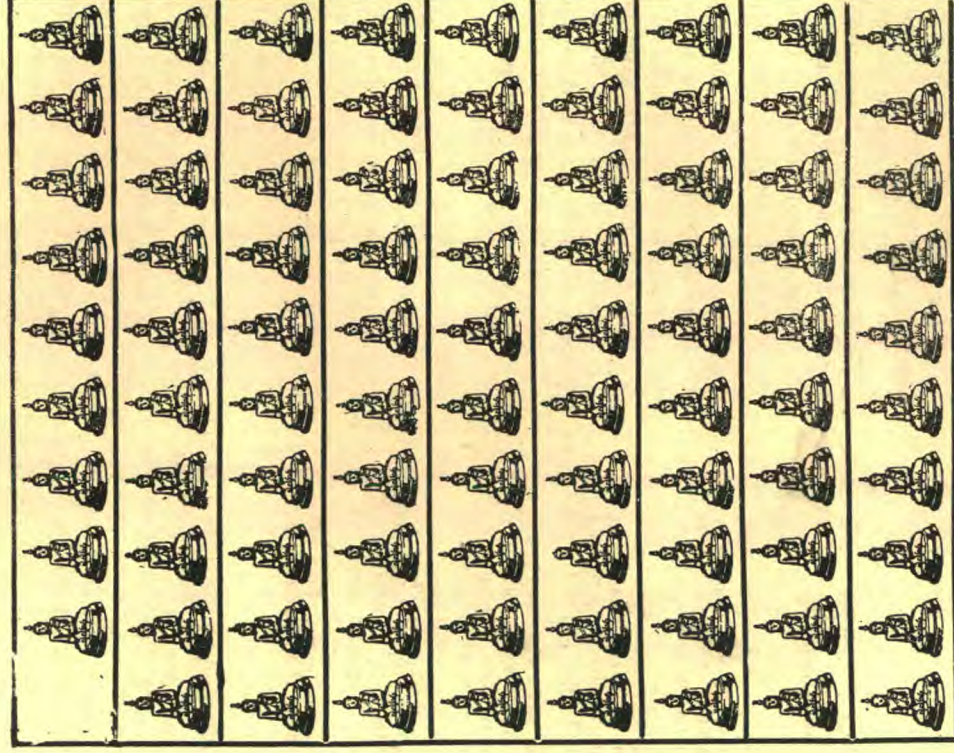


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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ONE IDOL GONE

Each *five* dollars received for missions from the Ingathering services held by the children of the church will remove one idol from the accompanying diagram, and place in its stead a cross. The Glenwood, Iowa, Sabbath-school is the first to report. Their exercises removed one idol. Let us hear what others have done.



TWENTY-SEVEN republics have been proclaimed since the United States asserted her independence.

THE new republic of Portugal has been recognized by every European power except Russia.

THE present queen of England is the thirty-sixth queen consort of England since the conquest.

THE monetary damage done thus far by the present activity of Mt. Etna has already totaled twenty million dollars.

THE number of immigrants received into this country last year was 1,071,887, against 957,106 in 1909 and 410,319 in 1908.

ONE hundred firms and individuals in the German empire are engaged in the manufacture of air-ships and their motors.

A LABORER once asked Bishop Wilberforce to tell him the road to heaven. "Take the first turn to the right, and keep straight on," was the bishop's reply.

THE "ear telescope" is an invention for enabling persons with normal hearing to detect sounds at a great distance, as a telescope aids the eye to see things far away.

MORE than 30,000 deaths from cholera have occurred in Italy since the beginning of the year, and several international congresses that were to have been held there have been abandoned on account of the unsanitary condition of the country.

ACCORDING to an address given by Sir William Ramsey before the British Association of which he is president, there are quite positive indications that not one of the so-called chemical elements are elementary, or simple, unless it be hydrogen. They all appear to be composite.

FOR the temperance campaign now in progress in New Zealand, the conference placed an order for *one hundred thousand* special Temperance Signs and one hundred sixty thousand temperance tracts. If every State conference in our country where there is a temperance campaign would be equally generous and earnest, our attitude as a people toward this great question could not be misunderstood.

NEW USE FOR IRON-HOLDERS.—"Knee-pads made from iron-holders are one of the greatest blessings which I have invented to lighten housework. Simply sew rubber to the iron-holders, thus forming a garter; then, when hard-wood floors must be waxed, floors washed, or any of the countless tasks done that make one's knees so sore, slip these garters on, with the iron-holders, or cushions, on the knees, then there is always a soft cushion in place on which to kneel."

The Sun Cure

WHEN an outbreak of cholera visited Kitchener's soldiers in the Sudan, instead of resorting to the usual disinfectants, he ordered his men to undress and bask in the desert sun. "I believe," said he, "that the sun kills the invisible," and the soundness of his faith was practically verified. Even the terrible sleeping-sick-

ness, which is decimating parts of Central Africa, is checked, and checked only by the invincible vigor of the sun. The disease is caused by the bite of the tsetse. Of this small but deadly foe Sir Frederick Treves, in his book, "Uganda for a Holiday," says: "It is a curious but undeniable fact that this poison-spreading insect dies when definitely exposed to the full light of the sun." So many a disease of the soul can be cured only by walking in the light of his countenance who is the Sun of Righteousness.—*Expositor*.

"Behold! a Stranger at the Door"

THIS beautiful hymn, a prime favorite with old and young, was written by an Englishman, Joseph Grigg. The date of his birth is uncertain, but it was probably in 1720. His parents were poor, and he was raised as a mechanic; but in 1743 he became an assistant minister in a London Presbyterian church. Upon his marriage to a wealthy widow in 1747 he retired from his pastorate, though he continued to preach frequently in the pulpits of his brother ministers. He died on Oct. 29, 1768.

Mr. Grigg wrote more than forty books, and about forty hymns. It is said that he began to write hymns when he was ten years old, and this hymn is probably among the number of those written at that early age. At any rate, it appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for April, 1774, with the title, "'Shame of Jesus Conquered by Love,' by a youth of ten years." That would make the date of the hymn 1730. Only one other of Mr. Grigg's hymns is of equal popularity, "Jesus, and shall it ever be?" ["Hymns and Tunes," page 101].

The five stanzas of the hymn are as follows:—

"Behold! a Stranger at the door;
He gently knocks, has knocked before;
Has waited long, is waiting still:
You treat no other friend so ill.

"O, lovely attitude! He stands
With melting heart and laden hands;
O, matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

"But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very friend you need—
The Friend of sinners; yes, 'tis he
With garments dyed on Calvary.

"Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

"Admit him ere his anger burn;
His feet, departed, ne'er return.
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
When at his door, denied, you'll stand."

—*Amos R. Wells.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LIX

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The Wonder of the Centuries



THE October number of the *Hampton Columbian Magazine* contains a startling article by Mabel Potter Daggett, entitled "The Heathen Invasion." The author refers to the rapidly spreading religious vagaries of the native Hindus in our own America, claiming that "American women are losing fortunes and reason seeking the eternal youth promised by the swarthy priests of the East." The opening words of the article are suggestive:—

Eve is eating the apple again. It is offered as a knowledge of the occult that will solve the riddles of existence.

Yoga, that Eastern philosophy the emblem of which is the coiled serpent, is being widely disseminated here. And before a charm that seemingly they can not resist, *thousands of converts* are yielding to the temptation to embrace its teachings of strange mysteries.

Literally, Yoga means the "path" that leads to wisdom; actually, it is proving the way that leads to domestic infelicity and insanity and death.

They are priests from "east of Suez" who, with soft-spoken proselyting, have whispered this mysticism into the ears of American women.

While the churches of America are spending twenty million dollars annually in the cause of foreign missions, the pagans have executed an amazing flank movement; they have sent their emissaries to us. To-day the tinkling temple bells ring out with a derisive, jarring note in a Christian land.

Seattle has its Buddhist temple; San Francisco has its Hindu temple; Los Angeles has its Krishna temple.

The Vedanta Society of New York has laid at West Cornwall, Connecticut, the corner-stone of a greater temple than these. It is marked, as are stones and trees set apart for worship in India, with red paint, the sacred vermilion. And graved deep in New England granite is set the most holy word of the Vedantists—"Om."

Chicago, Illinois, and Lowell, Massachusetts, have their Zoroastrian temples to the sun, another of which is to be erected at Montreal. At Chicago also, the Bahais, a modern Mohammedan cult, are building their great Mashrak-el-Azkar to represent their sect in the West.

It was the Congress of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893, that, with a spirit of fine religious toleration, beckoned the first holy men from their fastnesses in the Himalayas. That condescension has been fraught with far-reaching consequences. The Swamis and Babas who came to America discarded in India the simplicity of their Sanhyasin garb for gorgeous robes more tempered to Western taste. They arrived silken clad and sandal shod, to prove an attraction that outshone the plain American variety of divine, the minister in a frock coat and white tie. The Easterners were picturesque personalities whom American society welcomed in the drawing-room.

Others of their order, hearing of this triumphant reception, combed out their matted hair, allowed to hang uncared for during the years of sacred meditation, and leaving their begging bowls behind, hurried over to this so much more lucrative field.

When there was started at Green Acre, Maine, in 1896, a summer school of philosophy, which was the outgrowth of the World's Fair Congress of Religions, its platform was an open forum where the Swamis found a welcome. It is via this New England route from Calcutta that nearly every Eastern mystic has arrived and established his vogue in this country.

With this introduction from Green Acre, the land of the Puritan forefathers, the turbaned teachers from the East set

out across the continent. At first their way lay through the populous cities, where the sun rises now on the gilded minarets of their mosques and pagodas. More recently they have reached the smaller towns and villages, where have been formed branches and circles that are exerting a widely increasing influence.

On the banners of many of these cults is emblazoned the serpent, which affects the onlooker as a startling reminder of the evil that entered Eden. It is the symbol that you will see on the gold and enameled badge pinned on a convert's gown. You will find it on the walls of the assembly-rooms. And it appears as the imprint on the literature used at the Yoga classes.

The Yoga class is becoming as popular as the Browning class or the Shakespeare class. It is the direct means by which a Swami reaches the public. Through its aid, the Eastern teaching is gathering a wider clientele than it formerly numbered among the society set that first made it fashionable.



"Her Blessedness," Mrs. Hilton, of Lowell, the high priestess of the sun-worshippers in America.

The leader of the Rhada-khrishna religion, which has its headquarters at Los Angeles, California, openly calls his cult "Hinduism with the halo of its own brilliancy." He says, "*I have made no effort to Westernize it; it is the eternal Hinduism.*"

And yet our American women, women of intelligence, of culture and wealth, are eagerly giving themselves and their means over to this vain heathen philosophy.

The Sun-Worshippers

There are at least *fourteen thousand* Americans who count themselves as sun-worshippers. Their belief is a mixture of Zoroastrianism and Hinduism.

"There are Mazdaznan, or sun-worshiper, centers in thirty cities of this country, as well as in Canada, South America, England, Germany, and Switzerland. *They are all the remarkable growth of the past ten years.*" The leader of this cult claims

that when he came to Chicago in 1901, at the time of his first appearance in this country as the Prince of Peace, he came "direct from Tibet, where he had pierced the mysteries of the Dalai-Lama, bringing back with him this little novelty in the religious line, which he immediately proceeded to place on the market." "It is quite well authenticated that he had come from Salt Lake City, where he was a typesetter on the *Mt. Deseret News*. It is probable that he had at some time been in Persia." His headquarters are in Chicago, where a great temple is located on one of the chief avenues.

That the sun may do its perfect work, the cult encourages the wearing of as little clothing as the law allows. It is Anthony Comstock's prying supervision that has hampered the full exercise of the faith in New York. But on Lowell (Massachusetts) lawns, sun-baths and dew-baths in "angel robes"—and, as has been testified, even without them—have been sights to startle those of the population still living on the earth plane of staid New England common sense.

The Tantrics

Upon another secret order, that of the Tantrics, which

represents the climax of Eastern abominations and is Hindu religion at its lowest stage, the search-light of publicity was recently turned. There are said to be *thousands of Tantric initiates in America*. They are under the direction of five gurus or primates. One of these, who styled himself "Om the Omnipotent," has had his headquarters in New York closed by the police.

The sacred books of the cult are the tantras, dialogues between the god Siva and his consort Kali, the divine mother. The rites have much in common with the worship of Baal and Moloch by the ancient Assyrians. Their essential feature is the adoration of a naked woman, the dancing girl who is trained for the embraces of the priests.

The *unmentionable orgies* of the Tantrics constitute what is known as the "left-hand" worship of Kali. The "right-hand" worship of this goddess as the divinity of carnage and slaughter is disgusting enough. Her great temple, which, with its bathing place, the Kali-ghat at Calcutta, has given its name to that city, is one of the most noted in India, to which thousands of devotees make annual pilgrimage.

There is no more horrible idol in the Hindu pantheon than the figure of Kali.

It is not the worship of images of stone and wood that constitutes the gravest peril in the teaching of the Orientals. It is the worship of men. The guru is the real idol.

A guru's bidding is obeyed even when he tells a disciple that the highest spiritual attainment in Yoga will require the renouncement of home and family ties.

"My husband and children are no more to me than any others equally deserving of regard," Mrs. Stone, the wife of the Purdue College president, coldly proclaims. "My religion teaches that they have no claim on me, and I am free to seek the perfect life alone."

The Boston headquarters of the Vedantist Society on St. Botolph Street is in charge of an American woman who has taken the vows and the veil of an Indian nun of Ramakrishna's order. She is a Vassar College graduate and a rich man's daughter. The Vedantists declare: "We know nothing of former relationships. She now belongs more to us than to her family."

A returned missionary attended one of the meetings held at West Cornwall, Connecticut, the great summer school of Oriental philosophy of America, and when occasion offered, said to the leader publicly:—

"Swami, I have come from your land after twenty-two years as a missionary there. And your religion which is three thousand years old, what, let me ask, has it done for the women of India?"

The Swami hesitated. He laughed disagreeably. "What has yours done for the old maids of New England?" was his only rejoinder.

The missionary's question is the argument for which Orientalism in its most plausible phase has no answer. *That one shrewd sentence punctures the sophistry of the East*. So Julia Ward Howe once gave pause to the flow of Vivekananda's eloquence in a Boston drawing-room: "Swami," she demanded, "if your gods are so good, let your women come to tell us of them."

"Our women," he evaded modestly, "do not travel."

One of them did, however. It was Pundita Ramabai, whose tour of the world, proclaiming the wrongs of Indian womanhood, stirred England to lay a heavy hand on some of the religious rites in India. Have American women forgotten Pundita Ramabai?

Is it any wonder that the missionaries from the foreign field are sending to their home offices in New York and Boston the peremptory inquiry, "What do Christian women mean?" And they echo the question put at the Swami Abhedananda's Ashrama: "What has paganism done for the women of the East that the women of the West want aught with it?"

Woman's position in India is the most degraded of anywhere in the world. Shut within the zenana, she may not even leave the house without her husband's permission. Her hope of salvation is through him whom she regards as a god. She serves him his food, and waits for her own with her face to the wall until he has finished. Child marriage is required, and motherhood is enforced as early as the age of twelve. Twenty-three thousand child widows freed now by English law from suttee, the rite that formerly burned them on a husband's funeral pyre, are reckoned as accursed and are persecuted by social custom.

Thousands of girls, twelve thousand in south India alone, are dedicated as nautch girls to the service of the temple priests in consecrated prostitution.

It is a holy injunction of Manu, the ancient Hindu code, that woman shall not be taught the Vedas, and she is forbidden to pronounce even a sacred syllable from them. One hundred ninety-nine women of every two hundred in India can not read nor write. It was one of these little dark women who sorrowfully drew her chudder more closely about her, and said to a missionary: "O Miss Sahib, we are like the animals. We can eat and work and die, but we can not think."

Literally less than a cow, is a woman in India; for the cow is held sacred. And the soft-speaking priest from the land of the serpent who lures the Western woman with his wiles, holds her also in like contempt. What did the Swami Vivekananda, returning to his native land, tell of his fair American proselytes? The missionaries say that he boastfully spread the impression that they were even as the nautch girls of India.

No stronger appeal for aid can be made than a vivid portrayal of the need; so no stronger appeal for atonement of past negligence and for renewed diligence in spreading the truths of the gospel could be given than the setting forth of the awful hold heathenism and idolatry are gaining in our own beloved country, which for so many years has been reaching out a helping hand to the darkened nations of earth. Surely the Christian world has been sleeping on enchanted ground!

The ideas and principles held by this people on wholesome cookery, water treatment, vegetarian diet, and healthful dress have revolutionized the thought of no inconsiderable part of the world. Is it too much to think that, had we been as active all these years as we should have been in our evangelistic work, the living, loving gospel truths would have so permeated the thinking of American womanhood that this terrible heathen invasion would have been impossible?

Whether or no this happy result would have followed our Christian activity, it is certain that we should now be admonished to redeem the time by seeking out all who will be saved. "Go work to-day in my vineyard," is Heaven's urgent call to us; the fields "are white already to harvest."

The Ones He Blesses

THERE was a small society,—
'Twas not a club;
Some thought, with due propriety,
We'll send a "sub."

The proxies wrapped the papers,
And stopped to pray;
The others—they were busy—
Remained away.

The Lord of hosts was present
With blessings rare;
But only those who labored
Met Jesus there.

And only those who met him
Where prayers ascend,
Found strength to meet the duties
To that week's end.

And some, alas! were never
Impressed again
To meet with those who labor
For fellow men.

The Master waits with welcome
For those who work,
But never a word of blessing
For those who shirk.

If duty calls to labor
In humble way,
If but to wrap a paper,
And wait to pray,

O soul, slight not the duty!
This time may be
The last the Spirit pleadeth
And calls for thee.

MAX HILL.

If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—George MacDonald.



A Morning Watch Thought

THE poem below merits study in connection with our text this week:—

"There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,
But calmly on the tempest that is stilled;

"A peace that lives, not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure,
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses,
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

"A peace there is in sacrifice secluded,
A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'Tis not the peace that over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane."

Words for Doubters

Too Much to Expect

YES'M, she's pretty well, mother is," said the old man, pausing with his foot on the wagon-wheel to answer an inquiry concerning his wife; "pretty well, if only 'twa'n't for worryin' about the children. 'Lizabeth's up to Conway this season, and mother's all the time afraid she'll be took sick away from home. Samuel's got a good place at Tanfield, and he's doin' well, too; but his boardin' place is across the river. Sometimes he goes by skiff, and mother, she can't get over the feelin' that he's likely to be drowned. The two younger ones is home yet, but she says she's anxious about the time John'll be wantin' to strike out himself, and she's always been afraid we'd never raise Car'line. No'm, there's nothin' special the matter with any of 'em now, and the truck has done fine this year. Mother hain't had a touch of her rheumatiz all summer, and she'd be pretty well off if 'twa'n't for worryin'. Christian? Bless you, yes, this forty year! She ain't afraid but what the Lord will take care of her and all the rest of the world, but seems like she ain't got faith yet to b'lieve he's to be trusted with the children."

Deal With Doubt

Devote as little attention to doubts as possible. Doubts will seldom be reasoned away; they are often lived away. Get into service; put into action the belief you do have, and concentrate energy and attention upon the work in hand. Doubts thrive on attention; they waste away and die in a life that is honestly serving to its limit of knowledge and powers. "All the sin that has darkened human life and saddened human history began in believing a falsehood; all power of Christianity to make men holy is associated with believing the truth."

Dr. Archibald Alexander had a wide experience in dealing with doubters, and his counsel was marked by thorough common sense and great familiarity with the ways of the Spirit. A theological student once called on him in great distress of mind, doubting whether he had ever been converted. The old doctor encouraged him to open his mind to him. After he was through, the aged disciple, laying his hand on his

head, said: "My young brother, you know what repentance is, what faith is. You think you once repented and once believed. Now don't fight your doubts; go all over it again, repent now, believe in Christ now; that is the way to have a consciousness of acceptance with God. I have to do both very often. Go to your room and give yourself to Christ in a moment, and let your doubts go. If you have not been his disciple, be one now. Don't fight the devil on his own ground. Choose the ground of Christ's righteousness and atonement, and then fight him."

Not Above Temptation

"No man is so weak as the man who is sure that he is strong. And no man is so strong as the man who knows that he is weak, and who seeks the strength that is not of himself. A recent novelist says of a character who had faced and conquered a desperately subtle danger: 'Temptation had assailed him; but his strength had lain in the consciousness that he was not above temptation.' Another man, in real life, knew that he was shortly to be put directly in the path of temptation, and knew that he would then *want* to yield, though now he did not; he prayed, therefore, that Christ would hear his present prayer to be kept from yielding when, later, he would not have the moral strength to pray; and the prayer of the man who knew he was weak was heard and answered. Let us pray to be kept from the sure disaster of imagined strength."—*Selected*.

The Heavenward Movement of the Soul

It is said that if you take one of a migratory flock of birds out of the line which the God-given instinct has formed and is guiding to its distant home, and cage the bird behind iron bars, it will beat its wings against the cage in its frantic efforts to rise and go on its journey. But let the season pass in which birds migrate, then open the cage, and your bird will not go. You may take it in your hand and toss it high into the air; it will be of no avail. The instinct for motion has passed; the bird returns heavily to the same spot. So decisions for Christ may be delayed until there is no desire to be his.—*Selected*.

The Strongest Appeal

A MINISTER visited a college to tell the students about India, and to invite them to become missionaries. He assured them that they would have a good time, a decent house with a sheltering veranda, and plenty of servants to wait upon them. Not a man volunteered! A few months afterward, a man went to the same college from the Kongo, to ask for volunteers to step into the gaps which had been made by missionaries who had lost their lives. He said to them, "It will most likely mean death to you;" but six of them forthwith offered their services. It is Christ's way to call for those who will press through the narrow gate.—*Selected*.

ONE ship goes east, another west,
By the selfsame winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That determines the way they go.
Like the winds of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we voyage along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal,
And not the calm or the strife.
—Quoted in "Immanuel," by Newton N. Riddel.

A Trip to Crater Lake, Oregon

J. A. HOLTON



HAVING decided to visit this wonderful lake, we bought the necessary provisions, loaded our wagon, and by four o'clock Friday afternoon left Klamath Falls for a two days' drive.

Our road lay across a rough, sandy, dusty portion of the country, with but few scattering houses. For the first few miles of the journey the country was quite mountainous, and we passed through much sand and sage-brush. Shortly before sundown we arrived at the place we had hoped to reach, cared for the horses, made a com-

expended in forming this great crack in the earth. Far below, one can see the creek like a small silver thread rushing impetuously toward the lower land; here and there it rushes through the rocks with such force that it may be heard at quite a distance. We kept climbing, and soon were at the entrance of the park, the elevation being 4,780 feet above sea-level. Here we ate our dinner, and after an hour's rest we resumed our trip through the park, and by sundown we were at our last camping-place, but a mile or so from the crater's edge.

We hastened to unhitch the horses, as we wanted to see the lake at sunset. It certainly was a grand sight; there we stood upon the rim of a once lofty mountain peak, seven thousand seventy-six feet above the level of the sea; one thousand feet below us lay the wonderful lake, beautiful and majestically sublime; there within the bosom of the caldera—the only caldera in the world—lay this beautiful body of water,—one of nature's rarest gems. The lake covers an area of over twenty square miles, yet it appears to cover but a few hundred acres. Imagine such a body of water surrounded by walls all the way from one to two thousand feet in height, some of them almost perpendicular, forming a picture of rare beauty. In some places the sides are wooded, and in other places the bare rocks

appear; while in others the sides, which slope at an angle of about sixty degrees toward the cold blue waters of the lake, appear as if there had been a recent landslide, for there is nothing but a stretch of sand.

Out in the lake about two miles and a half from the hotel, but appearing only a quarter of a mile or so, is Wizard Island, which seems like a small piece of ground not over one hundred feet in height; but on inquiring we learned that it is eight hundred forty

portable camp-fire, and were soon ready for the Sabbath. We spent a pleasant Sabbath, away from the din of the city and apart from the cares of life. Sunday morning at four o'clock, after a hasty breakfast, we were on our way again; our route lay over a splendid stretch of country, with some hills to climb, but with enough change of scenery to make the day a pleasant one, long to be remembered. By noon we had reached Budd Spring, a government camp, where we stopped and partook of our luncheon. Here we found a spring with water almost ice-cold, and as clear and pure as can be found anywhere.

We were now in the woods, and from this point on we found our road circling through tall trees and brushy tracts, and running along the Klamath lakes. By Sunday night we were forty-three miles from Klamath Falls; and, fortunately, as dusk overtook us, we found ourselves beside Cherry Creek, a stream of good clear water. After staking the horses out and building a fire, we had our supper, and retired for the night. By six o'clock Monday morning we were on our way again; and although we had enjoyed the trip, we were glad to learn that by night we should be at our journey's end. At ten o'clock we came to Anna Creek, and followed it for several miles. This creek is nothing but a great fissure in the surface of the earth, which doubtless was formed at the time that Mt. Mazama fell in, forming Crater Lake. Anna Creek Cañon is indeed an interesting sight, and one marvels as one stops to consider the tremendous force

feet above the lake, and that it contains over six hundred acres. I was surprised, and remarked a little later to a visitor that it did not seem possible that it contained so much land. "No," said he, "it doesn't seem as if it would contain that much." Later I discovered that he referred to the whole lake. He did not think that even the lake would cover six hundred



acres; but when I told him that the island alone did, he was quite incredulous. We crossed the lake, climbed the volcano, and went down into its crater. There was snow in it, even though it was in August. All about the base there are great boulders of lava, some of them weighing tons. This peak is what remains of a mountain which at one time reared its head high above the surrounding country,—a mountain which, as scientists tell us, was as high as Mt. Washington. Sometime, but when no one knows, this stupendous mountain took a tumble and fell into itself, so to speak, and to-day we have a lake instead of a tall, towering mountain. Try to imagine an explosion great enough to blow up a mountain nearly six miles

high position one can look off and see the Coast Range, as well as other ranges; the Klamath lakes and country also show up well from this point. One marvels as one sees the way the earth is broken up. Surely this is the result of sin, for it does not seem that it could have been the original design of an all-wise Creator to have so much waste, barren land stretching across the continents, occupying room but producing little.

In traveling through this world, one sees many things of interest,—things sublime; things beautiful; things majestic; things that move one to tears,—but all these things are not worthy to be compared with what we shall see in the earth made new. Certainly a home in that country is worth striving for, and an inheritance in that land worth working for.

Surrounded by God

I WAS attending a prayer-meeting when a poor woman rose to speak, and I looked at her, wondering what she could say, little thinking that she was to bring a message to my soul. She said she had great difficulty in living the life of faith on account of the second causes that seemed to control nearly everything that concerned her. Her perplexity became so great that she began to ask God whether or not he was in everything. After praying for a few days, she had what she described as a vision. She thought she was in a perfectly dark place, and that there advanced toward her from

a distance a body of light which gradually enveloped her and everything around her. As it approached, a voice seemed to say, "This is the Presence of God."

While surrounded with this Presence, all the great and awful things of life seemed to pass before her,—fighting armies, wicked men, raging beasts, storms and pestilences, sin and suffering of every kind. She shrank back at first in terror, but she soon saw that the Presence of God so surrounded and enveloped each one of these that not a lion could reach



in diameter, and containing over eleven cubic miles of earth and stone. Think of the power pent up within the bosom of the earth!

While viewing the lake, I recalled an old legend that the Indians near Hood River and The Dalles hold. They say that at one time the river at the latter place was spanned by a great natural bridge, and that at some time in the past this fell in. Is it not within the realm of possibilities for this bridge to have fallen at the time when this great Mt. Mazama caved in?

