

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LX

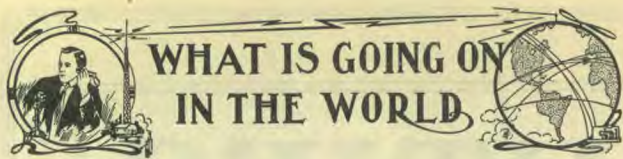
April 23, 1912

No. 17



MIDWINTER IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA





WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE WORLD

HARVARD astronomers have completed their immense task of mapping the sky, and their photographs give a million and a half stars. The maps, if put together, would cover more than five acres. These photographs, taken at regular intervals, give opportunity to study the movements of the stars, the appearance of new stars, and the discovery of asteroids.

OVER five thousand copies of the Temperance number of the INSTRUCTOR have been ordered by the academy, bindery, and church in South Lancaster, Massachusetts. The Baltimore (Maryland) church ordered one thousand copies of this Temperance Annual. Several persons in the Minnesota Conference are planning to earn scholarships by selling the Temperance INSTRUCTOR. West Virginia has set her goal for eight thousand copies of this number.

The Handle That Eases

I AM a suburbanite — a man of bundles. One evening I was trudging home with a particularly awkward parcel. As I left the last store, the clerk said, "Don't you want me to fix it?" Making my chief foe the basis, he attached to it all the smaller parcels and hooked on a handle. I walked off a new man. It was a much heavier load, for my purchases there had been many, yet I bore it easily, for I had an easy hold. And throughout life there is everything in the way you take hold of what you have to do. Some days go rasping, dragging, from fretful morn to headachy eve, while other days, with the same tasks,

go easily. The first day had no handle, the second had one. The first tasks were grasped by the strings, that cut; the second were fitted with an attachment for ease. What is the handle for days and for works? Ah, you do not need to be told that it is prayer! — *Amos R. Wells.*

Cloth From Banana Fiber

THE manufacture of cloth from banana fiber promises to become a great industry in the Far East, particularly in India. The process of manufacture is very simple. One-year-old plants are selected; the stalk is unrolled, and steamed over caldrons of boiling water till soft. It is a simple matter then to remove the green outer skin, by passing strips of the stalk through an instrument provided with two blunt blades, which act as scrapers. The fiber thus obtained is placed in cloth and pounded in order to drive out moisture, and is next cleaned, and then twisted into yarn for weaving. Banana cloth is said to be eminently suitable for tropical wear, and is very durable. — *Chicago Tribune.*

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THE PROTESTANT MAGAZINE

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... A ...
VITAL DIFFERENCE

PROTESTANTISM makes the relation of the individual to the church dependent on his relation to Christ; Catholicism, vice versa, makes the relation of the individual to Christ dependent on his relation to the church.—*Schleiermacher.*

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THE PROTESTANT MAGAZINE WASHINGTON, D.C.

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An Arsenal of Information

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A letter from Rome to the New York "Sun," July 11, 1892, reveals the plan of the Papacy for America: "What the church has done in the past for others SHE WILL NOW DO FOR THE UNITED STATES."

PARTIAL CONTENTS

Double Frontispiece—Photograph of Holy Cross Church Baptism Certificate (Perth Amboy, N. J.), Showing Rome's Insult to American Marriage Laws. **Protestantism and Catholicism** (cover). **A Girl's Escape From a "House of the Good Shepherd."** **Rome and Marriage Laws.** **The Mediation of Christ.** **Reply to Attack by "Catholic Truth Society" Upon This Magazine.** **Cardinal O'Connell Above Governor Foss?** **Chillingworth's Famous Statement.** **The Privilege of Peter.** **The Pope's Decree Forbidding Catholics to Sue Criminal Priests.** **"Another God Upon Earth."** **Rome Capturing America.** **Is America to Become Catholic?** **Protestantism in the Sixteenth Century, and —** **Other timely articles, news notes, etc.**

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A few of the following bound volumes are for sale: Vols. I and II (1909-10), in one, cloth covers only, each, \$1.75; Vol. II (1910), paper covers only, each, 50 cents; Vol. III (1911), cloth, 90 cents, paper, 50 cents. All post-paid.

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LX

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 23, 1912

No. 17

The Need of Haste in Mission Work

THEY are dying by *tens!* don't you know it?
Dying without the light.
They know not Christ as their Saviour;
His cross is hid from their sight.

They are dying by *hundreds!* O hear it!
In the chains of ignorance bound.
They see not their need of a Saviour,
The Saviour whom you have found.

They are dying by *thousands!* Believe it!
O what are you going to do?
Your Saviour cares for these lost ones,
And longs to bless them through you.

They are dying by *millions!* yes, millions!
All over the world's wide lands,
In Africa, India, and China.
Can you sit with idle hands?

Dying while you are sleeping,
Dying while you are at play,
Dying while you laugh and chatter,
Dying by night and by day.

Some do not know they are needy;
Some of them care not at all.
But some of them hunger for Jesus,
Yet know not on whom to call.

They grope for a light in their darkness;
They call on their gods for aid;
There is no one to tell them of Jesus,
And the sinner's debt which he paid.

None did I say? 'Twas an error;
For God has a few lights out there;
But when it's not three to a million,
O won't you begin to care?

— *The Kingdom.*

Words to the Young

MRS. E. G. WHITE



IN all his godlike deeds, the world's Redeemer declares, "I can of mine own self do nothing." "This commandment have I received of my Father." All I do is in fulfilment of the counsel and will of my Heavenly Father. The history of the daily earthly life of Jesus is the exact record of the fulfilment of the purposes of God toward man. His life and character were the unfolding or representation of the perfection of the character that man may attain by becoming a partaker of the divine nature, and overcoming the world through daily conflicts. Jesus assumed human nature that he might work with human nature, and bring fallen man across the gulf which transgression had made between God and his creatures.

The Lord of life and glory clothed his divinity with humanity to demonstrate to man that God through the gift of Christ would connect us with him. Without a connection with God no one can possibly be happy. Fallen man is to learn that our Heavenly Father can not be satisfied until his love embraces the repentant sinner, transformed through the merits of the spotless Lamb of God. The work of all the heavenly intelligences is to this end. Under the command of their General they are to work for the reclaiming of those who by transgression, have separated themselves from their Heavenly Father. A plan has been devised whereby the wondrous grace and love of Christ shall stand revealed to the world. In the infinite price paid by the Son of God to ransom man, the love of God is revealed. This glorious plan of redemption is ample in its provisions to save the whole world. Sinful and fallen man may be made complete in Jesus through the forgiveness of sin, and the imputed righteousness of Christ.

Jesus Christ laid hold on humanity, that with his human arm he might encircle the race, while with his divine arm he grasped the throne of the Infinite. He planted his cross midway between earth and heaven, and said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." The cross was to be the center of

attraction. It was to speak to all men, and draw them across the gulf that sin had made, to unite finite man with the infinite God. It is the power of the cross alone that can separate man from the strong confederacy of sin. Christ gave himself for the saving of the sinner. Those whose sins are forgiven, who love Jesus, will be united with him. They will bear the yoke of Christ. This yoke is not to hamper them, not to make their religious life one of unsatisfying toil. No; the yoke of Christ is to be the very means by which the Christian life is to become one of pleasure and joy. The Christian is to be joyful in contemplation of that which the Lord has done in giving his only begotten Son to die for the world, "that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Those who stand under the blood-stained banner of Prince Immanuel should be faithful soldiers in Christ's army. They should never be disloyal, never be untrue. Many of the young will volunteer to stand with Jesus, the Prince of life. But if they would continue to stand with him, they must constantly look unto Jesus, their Captain, for his orders. They can not be soldiers of Christ, and yet engage with the confederacy of Satan, and help on his side, for then they would be enemies of Christ. They would betray sacred trusts. They would form a link between Satan and the true soldiers, so that through these living agencies the enemy would be constantly working to steal away the hearts of Christ's soldiers.

I ask you, dear youth, who profess to be soldiers of Jesus Christ, what battles have you fought? what have been your engagements? When the Word of God has plainly revealed your work, have you refused to do it because it did not suit your inclination? Has the attraction of the world allured you from the service of Christ? Satan is employed in devising specious allurements; and by transgression in what seem little matters, he draws you away from Jesus. Then larger attractions are presented to seduce you fully from God. You may have your name upon the church books, and claim to be a child of God, yet your ex-

ample, your influence, misrepresents the character of Christ, and you lead others away from him. There is no happiness, no peace or joy, to a professed believer whose whole soul is not enlisted in the work the Lord has given him to do. He is constantly bringing the world into the church, not by repentance and confession and surrender to God, but by surrendering more and more to the world, and engaging on Satan's side in the battle, rather than on Christ's side. I would appeal to the youth to cut the finest thread which binds you in practise and in spirit with the world. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Will our youth heed this voice of invitation? How little do our young people realize the necessity of setting before their youthful associates a Christlike example in their life and character. Many of our youth understand the theory of the truth, but how few understand by experimental knowledge the practical bearing of the truth upon their every action. Where are youthful missionaries doing any work that represents itself to them in the great harvest-field? Where are those who are daily learners in the school of Christ? Let them never feel that they are prepared to graduate. Let them wait in the courts of the Lord, that they may be directed as to how to work in unison with the heavenly intelligences. Dear youth, I wish to speak decidedly to you because I want you to be saved. Lose no more time. You can not serve God and mammon. You may apparently be Christians, but when temptations come, when sorely tried, do you not generally yield?

