

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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IN the heretofore little-known Arkansas mines are being found the first-water diamonds.

BOTH kites and balloons are employed by the Weather Bureau in exploring the upper regions.

ONE of the largest plants for the manufacture of pasteboard boxes from waste newspapers is located in the neighborhood of Philadelphia.

THE Transportation Palace at the Panama-Pacific was erected at a cost of \$500,000. It has over 314,000 feet of floor space for exhibits.

SEVENTY-EIGHT thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine horses have been exported from this country for war purposes during the past five months.

DURING the first six months of its operation, the tolls levied on the 496 vessels passing through the Panama Canal amounted to \$2,138,442.69.

ON the building of Colgate & Co., Jersey City, is the largest clock in the world. This clock weighs six tons, and its face is thirty-eight feet in diameter.

SEAWEED that is washed up in great masses on the shores of Norway, Scotland, and Canada is being successfully used in the manufacture of artificial milk.

FANNY CROSBY was a stanch and loyal friend. She once said: "I would rather burn my hand off than betray a confidence; I would be as true as steel to a friend."

CAREFUL estimation indicates that more than thirty-three million persons attended services in the United States on the day appointed for prayer for the peace of the world.

AN interesting fact from the dairy world is that a five-year-old Guernsey of Barberton, Ohio, in 1914 gave 24,000 pounds of milk, which produced 1,400 pounds of butter.

FEARING massacre by the Turks, fifty thousand Christian persons in Southwestern Russia have fled for their lives. Following the invasion of the Turks, whole districts have become depopulated.

IT has been proposed that a memorial to the great hymn writer, Fanny Crosby, be erected in Bridgeport, Connecticut, in the form of a building to be used by the Bridgeport Christian Union as a "soul-saving station."

A TRAIN without a single operator aboard will carry London's mail through the nine-foot tunnel which the city is planning to erect. The rate of speed will be twenty-five miles an hour. The train will stop at the little stations en route.

THE largest typewriter ever built fills a space of eighteen by twenty-one feet. It is operated by electricity, and each letter is seven inches high. It was constructed especially for exhibition at the Panama-Pacific, at a cost of \$50,000.

FEDERAL authorities, so it is said, have prosecuted 2,861 mail swindlers in the last five years, who have robbed the people of about \$350,000,000. Offers of stock and offers to treat disease by mail are two swindles that net the large gain. People are warned against these tempting circular advertisements.

MANUFACTURERS of condensed milk in America have built up a large trade in China, where fresh cow's milk is almost a luxury. Condensed-milk ice cream has been introduced into China, and it will not be long before American salesmen of ice cream cones and freezers will be crossing the great Gobi desert.

IT seems almost incredible that there could have been any who did not hear until just recently of the great conflict that is going on between the nations. If reports are true, however, the officers and crew of the German vessel "Viganelle," which sailed from Nicaragua in June, 1914, knew nothing of the war until on their return trip, when their Rip Van Winkle of a ship fell into the hands of British naval officers. When this vessel left Central America, there was not a rumor of war. As they were minus the wireless outfit, stopped at no port during the voyage, and spoke to no vessel, it is not to be wondered at that they did not know of the strife on land and sea until their homecoming on the sixth of January.

WHEN we consider the great risk at which men must capture seals, the cost of sealskin cloaks is quite reasonable. The sealing industry requires men to go far out on the ice-covered sea, and they cannot tell when they may be overtaken by a blinding snowstorm, which greatly increases the danger. Their aim is to leave the ship at daylight and to return at nightfall. In case of threatened danger, they make for the nearest ship, and often a single steamer shelters seven hundred men.

LAKE LOUISE, situated in the mountains of British Columbia at an altitude of 5,037 feet above the level of the sea, is one of the most remarkable in the world. It is claimed that the scenery rivals that of Switzerland. In order to afford visitors the opportunity of exploring this lake region above the clouds, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company employs each year a number of competent Switzerland Alpine guides.

THOSE who are really awake to the sights and sounds which the procession of the months offers them, find endless entertainment and instruction. Yet there are great multitudes who are present at as many as threescore and ten performances, without ever really looking at the scenery, or listening to the music, or observing the chief actors.—O. W. Holmes.

A SNAKE farm where the reptiles are provided with concrete houses is an odd institution maintained at Sao Paulo by the government of Brazil. It serves the double purpose of providing a supply of material for the production of serum antidote for snake bites and of educating the public to the fact that all snakes are not venomous.

A NEW organization by the name of "The American Legion" has been recently incorporated in New York. The purpose of this league is to create a military reserve of at least 250,000 men, made up of former soldiers, sailors, National Guardsmen, and others, to be available for immediate service in case of war.

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LIGHTS and SHADES in the BLACK BELT

A. W. SPAULDING



The Gospel Among the Slaves



IF there could be any excuse for slavery, it was the old, old one that the slave was thereby brought to a knowledge of Christianity. In the Middle Ages the enslavement of Mohammedan and heathen, bought or taken captive, was often justified on

this plea, and the argument was continued to the last gasping breath of slavery in America.

It had little to commend it to Christian sense. In the first place, it bore upon its front the brand of hypocrisy; for the purpose of enslaving a man is to get the value of his labor for as little expense as possible, while the principle of Christianity is not to gain, but to give. In the second place, real Christians are everywhere in the minority, no less among slave owners than among other men, and therefore the slaves who would have much chance to be instructed in Christianity were comparatively few. In the third place, the influence of slavery tends to brutalize the slave and to blunt and deaden the finer instincts of the master; so that to enlist the aid of slavery in behalf of Christianity is a waste of spiritual energy. And finally, Christ's command is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature," not, Fetch ye every creature to hear the gospel in chains.

But, with the slave here, it did become the duty of Christians to give him the gospel. And so, when Christians were tardy in carrying the gospel to the heathen, God used the evil of slavery to bring their duty home to them. And while he worked through some of his servants to kill slavery, he worked through others to bring salvation to the slave.

Richard Baxter, one of England's greatest Christian ministers, early in the history of slavery in America, lifted his voice in behalf of the evangelization of the slave. In 1673 he published his "Christian Directory," in which is a chapter of "directions to those masters in foreign plantations who have Negroes and other slaves." These "foreign plantations" were chiefly the West Indies and the English colonies in America. How well the planters obeyed the good minister's directions to regard their slaves as "equally capable of salvation with yourselves," and to "make it your chief end in buying and using slaves, to win them to Christ and save their souls," we may not know, for there is little direct evidence. But so far as the West Indies are concerned, we know that eighty years later, when the Moravian Brethren established

their first mission in the British West Indies, there were no Christian slaves.

In the colonies on the mainland, however, somewhat more was done to instruct the slaves. Here and there, in private letters, in pastoral exhortations, and in government reports, we catch glimpses of activities on the part of masters and ministers for the spiritual welfare of slaves. In 1701 there was incorporated in England the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which divided its work into "three great branches: the care and instruction of our people settled in the colonies, the conversion of the Indian savages, and the conversion of the Negroes."

This society first sent out a traveling missionary, Rev. George Keith, who in two years journeyed from North Carolina to New England, preaching, conversing, observing, and making reports to his society. Its first settled missionary, Rev. Samuel Thomas, it sent in 1702 to South Carolina. From this time till the Revolutionary War this society continued and extended its work, having several schools, and missionaries in practically every colony from Massachusetts to Georgia. These missionaries came to regard their work for the Negroes as their principal care, and this very naturally, as the white churches were growing able to care for their own, and the Indian population was receding to the west, while the Negro slaves were increasing in number and receiving all too general neglect.

They found the Negroes, on the whole, in a state of gross paganism, the religion which they brought from their West African home. They believed vaguely in a god who was responsible for the existence of things, but who, having made them, took no further interest in their affairs,—such a god, indeed, as the modern evolutionist sets forth. The idea of God as a father, or even as a deity, had long ago faded from their minds, his place being filled by the host of evil spirits which they imagined ruled the world. These spirits were everywhere present, filling and controlling things animate and inanimate. Rocks, caves, trees, animals, and other objects were supposed to be the abodes of these spirits.

This pantheism, indeed, is the universal character of paganism. But while in happier lands it produced, as in Greece, a beautiful but voluptuous nature worship, and, as in the land of the Teutons, a vigorous and heroic though somewhat gloomy religion, in the dark forests of Africa it involved the most degrading

superstitions and fearsome beliefs and rites. The African lived in superstitious dread and fear of evil spirits,—spirits of the dead, nature spirits of particular localities, and higher spirits who delighted to work disaster and ruin to men. He believed that he must either placate these spirits by gifts or outwit them by his superior cunning or the arts of magic.

Out of all this fear and cunning spring some of the most contemptible traits of human character—servility, deception, superstition, cruelty, and all the horrors suggested by the practice of magic. The priest of magic was the witch doctor. He was supposed to have great power over evil spirits, to be able to discover the practitioner of magic who might be causing any case of sickness or death, and to drive out the spirits causing the sickness. Besides, the witch doctors were consulted in all sorts of matters,—love, hatred, business, and war. They possessed the secrets of deadly poisons and safety-insuring charms; they professed to be able to discover secrets of all natures, and to provide remedies for evils whether caused by nature or by human enemies. Death and life were in their power, and death, most often to the innocent, was their favorite prescription. Like the priests of all religions based on superstitious credulity, they reaped as rich a harvest in wealth, honor, and position as it lay within the power of their dupes to grant.

This was the religion which the Negro brought with him to Christian America, traces of which, sometimes deep, remain today in the minds and characters of the lower classes. Yet, despite the debasing nature of his religion, the Negro brought to America as a slave possessed many winsome and noble qualities, a tribute to the love and care of that Creator and Father-God whom he had forgotten. Generally speaking, he was, even as a heathen, faithful, affectionate, cheerful, and, within the bounds of his code, trustworthy. When these qualities were strengthened and shaped by the influence of Christianity, they often made of the lowly Negro slave a character fit to be placed by the side of the greatest of Christian saints.

But there was no little opposition to making the slave a Christian. The first objection came from the old idea, derived from the theory and in some part the practice of the Middle Ages, that the acceptance of Christianity freed the slave. And many of the slave owners of America did not purpose to lose their slaves in order to add to the kingdom of Christ. To allay this fear and remove this difficulty, opinions were sought and obtained from England's most eminent jurists, that Christianization did not mean emancipation. And finally, different colonies, from 1667 to 1698, passed laws declaring that baptism should not affect the status of the slave; he should remain a slave though he became a Christian.

Next appeared the fear that the slave, if Christianized, would not remain a good slave; declared equal as regarded his soul, he might come to believe himself equal as regarded his body, and so be led to assert his right to freedom. But experience proving in time that the Christian slave was made more faithful, tractable, and industrious, this fear largely passed away, even among the most gross and unchristian of slave owners, so that it came to be a point never forgotten on the auction block, if a slave exposed for sale was a good Christian, a recommendation that generally served to make his price several hundred dollars higher.

The Episcopal Church was the earliest agent in

carrying the gospel to the slave, but other churches soon began their ministry, and some finally outdistanced the mother church. The Moravian Brethren were the first to follow the example set by the Episcopalians, and indeed theirs was the first attempt to establish missions exclusively for the Negroes; for the aims of the Episcopalian society, as before noted, involved the white colonists and the Indians as well as the Negroes.

In 1738, by invitation of some gentlemen interested in the education of the Negroes in the South Carolina plantations, the Moravians sent out to America two Brethren, Peter Boehler and George Schulius; but they were not permitted to take up their intended work, and, the latter dying, Peter Boehler in 1740 immigrated with his Georgia colony of Brethren to Pennsylvania. In 1747 and 1748 some of the Brethren belonging to the Moravian settlement at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, undertook several long and difficult journeys through Maryland, Virginia, and upper North Carolina, to preach the gospel to the Negroes; but opposition from planters soon arose, and their mission was not further developed. The Brethren, however, continued in various colonies their efforts to evangelize the Negroes, and it appears that they were successful to some degree. The names of several Negro converts, from South Carolina to New York, appear in their records. Their only other recorded attempt to establish a permanent mission for Negroes was in Georgia, under the patronage of the English secretary of state, Mr. Knox. This mission, however, begun in 1774, and conducted by two Brethren, was interrupted by the Revolutionary War, and the Brethren, who were opposed to bearing arms, removed, one to England and the other to the Moravian settlement in North Carolina. We learn of no further attempts on the part of this church to evangelize the slaves.

The Presbyterians had several ministers in colonial times who devoted themselves more or less to the conversion of the Negroes. Prominent among these was Rev. Samuel Davies, who began his ministry in Hanover parish, Virginia, in 1747, and labored there for over twenty-five years. While in the first place his services were engaged for the white people of his parish, his sympathies were speedily drawn out for their slaves, and in a letter written to a friend a few years after his settlement, he thus expressed himself:—

“The poor, neglected Negroes, who are so far from having money to purchase books that they themselves are the property of others; who were originally African savages, and never heard of the name of Jesus and his gospel until they arrived at the land of their slavery in America; whom their masters generally neglect, and whose souls none care for, as though immortality were not a privilege common to them as with their masters,—these poor, unhappy Africans are objects of my compassion, and I think the most proper objects of the society's charity. . . . A considerable number of them (about one hundred) have been baptized, after a proper time for instruction, having given credible evidence not only of their acquaintance with the important doctrines of the Christian religion, but also a deep sense of them in their minds, attested by a life of strict piety and holiness. As they are not sufficiently polished to dissemble with a good grace, they express the sentiments of their souls so much in the language of simple nature and

with such genuine indications of sincerity that it is impossible to suspect their professions, especially when attended with a truly Christian life and exemplary conduct. There are multitudes of them in different places who are willing and eagerly desirous to be instructed and to embrace every opportunity of acquainting themselves with the doctrines of the gospel; and though they have generally very little help to learn to read, yet to my agreeable surprise many of them, by dint of application in their leisure hours, have made such progress that they can intelligently read a plain author, and especially their Bibles; and pity it is that any of them should be without them."

(To be continued)

Sunny Singapore

WOULD not the INSTRUCTOR readers like to spend a day in the far-off city of Singapore? We believe you would, but it is so far from your home that just to go there and return would take three long months. However, you may visit this beautiful place in imagination.

The scenery about the mission house in Singapore is quite like that of America. Wherever one looks there are green, leafy trees, velvety grass, and fine, large houses. Overhead are the familiar electric wires. In the street is the tramcar line. The motorman wears a neat uniform, but his feet are bare. The first two seats on the tram are covered with canvas, and are called first-class seats, while the others are known as second-class. The better class of Asiatics and the Europeans use the first-class seats, and the natives take second-class seats. The tram lines are divided into three or four sections, each about two miles in length. A fare is charged in each section. The first-class fare for one section is two and one-half cents, and the second-class fare is one and one-half cents.

As we speed down the street, suddenly we notice that our car is going down the left-hand side of the street. A glance shows us that all other traffic does the same, and in time we become accustomed to this new order.

The houses on either side of the street are roofed with tiles instead of shingles. Shingles would last but a short time, as the climate is so damp they would soon rot away. No matter how hard it rains, the tiles shed the water.

There are many kinds of vehicles in use here. Automobiles and carriages are seen; but the most common are the jinrikishas and the bullock carts. There are first-class and second-class jinrikishas. The first-class are single or double, and cost five cents a mile. They are rubber-tired, and the pullers run faster than the pullers of the second-class. The second-class fare is only three cents a mile. When we know that two persons occupy one jinrikisha, the fare seems almost too cheap.

The jinrikisha pullers have splendid physiques. They can run for two miles, pulling two persons, without a stop. At first one feels sorry for them, but they are always good-natured except when paid. They feel deeply hurt that you take the trouble to count out the exact fare, and bewail the fact loudly, especially if they think that you are about to relent and give them more.

Bullock carts are a peculiar sight to the newcomer. Two long-horned bullocks are hitched by a yoke to a two-wheeled cart. There is no harness. The reins are

ropes passed through the bullocks' nostrils. The bullocks are docile animals, and rarely go faster than a walk. I have never seen or heard of a runaway.

There is often seen on the streets a cart which is pulled by a man. These men do a great deal of carting, and they can haul surprisingly large loads.

It is amusing to see the goats and the chickens running in and out of the houses. They are all tame and make themselves much at home. I have never seen cruelty practiced on animals here. All the domestic beasts seem to be well cared for, and to have plenty to eat.

The buildings in the business section overhang the sidewalks, giving shelter from sun and rain, and making the shops cool and inviting.

The produce of the world is for sale in Singapore. America's fruit and vegetables, England's cloth, Germany's utensils and chinaware, together with dates from Arabia, sugar from Java, milk from Switzerland, are all to be found here, and can be bought at very reasonable prices.

There is a variety of shops. For instance, here is a Japanese curio store, across the street is a Chinese tailor shop, yonder is an Arab dry-goods merchant, around the corner is a modern English department store with three acres of floor space, and in the street is the traveling restaurant man. He carries his larder suspended from one end of a pole, and his kitchen from the other. Wonderful and mysterious are his preparations.

The government buildings are English throughout — no tall skyscrapers or beautiful ornamentation; just solid, rugged stone. Here is located all that stands in the native mind for progress, uplift, advancement. There are many modern business men. Some have made their millions in speculating, and others have become rich through constructive work. They hold responsible positions in government offices. They carry out much of the detail of the administrative affairs.

In America the government is quiet and unobtrusive. One rarely hears it spoken of. A man can live in any State and scarcely know that there is a capital near. But here the government is before one's mind at every turn. Buildings, officials, newspapers, all continually bring the government to mind. Even the native policemen have acquired as extensive a patronage toward the common natives as can be found in any official circles. They have the same bland superiority and condescending manner found in all who suddenly come into power.

If you wish to see real life, visit the market. Here is the meeting place of all nations — and all foods. One can find potatoes, peanuts, onions, oranges, pineapples, pumpkins, with as many prices for the same thing as there are foods in the market. Both shopkeeper and purchaser have a common feeling. The shopkeeper feels as bad when the customer accepts his first offer as the customer does when the dealer accepts his first bid. There is a delicate adjustment of prices. If a buyer looks "new," the prices rise suddenly. Old customers are recognized and eagerly waited on. European trade is sought.

There are three municipal markets in Singapore. These are large buildings erected by the government, and the stalls are let to the keepers. Always to be found there are the steady hum of voices and the subtle but clinging smell of the Orient.

One thing that is particularly noticed is the marked fondness of parents for their children. Children are everywhere, in the street and in the houses, in their

clothes and out of them, for the air is warm, and they, like Diogenes, get along with as little clothing as possible.

The people are cleanly as cleanliness goes in the East. Along the streets are hydrants, and men, women, and children flock to them to get water to take to their homes, to use for washing and bathing. There are concrete stands near these hydrants, where the natives wash their clothes. On these same concrete blocks one can see them bathing at almost any hour of the day. They remove all their clothing but the loin cloth, and pour copious drafts of water over their bodies. The children greatly enjoy such a procedure. One day we saw a little fellow scarcely two years old standing in a tub, and pouring water over himself in great glee. He was timid, so he began to cry as soon as he noticed that we were watching him.

One who has not lived in the Orient gets an entirely wrong conception of the people here. They are not ignorant; they are not boors. They are people of good manners and refinement. They thirst for knowledge. They have keen intellects and receptive minds, even if they do not possess a large array of facts.

They are just waking up to the fact that they want what the Europeans have. They are eager to understand the Christian religion. By far the larger percentage of the students are enrolled in the denominational schools of the Methodists, Catholics, Episcopalians, and others. The government helps to support these schools rather than start institutions of its own.

Thousands of children would be enrolled in our schools if we but had the schools. The great cry is, "Give us knowledge, teach us as the white children are taught." Do not you, dear readers, feel a desire to help give these hungry souls the bread of life? One does learn to love them as they struggle to break the bonds of heathenism. Pray that God will hear their prayers for light, and work to have your prayers answered. If it is true anywhere, it is true here, that the harvest is ripe, but the laborers are few, very few.

K. M. ADAMS.

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is to be preferred to all human possessions, for nothing else is so suited to our nature, so well adapted to prosperity or adversity. But, first of all, I am of the opinion that except among the virtuous, friendship cannot exist. Friendship is superior to relationship, because benevolence can be withdrawn from kinship, but from friendship it cannot; for with the withdrawal of benevolence, the very name of friendship is done away, while that of kinship remains.

Now, how great the power of friendship is, may best be gathered from this, that out of the boundless society of the human race, which nature herself has joined together, friendship is a matter brought into so narrow a compass that the whole of affection is confined to two, or at any rate to very few.

We ought to make more of our Christian friendship, the communion of the saints, the fellowship of believers. "They that feared the Lord spake often one to another," according to the prophet Malachi, during one of the darkest hours of the history of the church. What mutual comfort and renewed hope they would receive from and give to one another! Faith can be increased, love stimulated, and enthusiasm revived by intercourse. The supreme friendship with Christ, therefore, will not take from us any of our treasured

intimacies unless they are evil. It will increase the number of them and the true force of them. It will link us to others who love the same Lord with sincerity and truth. It will open our hearts to the world of men that Jesus loved and gave his life to save.

Fast as the rolling seasons bring
The hour of fate to those we love,
Each pearl that leaves the broken string
Is set in friendship's crown above.

As narrower grows the earthly chain,
The circle widens in the sky;
These are our treasures that remain,
But those are stars that beam on high.

J. IRVIN BUTCHER.



Seventeenth Week

April 25. 2 Kings 13 to 15: Death of Elisha; kings of Israel and Judah; tribute to Assyria.

April 26. 2 Kings 16, 17: Wicked reign of Ahaz; alliance with Tiglath-pileser; captivity of the ten tribes.

April 27. 2 Kings 18, 19: Hezekiah's good reign; defiance of Rab-shakeh; Isaiah's message; a wonderful deliverance.

April 28. 2 Kings 20, 21: Hezekiah's sickness and recovery.

April 29. 2 Kings 22, 23: Josiah repairs the temple; renews the covenant with the Lord; puts away idolatry in Judah.

April 30. 2 Kings 24, 25: Jerusalem besieged and taken by Nebuchadnezzar; captives taken to Babylon.

May 1. Review First and Second Kings. Note the experiences that have been a special help. Make a list of the kings of Israel and of the rulers of the divided monarchy.

Tiglath-Pileser

In 2 Kings 15: 19 mention is made of "Pul, the king of Assyria." Who was this king? No such name has been found in the ancient inscriptions of that land, though there is a record that Tiglath-pileser III led an invasion against Palestine, and received tribute from "Rezin of Damascus, Menahem of Samaria, and Hiram of Tyre." From this it is inferred that Pul was another name for that monarch. This idea is borne out by a tradition that Tiglath-pileser III was not of the royal line, but a gardener named Pul, who became a soldier, and at last gained sufficient power to seize the throne. Naturally he would change his name, and he chose that of Tiglath-pileser, "a name borne by the most illustrious of the Assyrians."

In verse 29 of the same chapter, Tiglath-pileser is given his royal name. He came against Palestine, and took "Gilead, and Galilee, all the land of Naphtali, and carried them captive to Assyria."

"Among the inscriptions found by Layard in the palace of Tiglath-pileser is one containing the record of the invasion of Palestine. It is somewhat mutilated, yet the lines which are preserved say that the Assyrian king captured Gilead, made it Assyrian territory, and placed it in charge of his officers; that Hanno, king of Gaza, fled to Egypt; that Samaria was captured; and then, to use Tiglath-pileser's own words: 'I deported to Assyria all of the inhabitants, together with their property.' . . . Thus do the royal records of Assyria supplement and confirm the historical portions of the Old Testament."

Captivity of the Ten Tribes

Tiglath-pileser III was succeeded by Shalmaneser IV, mentioned in 2 Kings 17: 3. "Of the few records from his reign," says Mr. Banks in "The Bible and the Spade," "one speaks of a three years' expedition to foreign lands: it probably refers to his siege of Samaria. Until recent years it has been supposed that he was the Assyrian king who captured Samaria; but from the records of Sargon, his successor, we learn that he only began the siege; Sargon completed it.

"Sargon, the Assyrian king from 722 to 705 B. C., was the founder of a new dynasty, and the builder of the city of Khorsabad, in which his immense palace was discovered by Botta. Numerous well-preserved inscriptions upon stone lined the palace walls; two of them tell of the siege of Samaria and of the deportation of the Israelites. In one the king says:—

"I besieged and captured the city of Samaria, and I carried away 27,280 of its inhabitants as captives. I took fifty of their chariots. I restored the city, and causing the inhabitants to become more in number than before, I stationed my lieutenants over them. I made the people of the lands which I had conquered, to dwell there, and I collected from them the same amount of tribute as from the Assyrians."

A Library in the Friendly Islands

M. E. KERN



PERHAPS you may have to refer to your map in order to appreciate the exact location of the Friendly Islands in the far-off South Pacific. Mrs. Lily M. Thorpe, who, with her husband, is a missionary at Niafu, Vavau, one of the Friendly group, writes concerning the young people there:—

half a dozen of them who understand and read English well. Two of them are preparing for work among their own people, and need the education and spiritual outlook such books would give them. We should supply these books ourselves, but it is not possible, as we are already supporting three of them at our own expense. These books would furnish the school library for them,

and be the property of the Seventh-day Adventist Mission in Vavau. Do you think this would appeal to the young people over there, and that it is a worthy object?"

This suggestion, I am sure, will appeal to some of our young people in America. The following list of books was suggested:—

"Pastor Hsi"

"A Retrospect"

"In the Tiger Jungle"

"From Judaism to Christianity"

"Passion for Men"

"Wild Life on the Rockies"

"John G. Paton"

"Personal Life of David Livingstone"

"Talks to Girls," by Hunter

"Children of the Poor," by Jacob Riis

"Ann of Ava"

Are there not those who will send copies of these or other good books, either new or second hand? If so, they will please write to us, giving the names of the books they will send, and we will give them

the directions for mailing. The accompanying picture shows a part of the town where this Missionary Volunteer library is to be established by your beneficence.



PART OF THE MISSION FAMILY AT NIAFU, VAVAU

"We have a good class of young men and women, some of whom have been baptized and others are preparing for that rite. They are intelligent and clean, and several of them are good English students. Our school work in the past has been known throughout these islands and appreciated by the natives and Europeans because of the integrity of our teachers, and the high standards of attainment reached by the pupils."

The accompanying picture shows our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe, their little girl, and a few of these island Missionary Volunteers.

It is planned to erect on Vavau a permanent mission house and school as soon as arrangements can be made with the Tongan government for a piece of land. Mrs. Thorpe makes the following request:—

"We have been wondering if one of the young people's societies over there would like to send a few of the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course books to our young people in Vavau. There are

Love is the pilot by which God is to guide this old world through darkness and storms into the haven of rest.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*



VIEW OF THE BEAUTIFUL HARBOR AT NIAFU, VAVAU



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."



Three in a Row

SHE looks awful white today, and thin," said Hiram, dejectedly, at the same time dexterously tying a knot in a broken suspender. "I don't know what we're going to do with her. She'll die, maybe," and the boy stopped with a sudden gulp.

Nettie's blue eyes grew large and pathetic under her pink sunbonnet. "She's hungry, I guess," she remarked sagely. "Sick folks can't eat such coarse food as we have. She told me one day"—here her voice dropped to a whisper and she glanced half guiltily toward the door of the little cabin—"that she wanted a piece of rich cream toast dreadfully; said she dreamed about it. But she wouldn't ask pa to get her cream. 'Twould only make him feel bad because he couldn't, she said. He can hardly get us enough to eat, anyway, and cream costs a lot. But seems as if mother'd ought to have it."

Little Tony said nothing, only dug his toes into the gray dust. He was only six, and small for his age.

The three children were sitting near a small hut, or cabin, which clung to the side of one of the great mountains looking down upon the mining town of Silver Plume. Half a mile from them on one side was a mine, where their father toiled from morning till night. In the other direction lay the town and the church and Sunday school. Above and around them were the rocky, towering mountains. Beyond these boundaries their knowledge of life was very small.

"Hiram!" called a tremulous voice from somewhere within the cabin. "Children!"

The three rose and looked at one another.

"She wants us," said Tony, "Come on."

"Once more—sing that once more," she called faintly, and they sang again,—

"There'll be no dark valley
When Jesus comes,"

while the tears rolled down over the white face.

"Well, good-by, mother," said Hiram, cheerfully putting his head in at the bedroom door again. "It's 'most train time. We'll try to get some pennies, and we won't stay long. Don't you be lonesome till we get back. Perhaps," hesitatingly, "you can go to sleep."

Outside the trio halted, holding their wooden cigar boxes filled with minerals—"specimens" they called them—doubtfully in their hands.

"Tain't a bit of use," said Hiram, mournfully; "there's too many selling, and folks have got enough of them anyway. But just to satisfy mother—"

"Say, Hi," broke in Nettie, speaking slowly, as if in surprise at her own thought, "you don't suppose we could—sing for the train folks? Mother likes to hear us, perhaps they would, too."

The boy turned sharply about and stared at his sister with a kind of startled admiration. "You're the great-

est!" he exclaimed. "How'd you think of it? They have to sit in that car and wait two hours, some of them. Can't get out and walk, it makes them puff so. We'll try it this very morning just as we do for mother, you know. We'd better stand in a row,"—musingly.—"Net in the middle, and we'll sing about three songs. Tony, will you sing up good and loud to the car folks? Maybe they will give you a penny."

Up through Clear Creek Cañon puffed the "Gulf" train, with two observation cars full of passengers. There was a mixed company, composed mostly of the sight-seers for the day, who would return with the train after two hours' halt in Silver Plume. There was a gentleman from Boston and two lively girls from Texas, and a number of young couples, evidently belonging in Colorado, who were out for a little excursion. But different from the others, and most noticeable of them all, were two, a gentleman and a lady, who sat near each other and looked alike—he pale and sick, and she pale and sad. They were brother and sister—Mr. and Miss Lawrence, from somewhere in the East. He was looking for health in the mountains, and she, in spite of deadly homesickness, would not leave him alone among strangers.

The train ran up to the mine, passed the switch, and then moved back again to the station. Here the engine and some of the passengers abandoned the cars, leaving those who objected to the high altitude to wait in patience. Among the latter were the Lawrences. The invalid was tired, and tried to rest with his head on his sister's shawl in spite of the shrill call of "Specimints!" which seemed to come from all sides of the train. After a while the noisy little vendors grew tired or discouraged, and quieted down; then, suddenly, Miss Lawrence started and listened intently. The little song was wonderfully sweet and fresh and true, something about—

"A robin one morning in May."

And the voices might have been those of the birds themselves. Everybody turned to the windows and waited expectantly. This time it was a quaint old hymn for children:—

"God made my life a little song
That comforteth the sad,
That helpeth others to be strong
And makes the singer glad."

Miss Lawrence looked out of the window and saw Hiram, Nettie, and Tony standing "three in a row," the blue eyes and the brown looking up wistfully, half-pleadingly, at the faces above them. A minute's pause, and then pennies, nickels, and even dimes rained upon them. There was an ecstatic shout from Tony, and a hasty scramble on the part of all three for the money. Their hearts beating fast with excitement and gratitude, the children drew into line again, and with a word from Hiram began their sweetest song.—

"Anywhere with Jesus."

Something in the words and the surroundings went straight to the heart of the stranger lady just above them, and when there came the refrain,—

"Anywhere with Jesus will be home, sweet home,"

her eyes brimmed over, and she turned hastily away that her brother might not see.

"The lady wants to speak to you, Nettie; go on," said Hiram, pushing his sister before him, like the coward he was.

"I was so pleased to hear you sing," said Miss Lawrence, smiling down into the eyes under the pink sunbonnet. "Won't you tell me where you live and what you are going to do with so much money?"

Nettie looked up shyly, but searchingly, into this "different" face from any of her acquaintance, then bent her eyes on the ground and told the whole story of their need and experiment. Miss Lawrence listened in surprise, and looked over to the tiny cabin on the side of the mountain. She whispered a few words to her brother, then went out to Hiram.

"My boy," she said earnestly, "I should like to see your mother and do some little thing for her. Will you let your sister and the little boy take me to her, and will you go somewhere and get the cream and some other things which I'll mark down?"

She sat down on a stone and wrote a brief note, folded it, and gave it to him.

"Bring the things I've marked," she said, "and tell him to send the others. Take this money,"—she handed him a bill, with a brief questioning look in his eyes,— "pay what he asks, and bring back the rest. Go to the best place you know, and hurry."

"Mother," said Nettie, softly, "a lady's come to see you. She came off the train. Shall I bring her in?"

"A lady?" repeated the poor woman, mechanically. "I don't know—yes, get a chair, Nettie."

Miss Lawrence paused to whisper to the little girl. "Can you make a bright fire in the cookstove? We'll fix up something tempting to eat when your brother gets back." Then she went in to see Nettie's mother.

The little girl busied herself about the fire, trying to clean up a little for the lady, while Tony sat in awe-stricken silence, swinging his short legs from his father's chair, and all the time the children could hear the sweet, low tones of the stranger lady as she talked to the sick woman. Nettie often wondered afterwards what she could have said to make her mother refer to her as "that angel." But when Hiram came back, bringing the delicacies for his mother, and when the lady came and prepared an appetizing lunch such as the children had never even imagined, and when presently the market boy appeared with his arms full of additional bundles, then Nettie, Hiram, and Tony whispered together and wondered whether God sent Miss Lawrence, or whether she only came because she was good.

Just then the stranger pulled out a wonderful little gold watch and uttered an exclamation. "I must go at once," she said, "the train goes in ten minutes." One moment she spent in taking the address of the market man, another in saying good-by in the little bedroom, the next she was flitting away down the path to the station, from which the children presently saw the train moving down into the cañon.

The little group in the cabin never saw Miss Lawrence again, but many pleasant reminders of her came

to them by way of the market man, and they dated their happier life from the day when, "three in a row," they sang their first song to the passengers on the tourist train.

"Why, Amy," said her brother, when the young lady stepped into the car, "where have you been? You look more like yourself than I have seen you since we came to Denver. I don't believe you are homesick today."

"No, and I won't be any more," with a mysterious smile.

The singers had found their mission, and she had found hers, and undreamed-of blessing had come to all in the finding.—*Congregationalist.*

Take Care

MR. ORRIN C. BAKER, general secretary of the Travelers' Aid Society, says that people who doubt the existence of a widespread white slave traffic do not know what they are talking about. He adds:—

"No girl is exempt. In 1910 over 1,700 girls disappeared while traveling between New York and Chicago alone. The men and women who make a business of the traffic in girls are working harder today than ever before. Their methods are more subtle. They are more daring. The public is fighting them, but they are using every scheme imaginable.

"Only a few weeks ago a woman was arrested as the proprietor of a disorderly house. It was found that she had been one of the matrons in charge of immigrant girls at Ellis Island.

"And by the way, the general impression seems to be that it is only the girls who come over in the steerage that are in danger. That is a mistake. There is just as much danger for the refined foreign girl traveling second cabin. The daring attempts to decoy these girls are almost incredible."

A CHEESE that weighs between five and six tons, and is nearly five feet high and more than six feet in diameter, has been made in New York State for exhibition at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The intake of twenty-five factories for a day, amounting to about 106,000 pounds of milk, was used in the manufacture of this enormous cheese.

THE outlook for the cotton crop is more encouraging. The cry, "Buy a bale of cotton!" seems not so significant at the present time in view of the fact that the shortage of woollen fabrics caused by the European war has considerably increased the demand for cotton.



SPRING CLEANING IN PROGRESS

The Swallows and the Catbird

MARY E. BARRETT

"EVERY poet singeth sweetest song he knows
To the bird that bringeth back the summer rose."

So runs the song, and following each stanza comes the same chorus,—

"Swallow, swallow, welcome swallow!"

For centuries the English poets have sung what the people feel; and though the American swallow is not the same bird as the English swallow, it inspires us with the same feeling: we welcome it as the messenger of summer. Every child should learn the poem, the last two stanzas of which are:—

"Sweet bird, thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

"Oh! could I fly, I'd be with thee;
We'd make on joyful wing
Our annual visit 'round the globe,
Companions of the spring!"

"The barn swallows are here!" is the word that calls us all out of doors. There they are, wheeling in wonderful circles, or skimming the ground with long, low sweeps. So fast they fly we can at first make out only that they are small birds, scarcely larger than English sparrows, with slim bodies, long, gracefully forked tails, and wings of unusual length and spread. Evidently these birds are built for long flights. Now they perch in a row on the telegraph wire, balancing themselves by dropping their tails, and crossing their pointed wings behind their backs. But the one thing we shall know the bird by is its "swallow tail," for no other bird wears so pronounced a style of coat.

Off they go like arrows, each intent on a breakfast of insects caught on the wing. Mosquitoes, midges, and gnats are dainty morsels for their fare, and it takes industry to gather a meal of them. And when the young ones cry in their mud-and-straw nests up among the rafters of the barn roof, the mortality among insects is greatly increased. The cows are tormented in the barnyards if there are no swallows. These birds twitter; they do not sing. Yet the cheery tones of the swallow talk is always music to the ears. They are busy and active, and their talk keeps time with their work, whatever it is.

The eaves swallow builds in colonies under the eaves of buildings and against the faces of cliffs. The nests are inverted, gourd-shaped structures, built entirely of mud. The bank swallow digs far into the earthen wall of some stream or clay bank, and makes her nest in the dark pocket. But neither of these birds is so beautiful nor so interesting as the barn swallow, though in some ways they are very much like him.

The chimney swallow is really no swallow at all, but a swift, related to the night hawks and whippoor-

wills. The nests hung in the chimneys are made of twigs, and not at all of mud.

The Catbird

The song of the mocking bird of the South is scarcely sweeter than that of his Northern cousin which hides himself in a leafy bower and pours out the most enchanting strains. But he is utterly unreliable. From the flights of classical music he suddenly stoops to low comedy, and with the same breath utters the most vulgar squawks, and screams, and catcalls. He must be utterly discountenanced by the thrushes and other minstrels of the air that take their part seriously.

He is slimmer and just about an inch shorter than a robin; a dandy one moment, and a careless rowdy the next. This is when he ruffles his carefully preened feathers and slouches into an ungainly attitude to "do his turn" at vaudeville. "Snake! snake!" he yells, to lead you away from his hidden nest. "Mi-ew! mi-ew!" comes next, and you look around to find the frightened cat that uttered the startling syllables. Then you remember the name and fame of this bird—the harlequin of his family. Now the wayward, beautiful song begins again, and you love the catbird in spite of his pranks.

The Swallow

THE gorse is yellow on the heath,
The banks with speedwell flowers are gay.
The oaks are budding; and beneath,
The hawthorn soon will bear the wreath,
The silver wreath of May.

The welcome guest of settled spring,
The swallow, too, is come at last;
Just at sunset, when thrushes sing,
I saw her dash with rapid wing,
And hailed her as she passed.

Come, summer visitant, attach
To my reed roof thy nest of clay,
And let my ear thy music catch,
Low twittering underneath the thatch,
At the gray dawn of day.

As fables tell, an Indian sage,
The Hindustani woods among,
Could in his desert hermitage
As if 'twere marked in written page,
Translate the wild bird's song.

I wish I did his power possess,
That I might learn, fleet bird, from thee,
What our vain systems only guess,
And know from what wild wilderness
Thou camest o'er the sea.

—Charlotte Smith.



THE PURPLE MARTIN,
CLIFF SWALLOW, BARN SWALLOW,
TREE SWALLOW, AND
NORTHERN VIOLET-GREEN
SWALLOW

The Mayflower, or Trailing Arbutus

SPRING again, with its hopes and promises! The pastures are brown with a suggestion of green breaking through. The snow has melted away in wide circles from around the sugar maples on the mountainside, and we begin to take an interest in the swelling buds and to look for the first opening flowers. One of the sweetest and most interesting of these is the Mayflower.

Like most wild things, it is exceedingly shy of strangers; and unless you have some inkling of wood lore, you may pass it by. It seldom grows in the open pasture, but rather in shadowy retreats, in secret fairy bowers upon the banks of woodland rills where the hillside is wet and cold from melting snow; or, by the margin of moss-filled bogs, between the rocks and groups of stunted firs, you will often find the starry, wax-like blossoms hidden away, like a brood of fluffy young partridges, more secure, beneath the leaves, from the sight than from the foot of the intruder. An unknown poet, quoted by Mr. Burroughs, says:—

"Oft have I walked these woodland ways
Without the blest foreknowing
That underneath the withered leaves
The fairest flowers were blowing."

What a glad surprise when at length you discover the clustered blossoms, so delicate of perfume, growing out of hard, scaly bracts in the axils of thick, rounded, heart-shaped leaves, the clear white of the corolla shaded to blush-tint pink, the five scallops of the single blossom lined inside its tube with tiny hairs, and the yellow spot in the center; the stigma, a queen surrounded by her courtiers, the ten stamens. You wonder that such a tough, woody stem with its bristly red hairs and rough foliage can produce so lovely a flower.

Found along the Atlantic coast from Newfoundland to Pennsylvania, and inland as far west as Saskatchewan, the wonder is that so widely known and so well loved a flower has not more often been praised in verse and written about. We are glad it has not been entirely overlooked by writers. Burroughs calls it "our matchless, rosy-lipped, honey-hearted trailing arbutus," and further describes it as "so lowly, so secretive there in the moss and dry leaves, so fragrant, tinged with the hues of youth and health, so hardy and homelike, . . . modest, exquisite, loving the evergreens, loving the rocks, untamable, it is the very spirit and breath of the woods; trailing, creeping over the ground, hiding its beauty under withered leaves, stiff and hard in foliage, but in flowers like the cheek of a maiden."

An old legend has it that when man was expelled from Eden, the flowers grieved at his departure. Only the arbutus desired to go with him to cheer him by its sweetness, but it could only do so by sacrificing its foliage and taking the coarse dress which it still wears.

"Behold, half hidden 'neath a drift of leaves,
The Eden flower! Coarse-robed it lies, yet fair
As when it smiled on Eve in Paradise.
O fallen queen! I will not touch thy bloom;
I leave thee here amid the breaths of spring;
For, exiled queen of Eden's pleasant bowers,
I deem thee still the queen of springtime flowers."

Retaining its primitive beauty, uncultivated, older than civilization, it was here when the Pilgrims came. To them after their long winter, it was as welcome as the land after their months at sea. Whittier mentions it in connection with their ship, suggesting the probable origin of the name, in the lines:—

"'Yet God be praised,' the pilgrim said,
Who saw the blossoms peer
Above the brown leaves, dry and dead,
'Behold our Mayflower here!'"

"'God wills it, here our rest shall be,
Our years of wandering o'er;
For us the "Mayflower" of the sea
Shall spread her sails no more.'

"O sacred flower of faith and hope,
As sweetly now as then
Ye bloom on many a birchen slope,
In many a pine-deep glen!"

The Master, who said, "Consider the lilies," would have us learn a lesson also of trust and meekness from this tiny flower. Beautiful, opening in its appointed time, it does not wave its branches aloft in vain display; it does not covet the fertile soil of the sheltered garden, but thrives best and fulfills its mission amid stern and rude surroundings; in the midst of mist and cold it does not struggle nor rebel; without any fuss it appropriates to itself the first warm rays, distilling therefrom a melody of odor unrivaled by the most tenderly coddled greenhouse bloom.

GEO. W. MILLER.

Nature's Teachings

How I long for a seat by the clear, shady brook,
There to rest unobserved in my favorite nook,
Not as he who in idleness lolls on the grass,
And, half dreaming, cares naught for the treasures that pass,
Nor as scientists search for faint tracing from far;
No; I'd spend the whole day viewing things as they are.

There I'd watch the first sunbeams creep through the dense
clumps
Of the tapering firs; watch them tint the dark stumps
Down the sides, 'cross the tops, till the pillars of wood
Mark with glittering lines where the proud monarchs stood.
And those gleeful young trout darting thither and back
Should solicit my gaze by their short silvery track.
There I'd hear the frail aspen leaves beating the time
While they sing to each breeze in a whispering chime;
And the zephyrs quite playfully seem to arouse
The dull mosses festooning the brown, shaggy boughs.

Hark! amid all this grandeur, so simple and pure,
Comes a trill from a cluster of leaves; to be sure
'Tis a gray, feathered creature, half hidden from sight,
That expresses his pleasure with all his wee might.
Soon he utters a note that a complement finds,
And a chorus of voices the melody binds.
To my heart this cantata holds charms sweet and rare,
And I feel it an honor such music to share.

At the climax a pheasant's bold drumming is heard,
Then come tappings well marked, and you peer for the bird
That performs with precision so daring a feat
While he scampers up tree trunks in search of his meat.
The brief silence which follows is broken, I ween,
By the chatter of nestlings behind a thin screen.
When the lesson in phonics is uttered with skill,
The fond mother leaves them to chat as they will.

Soon the shadows, those old advance guards of the night,
Grow more deep, and full soon they will hide all from sight:
But the moon's soothing beams change the metrical rhyme,
And the woodland tones move in a much slower time.
Then the broad, verdant rafts on which white lilies sleep,
Serve as bridges o'er which tiny insects may creep.
It is thus the Creator provides for each need,
From the cell in the pond and the thin-coated seed
To the stately old trees that withstand the wind's strife,
From the smallest amceba to man, throughout life.

MABEL CORINNE CRAKER.

A New Book

"THE CROSS AND ITS SHADOW," by Elder S. N. Haskell, is a new book, which gives a clear and concise treatment of the sanctuary question. It is a timely work, and should have a wide circulation, as the sanctuary question is the key to the great system of truths constituting what is known as the last gospel message of mercy to the world. The price of the book is \$1.50. Order of your tract society, or of the Review and Herald Publishing Association, Takoma Park, D. C.

MIRRORS at railroad crossings are coming into use in England. These mirrors are stationed at the crossings for the purpose of warning automobilists of trains coming in either direction. It is probable that this method of eliminating accidents will be extended.



Pilgrims of the Oregon Trail — No. 3

EDITH STARBUCK

"In Perils by the Heathen"



LOWLY and steadily, day after day, the long line of wagons toiled on across the wide, treeless waste, under the scorching summer sun. As far as the eye could reach in all directions, sand, sagebrush, and sunflowers stretched away to the horizon. Patiently the tired oxen plodded on their way; and since the loads were all too heavy at best for the poor beasts, the emigrants walked as much as possible. Dust arose in clouds and hung suspended in the lazy air as the creaking wagons came creeping on along the weary trail. It settled upon the faces of the travelers, and powdered their clothing; it filled their nostrils and gritted between their teeth; but no one seemed to notice. It was too common to occasion remark, and abundance of discomfort had left them almost stoical.

The boys of ten or twelve years were usually detailed to drive the loose cattle, since all the men and older boys were needed to drive the teams. These small boys were supposed to take turns at driving the stock, but, as frequently happens among older people, the willing and faithful ones were often imposed upon by the others, and left to do more than their share of the work.

Beside grandmother, who walked a great deal, Myra trudged mile after mile. As no wood was to be had, the problem of securing fuel for cooking purposes was sometimes a serious one. Just before they reached camp each day, grandmother would begin to look about for anything that would possibly furnish a fire. She and Myra would gather dried weeds, stalks of sagebrush, buffalo chips,—anything and everything that would burn,—and come into camp each night with their aprons full of such fuel.

Many were the reminders that these were hostile lands. One day a small band of braves appeared, armed and attired for war. Whooping and yelling at the top of their voices, and urging their ponies to their highest speed, the band divided, racing along each side of the train, and looking intently into every wagon. All the men and many of the women were armed, and the prospect evidently was discouraging to the savages; for, though the emigrants fully expected an attack that night, pitching the camp with extra care, and doubling the guards both at the wagons and where the cattle were grazing, the train was not molested in any way.

The securing of a good camp, with plenty of grass and water, was sometimes no small task; and father often rode several miles in advance of the train, selected a good spot, and waited for the wagons to come

up. One day, when far ahead of the company, he came to a place where the road was cut out between steep banks, at a ford across a small stream. Riding down to the water, he suddenly found himself confronted by six Indians, armed with bows and arrows, who arose from the tall grass, three on either side of the trail. He carried "Old Ironsides," his favorite gun, and the Indians feared to rush upon him lest he shoot; but, under pretense of friendship, they made signals that they wished to examine his gun. He knew full well that they would kill him for his horse and gun if the slightest advantage were given them, and realized that he was in a most dangerous position. He dared not turn to go back, for that would give them the very opportunity they wished; and yet he had but slight hopes of standing off his enemies until the arrival of the train. Just as he was desperately debating what to do, a voice hailed him from the top of the bank:—

"Gibson, what does this mean?"

"It means that you are just in the nick of time," he replied, as glancing back he saw a carriage in which a man, with his wife and daughters, was making the journey. They had driven ahead of the train to escape the dust. All were armed, and, alighting, came to the rescue. At sight of so many guns the Indians concluded that discretion was the better part of valor, and tarried not for ceremonious leave-taking.

Albert, in crossing a stream one day, got his feet wet, and when camp was made he took off his boots and set them on the tongue of the wagon to dry. Later, when he went to remove them, they were not to be found; and as many wagons were passing, no doubt they had been stolen. This left him to complete the trip with but one pair of boots, which of course were soon worn out, and he was obliged to go barefoot. Tramping thus over the hot sand day after day grew most painful, and it was scarcely to be wondered at that he accepted every opportunity to escape from it. It was while he was riding Dolly one day that he jumped from her back, alighting full upon a dead cactus, and filling his bare feet with the dried spines. Although the attempt was made, it seemed utterly impossible to remove them all, and needless to say he was totally unfit for walking for some time.

"In Perils in the Wilderness"

And now began a long, gradual ascent. Each evening found them at a slightly higher altitude than that of the night before. Far to the westward, dim at first, but daily growing plainer and drawing nearer, rose the peaks of the Rockies.

Father had ridden far ahead one day, and coming

to a pass in the mountains where he considered a favorable camp might be made, he paused to await the coming of the train. Soon appeared a large company of Indians going into the mountains on a hunting trip. They looked queer, especially the baggage carriers. Stout little spotted ponies they had for their pack train, and on each one, riding bareback, was seated a squaw. Then, lashed with buckskin thongs to each pony's shoulders, on either side, was a long pole, the ends dragging on the ground behind. Back at a sufficient distance to escape his heels, a little platform was tied between the two poles, and to this was bound the camp outfit—skins for their tepees, blankets, and rude camp utensils. Often as not, completing the picture, seated atop of this load, a stolid-faced little papoose might be seen, taking his journey in comfort and contentment.

The sight of the white man aroused the curiosity of the Indians, and they gathered about him to learn all they could with their limited means of communication. It was while he was powwowing with them that another man from the train rode up near enough to recognize Captain Gibson; and seeing him completely surrounded by Indians, jumped to the conclusion that a scalping was the first order of business with the savage assembly, and the next a general attack on the emigrants. Unperceived by Captain Gibson, he turned back, put spurs to his horse, and was soon relating his frightful tale to the train. Horror, grief, and consternation reigned in the company. The captain's family mourned him as dead; and the company, totally at a loss without their leader, was utterly demoralized. Go forward they dared not, believing the Indians to be lying in wait at the pass; and they were equally afraid to camp where they were. Finally they descried a lone figure on horseback approaching, and scarcely could they believe their eyes when they recognized their leader. He had waited long for them to come up, and at last, growing anxious at their delay, returned to see what was wrong. His advice to the excitable man was that next time he exercise his powers of observation more closely, and remember that Indians were not accustomed to take their squaws, papooses, and baggage along when on the warpath.

Earlier emigrants had built a bridge across a small stream, and this had been seized by a party of Sioux Indians, who demanded toll in the form of an ox from every team that wished to cross. A small train of but a few wagons had been halted at the bridge one day by the warriors. They felt in no mood to accede to such a demand, nor were they strong enough to fight their way across. They paused to parley, while one of their number came back to Captain Gibson's train for help. Every man at once placed his gun in evidence, and the train moved on. Arrived at the bridge, the men, fully armed, alighted and walked beside the wagons, while under the canvas covers many of the women could be seen with guns in hand. Wagon by wagon they passed the bridge unchallenged, and proceeded on their way. Although the Indians looked angry, they realized that they were outnumbered.

Baffled this time, they were only the more keen to exact full payment from the next comers. This chanced to be but a small train, and the Indians grew arrogant when their demands were denied. The leader, or chief, of the band marched boldly up, grasped an attractive young woman, and attempted to pull her from her wagon. Frantic with his sister's peril, her young brother seized his gun and shot the Indian down.

This precipitated a real battle, and bullets flew in deadly earnest. Fortunately, however, close at hand was a camp of Crow Indians, invariably friendly to the whites, and the hereditary foes of the Sioux. These heard the shots, came to the assistance of the train, and together the whites and Crows put the Sioux to flight. Later, however, the vanquished band returned, and took their vengeance by burning the bridge.

Dorothy Perkins

THERE'S many a rose that refuses to grow
Unless it is planted and tended just so,—
Just the right kind of soil in the right sun and shade,
Just the right kind of toil with the right kind of spade,—
Then if you protect it from insect and blight,
The rose will reward you with blooms of delight.
But Dorothy Perkins, so lusty and fair,
Is easily pleased. Give the others your care!
She'll lavish her lovely pink sprays anywhere.

Wherever you plant her, she'll do all she knows
To make your friends joyfully cry, "What a rose!"
She'll do what she can with what nature provides,
For the favors of man she'll be grateful besides.
O'er trellis and arbor her garlands are spread;
But she'll be just as kind to the hovel or shed,
And, if you give nothing her streamers to bear,
They'll twine on each other. For what does she care?
She still throws her fragrant bouquets to the air.

Oh, dozens of roses she bears on a stem,
And spiciest perfumes she crowds into them!
She just seems to live for the pleasure of giving,
She just seems to give every day that she's living;
For even in winter, when blossom time passes,
Glad birds find her hearty red berries in masses.
O generous flower, sweet-tempered and bright,
So strong and so cheery! I know it is right
To try to be like you—with all my might.

—Stella George Stern Perry.

A Little Talk With Jesus

A LITTLE talk with Jesus,
How it smooths the rugged road!
How it seems to help me onward
When I faint beneath my load!
When my heart is filled with sorrow,
And my eyes with tears are dim,
There is naught that gives me comfort
Like a little talk with him.

I tell him I am weary,
And fain would be at rest.
I'm daily, hourly longing
For a home upon his breast.
He answers me so sweetly,
In tones of tenderest love:
"I'm coming soon to take thee
To my happy home above."

Ah, that is what I'm wanting,—
His lovely face to see.
And I'm not afraid to say it,
I know he's wanting me.
He gave his life a ransom
To make me all his own,
And he'll ne'er forget his promise
To me, his purchased one.

So I'll wait a little longer,
Till his appointed time,
And glory in the knowledge
That such a hope is mine.
Then in my Father's kingdom,
Where many mansions be,
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus,
And he will talk with me.

—Selected.

IF California purchases the Western Pacific Railway (and it is now contemplating doing this), it will be the first-known case of a State ownership of a great railway. The purchase price of this railroad will be \$50,000,000.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN
C. L. BENSON
MEADE MACGUIRE

General Secretary
Assistant Secretary
N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, May 1 (Young People's Day)

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts for the week.
2. Reports of individual members.
3. Reading: "A Call to Our Youth." See *Gazette*.
4. Reading: "Organize for Work." See *Gazette*.
5. Organization of work bands or a consecration meeting. Devote the time to the organization of work bands unless you already have the work organized and every member working. If your society is organized for work, devote the time to a consecration meeting.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending May 1

NOTE.—See Senior program. Either arrange to have a joint program or adapt that material to the Juniors' needs.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 29: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 66 to 70

1. How did the Herodians and Sadducees seek to entrap Jesus, and with what result?
2. Upon what two great principles is the law of God based?
3. When and why were the woes pronounced on the Pharisees?
4. Mention some of the things of which he accused them.
5. Explain Christ's words concerning the widow's mite.
6. Why did the Greeks come seeking Jesus? How did this encourage him?
7. In connection with his own sacrifice, what law does Christ state for his followers?
8. What divine manifestation was given as Jesus prayed?
9. As he was leaving the temple for the last time, to what was his attention called? How did he make reply?
10. What question did his disciples ask on the Mount of Olives? Give some of the signs of his second coming.
11. What did he say concerning the time and manner of this coming?
12. How do conditions in the world today fulfill this prophecy?
13. What should be our attitude toward brethren in need?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 29: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," Pages 483-506

1. WHAT is a parable? Repeat the parable of the wise and foolish builders, and give its meaning.
2. What did the leper say who came to Jesus near Capernaum? How quickly was he healed? To what is sin compared? How quickly may its burden be taken away?
3. Describe how the man with the palsy was placed before Jesus. What did Jesus say to him? What question arose among those who heard? What did Jesus know? Tell how the sick man was healed. What did the people say?
4. Who came to meet Jesus as he entered Capernaum? How humbly did the centurion prefer his request? How was his faith rewarded?
5. Tell how the widow's son was raised to life. Repeat the parable of the sower, and give its meaning. What other parable did Jesus speak at this time? What is its meaning?
6. When the evening had come, what did Jesus say to his disciples? What overtook them as they were crossing the water? Where was Jesus? What did the disciples say when they awakened him? What did he do? What gentle reproof did he give his disciples?
7. In what country did Jesus and his disciples land when they had crossed the Sea of Galilee? Who met them? What command did Jesus give? Into what did the unclean spirits enter, and what was the result?
8. Why were the people displeased at this miracle? What did they beseech Jesus to do? Who wished to go with him? What great work did Jesus give to the man who was healed? What did he really become?
9. Who was Jairus? Tell how his little daughter was raised to life.

10. On what mission did the disciples go about this time? What sad word was brought to Jesus? When his disciples returned, why did they go into a desert place? Who followed them there? Tell how Jesus fed the multitude.

11. Where did Jesus send his disciples when the day was ended? Where did he himself go? In the fourth watch of the night, what did the disciples see? What assuring words did he speak?

12. Where did the people seek Jesus the next morning? When they found him, what did he tell them? What did many of them do? What did Jesus ask the twelve? What was Peter's reply?

A Child's Message

A FAIR little child came skipping along,
Keeping time to a happy tune;
"Do you know," she asked, in an eager voice,
"That Jesus is coming soon?"

"Now what do you mean, dear child?" I said,
Fearing that she would go.
"Why, he was here, and he's coming again;
The Bible, it tells me so."

"But why is he coming?" I asked her then,
And quick was the answer given:
"He is coming to take all his children on earth
To his beautiful home in heaven."

"And where, can you tell me, is heaven?" I asked,
Wondering much what the answer she'd give.
"Why heaven," she said, in a voice surprised,
"Is where God and the angels live."

"And how may I reach that happy place?
Can you help me to find the way?"
"O, yes," came the answer in confident tone,
"Just love Jesus more every day."

FLORENCE M. SACKETT.



V — The Great Physician

(May 1)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 9: 1-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." Matt. 9: 13.

Questions

1. When the Gergesenes asked Jesus to depart from their country, where did he go? Matt. 9: 1. What city was this? Mark 2: 1.
2. How was he welcomed? Verse 2.
3. Who was brought to Jesus for healing? By whom? Verse 3.
4. What difficulties did they meet in trying to reach Jesus? How great was their faith? Verse 4.
5. When Jesus saw the faith of the paralytic man and of those who carried him, what words of hope did he speak to him? Matt. 9: 2, last part. Note 1.
6. Although these words brought so much peace and joy to him, how were they received by the scribes? Verse 3; Mark 2: 6, 7.
7. How did Jesus answer their evil thoughts? Matt. 9: 4, 5.
8. How did he prove to them that he was indeed God, the Creator, and therefore had power on earth to forgive sin? Verses 6, 7.
9. When the multitude saw it, what did they do? Verse 8.
10. As Jesus passed thence, whom did he see sitting

at the receipt of custom? What did he say to Matthew? How did Matthew respond? Verse 9; Luke 5:28.

11. What was Matthew's other name? Verse 27. How did Levi Matthew do Jesus honor? Verse 29.

12. Who, besides Jesus and his disciples, attended this feast? What caused the Pharisees to be offended? Matt. 9:10, 11. Note 2.

13. How did Jesus answer this question? What did he say they needed to learn? Only what class of people had he come to save? Verses 12, 13.

14. Who else came to him asking questions? What question did they ask? What reason did Jesus give for his disciples' not fasting? Verses 14, 15.

15. What did he say would be the result of putting a piece of new cloth into an old garment? Of putting new wine into old bottles? Verses 16, 17. Note 3.

16. What did Jesus mean by this? Note 4.

Notes

1. Certain diseases are caused by the sins of gluttony, intemperance, impurity, etc. Evidently it was the man's own fault that he was a paralytic, as doubtless his sickness was the direct result of his own sins. Thus the very first step in his healing would naturally be the removing, or taking away, of his sins. Christ, who could read hearts, saw that "it was not physical restoration he desired so much as relief from the burden of sin. If he could see Jesus, and receive the assurance of forgiveness, and peace with heaven, he would be content to live or die, according to God's will."

2. "Of the Roman officials in Palestine, none were more hated than the publicans. The fact that the taxes were imposed by a foreign power was a continual irritation to the Jews, being a reminder that their independence had departed. . . . A Jew who accepted this office at the hands of the Romans was looked upon as betraying the honor of his nation. He was despised as an apostate, and was classed with the vilest of society. To this class belonged Levi Matthew."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 272.

3. "Bottles, in Eastern nations, were made, and are still, of skins of beasts. . . . By long usage, however, they of course become tender, and would be easily ruptured. New wine, put into them, would ferment, and swell, and burst them open. New skins, or bottles, would yield to the fermenting wine, and be strong enough to hold it from bursting."—*Barnes*.

4. "Nor could the principles of Christ's teachings be united with the forms of Pharisaism. . . . The vital truth of God, like fermenting wine, would burst the old, decaying bottles of the Pharisaical tradition."—*The Desire of Ages*, pages 278, 279.

V — The Great Physician

(May 1)

Daily-Study Outline

Sun. . . . Read the lesson scripture.

Mon. . . . "Be of good cheer." Questions 1-4.

Tues. . . . "Arise, and walk." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 267-271. Questions 5-8.

Wed. . . . "Glorified God;" call of Matthew. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 272, 273. Questions 9-12.

Thurs. . . . With publicans and sinners. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 274-276. Questions 13-17.

Fri. . . . "New wine into new bottles." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 276-280. Questions 18-21.

Sab. . . . Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 9:1-17.

Questions

1. Where did Jesus now return? Matt. 9:1.

2. Who was brought to him to be healed? Verse 2, first part.

3. What did Jesus say to the sick man? What ground for good cheer was given? Verse 2, last part.

4. What is implied in the expression, "Be of good cheer"? Note 1.

5. What did certain scribes say? Verse 3.

6. What question did Jesus ask about their thoughts? Verse 4. Note 2.

7. What twofold question did he then ask? Verse 5.

8. What did he then say to the palsied man? Verse 6, last part.

9. How did the man respond? Verse 7; Luke 5:25.

10. Of what ought this manifestation of power by Jesus to convince the scribes? Matt. 9:6, first part. Note 3.

11. How did this miracle affect the multitudes? Verse 8.

12. Relate the calling of Matthew. Verse 9. