

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 14



AMONG THE ROCKS

THE ordinary crew on one of the big ocean liners is said to number eight hundred persons.

A BAPTIST church of Shreveport, Louisiana, has arranged to support four missionaries in foreign fields.

THE largest check on record was recently drawn by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., in New York. It called for \$49,098,000.

DURING the last six months the Allies have bought from the United States \$400,000,000 worth of war supplies.

PERMANENT records of telephone conversation may now be made by adding to the telephone equipment an apparatus that receives and records on a wax cylinder of a phonograph all that passes through the telephone.

DOOR heaters consisting of an iron pipe fitted inside with an electric heating apparatus and attached to the lower edge of the door, are now in use. These heaters are for the purpose of heating any air that may find an entrance under the door into the room.

JITNEY busses are becoming common in Western cities. The word jitney is said to come from the slang of the street Arab, who has a name for every coin. A meg is a cent, while a jitney is a nickel. So a jitney bus is nothing more than a motor car licensed to carry passengers on a special route for a five-cent fare.

THE farmers of India are being taught to use the American plow. It had been the custom for centuries to root out the stubble of previous harvests before plowing the soil for the new crop. This impoverished the soil and added greatly to the labor. An American missionary showed the value of the stubble by plowing it under, an operation easy to accomplish with the heavy American plow.

THE glass dome on the Palace of Horticulture at the San Francisco Exposition is the most wonderful and largest dome in existence. In shape it resembles the mosques of the Old World, having been patterned after a famous structure in Turkey.

APRIL 18, 1915, has been set apart by the request of the leading clergymen and others of San Francisco as a day of thanksgiving to God for the blessings that have come to the city since that fatal day nine years ago when the great earthquake and fire laid the city in ruins.

EXCESS of United States exports over her imports has grown from \$16,000,000 in September and \$56,000,000 in October, to \$79,000,000 in November, \$131,000,000 in December, and \$145,000,000 in January. It will be seen that the figures for January point to an excess of more than \$1,700,000,000 for twelve months.

MANY leading daily and weekly newspapers are now refusing liquor advertisements. Chief among them are the Boyce weeklies of Chicago. One of these, the *Saturday Blade*, claiming 6,250,000 readers, loses an average of \$50,000 a year by this stand. Then there are the *Herald* of Chicago and the *Ithaca Journal*, besides many others. About one fourth of all the dailies in the country take no liquor advertisements.

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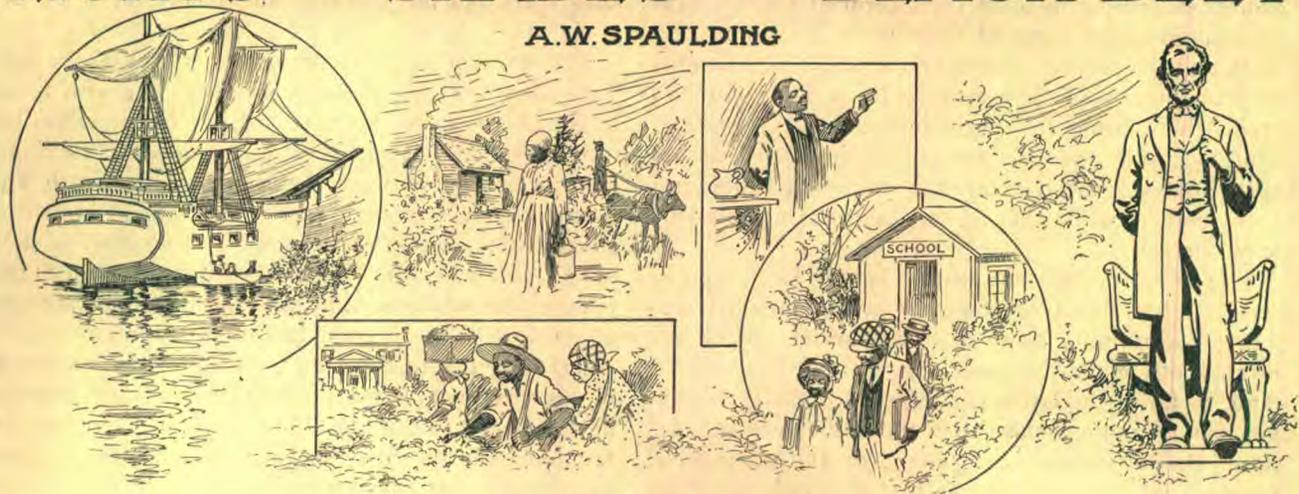
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LIGHTS and SHADES in the BLACK BELT

A. W. SPAULDING



An Evil Heritage



ONE hot day in late August, 1619, the sentries at the little city of Jamestown, in Virginia, looked out in suspicion at a vessel coming up the river, a frigate flying the Dutch flag and revealing at her portholes the snouts of fat guns. To this appearance she owes the description given her by John Rolfe, the colony's historian, as "a Dutch man-of-warre."

Well might her appearance occasion alarm at Jamestown, for that puny settlement was then the sole outpost of English civilization on American shores. Though twelve years old, it was still in the midst of its Indian difficulties, and was well aware, moreover, that the other nations of Europe were none too friendly to its presence in this new land. So every craft that put in to Virginia waters was closely scanned until its mission should be known. The flag of Holland, however, was more reassuring than that of Spain or France; for Holland was a natural and oftentimes-declared ally of England.

However, the little ship that came up with the wind and tide that August afternoon proved to be no man-of-war, but an armed vessel of commerce. Though it flew the Dutch flag, it had no actual commission from the Prince of Orange or anybody else, but, manned chiefly by English sailors, was engaged in the lucrative business of piracy in the Western waters.

Whatever of plunder in cloths or tools or arms this pirate ship of unknown name may have offered there at Jamestown, in exchange for English silver or Virginia tobacco, we do not know: all we learn of her visit is contained in one short line, wherein Rolfe tells us that she "sold us twenty negars." Thus, at the very beginning of English colonization, over a year before the Pilgrims landed on Plymouth Rock, and only a dozen years after the founding of the first settlement at Jamestown, the Negro entered as a slave the land dedicated to liberty.

There on the rude wharf they stood, these slaves, a wretched huddle of humanity, the gazingstock of the curious and the attraction of the covetous. Fancy is left to picture them as it will; for though they were the first representatives of a race destined to make America's most perplexing problem,—the innocent cause of wrangles, debates, hatred, and bloodshed, as well as of noble friendships and heroic deeds,—they attracted no more attention from the chronicler of the

times than could be expressed in one sentence. Heathen they doubtless were; for servile Africa, at home or abroad, had had no gospel preached to it. And as they stood there, gibbering their native language or stuttering the first words of an unknown tongue, their value in the eyes of Christian purchasers was the value of bodies and not of souls. Were they chiefs and princes in their native land, or were they used to serfdom all their lives? Had they but now endured the horrors of the over-sea passage in the slaver's ship, chained in the fetid hold to dead and dying companions, and subsisting on the scant and foul fare doled out to them; or had they been bartered for on the plantations of New Spain, but a few hundred miles to the south?

For while this landing at Jamestown was the Negro's advent into English America, it was not his first appearance in the Western world. The trade in Negro slavery had been opened in the West Indies over a hundred years before, by the Portuguese and Spanish, who then began to import Negroes to take the place of the rapidly dying Indians they had enslaved.

And now, as these twenty black men and women entered the first and only city of English America, they came, unconsciously to themselves and to others, as the forerunners of human liberty; for by their servitude their people were first to supersede the bondsmen of other races, and last of all to rouse the heart of Christianity to the securing of their own liberty. They came into no free America. Among the hundreds of eyes that gazed with curiosity upon them in those first days, there were at least as many of bond servants' as of freemen's. For servitude in the first two centuries of English America was by no means limited to the Negro. Not only was the Indian, when he could be captured and subdued, made a slave to the white conqueror, as well in Puritan New England and Cavalier Virginia as in Spanish America, but white men and women—criminals, prisoners of war, and whoever else might be induced or forced—were sent into the New World as "indentured servants," under sentence or contract to serve for various terms the masters who should purchase them.

These persons might be Irish, or Scotch, or even English prisoners made in the civil wars of Britain; they might be hardened criminals or unfortunate debtors, or dissolute younger sons of lords, deported to the New World for safety and profit to the English

government; or they might be poor young men and women who bought their passage and their maintenance by agreeing to serve for a term of years. New England received some of these white servants, New York and the middle colonies more, and Virginia most of all. They were for a century far in excess of Negroes, there being in Virginia in 1671 six thousand white servants and only two thousand Negroes; and in the following twelve years the number of white servants doubled, while that of the Negroes increased by only one third.

This, it is true, was not slavery, but the long terms of service often involved, together with extended sentences for running away or other misdemeanors, not infrequently made the period of servitude that of life. And, so far as the law was concerned, the Negro servant was no more a slave than the white servant. Indeed, the articles of association of the commercial company of Pennsylvania at first expressly provided for the freeing of the blacks after fourteen years' service. The Negro's distance from his native home, his ignorance and comparative docility, and the fact that he was bought without any terms as to length of service, did of course make him in practice, in public opinion, and therefore in common law, a servant for life. But not until he had been on American territory for a quarter of a century was there any legislation fixing his status as a slave, or any legal ground for preventing his asserting and obtaining his liberty.¹

Except for a partial injunction in Rhode Island by its founder, Roger Williams, Georgia has the honor of being the only American colony which from the beginning fought slavery on principle. That colony was founded by the philanthropist, General Oglethorpe, for the benefit of prisoners of debt and other unfortunates; and he and his councilors declared that slavery, which they abhorred, should never disgrace the soil of their colony. Georgia, however, was nearest neighbor to South Carolina, which early began to rival Virginia in the number of its slaves, and to exceed it in the proportion of black to white; and the object lesson of the Carolina planters, who were growing rich off their slave-worked rice and indigo plantations, was too strong for the Georgia settlers, who, like the forgiven debtor in the parable, learned no lesson of liberality, but took their fellow servant by the throat. At first they evaded the law by hiring slaves from over the

border; but, finding this less remunerative than out-and-out slave owning, they persistently urged that the antislavery law be revoked, and finally, in 1749, obtained their object.

This backsliding of Georgia was typical of the falling fortunes of the Negro in America. As with Israel in Egypt, the faster he increased, the more certain became his doom; and, as already noted, laws fixing slavery upon him were being passed in North and South. Why was the Negro thus singled out from among other classes of servants, and doomed to slavery? Doubtless his physical difference made one reason: the white servant was of the same race and appearance as his master, and might therefore readily assert his right to the same privileges; the black man by his race made himself a distinct class, and, brought here a slave, might the more easily be kept in that relation. But the chief reason, it would seem, in those early times, was the distinction the colonists felt they

must make between the position of Christian servants and heathen. Slavery, under various forms and names, had continued from the earliest ages, but through the whole Christian era the consciences of good men were often troubled over the practice; but the narrowness of men's sympathies and their cupidity, tended to restrict condemnation to the enslavement of Christian people.



YOUTHFUL RESIDENTS OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

It was even argued, and not wholly without the force of experience, that the enslavement of heathen or Mohammedan peoples might be their salvation, through their being brought in contact with Christianity. This philosophy was brought to America, and operated to bring the servitude of the white man into disrepute, especially when the Negro was brought, a heathen, to fill his place. The enslavement of the Indian, while deprecated by such men as John Eliot and Cotton Mather, was commonly held to be both Christian and politic, and New England sold her captives of King Philip's War into the West Indies for rum. But domestic enslavement of the Indian was found impracticable, as both Virginia and New England discovered, because of his indolent habits, his fierce and vengeful disposition, and his nearness to his native wilds. The white servants were for the most part not indentured for life, and, in any case, their children were not in bondage. So the Christian white man turned in relief to the heathen Negro, and declared him and his children his slaves forever!

(To be concluded)

Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the New Year. The workshop of character is everyday life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is lost or won.—*Maltbie D. Babcock.*

¹The first statute establishing slavery in English America was passed by Massachusetts in 1641, an act, however, which permitted slavery only by capture or purchase, the children of slaves being free. Connecticut followed with a law establishing slavery in 1650, Virginia in 1661, Maryland in 1663, New York and New Jersey in 1664, South Carolina in 1682, Pennsylvania and Rhode Island in 1700, North Carolina in 1715, and Georgia in 1755.—*"Antislavery in America," Locke, page 34.*

Beginning Work in Portugal

C. E. RENTFRO



THE twenty-sixth of September, 1904, my family and I landed in Lisbon, from the steamer "Magdalena," which was on its way from Southampton to Brazil. Our first work was to learn the language.

Beginning with a teacher, we studied for five months. Not making the progress we desired, we changed location as well as teacher. The second knew how to adapt herself to our circumstances, and we made progress, so that by November, 1905, we began to conduct Bible studies in the homes of friends. By the beginning of 1906 I began to preach in our own house to an audience of from ten to twenty-five persons, besides having a song service once a week for the purpose of attracting some to the gospel.

With the help of kind friends, I translated some readings from the Family Bible Teacher. This work was authorized by the Latin Union Conference Committee; and with funds supplied by friends of the cause living in California, I published two or three thousand copies of each reading. Of these and some English tracts I distributed about seven thousand pages.

One day, while distributing in a neighboring village, I handed a copy to a man who directed me to some workmen, saying to them: "Accept, accept, this is very good. It is from the Bible." When I was about to depart, he called, "Is this Catholic?" I replied, "No." He then said, "If it were Catholic, I would not have anything to do with it." By conversing with him, I learned that he had never talked with a Protestant, but for years had known that the Catholic religion was false. He has practically left the church, and is desirous of something better. He bought a Bible and a copy of "Gospel Primer," and has the Portuguese paper to read, also a number of tracts. We pray that he may lose his fear of the Jesuits and walk in the light.

From Lisbon a young man wrote asking for literature, saying maybe the Lord would shed new light on his pathway. Another man bought copies of everything we have printed in the language, and is desirous of still more reading matter when it is ready. He is also selling "Gospel Primer" and "Steps to Christ" as he has opportunity. Because of seeming obstacles, I have not been able to hold continued Bible studies with either, partly owing to the work of one and to the illness of the other's wife. These are hopeful cases.

About seven or eight months ago I began sending the *Signs of the Times* (a club of which was supplied by a dear old sister in Grinnell, Iowa, and a Portuguese brother in California) to an English woman in Lisbon. Once I sent a number of *Present Truth*, and finally a set of the *Signs of the Times* Leaflets. One day while in the city I called at her home to see how she liked the papers. She was interested in them, especially those on the Sabbath. After a short study and prayer, I asked her to study carefully and seriously the importance of keeping holy God's day. That week I received a card in response to a letter I had written to her. She said that we were welcome to spend Sabbath afternoon in study at her house. Later, during a study on "Who Changed the Sabbath?" she said, "Well, I shall try to keep the Sabbath." How we did rejoice to hear this, the first fruit of the truth in Por-

tugal! Will not those who furnished the papers receive their reward?

A characteristic of converts to this truth is a readiness to spread this message. This woman is a widow, and has one son of twenty-three years, who was reared a Catholic, although she was an Episcopalian. She has two nieces, young women, who she says will keep the Sabbath, for she has told them of her change and the reasons for it. They are Catholics, yet the Sabbath truth appeals to them strongly.

You would have enjoyed a social service which we held recently. After a Bible study on confessing Christ before the world, in which an English sister and a Portuguese family — father, mother, two sons, one married son and his wife — took part, opportunity was given to testify. The oldest and youngest sons spoke of their thankfulness to God for this blessed truth, and desired to spread a knowledge of it among their countrymen. The young woman, who came out of Catholicism, said her husband had begged her to attend Protestant meetings, but she never desired to go. Now she thanked God for this truth that had attracted her.

The father, who had recently accepted the truth, told how he had been bowing down to images of wood, stone, gold, and silver, which have ears, but do not hear; eyes, but do not see; mouths, but do not speak; but now he was thankful he could worship the true God, and keep his law and the Sabbath. One son has said, "This Christian life is good, but in the work I have chosen I cannot keep the Sabbath." His ambition is to be a pilot. The father is a furniture maker, and his shop is closed on Sabbath. The youngest son is working in the department of justice, but so far has the Sabbath free. We desire to educate this young man of eighteen years and his older brother to be workers. In this family, of which only one was a Protestant, we have seen the special working of God's power. Some time ago the father did not care to know anything of Protestantism, but now he is all aglow with the truth.

Now, let me appeal to our young people, students, young people's societies, society leaders, and others, young and old, to remember the mother country of the Portuguese language and people. In remembering the fountainhead of the people, the branches will receive their share of attention. If there is a society that wishes to assist in educating Portuguese workers, it is invited to correspond with the Mission Board.

Our need here is literature published in this country. For this, money is required, of course. Who will take to heart the needs of the natives in Portugal, in East and West Africa, and in the isles that wait for Jehovah's law? Forty million Portuguese cry aloud for freedom from Catholicism, darkness, and sin. Who will help? May God lay the burden on students to study the language, on some to supply funds, and others to pray. May he put his Spirit upon the people to bring them to him, and his power upon his representatives of present truth already here and in other places.

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"THERE is no calamity so great that it cannot be made a little lighter by patience, or a great deal heavier by despair."



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



A Mother

M. FLORENCE WHALEY

A BRAHAM LINCOLN was a man worthy of his country's highest esteem; but do we ever consider that he might not have been the man he was had it not been for the mother of whom he spoke in tenderest terms throughout his life? While his statement, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother," may appear rather broad in its scope, it is a truth that it was she who awakened in him the first desire to rise above the conditions that surrounded him in the vicinity of his log cabin home in Indiana.

This second mother was brought a bride to the rudely constructed, forlorn-looking cabin of Thomas Lincoln when Abraham was in his tenth and his sister Nancy in her twelfth year. She had come from her old home in Kentucky, where she had been left a widow with three children. From the number of useful articles of household furniture she insisted on conveying to her new home, it appears that formerly she had at least known some of the comforts of home life. Thomas Lincoln had undoubtedly greatly magnified the qualities of his "farm," for her disappointment was keen on seeing the place that was thereafter to shelter her and hers. However, she was a woman of high principle and genuine common sense, and she at once determined to make the most of the situation. She was industrious, a good manager, and a systematic housekeeper. Under her wise supervision the atmosphere of the home, without and within, was changed for the better in a short time. The little Lincolns, who knew nothing of cleanliness or order, received their first lessons in these essentials from the one whose advent had so revolutionized affairs; but in her endeavor to bring about a different order of things in the home, she did not forget that if she desired the cooperation of her stepchildren she must first win their affections. This was not difficult, for they were evidently hungry for just the love and attention she bestowed on them. She opened her heart to them, took them into her confidence, and before many days she had completely won their childish affections. To Abraham she took a special liking, and from all accounts the love was mutual.

Up to the time of her coming into their lives, the children had not attended school. In the first place, no one encouraged them to improve themselves; and in the second place, there was not suitable clothing to make them presentable in the schoolroom. But Mrs. Lincoln was not long in overcoming the difficulties in the way. She set immediately to work, and with the coming of winter had the little folks attired for school. Unlettered though she was, her mind's eye could see into the future, and she desired to give her children every opportunity possible. In Abraham she saw evidences of marked intelligence, and she inspired him with the belief that the world had in store for him something better than the wilderness of Indiana af-

forded. And who is able to tell the result of her influence in the life of him who still lives in the memory of his countrymen, for whom he was sacrificed?

When Lincoln became president, before starting for Washington he visited her who had been the best friend he had known. She was at this time old and feeble; and as he looked at the bent form that was once so straight and sprightly, his heart was touched. He thought of the years of toil and sorrow that had been her lot; he thought of how his life had been transformed by her power; and, if it were possible, his love and admiration of this noble woman were deepened. He bade her an affectionate farewell, impressed that it would be the last time he should see her.

After his assassination, when Lincoln's partner in law called on the aged mother, she spoke through her tears of her love and appreciation of the son who had been so kind and dutiful as a boy, and of the man who did not forget her in his prosperity. Her grief was painful to witness, and no doubt the loss of this godly son hastened her death, which occurred soon after his. Of her last resting place it is said: "She lies buried in an obscure grave, while the son whom she rescued from squalor, ignorance, and degradation, has a monument which pierces the skies."

"Good Housekeeping" Suggestions

Equilibrium in the Kitchen

HAVE you ever had your patience tried and the sweet serenity of your spirit ruffled by the wobbling and tipping of saucepans on gas stove burners which were too large? Keep a square or circle of fly screening at hand, to place over the burner when using very small cooking vessels, and you will have successfully solved this problem.

Machine Belt

Don't pay to have your machine strap loosened or tightened; and don't lose patience trying to bore a hole in it with scissors or hairpin. When the representative of the machine company came she simply heated a hatpin until it was red hot, and then ran it through the leather. The hole was thus quickly and easily made.

Handy Button Holders

Save the envelopes that have transparent name spaces, and use them for different kinds of buttons, tapes, and various things about the sewing room. When looking for something, it will save much time to be able to see what each envelope contains.

A Pop Corn Secret

When popping corn, put in enough corn to cover the bottom of the wire popper; then drench with water just before placing over the fire. Every grain will pop, and much more quickly than without the added moisture.

Report of the Honolulu Missionary Volunteer Society

MRS. R. J. MC KEAGUE

[This report is quite long; but it is worth taking time to read, as it reveals a group of unusually active Christian workers.—ED.]



THE Young People's Missionary Volunteer work was not organized in Hawaii until the month of July, 1913, when we organized the first society in Honolulu, with a charter membership of twenty-three. Though often meeting with perplexities and discouragements, "Never Give Up" has been our motto; so we have experienced a steady growth both in membership and in active missionary work. We have now thirty members, ranging in ages from twelve to forty years, and including six nationalities. Our three Norwegian members live on the island of Hawaii, and are carrying on a good work by selling papers.

A Portuguese young man and his sister recently left

The city hospital is visited each week by two of our members, and we find a ready welcome for our papers, and meet new faces at every visit. Sometimes we distribute flowers to the patients, and sometimes a company of young people go with their stringed instruments and conduct song services in the different wards.

We often visit the King's Daughters' home for aged white women, and are always welcome.

Bible readings are being held each week in the Leahi Home for incurable patients, and Mrs. Conway reports that they have resolved themselves into a women's class who seem eager for the truth.

When we have enough papers, we go to the boats, and always find the crews ready for reading matter. We had an especially interesting time with a submarine crew who gladly accepted our papers. Ship missionary work ought to receive more attention here, for scarcely a day passes that some boats do not stop



PART OF THE MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER SOCIETY AT HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS

Back row, left to right—Mrs. F. H. Conway, Mr. Conway. Next row—Mrs. Bruner, Yen Chin (asst. leader), Mrs. R. J. McKeague (mission M. V. secretary), Mr. McKeague, Mrs. Johnson. Next row—Mrs. Bartholomew (formerly in Washington, D. C.), David Leu, Susie Ching (asst. secretary), Ada Robinson (secretary and treasurer), Ah Hoon, Mrs. da Silva. Front row—En Yen, Mary Macphail, Lena Kinnalae, Hattie Kaleialii, Agnes Leu.

us to attend Pacific Union College. Accompanying them was our assistant secretary, a Chinese girl. We miss them very much, and shall pray that the Lord may bless them in their preparation for greater usefulness in his service. A short time ago two Chinese boys, who were brought into the truth through the efforts of society members, left us for a medical education in our California institution.

Although the meeting held at the Territorial jail each Sabbath has been carried on by our workers here for years, and is not an enterprise of our society, still the young people assist with the music and give out literature. The men come forward eagerly for our papers, and our society has supplied more than a dozen Bibles to them. A good interest is shown in the doctrinal subjects.

About six months ago we obtained permission to place four of our leading magazines in the public library, and our magazine worker delivers them there each month. Just now, as I sit here writing in the beautiful reading room of this fine, new library, our papers are all out on the tables being read.

at "the crossroads of the Pacific," freighted with human beings who need to learn of God's saving message. But our few workers are already overwhelmed with work.

There are about fifteen thousand United States soldiers stationed on this island, and, realizing the uncertainty of life in this time of war and bloodshed, we are hastening to carry the printed page to them. Mrs. Conway and Mrs. Robinson visit the different forts on each pay day, and, standing by the office door as the hundreds of boys pass by, they gain their attention and sell them our papers. This they have found to be the best way to catch the soldier boy before his money is all gone; and although it is trying work, the Lord has blessed them in it, and they have sold many Temperance INSTRUCTORS and other literature. Several of these men now attend our weekly Sunday evening meetings.

Six of our Volunteers are trained nurses. Mr. Bartholomew is conducting a well-equipped sanitarium treatment room in town, and Brother Yen Chin a treatment room in the Y. M. C. A. building. We all find

many opportunities, in our ministry to the sick, to teach the truth. Brother Yen Chin is an active, consecrated young man, and during the past few months he has had some spare time which he has devoted to the sale of the new "Bible Readings." Thus far he has placed thirty-six books in good homes. He is assistant leader of our society, and just now is having a precious experience in leading his own loved ones from the darkness of heathenism into the light of present truth.

It was through Yen Chin's influence that Hubert Lam, a Chinese lad of thirteen years, began canvassing for the home workers' books this summer. He has sold fifty books and many of the temperance *Friend*. Selling magazines has always been his chosen work, and this summer he has sold from thirty to one hundred each month. During the school term he uses Sunday for his missionary day, and I have found him, true to his dauntless spirit, standing in front of the Catholic cathedral on a Sunday morning, calling out, "*Signs of the Times*," to the worshipers as they passed in and out. Let us pray for all these young witnesses for God.

Ah Hoon is responsible for the reading rack we put up in the Rapid Transit Club House. When he fills the rack and finds the men playing pool or reading fiction, he tries to give them something better. Although he came into the church only recently, he is doing good work, and is bringing his friends to study with us.

Our girls sell papers and small books, and do Christian Help work of various kinds. Some of them meet with opposition at home, but God is helping them to influence their brothers and sisters for the right.

Many of our members are Chinese; but two young Hawaiian men recently united with the church and society, through Mr. McKeague's efforts, and are now active workers. Both received definite answers to prayer in obtaining release from Sabbath work, and God is blessing them in spreading the message among their fellow workers and relatives.

Mr. Kumalae, one of the oldest of our members, is conducting cottage meetings and arranging his business for more aggressive Bible work.

Some of our members are working hard to prepare for the Standard of Attainment examination. We take up this study as a part of our regular program, and find it a great help in promoting Bible study.

During this quarter we started four prayer bands, and have already felt their influence both in the society and in the church.

All our offerings apply on our share of the 1914 goal, and we hope to reach the mark set for us.

Our first church school will open in a few days, and a Junior society will be formed. This will no doubt enable both Junior and Senior societies to do better work, although we have felt that the association of the older members with the younger ones has been helpful to all in the beginning of our society work.

And now as my husband and I leave this society soon to begin work in another island, we need your prayers that God may help us to win souls for him, and give us a church and a young people's society in Hilo, Hawaii.

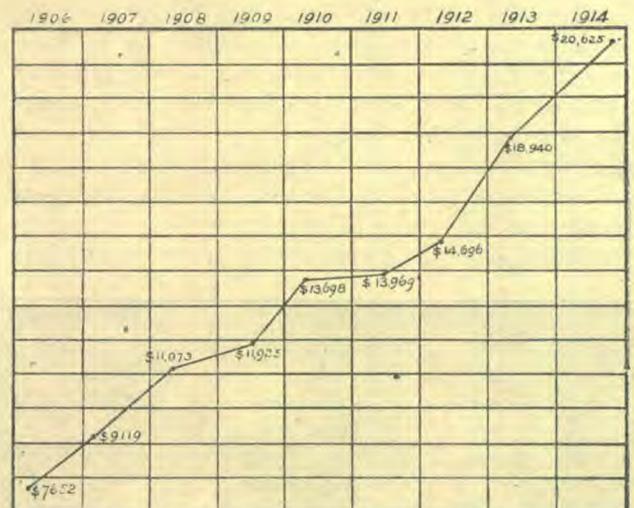
The Honolulu Young People's Missionary Volunteer Society sends greetings to all our dear young people throughout the world, and our prayer is that we may all be true to our aim — "The advent message to all the world in this generation."

The Pocket Leaguers

THE Pocket Leaguers are at work all over the country, else the Pacific Press would not have disposed of 32,853,000 pages of tracts last year, and the Review and Herald a much larger number.

What one tract did is told by a conference president, who said: —

"A few weeks ago, I met a stranger on the train, and engaged him in conversation. A pleasant acquaintance was formed, and post-office addresses were exchanged. I promised to send him a copy of 'Christian Sabbath' (Bible Students' Library, 205), on the con-



EIGHT YEARS OF TRACT SALES OF THE PACIFIC PRESS PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

dition that he would promise to read it. He was much prejudiced against the Sabbath, but consented. The tract was accordingly posted. A little later the man replied that he had finished reading the tract on Friday evening, and that he and his wife, who was a public-school teacher, kept the day following, and were happy in the new-found truth."

Surely every such incident, and there are many, commands us to renew our diligence in this work of scattering our literature, and so much the more as we see the end approaching.

What Would Jesus Do?

ARE you seeking souls to save
From a hopeless, Christless grave?
Do you prize the life he gave?
What would Jesus do?

Can you feel your duty done
When so low has sunk earth's sun,
And the judgment has begun?
What would Jesus do?

Are you seeking every day
For the lost upon life's way?
Are you watching what you say?
What would Jesus do?

Happy those who watch and pray,
Sow the good seed by the way,
And with sheaves come in that day.
What would Jesus do?

LLOYD LEROY BIRD.

NEHEMIAH is the Old Testament Sir Galahad. He carries the scar of the conflict, but also the palm of victory. He was God's man, doing his work in robust, optimistic, and unflinching manner in his corner of the great world. He must ever be honored, because he was one "who never turned his back, but marched breast forward." — *Selected*.



The Crystal Shower

SNOW and ice, well mixed with rain,
Covered the hills all o'er;
The little pond beside the lane
A crystal cover wore.

The grass as cloth of silver gleamed,
The trees wore garments fair;
The old fence up the hillside seemed
A shining, winding stair.

The lowly roofs were jewel fringed,
The hedge with diamonds set;
And one and all were rainbow tinged
When ice and sunlight met.

Not long so fair a land as this
Withstands the sun's warm rays;
O, may you never, never miss
The crystal-shower days!

Mrs. K. L. Davis.

Some March Birds

The Chickadee

DE do not have to wait till March for the chickadees, as they may be seen in flocks on almost any winter day. The chickadee comes to the nut bag at the window or pecks at a bone, and it is impossible not to fall in love with him, now or at any other time. How shall we know him? He is smaller than an English sparrow; a dainty little fluffy bundle of gray feathers, with a black cap on his head, a black tie under his chin, and a triangular patch of white covering the sides of his head and neck. The feathers are dirty white underneath, tinged with brownish on the sides.

Listening, you may hear his cheery "chick-a-dee-dee-dee," and see the jolly little fellow hanging to the end of an apple twig, inspecting it for the eggs of the bud moth or of plant lice, which form his winter food to a large extent.

The chickadee is a very tame and trustful bird. Occasionally he sings a new song, or rather whistles it — "Phee-be," the first note higher than the last. It is easy for you to whistle a good imitation of it. He replies promptly, and rather excitedly. Go on. Again he answers, cocking his little head on one side, and looking at you. Let everybody keep still. As the dialogue continues, the bird hops down, near to you, and if you keep your end of the conversation going steadily, he will actually peer into your mouth from a twig near by; for it is spring, and there is a stranger bird in the neighborhood (so he thinks) whom your chickadee would be delighted to meet.

The Study of the Robin

How big is he? — Bigger than an English sparrow, which is our standard of size for the birds we study. How plump his body is! Perhaps his feathers are fluffy, giving him that appearance when his body is far from being fat. The tameness of the robin surprises us all. He is not worried by our presence. One would think that he likes to have persons about him, which is no doubt true. Robin redbreast is one of his names, and everybody sees first of all the rusty-red plumage on his breast that gives him his name. No other bird has this coloring, and we emphasize this leading fact. He has dark-brown wings and tail and a gray-brown back, white eyelids, black-and-white-

streaked throat, with a dingy white under the tail, and a white spot on the tips of the outer tail feathers. These spots show only when he spreads his tail in flying.

See how alert and energetic is the bird's attitude as we watch him. He moves forward by hopping, placing his feet on the ground at once as he alights. For a longer distance, a series of short hops is made; he seems to bounce along like a rubber ball.



ROBIN REDBREAST

Some day one may see the robin engaged in his most vigorous exercise — digging earthworms from soil that the sun has warmed and softened. He probes in the earth with his black beak until he feels his squirming prey, or suddenly seizes upon a worm which the warm sun has tempted to the mouth of its burrow. Now comes the

tug of war. Propped upon his legs, the bird throws his head up, and pulls with might and main, and throws his head from side to side, determined at all hazards to end the struggle at once and in his favor. Often the worm breaks in two, and the robin tumbles over backward. He loses his dignity, but the morsel repays his exertion, and he is up and at it again. After a hearty meal of worms and grubs, he flies into an orchard tree, and makes a dessert of a dried apple which has hung there all winter. He seems never to get the better of his appetite. No wonder he is fat.

The alert motions of the robin are in perfect harmony with his clear, military call, which is often like the "Halt!" and "March!" of a captain drilling his company. But it is a most hearty and melodious call. Even if it has but one note, and so by many is not called a song at all, it is capable of modulations to express all grades of feeling, from the scream of fear or anger to the softest love note. Early morning, noon, evening, at any and all times, we may hear the robin sing, until the spring has melted into summer, and the red breast is sadly faded.

The House Wren

"Heigh-ho! What's all this commotion about?" grandfather wants to know as he comes out on the back porch in the early April morning. "Well, if it isn't our little Jenny Wren and her mate come back to claim their last year's nest, and those English sparrows are trying to get it away from them! Well, there is no question about which will win in the fight." When grandfather comes in from the field at noon, the wrens are in peaceful possession of the hole in the cornice under the porch roof, and a twitter of self-congratulation over their famous victory goes on as the two birds prepare for nest building.

Do you know the house wren? Then you will be amused and delighted with your first sight of one. And the astonishing agility of the little creature! It seems scarcely half as large as the English sparrow, with which it wages an incessant warfare. But in reality it is about the same size. The slender tail is almost continually wagging, and seems to stand straight up when at rest. The head, too, is held well back, which helps to make the bird appear shorter than it really is. It rears two broods each season, and feeds them on insects collected in the garden. So it is a very busy bird. Intrepid defenders of their home, ar-



ONE OF OUR SAUCY WRENS

dent lovers, cheerful always — surely no better fortune can come to us than to have a pair of wrens nest near us. A tiny box, a deserted woodpecker's nest, a hollow limb — any of these will attract a young pair.

MARY E. BARRETT.

Are You Smoking Cigarettes, Billy Boy?

Tune: "Drink It Down"

ARE you smoking cigarettes, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Are you smoking cigarettes, silly Billy?

Then don't try to win in sport,
For your wind would be too short;
You would be a failure quite, poor, poor Billy.

Do you want to forge ahead, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Be a student worth the name, earnest Billy?

Then the cigarettes "cut out,"
Tell them sharply to "get out;"
That's the one sure way to win, Brother Billy.

Do you want to get some work, Billy Boy, Billy Boy?
Are you longing for success, eager Billy?

Then don't touch the cigarette,
It will make you fume and fret,
And you do need steady nerves, O Boy Billy!

— Kate Grey.

Temperance Notes

IN Denver, Colorado, one real estate firm sold eight farms to saloon keepers in one month.

ONE young man has sold nearly 500 of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR in and around South Portland, Maine.

FROM Rutland, Vermont, comes the word that two new Sabbath keepers — a man and his wife — have entered the canvassing work and have done well with the Temperance INSTRUCTOR.

A BILL is now pending in the senate for prohibition in the Hawaiian Islands. Petersburg, Alaska, has sent a petition to Congress signed by every adult in the place, urging Congress to grant prohibition for the Territory.

TEXAS wants division. The western portion, containing only one wet city, El Paso, wishes to become a separate prohibition State.

THE day after the saloons closed in Phoenix, Arizona, all the bakeries and groceries were sold out of bread, something which never happened before, and so with the meat markets. For the first time no drunks were in the police courts. The year before there were twelve a day.

MARIE A. BENTZ, of Buffalo, New York, says: "The Temperance INSTRUCTOR is an attractive magazine, and sells readily. We have used almost one thousand copies, and the battle has only begun. While the members of the Buffalo church are carrying on an active campaign with the INSTRUCTOR, 'The World's Crisis' and the tract envelope are not being neglected."

ON March 1 the May-Mott-Lewis law prohibiting the keeping of intoxicating drinks in social clubs, was upheld by the Mississippi Supreme Court. After making its decision, the court quoted the following: "Whisky is a good thing in its place. There is nothing like it for preserving a man when he is dead. If you want to keep a dead man, put him in whisky; if you want to kill a live man, put whisky in him."

The Burial of King Alcohol

WHO'LL help slay King Alcohol?
Who'll weave his funeral pall?
Who'll chain him for the slaughter?
Answer, every son and daughter;
Answer, ye of every age,
Tender youth and hoary sage;
Answer, ye of every station,
High and low throughout the nation.

Who of you will passive stand
While that demon treads our land,
Sowing, with his every breath,
Crime, and misery, and death;
Sowing poverty, distress,
Want, and woe, and bitterness;
Sowing, while he mocks and jeers,
Orphans' cries and widows' tears?

None but heart as hard as steel
Will refuse such wrongs to heal.
Those whose hearts are bleeding yet
From the wounds they can't forget,
To whose sacred shrine of home
Has that demon's presence come,
Will arise by night and day
And the evil monster slay.

Ask that father bending there,
Mark his furrowed brow of care.
Do you think that he's forgot
All the pain that rum has wrought?
Still he sees, through scalding tears,
The hope of his declining years
Falling like a sodden slave
In a drunkard's hopeless grave.

Ask that mother, with bowed head,
Mourning her beloved dead,
Oh, the pain her heart has felt
As beside her son she knelt,
Praying, begging, o'er and o'er,
For his pledge to drink no more!
Now, when hope no more finds room,
Hoping still beyond the tomb.

Think you that the widows' moans,
Mothers' sobs, and orphans' groans
Are unheard in that bright land
Where our guardian angels stand? —
No; they all have reached the ear
Of our Elder Brother dear;
And attuned is every lyre
Of the sweet celestial choir
To chant with our earthly ball
The dirge of old King Alcohol.

MRS. J. A. OGSBURY.



Pilgrims of the Oregon Trail—No. 1

EDITH STARBUCK

Preparation for the Journey

T WAS the autumn of 1850. In a log cabin of two rooms on a farm in Pike County, Illinois, lived two women and six children. The women were mother and daughter, and the elder, in her early fifties, strong, well-built, and fine-looking, was a widow, Mrs. Mary Lord Ingalls, whom we shall know as grandmother. Her two sons, Lyman and Theodore, were seventeen and fifteen years of age. Lyman, the elder of the two, as the result of a severe attack of fever, had been a deaf-mute since the age of three years. The daughter, a slender, delicate-looking young woman, was Mrs. Sophronia Gibson, whom we shall call mother. Her four children ranged in age from ten to two years, and their names were George, Albert, Myra, and Cass.

Early and late, with untiring energy, they labored at the many tasks that fell to their lot in the absence of a man about the place; for the previous year they had watched with many misgivings the departure of a long train of white-covered wagons, or prairie schooners, which bore away from them many of their nearest and dearest. Grandmother bade a tearful good-by to her sons, Joseph and Arthur Ingalls, and two married daughters, one of whom, a bride of but a few days, was so bravely setting out on her long wedding journey across the plains to Oregon. But to mother came a doubly hard parting; for in addition to the farewell to brothers and sisters, she must face the thought of a long separation from her husband, Daviess Gibson, who was going to spy out the land, and return the following year for his family if he considered the opportunities in the new country worth the long and arduous journey.

More than a year had now passed since their departure, and at last letters had been received, telling of their safe arrival. Before another winter set in, grandmother and mother expected Uncle Joe and father to return home. So long had they been gone that the little children had forgotten what their father looked like, and on his return were much perplexed to know who that strange man could possibly be to whom mother accorded so glad a welcome. When they learned that it was father, childlike, they were eager to investigate his luggage.

Especially were they interested since this was the time of great excitement over the discovery of gold in California, and they knew that father had spent some time there before taking up his homeward journey by the way of the Isthmus of Panama. What if father should return laden with a fortune in gold dust or nuggets? Judge, then, of their excitement when, on

the side of a small but heavy keg, they laboriously spelled out the letters G-O-L-D. "O, father has brought home a barrel full of gold!" they screamed, and great was their disappointment to discover that the keg contained sirup, or, as the label read, "Golden Drips."

Father and Uncle Joe reported that Oregon was a goodly land; and many other friends and relations determined, after they had harvested another crop, to join them in their pilgrimage to the new country. Among those who planned to go were Grandfather Gibson, his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. William Taylor, with their four children, and neighbor families named Hayden, Wylie, Brents, Duniway, and Spicer.

Busy indeed was the year that followed. The men were trying to sell all their possessions that could not be taken with them on their journey, and were buying such things as they would need for the trip, or in stocking their farms in the new home. Wagons must be specially fitted out to carry as compactly as possible everything necessary for the trip. In some, false bottoms were built, and under these was packed all that might be needed in the new home which would not be used on the way. On these false bottoms, beds could be made up at night; and part of the family slept in the wagons, while tents were carried for the rest. Obviously, nothing but the most necessary things could be taken; and even of these, many articles were left by the roadside before they reached the end of the long trail. Many were the keepsakes left to friends, and Myra still remembers the cherished toys she presented to her dearest little playmate. Each member of the family was to have two pairs of shoes, which were expected to last through to Oregon.

Within doors how the spinning wheels flew and the looms clacked as the cloth for the needed garments grew under busy fingers. In and out the shining needles flashed as socks and stockings were shaped for the many restless feet that must be clothed. Even tiny hands were pressed into service, and six-year-old Myra recalls the patient, pricked little fingers that hemmed her own aprons and knit her own stockings.

Aunt Eleanor Taylor and Aunt Delilah Ingalls, father's two sisters, were famous spinners and weavers; but mother was not strong enough to do such heavy-work. However, she was a tailoress, and so an exchange of labor was effected. Aunt Eleanor and Aunt Delilah spun and wove the jeans and linsey-woolsey for mother, and she in turn cut and made the suits for the men of their families.

Great strings of apples, peaches, and other fruits

hung drying. Pumpkins, and even potatoes, were dried for the journey, and a store of homemade yeast cakes was prepared for the bread making. Corn was parched, and ground in a coffee mill. Served with milk, this made many a supper for the weary travelers, and was no doubt as palatable, and possibly fully as wholesome, as some of its more aristocratic modern successors — the prepared breakfast foods.

How helpless should we of the present generation be if placed in the position of our ancestors, who, without the mills and factories upon which we are so dependent, could, from raw materials, supply all their needs. Resourceful were these sturdy pioneers, for well they knew that no little general merchandise store awaited them at every crossroads — there were no crossroads in those days on the Oregon trail. But brave and wise indeed must he be who could always follow the trail and secure for man and beast the food and water necessary to sustain life.

The Start

The first day of April, 1852, saw a train of forty wagons gathering to cross the Mississippi. The people and wagons were transported by boat twenty-one miles, but all the loose cattle were made to swim the sloughs, and were taken on the ferry across the main channel of the river, landing at Louisiana, Missouri.

Because he had made the trip before and knew the route and conditions, father was chosen as captain of the train. Fourteen of the forty wagons belonged to his own or his wife's people; and since many of the kinfolk were already in Oregon, few were now left in the old home to bring pain at the thought of parting, and the travelers looked forward with pleasure to the time when the family would be reunited.

Father had two wagons, and since he as captain was obliged to ride ahead and select camping sites each day, he had hired two men to drive his teams. One of these men was an old friend of the family, Mr. Hyatt, who often made his home with them. Each wagon was drawn by two or three yoke of oxen. Occasionally a yoke of cows could be seen, bravely doing their share of pulling along with the oxen.

Two of the cows, Old Pied and Little Nudge, had been chosen to give a start of cattle in the new home; and two fine mares, Dolly and Nance, followed the fortunes of the family. Dolly was father's mount, and often when he was with the train he would seat Myra in the saddle, and the gentle mare would keep pace with the wagons, stopping to nibble from time to time as she found a tempting bunch of grass; while Myra, unable to guide her, held firmly to the horn of the saddle.

To George and Albert fell the task of helping to drive the loose cattle, and when, as often happened, weary and vexed with the long day's tramp in the heat and dust, they became impatient with each other or with the animals, they usually found dear old grandmother right at hand to help them straighten things out, and to give them a little rest.

Theodore was driving grandmother's wagon, and his leaders were two oxen named Tom and Jerry. The swing team was a yoke of cows, Jenny Lind and Highland Mary, while the wheel oxen were Ball and Ben.

In addition to two wagons driven by uncle's brother Newton, and by Jim Howie, a hired man, Uncle William Taylor had a team of horses and a covered carriage, by means of which he and Aunt Eleanor and their four children, James, Samuel, Sarah Frances, and baby Frederick, could travel with comparative comfort.

As long as their path lay in Missouri, the Negroes from the plantations would come to the camp at night and sing and dance for the amusement of the emigrants; but the train was not long in reaching the edge of the settlements, and by this time the weary pilgrims were only too glad to seek their beds when the shadows of night overtook them. Far out on the remote edge of civilization they came one night to a deserted cabin, where a garden spot had been fenced in, and plenty of good water was to be had. This made a splendid camping place. Here the women found an abundance of mustard greens, which were a great treat after the continued diet of beans, bacon, and corn dodger.

Next morning it was discovered that the wagons must be driven back a distance to escape a ditch which had been dug between them and the road. Baby Cass, four years old, had just awakened, and, seated in the wagon with mother and Myra, was eating his breakfast of bread and coffee from a tin cup. Before the driver could get to his place, the oxen became frightened and began to run. When they struck the ditch, Cass was bounced from the seat and thrown over the dashboard; but mother, quick as a flash, grasped hold of his kilts. As long as her strength would permit, she retained her grasp, but seeing that she would be unable to lift him back into the wagon, with a final desperate effort she swung his little body under the tongue and dropped him, hoping he might escape the heavy wheels. When the men succeeded in stopping the oxen, mother sat sobbing, with hands covering her face, not daring to look back, lest she see her baby crushed and lifeless. A man came running up, calling, "He is all right, Mrs. Gibson. The wheels just missed his head." And Cass, dusty and shaken, but still holding tightly to his battered little tin cup, was restored to the waiting arms.

Our Shepherd Dog

A SMALL black shaggy puppy was brought into my sister's home on a large farm in the suburbs of Battle Creek, Michigan. There were three little boys in that home. The eldest's name was Johnnie. To him the dog was given, and he named him Lion.

Lion grew to be a large, quiet, noble-looking shepherd dog, and became the pet of the household. He proved to be a good night watch, never permitting a stranger about the premises after dark. When evening came, if told to go to the field and drive up the cows, away he would trot down the lane, into the field, and drive them up into the barnyard; and when his master gathered up the pails to go out to milk, he always wanted to help by carrying an empty pail.

One warm summer day when the men were in the field, the drinking water gave out. They had a pail that held six quarts, and this they handed to Lion, telling him to go to the house and bring them some water. With the pail in his mouth, the dog trotted through several fields, then up to the well curb by the house and set the pail down. Then he went into the house and found my sister. Stepping up to her side, he placed his chin in her lap, looked up into her face, wagged his tail, then took a few steps toward the well, then back to her. Sister patted him, talked to him, and finally asked him if he wanted a drink, whereupon Lion led the way to the well, caught up the pail, looked up into her face, and then set the pail down again. By this time my sister understood that he wanted some water put into the pail. The pail was filled one-third full, the cover put on, and off Lion trotted to the men with the water.

Another time Lion followed the men to the field where they were working down by the river; after a while he saw a stranger passing through the fields. He went up to the man and barked, just as any dog would do. The stranger, having a gun, angrily leveled it and shot the faithful dog.

Lion's master, after ordering one of the men to go for the doctor, carried him to the house. The doctor made an examination, and said that two shots had entered his lungs; so of course he could not live.

To think of losing our useful, noble dog brought sadness into our home. Seeing how deeply we all felt over the loss of our faithful pet, I went up to my room, and told Jesus all about it, and asked that if he thought best he would spare Lion's life. I believed he could do it, and he did.

Lion's master watched faithfully over him during the night, giving him the medicine the doctor had left to break the fever; and early in the morning, as Johnnie went up to him he opened his eyes, and wagged his tail, as much as to say, "O, how thankful I am for your kind care!" A few minutes later he arose, and though weak, tottered across the room. In a few weeks he was quite well again, and lived a number of years, finally dying of old age.

H. E. SAWYER-HOPKINS.

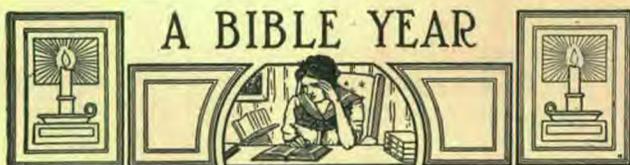
The Much-Sought-For Stone

HAVE you heard of it? A stone, or mixture, that, it was imagined, would turn everything it touched into gold? Many clever men spent much precious time in search of it, even men like Roger Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton. In 1783 a Dr. Price, Fellow of the Royal Society, roused the country by declaring that he had discovered it. But no! that mixture is still unknown.

Yet hold! May we not find it? Here is a prescription. Let us try. Take a few grains of good sense, decision, and diligence; mix them with a little perseverance and temperance; put the whole in a full measure of godliness and contentment, and there you have it.

This is the famous stone that turneth all to gold; For that which God doth touch and own, cannot for less be told.

— J. Ellis, in "Stems and Twigs."



Fifteenth Week

- April 11. 1 Kings 1, 2: Solomon made king; David's charge to Solomon.
- April 12. 1 Kings 3 to 5: The wisdom of Solomon.
- April 13. 1 Kings 6, 7: Solomon builds the temple.
- April 14. 1 Kings 8, 9: The temple dedicated and accepted.
- April 15. 1 Kings 10, 11: Visit of the queen of Sheba; death of Solomon.
- April 16. 1 Kings 12, 13: The kingdom divided.
- April 17. 1 Kings 14 to 16: Kings of Judah and Israel.

The Books of First and Second Kings

Like the two books of Samuel, the two books of Kings were originally one. They record the history of Israel from the last days of David to the complete destruction and desolation of Jerusalem, and the carrying away into captivity of the children of Judah, under Nebuchadnezzar. "A most important aid to a right understanding of the history in these books, and to the filling up of its outline, is to be found in the prophets, and especially in Isaiah and Jeremiah."

According to Jewish tradition, the books of the Kings were written by Jeremiah, to whom the word of the Lord came first in the thirteenth year of King Josiah, or 629 B. C. They are

supposed to have been written during the captivity, and after the release and implied death of King Jehoiachin, with which the record closes.

The Stones of the Temple

"Great stones, costly stones, and hewed stones" were brought at Solomon's command to lay the foundation of the house of the Lord. These stones were "of a lime formation, so white that when polished it resembles marble." Though the mountain on which Jerusalem is built is of this same rock, it was once supposed that the stones for the temple were brought, like the cedar beams from Lebanon, from a distance. It now appears that these "great stones" were hewed out of the rock and chiseled into shape by Solomon's masons, aided by the skilled workmen furnished by King Hiram, in a great quarry that extended beneath the city of Jerusalem itself. This cavern was unknown to Europeans until 1852. "Its entrance seems to have been a natural cave; but farther on, its broken walls, its tunnel-like recesses, and the rock-hewn pillars supporting the roof, mark it as the work of man. . . . Scattered here and there upon the floor are hewn blocks, just as they were left by the quarrymen; upon them the marks of the chisel still seem fresh."

From the nature and extent of this cavern it is supposed that from the time when Jerusalem was first founded, the stone for its walls, temples, and other buildings was obtained here.

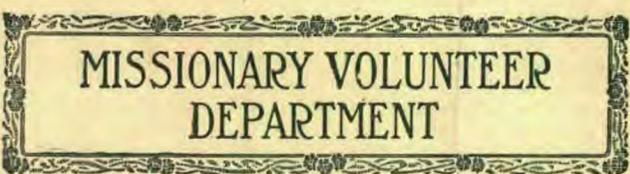
Immanuel's Day

THE herald angels came to tell
The coming of Immanuel;
He came to take our sins away,
He came to bring redemption's day.

Men hailed him as the promised King,
And heaven made earth with gladness ring;
Since that glad day men's hearts have known
His glorious reign, his sovereign throne.

Again he comes! the heavens part
For thee, O Sovereign of my heart!
I wait thy coming, I am thine,
Thou King of saints, thou Christ divine!

B. F. M. SOURS.



- M. E. KERN . . . General and N. Am. Div. Secretary
- C. L. BENSON . . . Assistant Secretary
- MEADE MACGUIRE . . . N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

**Senior Society Program for Sabbath,
April 17**

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper on "The Conditions Existing While Moses Was Growing Up."
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "The Heavenly Sanctuary Services." See *Gazette*. Review the previous lesson.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Dan. 8; 14; 9: 25. Review all back texts.
5. Talks: "Beginning Work in Portugal;" "Our Work in Belgium." For helps see "Notes on the Mission Studies;" "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 46, 47, 50, 51; and article, "Beginning Work in Portugal," in this INSTRUCTOR.

**Junior Society Program for Week Ending
April 17**

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "God's Love for the Sinner." See *Gazette*. Review last lesson. Instead of reading before the society all the notes in the lesson, assign papers or talks on the following subjects: —
"The Prodigal Son." See Luke 15; also "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 198-211.
"The Lost Sheep." See Luke 15; also "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 185-192.
"The Rich Young Man." See Matt. 19: 16-30; also "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 390-395; "The Desire of Ages," chapter 57.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Isa. 44: 21, 22.
5. Mission Talks: "Beginning Work in Portugal;" "Our Work in Belgium." For helps see "Notes on the Mission

Studies;" "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 46, 47, 50, 51; and the article "Beginning Work in Portugal," in this INSTRUCTOR.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 27: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 59 to 62

1. WHAT belief concerning the resurrection did the Sadducees hold?
2. For the consideration of what question did the Sanhedrin meet immediately after the resurrection of Lazarus?
3. How and by whom was the council brought to a decision? In what sense were these words prophetic?
4. Why was the sentence not immediately executed?
5. In what condition of mind were the disciples as they journeyed toward Jerusalem again? Why? How did Christ seek to prepare them for the coming crisis?
6. Tell how Jesus rebuked the ambition of James and John.
7. Upon what principles is Christ's kingdom founded?
8. How did Zaccheus show his anxiety to see Christ? What was accomplished by the visit of Jesus to his home? How did he show that his conversion was genuine?
9. How did Simon the publican honor Jesus?
10. On this occasion, what special tribute did Mary pay her Master? What did this sacrifice mean to Mary? to Jesus?
11. What characteristic did Judas manifest?
12. To whom is it given to justify and condemn men?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 27: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," Pages 453-468

1. How long did Jesus live with his parents in Nazareth? Where was John the Baptist during this time? What did he wear? On what simple food did he live? How did he spend these years?
2. When the time came for John to tell the people of Jesus, where did he go to preach? What message did he give? When he baptized those who repented of their sins, what did he say to them?
3. Who came one day to be baptized by John? What did John say? How did Jesus answer him? What mark of divine favor rested upon Jesus as he came up out of the water? What did a voice from heaven declare? As John saw and heard, what did he exclaim?
4. Where did Jesus go after his baptism? After his long fast, what did Satan tempt him to do? What did Jesus reply? Describe the second temptation. With what words did Jesus again conquer the enemy? Where did Satan take Jesus after this? What did he show him? What did he promise? With what words did Jesus overcome the third time? Who then came and ministered to him? How alone can we overcome?
5. After this what feast did Jesus attend? Describe the miracle that he performed. How far was the story of this miracle told? What was done with John the Baptist about this time?
6. What city on the Sea of Galilee did Jesus often visit? Why did he go to Jerusalem about this time? What did he see in the temple? Why was he displeased? Tell how he cleansed the temple. What did he say? How should those who enter his house always act?
7. After the Passover, to what place did Jesus go? Who came to him there? Tell how his son was healed. What was the effect of this miracle?
8. On his return to Nazareth, where did Jesus go one Sabbath day? What did he read? What did he say to the people?
9. Why were those who listened filled with wrath? Where did they take Jesus? How was their wicked plan foiled? Where did Jesus go? What attended his work?

Missionary Volunteer Question Box

[All our Missionary Volunteers are invited to contribute to this question box. The Young People's Department will be glad to answer through these columns questions pertaining to any phase of the young people's work.]

86. PLEASE tell me how to use the new outline maps. I see the northern part of Europe is not included in the maps. How are we to know where all our mission stations are located? Is the "Outline of Missions" all we have to follow? We have not the latest copy of the pamphlet.

The seven mission maps do not include Europe. There are three additional maps made to complete the set of ten for the schools,—Europe, Asia, and North America. We should be glad to have our Missionary Volunteer Societies get the Europe map, if they desire, and mark the conference boundaries, headquarters, institutions, etc., but it would hardly be possible to put on stars for all the churches in Central Europe.

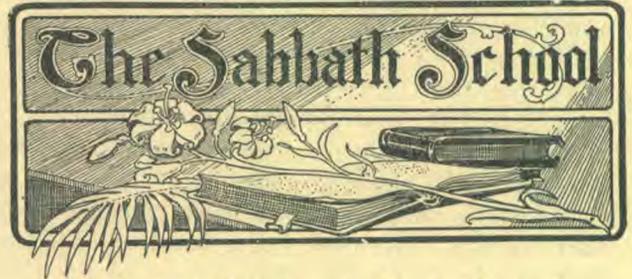
No, we are not left to the "Outline of Missions" to show

where our mission stations are. When the time comes to put the stars on the different field maps, the list will be given in the *Gazette* or the *INSTRUCTOR*. Be careful to follow the lessons in the *Gazette*, and no mistakes will be made in this matter.

We expect to get the new "Outline of Missions" to all society leaders whose names have been sent us, in time for the April studies.

87. Should our canvassers who are selling magazines or books all the time, report their sales on their Missionary Volunteer report? or those giving Bible readings under the employ of the conference, report the Bible readings given?

The main emphasis of the Missionary Volunteer Department is placed on getting the youth in the churches enlisted in the Lord's work where they are. When young people become so active and successful that they are called into conference work, we feel that in a certain sense the object of the Missionary Volunteer Society has been attained. Such young people do not indeed lose their connection with the Missionary Volunteer Society, but we have felt that such work as they report to the conference should not be reported to the society. Our conference Missionary Volunteer secretaries, for instance, do not report the letters written in connection with their regular correspondence; but nearly all, outside of their routine work, write missionary letters to persons that they meet in travel, or others for whom they have a burden. Doubtless every young canvasser, aside from his regular work which he reports to the field missionary agent, does some work which might properly be reported to the local Missionary Volunteer secretary, likewise the conference Bible worker.



III — The Touch and Word of Jesus

(April 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 8: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. 7: 7.

Questions

1. What indicates that the Sermon on the Mount greatly interested those who heard it? Matt. 8: 1.
2. Before whom did the multitudes suddenly fall back? What forbidden thing did this man do? What did he say? Verse 2. Note 1.
3. How did the leper's words show faith in the healing power of Jesus?
4. How did Jesus manifest his love and compassion for the leper? Verse 3, first clause. Why would even his own relatives have hesitated to touch him?
5. How did Jesus respond to the leper's great need? Verse 3, second expression.
6. What did he command him to do? How much power was there in these three words? Verse 3.
7. After the leper was cleansed, what difficult thing did Jesus ask of him? Verse 4, first part.
8. To whom only was he to show himself? With what offering? For what purpose? Verse 4, last part. Note 2.
9. Into what city did Jesus enter? Who straightway came to him beseeching help? What did the centurion say? Verses 5, 6. Note 3.
10. What did Jesus offer to do? Verse 7.
11. Why did the centurion say this was unnecessary? Verses 8, 9.
12. What did Jesus think of this remarkable statement? What did he foretell concerning both Gentiles and Jews? Verses 10-12.

13. How was the centurion's faith rewarded? Verse 13.

14. What power was in the simple touch of Jesus' hand? How speedy and thorough was the recovery of Peter's wife's mother? Verses 14, 15.

15. How did Jesus prove that he was more powerful than evil spirits? Verse 16. Whose infirmities and sicknesses did Isaiah say he would take upon him? Verse 17.

16. Therefore what may we also do with perfect confidence? Memory verse.

Notes

1. "Of all diseases known in the East the leprosy was most dreaded. Its incurable and contagious character, and its horrible effect upon its victims, filled the bravest with fear. . . . Like one already dead, he was shut out from the habitations of men. . . . He was obliged to publish his own calamity, to rend his garments, and sound the alarm, warning all to flee from his contaminating presence. The cry, 'Unclean! unclean!' coming in mournful tones from the lonely exile, was a signal heard with fear and abhorrence. . . . Since the days of Elisha the prophet, such a thing had never been known as the cleansing of one upon whom this disease had fastened."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 262.

2. "Had the priests known the facts concerning the healing of the leper, their hatred of Christ might have led them to render a dishonest sentence. Jesus desired the man to present himself at the temple before any rumors concerning the miracle had reached them. Thus an impartial decision could be secured, and the restored leper would be permitted to unite once more with his family and friends. . . .

"He knew that if the healing of the leper were noised abroad, other sufferers from this terrible disease would crowd about him, . . . and he would give occasion for the charge that he was breaking down the restrictions of the ritual law. Thus his work in preaching the gospel would be hindered. . . . Every such manifestation made the priests and elders more determined to destroy Jesus. . . .

"While he drew the publicans, the heathen, and the Samaritans, he longed to reach the priests and teachers who were shut in by prejudice and tradition. He left untried no means by which they might be reached. In sending the healed leper to the priests, he gave them a testimony calculated to disarm their prejudices. The Pharisees had asserted that Christ's teaching was opposed to the law which God had given through Moses; but his direction to the cleansed leper to present an offering according to the law, disproved this charge."—*Id.*, pages 264, 265.

3. "A centurion was a commander of a hundred men, in the Roman armies. Judea was a Roman province, and garrisons were kept there to preserve the people in subjection. This man was probably by birth a pagan."—*Barnes on Matt. 8: 5.*

III—The Touch and Word of Jesus

(April 17)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. The touch of Jesus. Questions 1-4.
 Mon. Offer the gift. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 262-266. Questions 5, 6.
 Tues. "Speak the word only." Questions 7-10.
 Wed. "As thou hast believed." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 315-320. Questions 11-14.
 Thurs. "Himself took our infirmities." Questions 15-18.
 Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 8: 1-17.

Questions

1. When Jesus came down from the "mount of blessing," who followed him? Matt. 8: 1.
2. What one in particular came to Jesus for help? In what spirit did he come? Verse 2, first part.
3. What did the leper say to Jesus? Verse 2, last part. Note 1.
4. What response did Jesus first make? Verse 3. Note 2.
5. What did Jesus say? With what result? Verse 3. Note 3.

6. What direction did Jesus give the leper? Verse 4. Note 4.
7. Who came to Jesus in Capernaum? Verse 5.
8. What did he say to Jesus? Verse 6.
9. What answer did Jesus make? Verse 7. Note 5.
10. What remarkable faith in Jesus did the centurion show in his reply? Verse 8. Note 6.
11. What reason did he give for confidence in Jesus' word? Verse 9. Note 7.
12. What comment did Jesus make on the centurion's faith? Verse 10.
13. What solemn statement did Jesus make about who should have a place in the kingdom of heaven? Verses 11, 12. Note 8.
14. What did Jesus now say to the centurion? With what result? Verse 13.
15. Where did Jesus next go? What situation did he find there? Verse 14.
16. What did he do for the sick woman? What did she then do? Verse 15.
17. How did Jesus spend the evening? Verse 16.
18. What precious scripture was thus fulfilled? Verse 17.

Notes

1. The leper showed his faith in Jesus' power in two ways: by breaking over the restraints of the law of isolation in case of leprosy, and coming near enough to be touched by him; and by saying, "Thou canst make me clean." The only question in the leper's mind was whether it was the will of the Lord that he be healed, or if Jesus would shun him as others had done. In this same way we may consult the will of God when we ask for healing power.

2. In touching the leper, Jesus disregarded the common sentiment toward lepers. The same power that creates living tissue can also restore diseased or dead tissue. So may the leprosy of sin be healed by the divine touch of grace.

3. The leprosy was cleansed *immediately* because the words, "Be thou clean," carried in them the active power of cleansing. 4. According to the Mosaic law, it was the duty of the priest to examine and pronounce upon a case of leprosy. Now that the leper was healed, Jesus directed him to comply with the law in giving the priest evidence of his being cured, and conforming to ceremonial requirements. He was probably a well-known case of leprosy, and would gain advantage from the priest's indorsement of his cure, while the priest and the people would have evidence of Christ's power to save.

5. The "will" here merely denotes future time, corresponding to our "shall," while "will" in verse 3 denotes an exercise of the will power,— "I will to make thee clean."

6. The noble character of the centurion is indicated by his deep concern for a servant, by his sense of his own unworthiness, and by his unbounded confidence in Jesus' word.

7. Observe that the centurion says he was "under" authority as well as *in* authority. He knew both how to obey and how to command. So he knew the palsy would obey the command of the Master.

8. Verse 11 suggests the world-wide scope of the message for our times, and ought greatly to encourage us to expect fruit of our labors.

Be Careful

DEAR teacher, some one's watching you,
 A child's bright eyes see all you do,
 That hat you wear looms up in view;
 The dress he criticizes, too;
 The style in which you do your hair,
 Your manner sitting in the chair,
 The gentle voice, the smile, the frown,
 Just how and when you go to town,
 The song you sing, the way you walk,
 The laugh, the joke, and how you talk,
 The prayer you make, the way you read—
 Of all you do he takes much heed.
 So be careful what you do,
 For some one's ever watching you.

—Selected.

No matter if you are hidden in an obscure post, never content yourself with doing your second best, however unimportant the occasion.—*Gen. Phil. Sheridan.*

The Youth's Instructor

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A New Series of Articles — A New Book

IN this number of the INSTRUCTOR there begins a series of articles entitled "Lights and Shades in the Black Belt," by Mr. A. W. Spaulding. This series consists largely of advance chapters of Mr. Spaulding's forthcoming book bearing the name used as the title of this series of articles. This book contains a brief history of the Negro race in America, and the story of our denominational work for the Negro, including the story of the Southern Missionary Society and the Negro schools.

The Morristown Normal and Industrial School

THIS is a normal school for educating colored teachers. Dr. J. S. Hill, the president, says they have sent 2,500 teachers from their school into the schools of the South. Nearly every State in the Union, and also the Philippines, Porto Rico, and Africa, have had teachers from this school.

The first person who applied for admission was an illiterate boy from Alabama. His own mother, with him as a babe in her arms, was sold for \$1,400 from the very building in which the school was started. Andrew Fulton, for this was his name, has been a teacher in this school for twenty-five years.

The eagerness of these Negro boys and girls for an education is shown in the following incidents:—

Miss Mary Taylor, now a missionary of the Methodist Church in Porto Rico, walked six miles each day to school, and six back. Too poor to pay ferryage across a stream, she and her brother built a canoe. On one occasion this was stolen from her by a white man who "didn't believe in niggers havin' eddication." The indomitable girl waded and swam the river, and appeared at school at the accustomed hour in wet clothing.

One morning Dr. Hill was called out to see a big, husky black boy, and the following conversation took place:—

Boy: "Well, I done come."

Dr. Hill: "I am glad you have come. What is your name?"

Boy: "My name is Henry Goins. Don't you know me? I done come."

Dr. Hill: "What did you come for?"

Boy: "Why, I done come to go to school."

Dr. Hill: "Did you bring any money?"

Boy: "I done brought one dollar."

Dr. Hill: "Did you bring any clothes?"

Boy: "All I got on."

Dr. Hill thought that a boy that had walked eighty miles was worth doing something for. So he said: "Well, Henry, if you will walk back home and get some clothes and some bedclothes, sheets, etc., you may come back to school."

Ten days afterwards he was back with his bundle, having walked two hundred and forty miles. "Well, I done come back," he said, addressing Dr. Hill.

"I am glad to see you," replied the president of the school, and he put that boy to work, and today he is in Monrovia, in Africa, doing missionary work.

"Never Touched Me," Said Edison

A PHOTOGRAPH of Edison was rescued from the thick of the fire which devastated the Edison plant in December. The frame was charred, and the glass covering the photograph was cracked and blackened by the heat, but the picture itself remained unmarked. The great inventor, with characteristic humor, scribbled on the margin, "Never touched me."

The inventor watched the fire with one thing uppermost in his mind. What do you suppose it was? What would you be thinking about under those circumstances, with the labor of years, and nearly all you owned in the world, going up in ruin and loss?

Thomas A. Edison was intently examining the fire-resisting qualities of reenforced concrete construction, so that hereafter such buildings may be truly fireproof.

"There's a mighty expensive experiment," he said, pointing to the blazing pile, "but it's a good one. There will be a mobilization around here tomorrow if that stuff cools off enough; and when those buildings go up again, they'll go up fireproof."

What an example! Especially in these times, when so many show the white feather and croak about hard times or bad luck or some kind of petty trouble or grievance! Here is the living incarnation of American spirit and courage.—*The American Magazine.*

The Man Behind You

WHEN the late Edwin H. Wilbur was a nurse in the Iowa Sanitarium, at Des Moines, it was his custom, during hours when he was off duty, to go out in the city to canvass. He felt as if every hour must be improved. On one of these occasions, as he was riding in a crowded car to a street he had selected for his work that day, a voice seemed to say to him, "Canvass the man in the seat behind you." The thought came instantly, O, no, a crowded car is no place to canvass! I'll wait till I get to my street, then I'll canvass. But the voice came more insistently, "Canvass the man in the seat behind you." Other excuses simply made the voice more insistent, "Canvass the man in the seat behind you." Brother Wilbur canvassed him, sold him a book, and returned to his busy activities at the sanitarium with a joyful experience. And God was teaching his servant that in order to be a missionary in China tomorrow, he must today be a missionary to the man in the seat behind him. BERT RHODS.

"THE spirit of unselfish labor for others gives depth, stability, and Christlike loveliness to the character, and brings peace and happiness to its possessor."