The conflict in which you have to take an active part is found in your every-day life. Will you not in times of trial lay your desires by the side of the Written Word, and in earnest prayer seek Jesus for counsel? Many declare that it is certainly no harm to go to a concert and neglect the prayer-meeting, or absent themselves from meetings where God's servants are to declare a message from heaven. It is safe for you to be just where Christ has said he would be. Those who appreciate the words of Christ will not turn aside from the prayer-meeting, or from the meeting where the Lord's messenger has been sent to tell them concerning things of eternal interest. Jesus has said, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." Can you afford to choose your pleasure and miss the blessing? It is indulgence in these things that has a telling influence not only on your own life and character, but upon the life and character of your associates. If all who profess to be followers of Christ would be so in deed and in truth, they would have the mind of Christ, and would work the works of God. They would resist temptation to indulge self, and would show that they do not enjoy the frivolous pleasure of the world more than the privilege of meeting with Christ in the social meeting. They would then have a decided influence upon others, and lead them to follow their example.

Actions speak louder than words, and those who are lovers of pleasure do not appreciate the rich blessings of being in the assembly of the people of God. They do not appreciate the privilege of influencing their associates to go with them, hoping that their hearts will be touched by the Spirit of the Lord. Who goes with them into these worldly gatherings?

Jesus is not there to bless those assembled. But Satan will bring to the mind many things to crowd out matters of eternal interest. It is his opportunity to confuse the right by mixing it up with the wrong. Through attendance at worldly gatherings a taste is created for exciting amusements, and moral power is weakened. Those who love pleasure may keep up a form of godliness, but they have no vital connections with God. Their faith is dead, their zeal has departed. They feel no burden to speak a word in season to souls who are out of Christ, and to urge them to give their hearts to the Lord.

Into the Dark Corners

ONE Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, I started to visit my farthest outlying schools. On account of rains in the early morning, I had been delayed, but the weather cleared somewhat by noon.

My donkey was supposed to have been broken, but he did not act like it. Before getting out of sight of home, he tried to return, and a little later threw me off, being frightened at two men in the path.

It is very dangerous riding a donkey in the rainy season; for the ground is soft and full of holes, which do not show on the surface. Many of these holes are caused by white ants.

Not far from home, a baboon ran across the path, and a little farther on a wild hog.

I understood that the best and nearest road was by the Catholic mission. On coming near the mission, we found the bridge across the river gone. I was very fortunate in having a strong man in charge of the donkey. The river was chest deep, and the current very strong. When the donkey went into the water, he went in head and all. I crossed on two trees, quite high up over the rushing water. One of my carriers was afraid to cross that way, and went through the water. But we all got over successfully, and were soon on our way again.

The priest was on the porch as we passed the mission, and I asked him, in the native language, as he does not speak English, the road to my school. We met some of his people coming with beads around their necks. There are many villages near this mission, and we stayed overnight in one of them.

When we enter a village, we at once call for the chief. If he is away, the headman is sent for. We asked for a place to sleep, and for some food for sale, or *malonda*. They brought corn for Jack, the donkey, flour and a chicken for the boys, and some cooked corn for a present to me. We usually give coarse salt or money in exchange.

They gave me a hut made of grass, covered with mud, in which to sleep. It had two rooms. In one we put Jack, and in the other I spread my bed, and a mat for the three men. For this accommodation, I gave the chief a small cup of salt, the headman a small cup, and the owner a threepenny piece.

We crossed some beautiful ravines and passed over some pretty streams. Over many streams were rustic bridges, made of heavy trees, covered with smaller trees and with grass and earth. These are good bridges when new, but soon begin to rot, when they become very dangerous. Jack put one foot through a bridge, and both hind feet through another.

In the evening the chief and two headmen came to visit with me in the hut. Next morning, bright and early, we started on again, wishing to reach the farthest out-school by evening. It was a good day's

journey, and we crossed two small rivers, which I waded. In one place the donkey sank into the mire to his body. I was frightened, fearing quicksand; for we had nothing to use in rescuing him.

After crossing the second river, we struck into the hills again, and traveled seven or eight hours without passing through a village. For miles the path was so badly overgrown that one could scarcely see it. The grass was higher than our heads. We passed through three large bamboo groves, over ditches, up- and down-hill, part of the time walking, part of the time riding.

Here we saw tracks of the *nchefu*, or eland. This is one of the large game, the blood of which is the food for the tsetse, which carries sleeping-sickness.

On arriving at the chief's village, we learned that a lion had just killed two persons in the village through which we had just passed. While we were talking to the chief, my teacher, Apollis, and his assistant, Solomon, came to greet me, with spears in their hands. Apollis told me that he with others tried to kill the lion, but it simply laid down its human burden, turned, and said, "Come on." As they had only spears and bows and arrows, they were afraid to go after him. This lion has already killed twelve persons.

The native has a very strange way of going out at night to see what any animal that may be prowling about is doing. One man went out with a torch in his hand. Seeing it was a lion, he turned to enter his house, but the lion followed him, killed him and his wife, and carried off her body. Friends followed after, found her bones, and buried them with the body of her husband.

At this village the chief gave us a hut, where the donkey, the boys, and I all slept in the same room.

All the houses in this village have a back door, through which the natives try to escape when the policemen are around gathering hut-tax. On this visit I found that these doors were well barricaded with heavy trees, to keep out the lion. On account of the fright the school had been discontinued, and the teachers had to go to the villages to get the children. Next morning, Solomon went one way and Apollis and I another, to get the children to come to school. The grass being high, we were soon wet to the skin with dew.

On reaching this village, I proceeded as usual to shake hands with all the people, old and young. As I stepped up to a man sitting on the ground, I noticed that he was extending an arm with only a stump of a hand. His fingers and thumb were gone. I withdrew my hand, saying "*Kate*," or leprosy. One foot was entirely gone, and he had open sores on his legs. This is the third case of leprosy I have seen.

I called the people together and showed them some pictures of a lion and other animals. This pleased them very much. Then I drew a lesson from the pictures, hoping by this means to make a deeper impression on their simple minds than I could without illustrations. We then prayed with them, and returned to examine the school. Those who had come regularly were doing well in reading, singing, arithmetic, and memorizing Scripture. I closed the school for a short vacation, took Solomon with me, and told Apollis and his wife to come to the mission later.

Then we crossed the ridge of mountains and came into a nice little valley, where I have the second school of thirty-four pupils. I found a good, orderly school doing splendid work. I spoke to the schoolchildren, and closed this school also for a vacation. Andrew,

the teacher, was to meet me the next day and return to the mission.

Again we traveled over the mountains to the third school. This mountain road was so rough in places that it was difficult to find a place for the donkey to walk. But as nothing can stop the onward movement of the message or its messengers, we went on. On nearing the village, I heard singing. I asked if the people were dancing, and was told that the singing was in the church. It was too late that night to examine the pupils, so I said I would do it the next day.

When I wanted to put a school in this village, the chief said, "We have no children." The son of the chief seemed particularly hostile, but on this visit I found thirty-two pupils in the school. The chief's son gave me his new hut in which to sleep. During the evening we sang, and this boy came to listen and to take part with us. Thus we see the transforming power of the gospel. I gave him a reading-book for his kindness in allowing us to use his hut.

In the morning I talked to the people. I saw here a girl who was blind from smallpox.

I found an excellent school. The teacher, Ben, was an unbaptized boy, who had had no special instruction in teaching, so I was highly pleased. I closed the school, and started down the mountains for home, a two days' journey.

On passing the Catholic mission again, I saw a native teacher with a cigarette on his ear. I could not help contrasting him with my boys, who are entirely free from such habits.

A storm overtook us as we neared the village where we intended to spend the night. Our clothing being already wet, we forded the stream with our clothes on. Arriving at Mwansa, we asked the chief for a hut. He gave us one, six by twelve feet, with two rooms. It had no mud on the walls, and was poorly thatched, so when another shower came up in the night, the rain came through. There was not much room to spare in this hut. Six men and myself slept in one room, and in the other a crate of chickens separated the donkey from Ben's wife.

The next day we started on a long day's journey home. The only interesting thing that happened was the crossing of the Wamkuru Madzi, or Big River. The river was so swift that we had to help one another across. The water was up to our armpits. Before I reached home, my shoes and clothes had dried.

Although it was a hard trip, the presence of God was with me, and I knew that the angels were watching over us. I had nothing but a riding-whip with which to protect myself.

Thus the blessed message is finding its way into the dark corners of the earth. Come and help us.

S. M. KONIGMACHER.

My Prayer

Not that there be less to bear,
Not that there be more to share;
But for braver heart for bearing,
But for freer heart for sharing,
Here I pray.

Not for scenes of richer beauty,
Not for paths of lighter duty;
But for clearer eyes for seeing,
Gentler hands, more patient being,
Every day.

Not that joy and peace enfold me,
Not that wealth and pleasure hold me;
But that I may dry a tear,
Speak a word of strength and cheer
On the way.

— *Sharlot M. Hall.*

The Society of the Cold Shoulder

ARTHUR W. SPAULDING



I WANT to say a word to you, my friends, you who are students in our denominational schools. I am going to say it straight out, as a man to men and women; and I trust you, who are men and women, to receive it, not with the narrow passion of childhood, but with the calm thoughtfulness due to your years and enlightenment.

I want to say to you, Don't found a society of the cold shoulder, and don't join one already formed. It is a very popular society, though it always shuns its rightful name, and masquerades under the more euphonious terms of intimacies, cliques, classes, fraternities, alumni associations.

But whatever its guise, it owns, under its brave adornments of colors and buttons and medals and old gray parchment, a huge, round, hard, projecting cold shoulder. The narrower the man, the more he loves exclusive friendships and superior caste. The broader the man, the more he shuns these bands of servitude, and opens his heart to take in the needy world. The narrow man hugs his little clique close to his heart, and humps his shoulder toward the encroaching outsider. The broad man has for his ideal Christ, whose heart takes in the whole world, and whose help and strength are given fully, freely, instantly, to the least known and the farthest outcast.

I am not condemning personal friendships: Christ himself had them. The special friendships of his mother, of John, of Mary of Bethany, of Lazarus, if they did not make his life greater, gave to his virile, loving nature fitting material for revelation of its greatest depths. Special friendships are valuable, if God makes them. But he who can not spare any, or if need be all, of the love or the attention of his closest friend,—spare it to the needs of a thankless world,—is not great enough to know the friendships of God.

In our schools are some of the greatest opportunities life will ever afford, for forming helpful friendships, for entering into the brotherhood whose purpose is the rescue of the world. But at the same time, the devil is hard at work trying to corrupt that glad comradeship into mean little exclusive organizations, with a membership of from two to a thousand, whose influence will dry up the springs of the soul, and shrivel you into conceited pedants and insufferable prigs. If he can induce you to think that you have attained a proud eminence as a member of the sophomore class, or as spokesman for the Pentastra Oratorical Association, or as the exclusive undergraduate confidant of Prof. Erasmus Newcome, he can easily wheedle you into one of two fatal errors: either that you can minister to the world's sore needs by patronizing preaching, or that your talents require an elevated station far above the rabble.

The world's schools are filled with these pickled friendships. From university down to high school, fraternities, class organizations, and alliances of patronage and toadyism, have honeycombed the intellectual and the social life, until men of the world, above and below "commencement," have been moved to recognize and fight its evils. Is it due to the great work to which we are devoted that we ape these decaying institutions of the world?—No! The feeble glamour of secrecy and exclusiveness has no place in

the gospel. I say to you, young men and young women, that your heritage is too precious to throw away for this mess of pottage.

Insidiously creeping into our midst is a pitiful pride in class organizations, class colors, class designs, class receptions, class privileges. I earnestly tell you that this spirit is opposed to the principles of the gospel. It makes one feel that he is a member of a privileged order, that he is to be looked up to, praised, deferred to, that he possesses something valuable not belonging to the other fellow, and which he has no obligation nor permission to give the other fellow. A young man or young woman with such an influence is being warped from God's ideal of a messenger to carry a universal salvation to the outcast and the downtrodden. It tends to make him unsympathetic, patronizing, blind to real facts and causes, to make him an atrophied, useless appendage to the Christian body.

There are, I admit, greater evils in school life than the manifestation of class consciousness. That, indeed, is a symptom more than a cause. But it is a grave symptom, which should lead us to look for the cause and to remove it. The cause is selfishness,—self-conceit and self-serving. The remedy is a study of God's truth, and an outgiving of sympathy and helpfulness. We need to give, not the cold shoulder, but the warm hand-clasp, the sympathetic glance, the sincere outpouring of our heart's love, not alone to those of our circle, but to every one with whom we can come in contact. When the life is occupied with these fruits of Christianity, we shall find no time for the fripperies of class decorations, receptions, and banquets.

We need, every one of us, dear students, to come into close contact with those not of our own capabilities, acquirements, or privileges,—the great sick world about us. Losing thought of self in our study of their habits and needs and of God's instruction of how to win them, we shall find our sympathies broadening, our activities increasing, and our work, by the blessing of God, producing some fruit. I earnestly pray my Heavenly Father that you, our young men and women who are so sorely needed in the field, may be saved from these vain delusions of Satan, may be enlisted and trained in the great brotherhood of man, as the common friend with Christ of all sinners, and a sharer at last in the joy of Christ at the conversion of sinners into saints.

I am writing not out of sympathy with the mental states of your age. I am not very old, and I well remember the years spent in our denominational schools, when many of these interests appealed to me, when to be a successful debater, a reputed wit, and exclusive society man, seemed an immediate goal well worth winning. But I am thankful that the truth of God swept into those college days, and turned the current of thought out into the broad ocean of his love and service. And to-day I would help guard you, my dear friends, from those same dangers (to-day more subtle, more gripping) which wise instructors helped me to forsake. The years of our pilgrimage are shortening; the need for earnest, wise use of our time in true preparation is ever greater. We look to you to take up the weapons, the marches, the battles, of the cross. Let no influence steal from you the broad vision, the clear sight, the sincere mind, the unselfish heart, which are required of the soldier of the cross.

What It Means to Give India the Gospel

M. D. WOOD



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS: The Missionary Volunteer Department of the General Conference has asked me to tell you something about what it means to give India the gospel. By way of introduction, let me say that it is not enough to send a few loyal representatives of the message among so vast a population as India contains. Neither is it sufficient to give out a few books and tracts and then immediately to look for a great harvest of souls. The field is a big one, the work great, and time is an element of success in all large undertakings.

While it is true that many of the heathen in India desire help and are ready to be taught, still there are many more who are quite satisfied with their present evil condition, and are always ready to cry out like men of old, "What have we to do with thee, Jesus, thou Son of God? art thou come hither to torment us before the time?"

Many years ago the missionary did not have free access to the people in India. Not so to-day. Since the British government practically controls the whole of India, every door is open wide for the spread of Bible truth. Thank God for this. But there are difficulties very great and strong, and these must not and can not be overlooked. In the face of these, our hearts should be drawn out in frequent and most importunate prayer that God will go before his people and prepare the way for them. Has he not said, "I will go before thee"?

Castes

Probably the first and greatest hindrance to the spread of the gospel in India to-day is the old and iron-bound caste system. The word caste is used in such an indiscriminate manner in America that it loses its true meaning, whereas in India it is always used in the exclusive sense, having a specific and positive force. There are no other people on the face of the earth so incarcerated by caste rules and prejudices as the benighted people of India, and particularly the blind Hindus. In Europe, America, and some other lands, society is more or less divided into clans and cliques, the causes of which are education, wealth, official position, color, language, and attainments; but these are not the constituent elements of that seemingly impregnable system called *zarth*, or caste, in Hindustan.

In our land an individual belonging to a very ordinary stratum of society to-day, may, by his personal endeavors and strength of character, rise, even in rapid strides, to be received to-morrow, with open arms, into the society of those he once did not, and perhaps could not, associate with. Not so in India. Caste in that pitiful land is altogether a question of birth, and has nothing whatever to do with wealth, education, position, or personal character. No wonder that poor persons in India are fatalists and believe in *nasheeb*, or fate. Many of them want to rise, but it is their "luck" to be born in that lower scale of human society, from which, they are taught, there is no escape.

True, the best classes of society are usually found among the upper caste. But if a man is born a fool in a high-caste family, he is more honorable than a wise man, be he ever so wise, in a low-caste family. One frequently sees high-caste people as beggars, yet honored by all, and rich low-caste men dishonored by all.

There are practically four great castes in India: First, the sacred Brahman, including the priests or Brahmins, who are also their philosophers and men of letters; second, the military or protecting class, commonly called the Kshatriya, or protectors from evil; third, Vaisya, which includes merchants, tradesmen, husbandmen, etc., who are considered the nourishers of the state; fourth, the Sudra, who, proceeding from the feet of Brahma, are servants to the higher orders, mechanics, etc. These four castes are said to have sprung from the head, heart, thighs, and feet of Brahma. Besides these orders, which are divided into families under a great variety of rules, there are a number of mixed castes occasioned by mixed marriages; and lastly, the outcastes, who are held in utter detestation by others.

Hindus sometimes say there are twelve and one-half castes, and each one of these twelve and one-half have twelve and one-half castes more, and so it goes, like an endless chain, until there are actually hundreds of castes in India, and scarcely anybody knows where the system ends.

The Brahmin is high and lifted up in his pride, conceit, and self-esteem. He is a god to all beneath him; and most pitiful of all, the man of a lower caste, as well as the high-caste man himself, believes this to be actually so. The abuse to which this spirit of self-esteem is carried is painful in the extreme. For instance, the high-caste man is very particular to take his daily bath, and repeats his prayers all the while he is bathing. This over, he at once hobbles on his wooden sandals to his house for his morning meal. If perchance the shadow of a low-caste man should fall upon the high-caste man, then before he could eat his food he must take a full bath all over again, because that shadow would defile him. From this, one can readily see with what contempt the high-caste man looks upon one of an inferior caste. A low-caste man must never go upon the housetop of a high-caste man until the people have vacated the house. And thus the people of India are ever in absolute bondage to thousands of customs and rules.

One day a native Christian accidentally touched a yoke of oxen pulling a cart containing a barrel of water. The driver, a high-caste man, became enraged, beat the Christian, and according to caste rules had to empty all that water out upon the ground. Even the missionary must use great wisdom and precaution in his associations with the natives not to cause ill feeling, and thus hinder the work of the Lord. Sometimes indiscretion has caused much and serious trouble.