When one is on the lake, the water appears like bluing of the deepest hue. This is an optical illusion; but many, not realizing it, carry some of it away in bottles to show their friends the color, but alas! they find that they have been deceived; for the water is as clear as any ordinary water. While the water out in the lake appears of a deep blue, it has a beautiful deep turquoise tint around the shores. Almost all the colors of the rainbow are reflected at various places around the shores.

I arose at three o'clock one morning to observe the lake. It appeared like a molten sea of lead, or as a lake frozen over with some snow in the ice. One should plan on seeing it at sunrise and at sunset, and by moonlight, as well as at noontide.

Crater Lake has a depth of 1,995 feet in its deepest place, and here soundings show that there is a plain several miles in extent.

My gentleman companion and I climbed to the point from which a photographer is supposed to have fallen last winter. It was a hard climb, but we felt well repaid after reaching the top, which was at an elevation of 8,060 feet. Few persons make this climb, as it is very steep; but it is well worth the effort. From this



out its paw, nor a bullet fly through the air, except as his Presence moved out of the way to permit it. And she saw that, let there be ever so thin a sheet, as it were, of this glorious Presence between herself and the most terrible violence, not a hair of her head could be ruffled, nor anything touch her, unless the Presence divided to let the evil through. It was so also with the small and annoying things of life.—*Selected.*

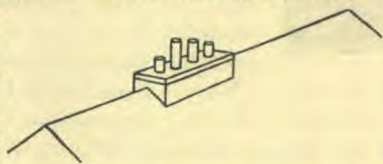
Some English Peculiarities

A. GREENE HORNE

THE first thing that strikes one on seeing Liverpool is the marked color of the houses. Entire blocks have bright Turkey red roofs; others have slate-colored roofs. There are no wooden shingles; but what appears at first to be shingles, used not only on the roofs but on the sides of the houses as we do wooden shingles, are brownish-red tiles of burnt clay, made in the shape of shingles. There are roofs covered with tiles of a different shape, set in mortar; and there are slate roofs.

Another noticeable fact is that there are no wooden buildings. In the suburbs of Liverpool there are no shacks, as one often sees in American cities, but the houses are solidly built. As we passed through towns where evidently were the quarters of working men, we noticed always the same appearance of solidity. Even the fences and wood-sheds are of stone and brick. Lumber (always called timber here) is scarce and expensive. This would, to a certain extent, decide in favor of other building materials; but in addition to this, the Englishman tends always to build that which is substantial; he knows that it is far cheaper in the long run. In going through the railway towns, one is surprised to see such a large proportion of modern houses. The very old houses are comparatively few.

The chimney will at once strike one as curious. I do not remember seeing a chimney that did not have a tile chimney-pot coming out of each flue. These are of all shapes, and are usually of various lengths. The Englishman seems to think these unsightly additions to his chimney are necessary. Riding, as one sometimes does on a suburban train, just above the roofs of the houses the forest of these potted chimneys on the tiled roofs presents a unique appearance, different entirely from anything seen in the States. I attempt a rough sketch of one of these chimneys. There may be one pot, or as many as five or six, according to the number of separate flues in the chimney.



The streets and the roads are generally in admirable condition. This is the home of macadamized roads. The inventor of this form of road is still living, not many miles from Caterham. The impression one gets from the roads here is that we in the United States have not learned the process of macadamizing roads, or we do not have the right material, or we prefer short-cut methods which produce poorer results.

Better than the ordinary macadamized road is the tarred road. Over the macadam a layer of gas-tar is brushed in, and then broken stone almost as fine as coarse sand is rolled in. In a short time the road seems like one of our asphalt roads, and is as resilient as rubber. This tarring process is repeated every year. It is no wonder that there are so many motor-cars, motor-bicycles, and ordinary bicycles when we consider the excellent roads.

To-day, walking along Holborn, I could not help observing the large number of shops devoted to the sale of bicycles, both motor and ordinary. As far as I can judge, they are very largely of English make.

The American typewriter takes the lead here, and perhaps the American sewing-machine. The opinion

prevails in America that many American factories ship their surplus stock to Europe, and dump it on the markets at prices lower than in America. But a careful comparison of prices will convince one that Americans are not giving the Englishmen the advantage of any such snap bargains. I am told that a good American sewing-machine can not be bought for less than sixty dollars. Other things of that kind are in proportion. The American manufacturer is not over here for his health.

A Fatal Yielding to Custom

AMONG the jokes played upon freshmen in a school in the State of Ohio, was that of tying boys upon the railroad tracks when the last scheduled train of the night had passed. Being a rural place, this train departed from the station early in the evening. Of course the newly arrived students were kept in total ignorance of the time when the last train would pass through the town, otherwise the *joke* would prove jokeless. A minister of the gospel decided that his boy should attend this school, and accompanying him there, was told by the boys of the custom. Instead of objecting, he entered into the plan of the older students, and helped them tie his own boy to the tracks, believing it would test his stamina. Boys thus bound were allowed to remain alone for an hour or two, when they were released. After tying the preacher's boy, the company departed for a walk, intending to return in an hour's time and take the boy back with them to the school. That night it became necessary to send an *extra* train down the line, and the engineer, ignorant of the situation, ran the engine over the bound boy, who was instantly killed. The whistle of the approaching engine startled the company of boys responsible for the tragedy, and they ran toward the station, but arrived too late to save their schoolmate. The father was heart-broken as he gazed at the mutilated body of the boy he loved. It was a bitter experience. He learned the lesson, and from then until now has put the power of his life into an effort to end practical (?) jokes of all kinds. Truly the path of safety is the path of peace.

In Takoma Park a case occurred recently which, while not ending disastrously, caused inconvenience and financial loss to those upon whom it was played. A few boys succeeded in attaching a button to the window of a house situated in a rather lonely place. At night they hid behind trees, and occasionally pulled a string which caused the button to hit the window. The family had been reading about spirit manifestations, and were in constant fear lest they should develop in the house in which they lived. When the persistent knocks upon the window were heard, they concluded that the noise was caused by departed spirits, and in a day or so moved away from the place. It was only a joke, yet it caused this family much alarm, as well as the cost of moving from one place to another. Later when the boys told them the true cause of the knocking upon the window, the family refused to acknowledge it, persisting in the belief that the noise was caused by the spirits of the dead.

The so-called practical joke should be shunned as one would shun the plague.

JOHN N. QUINN.

For Prospective Missionaries

(Concluded)

W. C. HANKINS

[The following article is an extract from a personal letter written to one who had made of Elder Hankins many inquiries about things of especial interest to prospective missionaries to China. The suggestions given are of general interest, we believe.]



YOU ask if a physician can do more than a common nurse or a B. A. or a B. S. Yes, I consider that a physician has the very best chance of doing profitable work for the Chinese if he is desirous of using his knowledge as an entering wedge for preaching the gospel. No one can do as much as the real medical missionary.

While I believe that a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew is a good thing, yet I would not especially recommend their study to the prospective missionary to China, as there are so many other things that would be of more use to him in this field. He should acquire a thorough knowledge of history, especially as it concerns the people of God and the events prophesied of in the Bible. A careful study of Gibbon's "History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," D'Aubigné's "History of the Reformation," and some good church history, besides other important histories, and the biographies of the Reformers and noted missionaries, would be of great use to him in his work.

One necessary requisite for a person planning for missionary work in China, is an overwhelming love for souls, a love that will overlook the peculiarities of dress, manners, and customs, as well as the faults of the people among whom he labors, and who will see in this people precious souls whom Jesus died to save. It is not well to mention often the fact that one is an American, or to compare China unfavorably with one's own country; it is better to keep ever before one's mind that one's home is not on earth but in heaven.

It may seem unnecessary to add that a thorough knowledge of the Bible and the special truths for this time is an absolute necessity, whether the missionary be a minister, doctor, editor, teacher, or canvasser.

A preparatory practical experience in canvassing and in Bible and tent work is a valuable acquisition for a foreign missionary. We can not emphasize too strongly the necessity for the consecrated Christian worker to have a thorough knowledge of the Word; compared with this all other lines of education, whether they be literary, scientific, or medical, are of small value; and on this knowledge of the Word, allied with a divine love for souls, depends one's measure of success as a mission worker. There is only one thing more important, and that is to know God and to love him supremely.

Lady workers should be able to give most of the simple treatments for the relief of the sick, and especially should they be good cooks. They should make a thorough study of cookery so as to be scientific in what they do, and be able to prepare food that will be palatable and healthful. In a country like this, much depends on the cook. Each girl should also take a course in dressmaking so she will be able to draft her own patterns. When one is thousands of miles from a pattern and can not hire a dressmaker, it is worth while to be able to make one's own clothes. We would recommend a course in both instrumental and vocal music to all who can possibly take it, both men and women.

You ask how long it takes to learn the Chinese language. A lifetime; but the beginner can generally acquire enough of a vocabulary in a year or two so that he can preach quite a little, and be fairly well understood.

In this port we can always buy canned fruit and vegetables, such as you have at home, but we use few of them as they are expensive. In season we can buy potatoes, both Irish and sweet, tomatoes, cauliflower, beets, carrots, string-beans, peas, and cabbage, besides a great variety of native vegetables. Then we have all the fruits that we mentioned before as growing in the five southern provinces. We do not have all these at one time, but each comes in its season. Some are very fine, indeed; especially the mangoes, litchis, pineapples, plums, pomeloes, and oranges. We generally send to the States for evaporated apples, raisins, prunes, etc., also for dried beans and lentils. Eggs are cheap here, but not always very good. Butter is shipped in from Australia or Hongkong, and bread, flour, salt, and sugar can be bought here as well as at home. We are able to get an abundance of peanuts and malt honey, which are comparatively cheap. Some places have better markets than Amoy, but others have poorer. Some missionaries learn to live like the Chinese to a great extent, especially those who are fond of rice and vegetables.

One great difficulty that we meet in our work is the illiteracy of the people. We do all we can to educate those who become interested in the truth, and the other missions are making strenuous efforts to educate all that they can possibly reach, and are spending immense sums in erecting schools and hiring teachers, and they even give to promising students who are too poor to pay their own way, their board and tuition. Another difficulty is the superstition that fills this people with such dread of incurring the displeasure of their supposed gods and the spirits of ancestors. At every turn, we meet this superstitious dread. Old people do not wish to allow their children to believe in Christianity because, then, after the old people die, there will be no one to prepare offerings of food and money to put on their graves, and to worship them. They fear that if this is not done, they will be down in Hades without food, money, clothing, and other necessities, and thus become beggar spirits. To meet this difficulty we teach them the truth concerning God, the state of the dead, and the ministration of angels. There are other difficulties, too numerous to mention, that confront the worker in China. We can, however, trust our all-wise Heavenly Father to guide us safely through them.

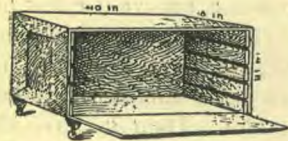
In conclusion, let me say that missionary work in China is "no dream" and "no joke;" for there is little romance and plenty of hard work. If you come here, you will without doubt often be tempted to give up and go back to "civilization." You will often be lonesome, and the devil will tempt you to be discouraged. But if you love God, and love this cause, and love the coming of our Saviour, and love this poor sin-sick people, then come over and help finish the work. There is plenty of work to do, and the workers are scarce. It is a hard field; but God has a blessing for every one who is willing to go to a difficult field and give his life for the work there. God's grace is sufficient to carry one over every difficulty.

Home Suggestions From "Woman's Home Companion"

A Table-Cloth Cabinet



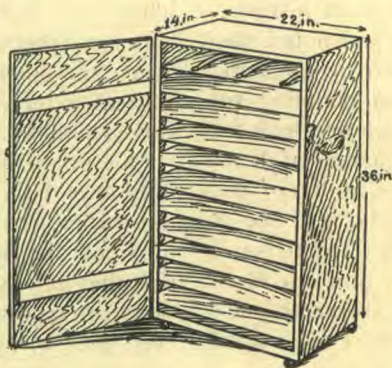
HAVE just finished a cabinet for my table-cloths that is a real joy to me. I used to keep my linen in a drawer; and as it was often the bottom cloth that was wanted, the others would become mussed by handling. The cabinet is made from a good smooth box.



Two-inch cleats are fastened at either end inside, one-half inch apart. The shelves, made of half-inch boards, slide easily in and out of the grooves thus formed. The cloth is laid on the shelf when pulled out, and then shoved into place. Small legs fitted with casters lift the cabinet from the floor, and make it easy to move. It is stained a dark oak to match my dining-room furniture, and it makes a very comfortable and good-looking window-seat.

A Convenient Shirt-Waist Cabinet

For fifteen cents I purchased at the shoe store a large box, 36 inches long, 22 inches wide, and 14 inches deep. Before covering, I fastened two cleats on the inside of the cover of the box. I covered the outside of the box with green burlap, and the inside I lined with pink cambric. The cleats on which the shelves rest I bought at a cabinet-maker's. They are twelve inches long and made of half-inch quarter-round white-wood. These were nailed in after the box was lined. The shelves are made of white cardboard one eighth of an inch thick. They are twelve inches deep and a quarter of an inch shorter than the width of the cabinet. The shelves draw out from the cabinet like drawers in a bureau, and with only two waists on a shelf, selection can be quickly made without disarranging the entire contents, as in the ordinary shirt-waist box. The top shelf is fitted with tapes fastened at different intervals with No. 1 paper fasteners, and this is a most convenient arrangement for collars, belts, and jabots. The cabinet cost less than two dollars, which included a pair of brass hinges for the door, brass handles for the sides, a brass hook, and four casters.



A Sewing-Machine Help

Often when sewing on the machine, my colored silk thread has given out when I lacked only two or three inches of having finished. This meant not only a delay, but the purchasing of a spool of thread when only a few inches were needed. I found out one day that by tying the thread as soon as it leaves the spool to an ordinary spool of cotton thread, I could sew a distance of exactly ten inches. The knot goes through all the openings except the needle's eye, and by being attached to the spool, the thread is held taut.

Serviceable Laundry Accessories

Bags made of coarse open-mesh cheese-cloth about fifteen inches square are very useful. In these handkerchiefs, however fine and fragile, may be safely sent to the tub, for the cheese-cloth protects them from rubbing, while allowing them to be thoroughly cleansed. Marking the bags plainly with one's ini-

tials prevents loss, and makes laundry marks unnecessary. Then, too, if you pay by the dozen for laundry, each bag may contain four or even more pieces, yet will count as but one piece. The bags may also be used to prevent damage to lace doilies, collars, etc., while being washed.

On Drying Day

When laundering sheets, table-cloths, spreads, and like articles, instead of hanging them to dry half-way over the line, place the hemmed edges together and pin securely with edges uppermost, using enough pins to stretch the edges taut. Then a breeze will not whip the corners to raggedness, and the centers will not wear to thinness nearly so soon. Then, too, they are easily folded for ironing as they are taken down.

Watering Plants Automatically

WHEN you wish to be away from home for a few days, and there is no one to water the house plants, this simple device will help solve the difficulty.

Just before leaving, water the plants thoroughly. On a box or old chair in some suitable place set a very large pail, or the wash-boiler, filled with water. On the floor round the box arrange the pots of plants, placing each in a saucer or a plate in order to protect the floor from moisture.

From a piece of unbleached muslin tear strips long enough to reach from the bottom of the inside of the pail to each flower-pot. Fasten all the strips together at one end, and attach to the fastened ends a weight of some kind heavy enough to sink them to the bottom of the pail. Then spread out the strips of muslin all round the rim of the vessel, and lead them to the plants, one strip to each pot, where a nail or a small stone will hold the end in place. In a few minutes the water will work its way up the strips, — just as kerosene runs up the wick in a lamp, — over the edge of the vessel, and down to the plants, and will continue to distribute the water drop by drop as long as any remains in the pail.

The wider the strip, the more water it will furnish; therefore it is best to use wide strips for the larger plants, and narrow ones for the smaller plants. A wash-boiler full of water should supply moisture to the plants for several days; the exact length of time will depend of course on the number of plants and the width of the muslin strips. — *Youth's Companion*.



Is Your Wing Broken?

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK said, "I tell you, my fellow Christians, your love has a broken wing if it can not fly across the ocean." Christ said, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."

Pass no day idly; youth does not return. — *Chinese Proverb*.



Missionaries' Deliverances From Wild Animals

THE history of missions abounds in stories of deliverances from wild beasts and venomous reptiles as manifestly due to divine interposition as was that of Daniel in the lions' den. Indeed, so far as the writer has been able to discover, in an investigation covering more than ten years, there is not on record a single case of a missionary attacked by snakes or animals in which God did not interpose to save his servant from death. The promises in Luke 10:19 and Mark 16:18 did not, apparently, cease with apostolic times.

Yet the loss of life on the mission field from such causes is appalling. In 1900, in India alone, 3,444 persons were killed by wild animals, and 25,837 died from snake bites. But not one of these was a missionary.

In Africa, during the construction of the Uganda railway there was a reign of terror lasting for months, owing to the depredations of man-eating lions. Though great precautions were taken, scores of natives and some white men, including members of the railway staff, were boldly carried off. One bloodthirsty brute actually forced its way into the inspection car of Superintendent Ryall, and, snatching him from his berth, carried him off to the bush, where next day his body was found, partly devoured. During this terrible time, though many missionaries passed over the route, not one of them was harmed.

From all parts of the mission field come stories of deliverances so great that they would seem to be miracles. A few of these are herewith given.

Mrs. Scudder in the Tigers' Lair

While on a long journey across India, Dr. John Scudder, the first medical missionary from America, contracted jungle-fever, and it was thought he could not live. When word reached Mrs. Scudder, she borrowed a tent, laid in a stock of provisions, hired the necessary bearers, and started to him at once, taking her little son with her.

The way led through a dense jungle infested by wild beasts. But all went well until night came on, when the bearers became so terrified at the growling of the tigers that they suddenly fled.

With no human arm to protect her, the defenseless woman spent the long hours of that lonely night in prayer. Again and again she heard the tread of wild elephants, and the low, menacing growls of tigers not far away. "All night long," says her brother, "they seemed to be circling around the spot where she knelt, ready to spring upon her and her child. *But God held them back.*"

In the morning the bearers returned, and the journey was resumed. At its close, Mrs. Scudder found the crisis past, and her husband convalescent.

Louis Dahne and the Serpent

One evening, about the year 1757, a young Mora-

vian named Louis Dähne, who was at work among the Arawaks of South America, went into his hut to rest awhile in his hammock. On entering the door, he saw a large snake descending from a shelf near the roof to attack him. In the scuffle that followed, the snake bit him on the head, and twined itself several times around his neck. Supposing that he was about to die, and knowing his Indians would be charged with the deed, he seized a piece of chalk, and wrote on his table, "A serpent has killed me."

