disciple did he put to death? Verse 2.

3. What led Herod to continue in this evil work? What other disciple was arrested? Verse 3.

4. What precautions were taken to prevent Peter's escape? What was Herod's design concerning him? Verse 4; note 2.

5. What did the church do in his behalf? Verse 5.

6. The night before Peter was to be slain, how securely was he bound? How did he manifest perfect trust in God? Verse 6.

7. Who appeared in the prison that night? When the angel smote Peter and spoke to him, what occurred? Verse 7.

8. What command did the angel give? Verse 8.

9. Where did Peter go? Did he realize that he was actually released from the chains? Verse 9.

10. How did they pass the great iron gate of the prison? Verse 10; note 3.

11. What did Peter say when he came to himself? Verse 11.

12. Where did he go? What were they doing at this place? Verse 12.

13. Who came to the door in answer to his knocking? What did Rhoda do? Verses 13, 14.

14. How did the praying ones receive the good news? What did they finally conclude? Verse 15.

15. When they finally opened the door, what did Peter say to them? To whom were they to relate the news of the wonderful deliverance? What precaution did Peter take for his own safety? Verses 16, 17.

16. What occurred the next day? What command did Herod give? Where did Peter go? Verses 18, 19.

17. What trouble did Herod have with the people of Tyre and Sidon? How was peace secured? Verse 20.

18. What attempt was made to honor Herod? Verses 21, 22.

19. How was the judgment of God visited upon Herod? Verse 23; note 4.

20. Notwithstanding all the devices of the enemy, what prosperity attended the work of the Lord? Verse 24.

21. Who returned from Jerusalem with Barnabas and Saul? Verse 25.

Notes

1. See note 1 of Intermediate lesson.

2. The Greek word Passover is wrongly rendered Easter in the King James Version. The word Easter is of Saxon origin. "Herod purposed putting Peter to death, but, as a strict Jew, he would not pollute the festival by shedding blood, and therefore had Peter imprisoned till after the Passover. There were four modes of execution lawful among the Jews, stoning, decapitation, burning, and strangling."—*Tarbell*.

3. The Lord does not do for us what we can do for ourselves. The angel freed Peter from the chains which bound him to the soldiers, but he did not put the garments on him. Peter was commanded to gird himself, bind on his own sandals, and cast his garment about him. When they came to the great iron gate that Peter was powerless to open, the gate opened by divine power. The angel stayed with Peter until they had gone through "one street," and were a safe distance from the prison guards; but when the danger was past, he left Peter to go the rest of the way alone. God expects us to use the power we have; and when we have reached the limit of our strength, he will supply divine strength.

God has opened many doors as firmly fastened as the iron gate which was opened before Peter. It used to be said that the Zenanas—the women's quarters—in India could never be entered. "God swung the doors ajar in answer to fervent and faithful prayer and effort." Africa, the Dark Continent, is called "the Continent of Opportunity." Now we are not crying so much for open doors as for open hearts to take advantage of opened doors which none can shut.

4. See Sabbath-School Quarterly, or "Spirit of Prophecy," Vol. III, pages 343-345.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VIII—Death of James; Peter Delivered From Prison; Death of Herod

(May 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 12:1-25.

LESSON HELPS: "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, pages 748, 749; *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: A prison in Jerusalem, and the house of Mary the mother of Mark.

PERSONS: Herod, James, John, Peter, believers, Mary the mother of Mark, a damsel named Rhoda, soldiers, Barnabas, Saul, John Mark.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 34:15.

Questions

1. What did Herod now begin to do? Acts 12:1; note 1.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.,

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - EDITOR

Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-	-	-	\$1.00
SIX MONTHS	-	-	-	.50
CLUB RATES				
5 or more copies to one address, one year, each	-	-	-	\$.75
5 or more copies to one address, six months, each	-	-	-	.40
5 or more copies to one address, three months, each	-	-	-	.20

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THIS week's issue of the INSTRUCTOR represents the efforts in composition and editing of the Foreign Mission Seminary students. Contributions have been made by members of the rhetoric, literature, and journalism classes, under the tutorship of Dr. M. E. Olsen. From the journalism class Mr. G. A. Sandborn has acted as editor, Mr. W. S. Mead as associate, and Miss Leona M. Tuly as proof-reader.