How different all this is from the spirit of our Master, who said, "One is your Master, even Christ; and all ye are brethren." "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Instead of a sign of love, which unites, the sign of Hinduism is caste, which divides. Until this difficulty is overcome, little progress can be made. I regret to say that some have made a compromise by tolerating caste in the so-called Christian missions of India. In such circles the Hindu has kept his old creed, simply adopting a new name for himself.

The education of the higher and lower castes in the same lines of thought has a great tendency to equalize the people. The medical missionary plays a very active part in the breaking down of caste prejudices, when a

high-caste man in great pain presents himself at the medical missionary dispensary for treatment. Frequently the nurse or assistant is a converted low-caste man who waits upon the high-caste man in his pain, and thus, little by little, old-time prejudice vanishes, and the way for the gospel truth is opened.

False Religions

Perhaps the next great barrier to the spread of the gospel is the system of false religions extant in India. We find not only the religion of the Hindus, with its thirty-three million gods, teaching the transmigration of souls through eighty-five thousand births for the elimination of sin from the soul of man, but also the faith of Islam. The Hindus are largely vegetarians, and hold all life as sacred, even the life of an egg. Not so with the bloodthirsty Mohammedan. He kills and eats the sacred cow. While both these false systems cater to all that is low and degraded in the unregenerate human heart, they live and thrive side by side. The Hindu declares all roads lead to the celestial city, and that the Christian religion is all right for the Christian, but that his religion will lead to the same end. The Mohammedan says that "God is God, and Mohammed is his prophet," thus all should become Mohammedans.

Besides these already mentioned, we have Zoroastrianism, or the religion of the fire-worshiper. The Parsee belongs to this class. His religion consists in saying kind words, thinking kind thoughts, and in doing kind deeds. He worships the sun, moon, stars, fire, air, and water. Again, thousands of scattered Jews are to be found in India. Having lost sight of Jehovah, they have copied many customs from the Hindus, but still call themselves *Yehudylok*. And last of all, we mention the Eurasians, whose fathers were Englishmen, and whose mothers were natives. These usually speak English, and to a large extent follow English customs. There are many others that might be mentioned, but enough has been said to show the motley mixture of religious beliefs with which we have to battle in the spread of Bible truths.

In facing a nation of three hundred fifteen millions, there is no hard-and-fast rule of attack. One must look to God continually, and walking softly, feel his way along a new and untried path, while trusting God's Holy Spirit to guide him.

Languages

The multitude of languages present a difficulty it is true, but not like those already mentioned. To learn a language, or even several of them, is not an insurmountable difficulty. By consecration to God and his work, and by hard study, any language may be acquired so accurately that the blessed gospel of truth may be fully proclaimed to the very ends of the earth. Half the difficulty with many along this line lies in the fact that their desire to preach the Bible truths to the heathen is not strong enough. "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and when the heart is full of the love of God for lost souls, and an opportunity afforded of learning a way to present that love, it will not be long before love will find words to express itself freely and fully.

In America we speak of easy methods and short cuts in the acquisition of certain kinds of knowledge, but there is no easy method of learning a language in India. In fact, as one sits beside his native pundit or moonshee, studying those strange sounds, he is often tempted to discouragement. When he thinks he is

making rapid progress in certain lines, he may wake up to the fact that he is all wrong, and that he has not exactly caught the proper accent after all. A certain lady wanted to tell the servant that a wildcat was in the cupboard, when she said a wild sheep was in the cupboard. A slight mistake, it is true, but often embarrassing in the extreme and a great hindrance to a timid person.

Native methods of teaching are so very different from Western methods that the student is slow to understand what the teacher is attempting to do. Then the young missionary often awakens to the fact that the master is learning more English than the pupil learns of the Hindu dialect. Unexpected difficulties arise, and after a while each man maps out a way of his own, and pursuing practically his own method, soon gains marvelously, to the surprise of teacher, missionary, and friends. After one dialect has been acquired, it is not so difficult a task to acquire another, or even several, if health and strength permit.

But until one dialect is thoroughly acquired, no definite work can be done among natives. Millions of them never learn to speak our language, and if they ever have Christ presented to them, we must learn to speak to them in their own tongue. They will not bother themselves to learn our language, so the responsibility, after all, rests upon us who go to them.

Climate

By many the climate is considered a hindrance to the preaching of the gospel. But God made the people, and God made the climate; and the same God, through his Son, said, "Preach the gospel to every creature." So when God calls and sends to a certain field, he evidently intends to stand by the one sent until he faithfully delivers the message.

Missionaries of various creeds during the last one hundred fifty years have done much to solve many difficulties, and new workers may learn many valuable lessons from them. Many of them were hardy pioneers. "They loved not their lives unto the death." To-day India is advancing. British rule has brought many blessings and great opportunities for the peoples of that grand and beautiful country.

In the face of seeming difficulties, it is always best to lift up the shield of faith and proceed for victory. Caste may appear as immovable as the mighty rock of Gibraltar. However, all things are possible with God, and all things are possible to him that believeth. Many have been won from all castes, and to-day are found side by side at the Lord's table. The old and rugged systems of false philosophy are crumbling; and where they have failed to bring hope and comfort, there many are ready to plant the cross of Jesus with its lustrous rays of peace and blessing. The many languages that present such a jargon of discordant sounds are gradually being modified by Christian thought, and to-day many tongues are learning of the one Jesus Christ, and say Halleluiah! Amen!

The apostle Paul said, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;" so with the heaven-called and divinely equipped missionary. He does not stop at caste systems, false religions, strange languages, trying climates, and insurmountable difficulties, but he sees Jesus, "the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," and ever hears the words that fell from his gracious lips, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me." To him, "faith laughs at impossibilities, and cries, It shall be done."

Our Work in the Gibraltar of Heathenism

WHEN we speak of Gibraltar, we think of that immense rock on the south coast of Spain. It seems to say to all who come that way: "I am here. I can not be moved. You may beat against me for ages, but all to no purpose." However, it could be moved in time if man should begin blasting a little here and there, keeping steadily at work until at last the entire rock would be broken into pieces.

So it is with India, the Gibraltar of heathenism. From the earliest dawn of history this great country has been steeped in idolatry and superstition. Hinduism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Parseeism, and many other systems of religion have flourished there, and millions have gone on groping blindly for something better. Truly this great empire is a rock of Gibraltar to us as a people, but we may expect heathenism to yield to the influence of the gospel.

The leaven of true Christianity, working here a little and there a little, will surely undermine the foundation of the heathen systems, and the result will be seen in the number gathered out and made ready to meet our Lord when he returns.

When we think of the three hundred fifteen million souls in India, and compare the population with the number of our own workers there, a mere handful, it should make us anxious to prepare to help in the great work there.

The field is known as the India Union Mission, and is composed of India, Burma, and Ceylon. The divisions of the Union Mission are: North India Mission, South India Mission, West India Mission, Burma Mission, and Bengal Mission.

From the field we get cheering reports, for our soldiers on the firing line are full of courage in the face of difficulties that we at home can not appreciate. The letters tell us of the medical, book, school, and evangelistic work, with but little of the personal life of the workers, for they must tell of the most important of all, the King's business, which requires haste.

From North India, where Brother and Sister Burgess are working among the Hindustani people, comes the call for just one man to help warn one hundred twenty million. They say the work is growing in Garhwal.

From South India the story comes of the erection of a school building to accommodate the eighty students enrolled. The Bible has an important place in the program, and the school prospers in spite of opposition. The Tamil Sabbath-keepers believe in the harvest ingathering, so they bring rice, fruits, etc., which are sold for the benefit of the church.

In West India, Brother and Sister Kelsey are located at Lonavla. Four sisters were baptized there. The main station is at Panvel. Two schools are in operation there, and two native evangelists are preaching and selling literature in the villages. Plans are being laid for a tent effort in Bombay.

Burma has its faithful little band of workers, and they are doing their best to establish the work on a firm basis.

At Karmatar, in the Bengal Mission, five village schools are flourishing, but fruit of the school work is not so quickly seen. The mother and daughter of the only English family in the neighborhood have decided to obey the truth.

The seed sown by the canvasser in India is even now beginning to bear fruit, and others are going out with the printed page as one of the best means of reaching the people. So the leaven is working. Let us all pray

for the faithful few in India who must gather the harvest under great disadvantages, and let us give what we can — it may be money, it may be ourselves — to hasten the finishing of the task in the Gibraltar of heathenism.

BELVA VANCE.

Intemperance and Poverty in Mexico

THE more I travel in this world, the more I am impressed with the words of Scripture that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men." Some have had marvelous opportunities, for which they ought to be thankful. Others bear the marks of generations of oppression, darkness, and superstition. We ought to be willing to reach out a helping hand to lift up those who have been less fortunate than ourselves. It would be good for us could we live in a dark country, like Mexico, for a time. We would better appreciate our light, and would realize how much we owe to the generations that have gone before us.

One reason that intemperance is so common in Mexico is the ease with which intoxicating liquor can be obtained. Side by side with the cactus grows the wonderful century-plant, with its ponderous leaves, each one weighing almost as much as a stick of cordwood. These enormous leaves may be used for fodder, may be dried for fuel, or may be made to yield a most tenacious fiber, out of which our ordinary binding twine is made, and a dozen other useful articles. From the center of the plant, when it is seven years old, a stalk shoots up, a little larger than an ordinary pump-handle, and from this is secured a sweet juice, somewhat similar to maple-sap. This juice is both food and drink to the natives; but when it ferments, it becomes pulque, that most terrible of all Mexican curses, the national intoxicating drink.

I thought that years of experience in darkest Chicago had given me a glimpse of intemperance; but during the three months I spent in Mexico, I received an entirely new introduction to this great evil. Many of the Mexicans seem to be continually under its influence, more of them about half the time, and the rest of them at least occasionally. It may be fairly said that intemperance is universal. And you can see the reason: a man can go almost anywhere and extract a quantity of this juice, let it ferment, and then become intoxicated without any particular outlay.

Poverty is almost universal, although Mexico is a land of plenty. Yet there is no chance for actual famine, because the people can subsist upon what naturally grows there as freely as weeds do here. A rat could as easily die of starvation in a crib full of corn.

Mexico, except where it is under cultivation, is practically one vast cactus plain. One can travel on the train all day and see nothing but cacti, and waking up next morning, the same scene greets the eye. No amount of drought can kill the cactus. It grows best on the top of stone walls.

The natives chew the wood-pulp of the stalk, as it contains a sweet juice somewhat similar to sugarcane. The cactus bears a prickly, thorny fruit about the size of a crab-apple, which tastes almost like watermelon.

The agricultural possibilities of Mexico are unlimited. As many as nine crops of alfalfa can be grown in a year, or two crops of ordinary farm products; and yet poverty is universal on account of primitive methods of tilling the soil, and because of indolence and intemperance.

(Concluded on last page)



The Voices of Spring

THE harp of the wild-wood, the voices of Spring,
The glad song of morning, with cheerfulness ring;
For hearts that are wakened, and eyes that discern
God's thought for his children, their message will learn.

God colors the flow'ret, though wee and unseen,
He weaves for the earth-robe a mantle of green,
He rules in the tempest and zephyrs that blow,—
The dewdrops of summer, the blanket of snow.

A marvel of beauty the blossoms unfold,
A wonderful wisdom by leaf-buds is told.
O hearts that are grieving, refusing to sing,
Rejoice while communing with voices of Spring!

WORTHIE HARRIS HOLDEN.

Consumption via the Skin

DR. PIERY, of Lyons, announces that he has found the microbes of tuberculosis in the perspiration of consumptives, and believes that this accounts for the contagion carried by their clothes. The doctor found forty-two per cent of samples taken from guinea-pigs that had been inoculated with germs so carried, infected.

He also found that the microbes of rheumatism and peritonitis can be diffused in the same way. His conclusion is that if the bacillus is able to leave the body through the pores of the skin, it can enter it in the same manner.—*Washington Post*.

If Tiberius Hadn't Been So Impulsive!

UNBREAKABLE glass was invented nearly two thousand years ago, according to Petronius and Dion Cassius, though Pliny casts doubt on the story. An artist appeared before Tiberius with a cup of glass, which he dashed violently on the ground. It was neither broken nor cracked, but merely dented like a piece of metal. Then the man produced a mallet, and hammered the cup back into its proper shape. Tiberius, however, asked whether anybody else knew the secret; and when the artist proudly answered "No," the emperor had him instantly beheaded, fearing that such glass would depreciate the value of the precious metals.—*Washington Post*.

Riggs's Disease

KNOWN also as pyorrhea alveolaris, this disease, which is characterized by a discharge of pus from the tooth-sockets, is not uncommon. It is a serious affection, not only because it brings about the loss of the teeth, but because it has dangerous effects on the constitution. According to a growing belief among physicians, some diseases of obscure origin, such as rheumatoid arthritis, and various disorders of the bronchial tubes, lungs, and heart, are due to the absorption of septic material discharged from the tooth-sockets in Riggs's disease.

Pyorrhea begins over one or more of the front teeth as a congestion of the margins of the gums. The edges thicken, grow spongy, separate from the teeth, and expose the lower part of the roots. Soon the gums begin to discharge pus—a discharge that may often be increased by pressing the root of the tooth. If untreated, the suppuration results in the absorption

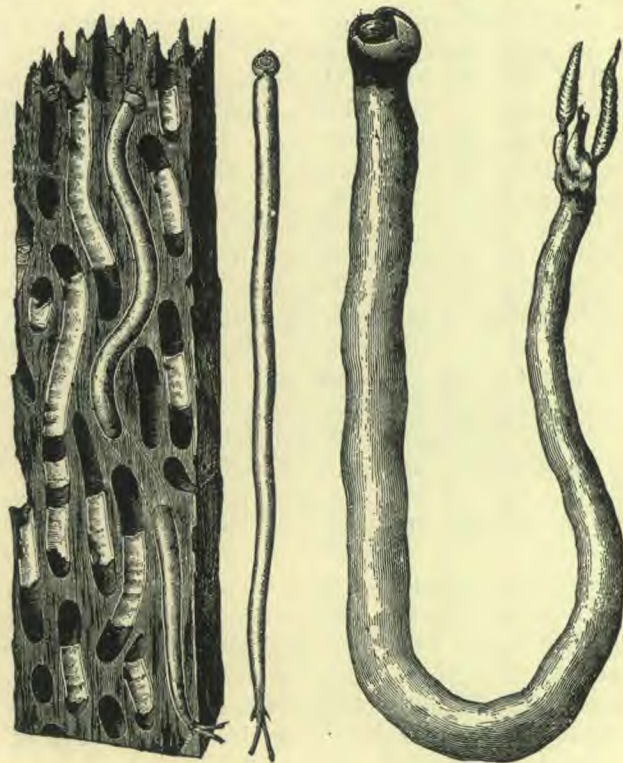
of the bony tooth-sockets, the loosening of the teeth, and ultimately in the loss of them.

Since the disease is due to the germs of suppuration penetrating between the gums and the teeth, it is favored by anything that tends to loosen the gums, such as neglecting the use of the tooth-brush and letting tartar accumulate. Like other germ-diseases, it attacks especially those persons who are already in poor health, or who are from any cause "run down." If taken in time, it is amenable to treatment, but if neglected and allowed to become chronic, it resists almost all attempts at cure.

The usual treatment is to apply peroxide of hydrogen to clean out the pus cavities, and to follow it with some strong antiseptic. In obstinate cases, the teeth may have to be pulled. Home treatment is not to be thought of; the advice of a dentist must be sought early and followed faithfully.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Troublesome Ship-Worm

THE teredo, or boring ship-worm, is a relative of the clam, oyster, mussel, scallop, and boring pholas, all of which are mollusks. This long, worm-like mollusk is one of the most destructive enemies of ship owners and dike-builders. It is especially dangerous because



From "Ocean Wonders"

The teredo, or ship-worm, shown in this illustration was taken from a pile exposed two seasons. It was eighteen inches long when removed from the wood.

its presence in wooden piles may remain unsuspected until the wood is completely eaten through and is ready to collapse.

When the larva first leaves the egg, it is able to penetrate the most minute crack in the casing of a protected pile, and its first instinct seems to be to find a piece of wood which it can begin to bore. Sheathings of copper or concrete do not afford adequate protection. Millions of these tiny unseen borers will demolish an unprotected pile in an incredibly short time. In some waters the average life of such piles is said to be from one to two years, while some have been destroyed in a few months' time. Eight billion board feet of timber is estimated to be destroyed an-

nually by these tiny indefatigable borers, more than the annual cut of the State of Washington.

It is not strange then that economists should seek for some way to prevent this great financial waste. Creosote has proved quite an acceptable preservative, but it is expensive. Mr. Charles Edwards, in the April number of the *Technical World Magazine*, gives the following interesting account of a new discovery that promises to meet with great favor:—

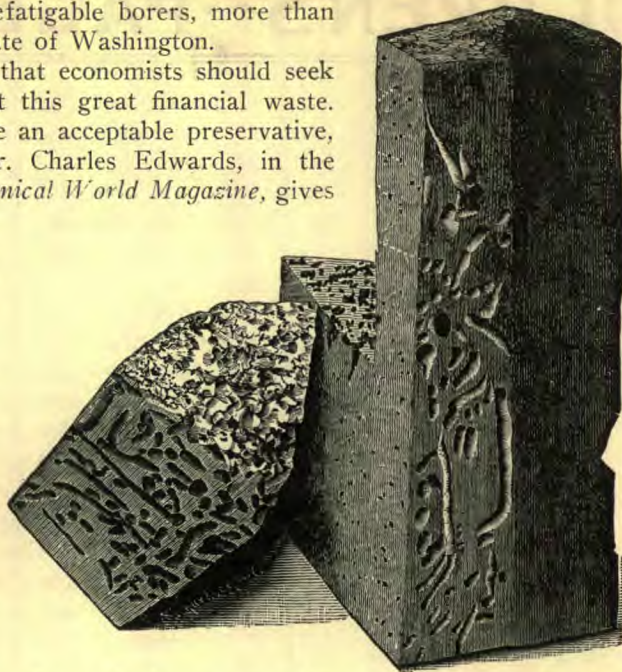
The electric current has been tried in the past upon the wood thus infested, but that method proved ineffectual for the reason that the vitreous shell which encases the teredo is a perfect insulation, so that after all the expense and difficulty of sending a powerful current through the piling, the little pest worked on undisturbed.

Recently, however, a new application of the electric current to this problem was tried in Seattle, and proved an immediate success. It was passed not through the wood but through the salt water about the piling, and its action upon the salt contained in sea water was to liberate chlorine gas in volume sufficient to kill every teredo in the vicinity, no matter how deeply it had burrowed into the heart of the timber. The action of the chlorine gas upon the teredo is not only to destroy its life, but to coagulate its body. The eggs are also acted upon by the gas with fatal result.