Then suddenly remembering the promise in Mark, "They shall take up serpents, and

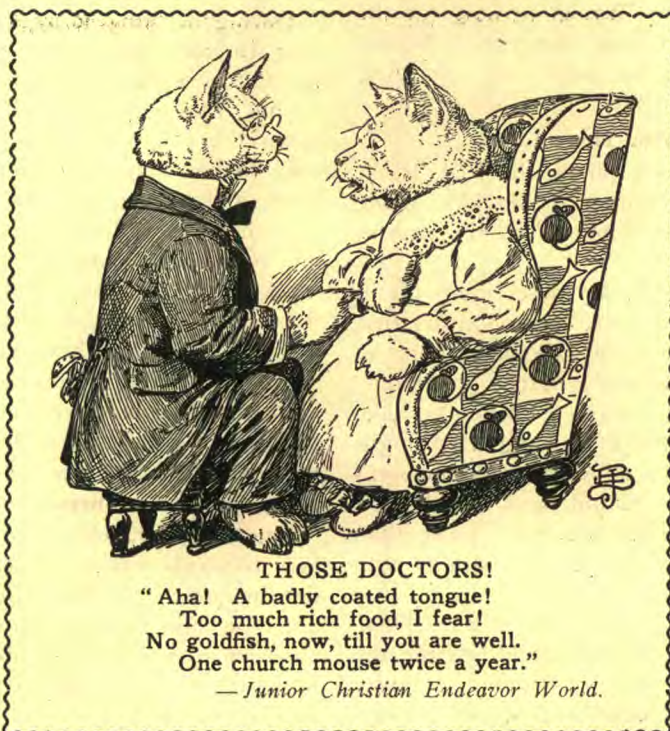
... it shall in no wise hurt them," he seized the creature with great force, and, tearing it loose, flung it out of the hut. This done, he "lay down to rest in the peace of God," and felt no harm whatever.

Delivered from Lions and Rhinoceroses

During his first years in Africa, Mr. Willis R. Hotchkiss, of the Friends' Africa Industrial Mission, had many dangerous encounters with lions, rhinoceroses, and snakes.

One morning, while crossing a ravine with a small party of natives, five lions were discovered on a rocky platform jutting out from the hillside about two hundred fifty yards away. A clump of trees at the crest of the ridge offered protection, but the ascent must be made in full view of the lions.

As the men started up, the lions began to pace to and fro, and give vent to low, menacing growls that meant danger. Escape seemed impossible; nevertheless, keeping their eyes on the lions, the men made



for the trees as fast as they dared. Presently, to their great relief, the lioness trotted off, taking her full-grown cubs with her. As she was the dangerous factor in the situation, Mr. Hotchkiss now dared to turn for an instant to see how near they were to the trees. To his dismay he found two huge rhinoceroses blocking the way. To add to the peril, an instant later the lioness reappeared, and, with a blood-curdling roar, came bounding down the hillside toward them.

The first impulse was to run; the second, a wiser one, to fire. But the lioness proved an uncertain target, and the men did not aim very well. One bullet took effect, slightly wounding her, but soon the ammunition gave out. In this extremity Mr. Hotchkiss turned to God.

"With empty rifle in one hand and hunting-knife in the other," he says, "I lifted up that mightiest of all weapons, prayer. Not a nicely formulated prayer,—there was not time for that,—but just the wordless expression of a desperate need. But it was enough. The infuriated beast had got within seventy yards, when, without apparent cause—but God—she suddenly turned at right angles and dashed away. The day of miracles past?—Never!"

When it was all over, they turned to look for the rhinoceroses. But they, too, had disappeared, having been frightened, doubtless, by either the charging lioness or the noise of the rifles.

A Bicycle Race With Three Lions

On his second journey to Uganda, the Rev. R. P. Ashe, a coworker of the immortal Mackay, made use of his bicycle, or "iron donkey," as the natives called it.

One morning, about ten o'clock, while riding far in advance of the porters, he suddenly became aware that large animals of some sort were galloping along by his side. Though the path was a fairly good one, he was marking it carefully, scarcely daring to take his eyes off it for an instant, not knowing what might be ahead. But, curious to know what his companions might be, he turned for an instant, and found there three magnificent lions! They were not more than twenty or thirty yards away, and keeping parallel with him.

For a hundred yards or so they kept it up. Then, after standing still for a moment, and eyeing the strange white apparition that moved along so noiselessly, they turned at right angles and bounded away. Several times they stopped and looked back, evidently in doubt as to whether they had been wise to run away and lose a good dinner. But at length they disappeared in the bush, leaving Mr. Ashe in peace.

A Wrestle With a Leopard

In the early part of the last century a great deal of trouble was experienced at Groenekloof, a Moravian mission station among the Hottentots in South Africa, with hyenas, which constantly ravaged the flocks. So many sheep and goats were carried off that in August, 1811, John Henry Schmidt, the missionary in charge, started out with a party of natives to rid the place of the pest.

Early in the chase one hyena was wounded, but it got away and could not be found. After a long search Schmidt decided to go home, but suddenly the dogs set up a furious barking, and the people began shouting. Thinking the hyena had been found, Schmidt hurried to the spot. To his dismay he found that the dogs had started a leopard.

Terrified beyond measure, all the Hottentots ran for their lives, except one man named Philip. Instantly the leopard sprang upon him, pinning him to the ground in such a way that Schmidt could not shoot without killing him. His attempts to rescue the poor fellow soon drew the leopard's attention to himself, and it turned upon him, attacking him at such close range that he could not use his gun. Then began a life-and-death struggle.

Lifting his arm, Schmidt warded off the first blow, but the cruel jaws snapped around his elbow, and the huge paws tore the clothing from his breast. Then, like Samson, "the Spirit of Jehovah came mightily upon him," and clutching the leopard's throat with one hand and its fore paw with the other, he threw the beast to the ground, and planted his knee on its breast.

The cries of the two men soon brought assistance, and one of the natives, pointing his gun under Schmidt's arm, shot the leopard through the heart, and the fearful struggle ended. Schmidt was terribly lacerated, and for a time his life was despaired of, but eventually both he and Philip entirely recovered.

Menaced by Rattlesnakes

During his long journeys among the North American Indians, David Zeisberger had many perilous encounters with rattlesnakes.

One of these occurred in 1750 while he was canoeing down the Chemung River. Discovering a flock of wild turkeys on shore, he guided his canoe to the bank, and, taking his rifle, crept noiselessly through the tall grass. But soon a well-known sound brought him to a sudden halt. A moment later a huge rattlesnake darted forward, and bit him on the leg. Had it not been for the thick buckskin leggings he wore, it would doubtless have cost him his life.

About a year before his death, while living in Goshen, Ohio, he awoke one morning to find a large rattlesnake coiled up under his pillow. It had been there all night, yet had not harmed him.

Between Two Foes

One morning, while Robert Moffat was on a journey in South Africa, he left the wagons, and started out in quest of game. Before long he wounded an antelope, and while pursuing it suddenly discovered an African tiger-cat [probably a leopard] glaring at him between the forks of a tree behind which it was hiding. It was turning and twisting its long, spotted body like a cat about to spring upon a mouse.

Having nothing but shot left in his gun, Moffat began to move about as though hunting for something in the grass, meanwhile keeping his eyes on the tiger and retreating as fast as he dared. But alas! unable to look where he stepped, he unwittingly trod on a cobra asleep in the grass. Instantly the enraged reptile coiled itself around his leg, and threw itself into position to bite. But Moffat was too quick for it. Leaping from the ground, he dragged the snake with him, and, without turning around, threw his gun over his shoulder and shot it dead. It measured six feet.

Still Other Incidents

Stories such as the foregoing could be given almost without number. John Heckewelder, a coworker of Zeisberger, in recounting the special providences of God in his behalf, tells of many encounters with panthers and rattlesnakes in which he was marvelously preserved from injury. George L. Mackay recounts no less than six occasions in which he was in imminent

danger from poisonous reptiles in Formosa, and Jacob Chamberlain tells fascinating stories of many escapes from tigers and cobras in India. Dr. House in Siam and Dr. Nassau in Africa had encounters with elephants that well-nigh cost them their lives, and Gertrude Egede had a narrow escape from a polar bear in Greenland.

David Livingstone's famous encounter with the lion that crunched the bones of his arm was not the only one he had with the "king of beasts" and other vicious creatures in Africa. And Bishop Hannington's first journey to Uganda was a succession of miraculous escapes from lions and snakes that opposed him on land, and hippopotamuses that chased him on water. Yet it was savage men, not savage beasts, that took his life at the last.—*Belle M. Brain.*

A Shelf of Cans

THE can that gives light,
A can that is sweet,
A can that is truthful,
And one you can eat.
A can that's a city,
And one to erase,
One spanning the river,
And one that's a pace.

A can that's a savage,
A way for a boat;
A can that's a country,
And one which will float.
One useful in warfare,
A dreadful disease,
And one which can warble
With sweetness and ease.

Candle, candy, candid, cantaloup, Canton, cancel, cantilever,
canter, cannibal, canal, Canada, canoe, cannon, cancer, canary.
—*Selected.*

The Beginning of Knowledge

"O MA, the old hen's sitting on the eggs in the barn! Musn't I shoo him off?"

"Say shoo *her*, not him, sonny. The hen's a little lady, not a gentleman. You must not trouble her now; she's hatching the eggs to make little chickies."

"For fair, ma? Is that the way little chickies are made?"

"That's the way, dear. Won't it be nice to have a lot of teeny, little bits of chicks?"

Sonny in this case was the embryo inventor, Thomas Alva Edison, at the age of five years, but with the spirit of inquiry already in evidence.

"If that hen can do it, guess I can, too," the youngster said to himself; and when the next collection of eggs was ready, he placed them on top of an old wooden box, and attempted his first experiment of imitating the hen, with unexpected results. Instead of being hatched, the eggs were incontinently smashed, and splashed over the seat of the juvenile's trousers! —*New York Times.*

The Cost of Efficiency

It is said that Paderewski, the great pianist, carries with him on the train during his tours, a section of a piano keyboard, and the time that others usually spend in reading or observing he spends in exercising his fingers that they may become increasingly skilful in his already marvelous art.—*The Expositor.*

LET us, then, be what we are, speak what we think, and in all things keep ourselves loyal to truth.—*Longfellow.*



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Secretary
Corresponding Secretary

Study for Sabbath, November 11

The Way to Christ, No. 11—"What to Do With Doubt"

LEADER'S NOTE.—Doubt casts its black shadow over the spiritual life of many a young Christian; and it may some day be the privilege of the Missionary Volunteers in your society to speak the words that shall lead such a one out into the bright sunshine of a perfect faith in Christ. As you study this subject, therefore, note especially the most helpful thoughts, and find satisfactory answers to such expressions as these: "How can I really know the right way?" "I can believe nothing without evidence;" "There are so many things that I can not explain or understand;" "There are discrepancies in the Scriptures;" "Anything can be proved from the Bible." Notice also what is said about (1) the mysteries of the natural world, (2) the result if men could fully comprehend God and his works, (3) the exercise of the reasoning faculties, (4) the reading of the Bible, (5) the real cause of doubt, and (6) the evidence offered to all. You may be glad to make use of the thoughts given in "Words for Doubters," page five.

Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for week).

Bible Reading. See below.

"What to Do With Doubt" (eight-minute reading).
See "Steps to Christ," chapter 12.

Zacharias (five-minute talk). See "Desire of Ages," chapter 10.

A Father in Distress (three-minute talk). See Mark 9:17-27; "Desire of Ages," chapter 47.

Thomas (three-minute talk). See "Desire of Ages," chapter 84.

John the Baptist (three-minute talk). See "Desire of Ages," general index.

Short consecration service.

Report of work.

Bible Reading

What to Do With Doubt

1. WHAT has always kept many from a successful experience? Matt. 28:17.
2. What is the condition of the sinner? Eph. 4:18.
3. How is this to be remedied? Eph. 1:18; Luke 24:45.
4. What are we to do that God may remove our doubts? 2 Tim. 2:7.
5. Even then, how must we understand many of God's works? Heb. 11:3.
6. What do some who are not humble do? 2 Peter 3:16.
7. What warning does Paul give us? Heb. 3:12.
8. Is there any excuse, even among the heathen, for doubting God? Rom. 1:20.
9. What experience illustrates the foolishness of doubting? Matt. 14:25-31.
10. What promise is made to those who do not doubt? Matt. 21:21, 22; Mark 11:23, 24.
11. Will you not seek the Lord to-day for victory over doubt and unbelief?

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5 — Lesson 4: "The Price of Africa," Chapter 4

Notes

TEST yourself by the questions given at the close of the chapters. It is test that brings out how much we know of the subject. There is truth in the saying that repetition is the mother of learning. Answer the questions to yourself now as you complete each chapter. When the review questions are sent you by your conference secretary, you will have fastened the matter in mind so well that the review will be like meeting familiar friends again. Use the map of Africa as well as the detail map of the chapter. Allow your eye to become familiar with the scenes of the work of these servants of the cross in whose footsteps we are called to follow.

Stanley bore the testimony that Mackay was the greatest missionary next to Livingstone he had ever met. The foundation for his great service was laid in the instruction of his home. Great buildings have their foundations laid deep. Ideals early formed leave deep and lasting impressions on the mind.

During his stay in Germany, when thrown into the society of those who did not fear God, Mackay chose the association of those who could help him in spiritual things. The associates that we choose influence our lives far more than do those with whom we are thrown in contact in the ordinary round of work.

Like the apostle Paul, Mackay was able to use his hand as well as his head. His preparation for service was complete; yet every accomplishment was put to good use in opening up that darkened land for the gospel. Every line of useful activity can be of service for the Master when consecrated to him for the advancement of his work.

The progress of the Uganda mission as given in the report rendered at the Edinburgh Missionary Conference last year is as follows:—

"In Uganda there has been a splendid missionary development, the native church now numbering seventy thousand, with two thousand native preachers, evangelists, and readers. To this church Bishop Tucker looks as the instrument for the evangelization of the surrounding country."

Junior No. 4 — Lesson 4: "Uganda's White Man of Work," Pages 89-110

1. How did the unfriendly feeling on the part of some of Mutesa's advisers affect the homes of the missionaries?
2. How did the king come to regard Mr. Mackay, and why?
3. Mention some of the articles that most interested the king.
4. What did Mr. Mackay desire to teach the people? What was one of the principal hindrances?
5. By what method did they teach the natives to read and write?
6. What was Mackay's attitude toward the slave-trade?
7. What was Mutesa's attitude toward the missionaries and Christianity?
8. What was the attitude of the missionaries toward Mutesa?

Defective Sonship

DR. JOHN TIMOTHY STONE tells of a laboring man and his wife, whose son was born with a defective mind, so that he never seemed to realize the relationship that existed between him and his parents. Said the father one day, "We would gladly give our little home and all that we have, or ever will possess, to hear that boy intelligently acknowledge his father and mother; but I want to say that up to this time I have treated my Heavenly Father in just that way." Are you confessing your Heavenly Father before men? He yearns for the acknowledgment.—*Selected.*

"It is surely better to pardon too much than to condemn too much."



V — A Conspiracy; Paul a Prisoner in Cæsarea (November 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 23: 12-35.

MEMORY VERSE: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Ps. 46: 1.

Questions

1. Where was Paul at the time of which we are studying? What false accusation had been made against him? Under what circumstances had he addressed the Jews? What saved him from scourging? Before whom was he called? What caused dissension? Who appeared to Paul that night? What other influence was at work? Note 1.
2. When it was day, what did certain of the Jews do? How many entered into this wicked plot? Acts 23: 12, 13; note 2.
3. To whom did these forty Jews tell what they had done? What did they suggest that the chief priests and elders do to help them? Verses 14, 15; note 3.
4. Who heard of the plot against Paul? Whom did he tell? What did Paul tell one of the centurions to do? What did the centurion say to the chief captain? Verses 16-18.
5. How did the chief captain receive Paul's nephew? What did the young man say to him? Verses 19-21.
6. When the chief captain let the young man go, what charge did he give him? What order did he give to two centurions? At what time were they to be ready for the journey? To whom was he sending Paul? Verses 22-24; note 4.
7. How did Claudius Lysias present Paul's case to Felix, the Roman governor? What did he say the Jews would have done? What did his letter state concerning Paul's guilt? Why was he sending Paul secretly and in haste? Before whom must Paul's accusers now appear? Verses 25-30.
8. To what place did the footmen and horsemen conduct Paul that night? How far on their way was this? What did the footmen then do? Verses 31, 32; note 5.
9. When they reached Cæsarea, what did the soldiers do? When Felix had read the letter, what question did he ask? When he heard that Paul was of Cilicia, what did he say? Where did he keep Paul? Verses 33-35; note 6.

Notes

1. Paul was in Jerusalem, a prisoner in the tower of Antonia. The Jews had falsely accused him of bringing Greeks into the temple. He had spoken to the Jews upon the castle stairs, and afterward narrowly escaped scourging, because he was a Roman citizen. The next day he had been called before a council of the Jews. During the council dissension arose between the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and Paul had been taken back to prison. That night the Lord appeared to him and comforted him. Just at the time the Lord was cheering Paul in his lonely prison, Satan was using his influence on the apostle's enemies to cause them to plan for his destruction.
2. The forty Jews bound themselves with an oath to kill Paul, invoking the curse of God upon themselves if they violated their vow. Such wicked oaths were occasionally made by fanatical Jews, even with the approval of their rulers. In case of failure, they could easily secure absolution, an acquittal, from their rabbis.
3. Paul was in the care of Roman soldiers. It was necessary for the Jews to plot to get him in their power. The chief priest and rulers were to ask Claudius Lysias, the chief captain, to bring the prisoner once more before the council. The

assassins were to lie in wait and murder the apostle on his way down from the fortress, Castle Antonia. There has seldom been a more terrible crime planned under the cloak of religion.

4. Cæsarea, the Roman capital of Judea, was on the coast, almost seventy miles northwest of Jerusalem. Thus Paul left Jerusalem never to see it again. Paul remained in Cæsarea for two years before embarking for Rome.

5. Antipatris was a little more than half the distance to Cæsarea. The presence of the foot-soldiers was no longer needed, and they returned to Jerusalem.

6. The question of Felix concerning the province to which Paul belonged was one that a Roman governor would naturally ask in such a case. Their law was quite strict in such matters. Paul was probably not placed in the common prison. The letter from Claudius Lysias was kindly, and it was within the right of the governor to choose how and where his prisoner should be confined. Paul was doubtless made comfortable in some part of the palace.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

V — A Conspiracy; Paul a Prisoner in Cæsarea

(November 4)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 23: 12-35.

LESSON HELP: *Sabbath School Worker*.

PLACES: Jerusalem; Antipatris; Cæsarea.

PERSONS: Paul; the conspirators; the Sanhedrin; Paul's nephew; the chief captain; the soldier escort; Claudius Lysias; Felix, the Roman governor.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 46: 1.

Questions

1. What conspiracy was formed the day after Paul appeared before the Sanhedrin? What did his enemies take oath to do? How many were in the company? Acts 23: 12, 13.

2. To whom did the conspirators make known their plans? Verse 14.

3. In what way did they wish the chief priests to aid them? Verse 15.

4. Who learned of the conspiracy? Whom did he tell? Verse 16; note 1.

5. When Paul learned of the plot, what did he do? Verse 17.

6. What did the centurion do? How did the centurion receive the young man? What question did he ask him? Verses 18, 19.

7. What statement did he make concerning the conspiracy against Paul? Verses 20, 21.

8. What measures did the chief captain take for Paul's safety? How strong an escort was provided? To what place was Paul sent? To whom? Verses 22-24; note 2.

9. How did he communicate with the governor? How did he begin the letter? Verses 25, 26.

10. What did he say of his own connection with the matter of Paul's seizure? Verse 27.

11. What did he say as to the charges against Paul? What testimony did he give as to Paul's innocence? Verses 28, 29.

12. What commandment did he say he had given to Paul's accusers? Verse 30.

13. How far did the soldiers accompany Paul? Verse 31; note 3.

14. Who accompanied him to Cæsarea? When they arrived at Cæsarea, what did they do? Verses 32, 33.

15. When Felix had read the captain's letter, what question did he ask? Verse 34.

16. What did he say to Paul? What order did he give concerning him? Verse 35; note 4.

Notes

1. "When Peter had been made a prisoner and condemned to death, the brethren had offered earnest prayer to God day and night for his deliverance. But no such interest was manifested in behalf of him who was looked upon as an apostate from Moses, a teacher of dangerous doctrines. It was not to the elders whose counsel had brought him into this dangerous position, but to the watchful sympathy of a relative, that Paul owed his escape from a violent death."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul* (Mrs. E. G. White), page 226.

"This mention of Paul's relative is one of those touches which make the whole world kin. From this we may infer that some, at least, of Paul's family were reconciled to him, and perhaps that they occupied an influential position, within reach of information about the secret policy of the high priest."—*Acts of the Apostles* (Rackham), page 438.

2. "Lysias gladly improved this opportunity to get Paul off his hands. He was the object of so great animosity, and his presence created so wide-spread an excitement, that a riot might occur among the people at any time, with consequences dangerous to the commandant himself. The Jews as a people were in a state of excitement and irritation, and tumults were of frequent occurrence. A short time previous, a Roman knight of far higher rank than Lysias himself, had been violently taken and dragged by the maddened Jews around the walls of Jerusalem, and finally beheaded, because he received a bribe from the Samaritans. Upon the suspicion of similar crimes, other high officials had been imprisoned and disgraced. Should Paul be murdered, the chief captain might be charged with having been bribed to connive at his death. There was now sufficient reason to send him away secretly, and thus get rid of an embarrassing responsibility."—*Sketches From the Life of Paul*, page 227.

3. "The escort and their prisoner marched all night to Antipatris, a distance of about thirty-five miles. At Antipatris they halted; and, the immediate danger being passed, the foot-soldiers returned thence to Jerusalem, leaving the horsemen to conduct Paul the remaining twenty-seven miles to Cæsarea, where they probably arrived on the following day. So within a fortnight Paul was back at Cæsarea, and the apprehensions of the disciples there were fulfilled."—*Acts of the Apostles*, page 440.

4. "After ascertaining the necessary information, Felix determined to hear the case when the accusers should arrive. Meanwhile Paul was to be confined in free custody in Herod's palace, now the residence of the Roman governor, and therefore called by the Romans the pretorian."—*Id.*

"THERE are so many kinds of sin,
We need to pray for strength to win,
To watch the gates, and take good care
That nothing harmful enters there."

A Modern Fable

By a Korean Student

ONE day Brain, Heart, Lungs, Eyes, Mouth, Skin, and Limbs voluntarily met each the other and opened their unsatisfied meeting. Mr. Brain was chosen president for the meeting, and Mr. Hand, secretary. Then they opened the meeting with song and prayer.

Mr. Heart spoke to the meeting. He said: "We do our duty to each other until tired every day, but the indulgent Mr. Stomach does nothing but growl. I do my duty, all I can, every day,—carry out and bring in blood; yet I am going to stop to-morrow."

Then all the members said as Mr. Heart said. President Brain stood firmly by the table, and said: "If every member agrees to this step as our duty, I am also going to stop my work." The motion was carried, and the meeting closed.

Poor, lazy Stomach nearly starved; but when he understood that it was his laziness, he went to his neighbors and told them he was going to do his part. Then all the members of the body agreed to do their duty, and peace was immediately restored.

YONGBIN CHAR.

Sanitarium, California.

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Where Jesus Is

WHERE Jesus is, no sorrows stay;
Though tears may flow,
His child may know
That Jesus drives all clouds away.

In darkest hour he standeth by;
With him is light;
There is no night,
No darkness palls, when he is nigh.

E'en hour of death with chilling sting
Need bring no fear;
With Jesus near,
The trusting one may to him cling.

I pray that I may ever see
His chosen way;
That day by day
Where Jesus is, there I may be.

I shall not fear the tempter there,
For strong is he
That guideth me,
And all my ways are in his care.

MAX HILL.

The Pain of Enlarged Vision

"WHERE there is no vision, the people perish," wrote a wise man many centuries ago; and all of us agree with him. Each generation must have on its watch-towers clear-eyed men who will see the needs of the hour, and call to work those who live on the plains and in the valleys below. We recognize, too, that those who would see clearly must pay the price. God does not show favoritism by arbitrarily enlarging the soul of one while the many remain, against their will, with a narrow outlook on life. Why was it that the young Isaiah alone of all the young men at the capital of his nation, had the great sight he did have? It was because he lived in the high, clear atmosphere of eagerness to know and willingness to obey, through which alone God can make his great plans and purposes known. That desire to know and readily to obey may be called the first cost of enlarged vision.

But there is a second and perhaps higher cost. There is also the pain of enlarged vision. No sooner did the young courtier see the sight of the infinitely holy God filling the temple of his universe, as he ever fills it for the high-souled and clear-eyed, than in pain of soul he cried out, "Woe is me! . . . for mine eyes have seen the King." Enlarged vision ever means pain. No soul grows without growing pains. Let

us make sure of that, and not ask to see more clearly or truly unless we are ready for what always comes with the clear and true view. Isaiah is not the only one who has suffered because of what he has seen of God and human need. Saul of Tarsus was doubtless living a life free from suffering, until one day in the pursuit of an accepted duty he saw One whom he had never truly seen before. From that day he went out, ever led by that One, to give himself with complete abandon to a course that led him in the pathway of hardship, persecution, and death. If Paul had never seen the Christ, he would in all probability have lived the comfortable existence of a highly respected rabbi in Tarsus or Jerusalem. But once he had begun to obey the heavenly vision, he was followed by calumny, hate, and torture. His vision cost him dear.

David Livingstone saw the need of the poor black natives of Africa. Had he shut his eyes to what he saw, how much would have been spared! But all the nobility of his splendid white soul was touched, and he gave himself with restless energy to do all in his power to help heal "the open sore of the world." Driven forward by what he had seen, he pressed on in his great journeys through trackless jungles and treacherous morasses, fever-ridden and often half starved, until at last he died on the lonely shore of that little inland lake. No wonder his simple-minded followers buried his heart in the land he loved and served so well! No wonder either is it that Dr. Jowett, in giving his impressions of the coronation of King George in Westminster Abbey, tells us that, surrounded by all the material glory and pomp of that great occasion, his mind left all the impressive splendor about him, and traveled to that quiet spot where lie the ashes of David Livingstone, one of humanity's great uncrowned kings. But when we think of what Livingstone did for the race, let us not forget what the pursuit of his vision cost him.

Not only must we so live in order that we may see, we must be willing to suffer because we have seen. If we would be contented and undisturbed, let us never lift up our eyes to the white fields, for they will call us to difficult service. If we desire a life without pain, let us never seek to know the social and religious conditions of our own community; for when we do, we shall find, even in the most favored neighborhood, many needy, unchurched people to whom we should bring the church with all its loving ministry and opportunity for service and growth. Vision does not tend to self-satisfaction, nor to what many call "happiness." It must be paid for in blood.

Are visions, then, worth the price? Not unless the vision is worth while. Men before now have seen what seemed to them a reality, and have followed day after day over weary desert sands to find at the end that they were pursuing a mirage. Many are lured by the call of wealth or fame, but no thirsty traveler on African desert was ever more pitifully deceived by the illusion of a lake of water in the distance than the one who starts on such a quest. There are visions that many follow, with an energy and a devotion worthy a better cause, which are not worth realizing at any price. How, then, may we be sure of detecting the true vision from the moral mirage? What are the enterprises worth living for, or dying for, if necessary? There is only one sure test that is trustworthy. Get your vision from the Lord, then follow wherever he leads.—*Sunday School Times.*