Whatever else may be said for the number, it stands as an effort to put into practical use the principles studied during the year.

The Foreign Mission Seminary

We are near the close of a successful school year at the Seminary. One of the distinctive features this year has been the lecture course. These lectures are given four times a week by our leading workers. Among the subjects taken up are Comparative Religions, by Prof. H. R. Salisbury; Romanism, by Mr. A. J. S. Bourdeau; Evidences of Christianity, by Elder B. G. Wilkinson; The Fundamentals of Our Faith, by Prof. W. W. Prescott; Organization, by Elder A. G. Daniells; Missions, by J. N. Anderson; and The Missionary and Publishing Department, by Elder E. R. Palmer. Notes are taken on these lectures, and are examined and graded at the end of each term.

There are four days of recitation each week, Sunday and Monday being used for practical missionary work in the city and research work at the libraries. Very successful work is done by the students in giving Bible readings, assisting in public efforts, and with our papers and books. We believe that this training in service is according to God's divine plan.

During the year a cylinder press has been installed in the printing-office and a number of students are doing industrial work in that department. The farm and dairy are also in a prosperous condition.

The coming year the school and sanitarium will be under one management. What is now the nurses' dormitory will be used as a hospital. A post-graduate course for nurses will be offered, also a special one-year nurses' course designed especially for those entering the mission fields.

Our only commencement exercises occur during the year when some of our number leave for the various fields. There is an inspiration in these exer-

cises to do better work and be ready at any time to say, "Here am I; send me." S.

India and Its Needs

(Concluded from page twelve)

be the most important section of the globe, but it presents the field most ripe for the sickle of the missionary reaper."

What is the cause of the awful plight of the millions of this great empire? — It is the same as that which accounts for the terrible condition of the great mass of people in all non-Christian lands. It is sin. And the only remedy for such a condition is the gospel, the power of God, which saves man from sin and its evil results. This message of salvation is to be carried to those who dwell in the darkness of heathendom, by those who, having received the promise of the Father, the power for witnessing, will bear witness of that life which was, and is still, the light of the world.

Young people, you who will go from our schools this year to work for the Master, and you who have not decided what shall be your life-work, lift up your eyes and look upon this field, white already to the harvest. This gospel of the kingdom must be given to India's millions before the end shall come. The call which comes to us from India embraces all kinds of workers; for it is a field which needs every kind of labor. Evangelists, physicians, nurses, Bible-workers, teachers are needed.

Our first great need for the evangelization of India is the outpouring of the Spirit of God, which will bring a revival of missionary interest, leading young men and women to consecrate their lives to work for the Master, and all freely to give the means needed to carry on such a great work. The immediate needs of this land of Christian opportunity summon every one who longs for the coming of the Lord of the harvest, to instant prayer, sacrifice, and increased effort, that a loving Father and a saving Christ may be made known to the people of India.

MARY C. KENT.

The Third Angel's Message Among India's Millions

(Concluded from page fourteen)

Professor Shaw returned to India in 1910 to continue his work as superintendent of that mission field. Brother James and wife are continuing the work with the Tamils in South India. Twenty persons were baptized at this mission during one year. A school of one hundred eleven pupils has been organized.

A biennial conference was held in India from Oct. 21 to Nov. 3, 1910, at Lucknow. Representatives from thirteen mission stations were present. Prof. W. W. Prescott, of the General Conference, was there, and all the workers enjoyed the Bible studies conducted by him. After a successful meeting and council, the workers returned to their respective fields with renewed courage and determination to continue the proclamation of the message. Several lighthouses are now stationed throughout this great Gibraltar of heathenism. The work is onward, and the millions of India's sons and daughters will hear the message of the soon-coming Saviour. May others join the rank of laborers there and hasten that glad day.

R. P. MONTGOMERY.