During a test made in December, 1910, some piles were subjected to the electrolytic treatment, and after twenty-four hours were taken out of the water and split open. Every teredo in the wood was found to be dead, and the filament-like body had been coagulated by the poisonous gas until it had the consistency of a soft-poached egg.

The apparatus devised for this purpose by the Seattle men who originated the system, Prof. George Delius and Mr. C. P. Tatro, consists of a barge equipped as a power plant, and a number of electrodes, the latter being suspended in the water under the dock or pier to be treated. After the wiring is properly connected, a current of low voltage and high amperage is turned on, and maintained for about an hour. Of course this treatment must be used at regular intervals, but the price at which it is possible to operate the system at a profit is very low, in fact, the inventors estimate that even with the addition of this fixed charge for wharf maintenance there will be a great saving to the owners.

In addition to economy there is also the advantage of having a more permanent structure, as even the creosoted pile is not immune from attack by the teredo for more than a few years, while the new method should prolong its usefulness indefinitely. It is estimated that such treatment once a month will keep the young teredos from entering the pile to any depth, so that if applied to new piling there would be practically no deterioration, as salt water is a preventive of decay. Even the piles which are badly affected by the teredos can be preserved from further ravages by this method, as the long worm-like body of the creature has its posterior end at the surface of the wood, where it is readily affected by the chlorine gas, even though its head is boring far into the timber.



Cut made from a pine slab, partially creosoted and exposed one season in the Gulf of Mexico. Only the dark right-hand portion was creosoted for this experiment.—*Ocean Wonders.*

The hulls of ships can be cleaned from barnacles by the same method, which involves considerably less expense than the primitive process of scraping them off.

A Hygienic Jug

ON arrival in Europe last July, I was amused to see how the Europeans did things. It really looked and seemed like another world to me. England, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and France were interesting to my eyes; but when I arrived in Spain, I began to realize the practical part of the interesting European customs.

During the summer months of 1911 Spain suffered from the hottest weather that it had had for years. It was then while working in the heat of the day, I began to see and feel the beauty of the Catalan

method of drinking water from the "hygienic jug."

All through the large city of Barcelona and through other cities of Catalonia there are fountains every few blocks. Around these fountains are men, women, and children waiting for their turn to fill their jug with the cool, refreshing water.

This jug has two small openings, or spouts. One is larger than the other. The larger one serves to fill the jug, while the smaller one forms a little streamlet

that runs into the mouth while one holds the jug in the air, as shown in the accompanying picture. The jug is held from six to eighteen inches above the mouth. When one holds the jug high, one is considered to be a good drinker, and the water is supposed to taste better.

This method of drinking looks easy, but no doubt it would be less embarrassing for the beginner to take his first lesson in some corner away from native observers. Every foreigner who comes to Spain must spend some time learning how to drink if he does not want to offend the people. He must learn to drink without touching his lips to the spout of the jug or spilling the water on his clothes or on the floor while starting the stream and while stopping it.

The natives are greatly offended if one puts the spout to one's lips. An American lady asked for a drink of water of a native Spanish lady by one of these fountains, after the native had filled her jug. The lady
(Concluded on page fourteen)



AN EXPERT DRINKER



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Puddles



HERE'S one upon a grassy hill;
It fills a hollow place,
And shows a little, new-leaved tree,
Reflected from its face.

Another's in the sandy road,
Where wheels have worn the track;
It crowds a dog-tooth violet,
Which laughs and jostles back.

This one is in a flower bed,
Where, in the fresh-dug ground,
A yellow duckling, newly hatched,
A sea of joy has found.

That one is smaller than the rest;
It but the door-stone fills;
Yet South-wind comes to ripple it,
While robin tunes and trills.

The largest, far, is in the yard,
Before the kitchen door,
Where bare-legged Bobby wades, and cries,
"I'm glad it's spring once more!"

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

"For Righteousness' Sake"

A True Story



MORE than one hundred years ago in a small town in the county of Cork, Ireland, lived a man and his wife, named John and Katherine Norton; their small house, like most of the dwellings in the place, was built of stone, with two rooms on the ground floor and one above, a very unpretentious building; but to the young couple who owned it, it was home, and to them the dearest spot in old Ireland.

About five years before this story opens, a number of their relatives and friends had emigrated to the province of Ontario, Canada, and were continually urging them, in their letters, to come and join them in the new land, promising them good work for John and assuring them of prosperity, but Katherine was sure no land could be so fair as their own beloved Emerald Isle; and as they were doing well, they felt satisfied to remain in the old country; besides this, she had one brother, a fine, stalwart young fellow, named Thomas O'Connor, who had stayed in the place, and she felt unwilling to leave him. He was captain of a band of local guards, a company comprising twenty-one men.

John and Katherine had been married but a few years, and, but for one thing, were very happy; the great difference in their religious beliefs sometimes caused serious discussions; for John was a Roman Catholic, while his wife was a devout member of the Methodist Church.

John was, however, an easy-going man, and loved his pretty wife sincerely; and as long as his home was bright and cheery, he usually made no objections to her attending her own church service, even allowing her occasionally to read to him from her beloved Bible. This good book was Katherine's choicest possession, it having been given her by her mother before her death. She had faithfully kept the promise made at the time she received the gift, to read daily some portion of it.

One day a new priest came to preside over the parish, and he soon inquired of John why his wife never attended mass with him.

"You are the head of the house, man, you should exercise your authority and bring her to church. Don't you know her soul is lost forever, if she stays outside the true fold? I will call and see her; I am sure I can soon convince her that she is wrong, and that as a dutiful wife her place is with you," the priest said, in reply to John's answer.

"Well, I don't know, Father," answered John. "I wish you could make her see our way; but Katherine is very set about her religion, and I admit she can beat me in an argument, when I try to reason with her," and with a sigh John left him.

On reaching home, he greeted Katherine with his usual kiss, but did not tell her of his conversation with the new priest. In a few days Father Ryan called, and from that time poor Katherine was continually bothered with his visits. Though he tried in every way to convince her she had no possible chance of salvation outside the Roman Catholic Church, she remained steadfast in her own faith.

Things went on in this way for several months, when John was obliged to be away for a few weeks. He had bought a wood-lot on an island some five miles across the bay from their home, where he, with some men to help him, was going to camp, and cut the wood.

"I hate to have you go, John, it will be lonely, and I am sure that old priest will be here; only for your sake I would not allow him in the house again. He was very cross the last time he came, and if he troubles me any more, I'll tell him to stay away until you send for him," Mrs. Norton said, as she bade her husband good-by.

"There, there, wife, don't get excited, Father Ryan is a good man and very zealous for the church; for my sake, don't quarrel with him if you can help it. I must be gone, good-by. I will see your brother Thomas as I go by, and ask him to step over evenings and see that you need nothing."

Left alone, Katherine busied herself with the morning's household duties, then went out to the barn and poultry-yard to be sure that, in his haste to get ready, her husband had not forgotten to feed any of the animals.

One afternoon when John had been away about a week, Katherine was sewing and softly singing one of the quaint Irish melodies, when some one knocked; opening the door, she saw, much to her dismay, Father Ryan. With no very cordial greeting, she bade him enter and be seated, and then took up her sewing again.

The talk was on ordinary topics for a few moments, but gradually the priest turned the conversation to the all-absorbing theme to him, and with an attempt to be kind and pleasant, said, "And surely now, Mrs. Norton, you must have been thinking of all I've said to you, and are ready by this time to come with your good husband into the true church, and be saved."

Katherine's cheeks were burning, but she looked the priest straight in the face, and said, with a voice trembling with emotion, "Father Ryan, I do not wish ever to discuss these things with you again, it is no use. I know I have found pardon for my sins through the precious blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, and I do not need to go to my Father in heaven through any saint or priest or church; I have my own precious Bible which I can read for myself, and I can not see that it teaches any of your doctrine."

The talk continued for a few minutes, both growing more and more excited, until, finally, the angry priest jumped from his chair, and snatching the Bible from the stand, threw it into the fireplace, exclaiming, "There, with your old heretic's Bible! It's a pity it couldn't have gone before you got so much of it in your head." The priest had gone too far, for Katherine, thoroughly excited and indignant before, was now so angry over the audacity of the man and the loss of her precious Book, that she seized a dipperful of hot water from the kettle hanging over the fire, and threw it in the priest's face. Howling with pain, Father Ryan rushed out of the house, threatening vengeance on poor Katherine.

Late that afternoon, Thomas O'Connor called at his sister's home, and found her in an unusual state of excitement, her face showing evidence of crying; not knowing the reason, he tried to tease her a bit and said, laughingly, "Whatever is the matter, sister? You look as if John had been gone months instead of days, and you had been weeping your eyes out for him."

It took but a few moments for Katherine to tell her brother all the exciting events of the afternoon, and added, "Now, what am I going to do? Of course, I know this will not end the matter; for the Roman Catholics will never forgive me for scalding their priest. I am sorry enough now that I let myself fly into such a passion; but, Thomas, I just couldn't stand his talk, and then when I saw the dear old Book our darling mother gave me burning up before my eyes, I forgot everything except his boldness and my loss, and the water being nearest me, I threw it at him."

"O Katherine, I don't know what to tell you to do! but we must be thinking of some way out of the trouble, for trouble enough there will be, as soon as the Roman Catholics learn what you have done. I can't blame you, for I am afraid he would have fared worse had I been here. I wish John were here, or I could get you to the island with him; but that is impossible to-night, so we will do the best we can without him. Don't worry; we'll just watch out for them, that's all. I must go now, but will be back as soon as it is dark, and I will bring my company with me. We will stay here to-night, for you may need our protection before morning; fasten things up as well as you can, and do not leave the house until I return."

Left alone again, the nervous woman tried to busy herself with the duties necessary at the close of day; but her mind was so wrought up she did little but walk back and forth to the window, watching for her brother's return, with a nameless fear at her heart.

The short autumn day soon came to a close, but Katherine sat in the dark, too frightened even to light one of the small candles which she herself had dipped only a few days before. She thought of all the stories she had heard of the persecutions by the Roman Church to those who came under its displeasure, and she felt that her insult to the priest would not be lightly overlooked, nor forgiven.

About seven o'clock she saw through the gathering darkness, her brother and his company of guards quietly approaching the house, and with a deep sigh of relief, drew back the heavy bar which secured the door, and let them enter.

The little room was barely large enough to hold all the men; but at last they found seats on the clean floor and began talking in low tones to one another. Soon some of them were sleeping. Though Thomas kept urging his sister to lie down, assuring her he

would watch and be prepared for any one who came to molest, she kept awake.

All was quiet until two o'clock in the morning, when Katherine, who had been looking out of the window, suddenly seized her brother by the arm, and drawing him to the window, they both saw a crowd of men, some carrying torches, coming toward the house.

Quickly, but quietly, O'Connor roused the sleeping men, and bade them be ready to obey any command he might give.

As the crowd outside came nearer the house, they began shouting and swearing, and threatenings of awful punishments were hurled at the woman who they supposed was alone and defenseless in the house.

As the excitement grew more intense, some one set fire to the wooden barn, and soon all the outbuildings were in flames. Hearing no response to their repeated cries for the heretic to come out, one ruffian started to force the door, and immediately others rushed to his aid.

O'Connor had been waiting until then, not wishing to injure any one, and hoping they meant simply to frighten his sister, and would soon go away; but realizing they really intended to use violence, he gave the order, "Fire, boys, but fire high; don't kill if you can avoid it." As many as could stood by the four small windows, and fired. For a moment the rabble was so surprised they said nothing, then fearing their plans might be defeated, they became more and more angry, and declared they would have every one in the house out, and deal with them all as heretics deserved.

For over an hour they tried in every way to gain admittance, but the soldiers guarded every opening; and finally, after some had been wounded, they went away, vowing they would yet punish Mrs. Norton.

Morning came at last, and the guards all went home except Thomas, who stayed to arrange plans for the future with his sister.

After talking for some time over one plan and another, Thomas said, "I can see only one safe thing to do; I will get a boat to-day and take you to the camp to John. I heard yesterday there is a vessel to sail for America in about two weeks, and I really think, sister, you would better go. I will sell your place in the meantime, and take you the money. You know our friends there have often written you both to come, and you will soon be doing well; indeed, I think I shall go myself by spring."

With a sad heart, Katherine packed her few precious keepsakes and their best clothes, and about noon left the little home, where, up to a few weeks before, she had been so happy.

In a little while they had reached the island, found John, and told him all that had happened. He was very much surprised and grieved; and also indignant at the priest for taking such liberties. When he saw how much his wife had suffered, he had not the heart to chide her for her hasty part in the affair, but instead, threw his arms around her, and drawing her close to him, thanked Thomas warmly for protecting her.

As soon as their affairs were settled, John and Katherine Norton went to the place from which the vessel sailed for America, and were soon sailing away from their native land to a new home in a strange country.

As they gazed, with eyes filled with tears, at the last signs of their dearly beloved Emerald Isle, this verse came to Katherine, and she repeated it softly: "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."—*Margaret B. Currie, in the Young Pilgrim.*



M. E. KERN Secretary
MATILDA ERICKSON Corresponding Secretary

Society Study for Sabbath, May 11

Into All the World, No. 10 — Our Work in India and Burma

LEADER'S NOTE.—As we take up this study on India, let us not forget that to some extent we are responsible for the work in foreign fields. Hon. James Bryce once said, "The imperfect power of the gospel at home is the second great hindrance to the spread of the gospel abroad." Truly, as John R. Mott has said, "A superhuman gospel must be given by superhuman power." And we must have that superhuman power in our individual lives while we are at the recruiting stations in the home land preparing for wider service by serving where we are. We are particularly fortunate to have an article from Elder Wood, who has spent seventeen years in India. Give his article careful study. It contains abundant material for the paper "What It Means to Give India the Gospel." Those desiring other helps might consult books on missions, geographies, histories, etc. For the two eight-minute talks on "Our Work in the Gibraltar of Heathenism," make good use of the map mentioned in last week's suggestions. Divide the subject as you think best. See INSTRUCTOR, also back numbers of the *Review and Herald*, and "Outline of Mission Fields," or "Missionary Idea." The talk on "News From the Fields" is to be given by the person who gleans mission notes from current papers. For the symposium ask every one to tell one thing he has learned about our work in India. Allow only one sentence from each, if many are present. Close with prayer for our workers in India. Gather reports.

Suggestive Program

Scripture drill (review Morning Watch texts for the week).
What It Means to Give India the Gospel (ten-minute paper).
Our Work in the Gibraltar of Heathenism (two eight-minute talks).
News From the Fields (three-minute talk).
The Need of Haste in Mission Work (recitation).
See page 3.
Symposium.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 5 — Lesson 29: "The Miracles of Missions," Fourth Series, Chapters 7 and 8

NOTE.—Again, in the chapter on Rabinowitz, are we reminded of the great light which God has in these last days shed upon the Scriptures, especially those foretelling the second advent of our Saviour.

1. ON his arrival at Fort Simpson, what unpromising conditions did William Duncan find? What was his first step in missionary effort? How did it result? What led him to establish the first industry among the Indians?

2. Give an account of the establishment and development of the "model state" at Metlakahtla. What influence did it exert?

3. To what place did the Indians remove in 1887? Describe it. Upon what did Mr. Duncan rely in his work?

4. Locate the province of Bessarabia.

5. Who was Joseph Rabinowitz? Under what circumstances did his conversion to Christianity occur? What essential truth was impressed upon him at that time? In what did persecution of him result?

6. How wide was the influence of his work? Tell of his devotion and affection for Christ. How did he regard the Bible?

7. Explain Rev. 16: 15 and Zech. 12: 10 as Rabin-

owitz saw these scriptures. What objection do you see in his interpretation of Romans 11?

8. What logical view did he take of the spiritualization of the second advent scriptures?

Junior No. 4 — Lesson 29: "North America," Pages 218-248

1. WHY is it especially interesting to see Pittsburgh after dark? Describe a coke-oven. How is coke made?

2. Through what process must the iron ore go before it can be used for machinery? How is the iron drawn out of the blast-furnaces and prepared for market? What becomes of the slag? How does our country rank in the manufacture of pig-iron and steel?

3. Tell briefly what you have learned in this lesson about the situation and the industries of Pittsburgh. What did you observe on your trip down the Ohio River?

4. Locate on your map the cities you passed on this trip. What did you learn about Cincinnati? about Louisville?

5. How does Chicago compare in size with other cities? Give a little of its history. Tell of the great Chicago fire. In rebuilding the city, how were the foundations for the large buildings laid? Why? To what does Chicago largely owe its growth? Name some of the industries of Chicago and its suburbs.

6. What did you learn in your visit to the stockyards? to the packing-houses? Give an idea of how every part of the animal is utilized. I think Mr. Carpenter, in the last paragraph on page 231, means to tell us that Chicago has some of the largest stockyards in the country. Some of us, had we been in Mr. Carpenter's group, would have asked to be excused from seeing the gruesome sights in the stockyards. The expression about the fishes in the last paragraph on page 233 can easily be misunderstood. It shows that large quantities of fish are caught there.

7. What things of interest did we learn about Milwaukee?

8. Where did we go from Milwaukee? Tell what you learned about Pike's Peak, and what you saw from its summit. Name some of the wonderful things we find in the Rockies.

9. What was the effect of the finding of gold in California in 1848? Since that time how much gold and silver have been dug out of the Rockies? Describe your visit to the gold-mine; to the cyanide-mill.

A Hygienic Jug

(Concluded from page eleven)

gladly granted the use of her jug to the thirsty one, who put it to her mouth and drank heartily, not knowing of the custom of this country. When it was returned to its owner, she threw it on the ground, breaking it into many pieces. She of course would be horrified at the common drinking-cup used so largely in our American cities and on trains.

This method of drinking is perhaps as old as Spain, but it still remains good, and solves a little end of the great problem of hygienic drinking. It keeps the water cool and fresh, and is not exposed to danger of disease as when using a public drinking-cup or a family glass.

Another good feature is that one can not drink too fast. The water comes out in a little stream just fast enough to make drinking pleasant and healthful.

JOHN F. BROWN.



V — Good Angels

(May 4)

MEMORY VERSE: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways." Ps. 91: 11.

Questions

1. Whom did John see in heaven about the throne of God? How many of these beings did he see? Rev. 5: 11. What is said elsewhere of their number? Heb. 12: 22.
2. Were the angels created before men? Job 38: 4-7. Are they a higher or lower order of beings than men? Ps. 8: 5; note 1.
3. What is said of the strength of the angels? What is it their delight to do? To what do they harken? Ps. 103: 20. Whose ministers, or servants, are they? Verse 21. How do they go when sent on errands for God? Eze. 1: 14.
4. What is the special work of God's angels? Heb. 1: 14. In what way do they help his children? Ps. 34: 7.
5. Where did Jacob see the angels? Gen. 28: 10-12.
6. How did an angel minister to Elijah? 1 Kings 19: 5-8. What did the angels finally do for him? 2 Kings 2: 9-11; note 2.
7. What did the Syrian army hear on one occasion which caused them to flee? 2 Kings 7: 6, 7. Tell how a young man saw these horses and chariots at another time. 2 Kings 6: 15-17.
8. Tell the story of Daniel's deliverance. Dan. 6: 16-22.
9. Who visited Cornelius, and why? Acts 10: 3-6.
10. How was Peter saved from death? Acts 12: 6-10.
11. Who spoke to Paul when on the stormy sea? Acts 27: 20-25.
12. What promise is given to those who fear the Lord? Ps. 34: 7; note 3.
13. What part will the angels act when God's people are judged? Dan. 7: 9, 10. Why are they fitted to bear witness? Repeat the memory verse. Note 4.
14. How many of the angels will come with Jesus when he returns? Matt. 25: 31. What work will be given them then? Mark 13: 26, 27. Should we not be careful not to grieve these heavenly friends? Shall we not live so they will make a good record of our lives?

Notes

1. "Before the creation of man, angels were in existence; for when the foundations of the earth were laid, 'the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.' After the fall of man, angels were sent to guard the tree of life, and this before a human being had died. Angels are in nature superior to men. For the psalmist says that man was made 'a little lower than the angels.'"—*Great Controversy*, page 511.
2. That which had the appearance of a fiery chariot and horses was a company of angels, for we read in Ps. 68: 17, "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the holy place."
3. "A guardian angel is appointed to every follower of Christ. These heavenly watchers shield the righteous from the power of the wicked one. This Satan himself recognized when he said, 'Doth Job fear God for naught? Hast not thou made a hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?' . . . The angels appointed to

minister to the children of God have at all times access to his presence."—*Great Controversy*, page 512.

4. The books which are opened contain a record of the lives of those who are judged. The angels are well acquainted with all we do, and the records they make will decide our destiny for life or death.



V — The Ministry of Angels

(May 4)

LESSON HELPS: "Early Writings," old edition, part 1, pages 31-33, and part 3, pages 21-24; new edition, pages 39, 40, 149-153. *Sabbath School Worker*.

MEMORY VERSE: Ps. 91: 11.

Questions

1. Whom did John see and hear about God's throne in heaven? What is said of the number of the angels? Rev. 5: 11, 12.
2. By whom were the angels brought into existence? Col. 1: 16; note 1.
3. What ministry has been appointed them? Heb. 1: 14; Ps. 103: 20, 21.
4. In what form have angels appeared to men? Gen. 18: 2; 19: 1-3, 16; Acts 1: 10.
5. Give illustrations of their power. 2 Kings 19: 35; Luke 1: 18-20.
6. How have angels helped the people of God in times of distress? Dan. 3: 24-26; 6: 22.
7. How have they delivered God's servants in trouble? Acts 5: 17-19; 12: 5-10.
8. What interest is shown by the angels when sinners turn to the Lord? Luke 15: 10; note 2.
9. How did Christ speak of the ministry of angels? Matt. 18: 10. How is the rapidity of their movements described? Dan. 9: 20-23.
10. What comforting promise is given for those who trust and fear the Lord? Ps. 34: 6, 7; 91: 9-11.
11. When Jesus appears the second time, who will accompany him? Matt. 25: 31.
12. What part will the angels act when the Lord calls from their graves his sleeping saints? Matt. 24: 31; note 3.

Notes

1. Angels are created beings. The Son of God being the one by whom the Father spoke all things into existence (John 1: 1-3), it is evident that the Son himself existed prior to the highest order of heavenly angels. Col. 1: 15-17. It is reasonable that angels, as well as men, should worship the Son, who was associated with the Father in their creation. This they do, by the command of the Father. Heb. 1: 6.
2. "I have seen the tender love that God has for his people, and it is very great. I saw angels over the saints with their wings spread about them. Each saint had an attending angel. If the saints wept through discouragement, or were in danger, the angels that ever attended them would fly quickly upward to carry the tidings, and the angels in the city would cease to sing. Then Jesus would commission another angel to descend to encourage, watch over, and try to keep them from going out of the narrow path; but if they did not take heed to the watchful care of these angels, and would not be comforted by them, but continued to go astray, the angels would look sad and weep. They would bear the tidings upward, and all the angels in the city would weep."—*Early Writings*, old edition, part 1, page 31.
3. "Angels 'gather together the elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.' Little children are borne by holy angels to their mothers' arms. Friends long separated by death are united, nevermore to part, and with songs of gladness ascend together to the city of God."—*Great Controversy*, page 645.

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New Temperance Volunteers

THE following-named boys have joined the Temperance Volunteers since the report of their work appeared in the INSTRUCTOR: Warren Marden, of Albany, New York; George Oliver, Herbert Davis, Alfred Tunnell, and Elden Ford, of Takoma Park, D. C. Alfred Tunnell is the youngest member of the band, but the first afternoon that he went out he sold twenty-one papers.

The bag and badge can be obtained for thirty cents by writing to THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Takoma Park, D. C. But if you plan to join the Volunteers, send your name to the editor of the INSTRUCTOR, because hundreds and thousands of persons are interested to see how the list of Volunteers increases.

Intemperance and Poverty in Mexico

(Concluded from page nine)

When a man wishes to erect a humble dwelling, all he needs to do is to shovel up in a heap some of the peculiar sandy clay, add a little horse manure, and enough water to make a mortar. Then he takes off his sandals, and tramps it with his bare feet until it is thoroughly mixed, when he pours it into a wooden frame half as high as an ordinary hat-box, pats the top of it smooth with his hands, lifts the frame off, lets it dry in the sun for a few days, and he has a block of adobe; and the older the blocks, the harder they become. I saw buildings two or three hundred years old made of these blocks, which were almost as hard as granite.

A great load of wood was dumped in front of my brother's factory. The men who had been employed to carry in the wood carefully picked up all the chips they could lay their hands on for themselves. Then came a group of old women with their little whisk-brooms, and swept up the very dust of the street in order to secure some little chips that they could take home for fuel.

I saw women come into the bakery and buy a cent's worth of crumbs, just the sweepings from the tables where the bread had been cut. The majority of these people flourish on what the most of us waste, even those of us who think we are economical.

These people need to be taught how to make better use of the material things of life; but above all things, they need to be taught the saving gospel of Christ;

and that requires character more than words. Prof. G. W. Caviness, of Mexico City, who has given the best years of his life for the Master's kingdom, while out in a distant part of Mexico stopped at a humble inn. A rough German miner stopped at the same place. After a few moments, although an absolute stranger, he walked up and took Professor Caviness by the hand and said, "When I saw you, I thought of the words, 'Nearer, my God, to thee.'"

I believe it is possible, through the grace of God, for each one of us to have something about our lives, although we may be largely unconscious of it, that will remind earth's weary and sin-cursed sons and daughters, wherever we meet them, of heaven and heavenly things.

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.

The Lonesome Indian

"MORE arguments?" asked the preacher. "No," replied the Indian, "I can't argue. I have come to tell you something. You have been very kind to us at Newtown, and you have respected our belief. My heart gets lonesome, sometimes, when I think of life and destiny. I am lonesome for something that will set my heart at rest. Often I pray to Hawenui, the Great Spirit. He is your God and mine. I burn the sacred incense, the *oyankwa*, and have been ever faithful. I said I was contented, but in my heart I called myself a liar. Then I hated my weakness, and said again, 'I am content,' but I am not. Jake—he is my boy—has been telling me much of what he saw and heard at Carlisle, and I realize now that there is something I lack. And I feel it so strongly sometimes, Black-coat, that my heart aches, and no dance nor incense can cure it. When little Newa died, I felt that loneliness and unrest; when Jake first got drunk, I felt it. Now Mary is sick, and our new baby is dead, and I feel it. Mary has sent me down to ask if you will not come up again and pray with us."—*Indian Journal*.

The Mother's Pension Law

IN the State of Illinois a few months ago an amendment to the Juvenile Court Act that is wholly admirable was put into force, and marks a great step forward in the way of caring for the young. Hitherto when the chief wage-earner of the family has been taken away, and the task of caring for young children has proved too heavy for the mother, the charitable institution has provided shelter, food, and such training as can be given when groups made up of all nationalities and temperaments are essayed to be fashioned by the same mold. The new law provides that when poverty is the only crime, and the mother is in every way worthy, the money formerly paid the institution for the support of the children shall be paid directly to her. So the mother will not be deprived of her children, and the children will have the influences of a home instead of those of an asylum.

That other States will enact similar legislation is certain; indeed, a movement was started in Massachusetts some time ago, but at the time of writing no definite result has been obtained. The Massachusetts proposal is for the State to pay ten dollars monthly for the first child until it is fourteen years of age, and five dollars monthly for each succeeding child.—*The Ladies' World*.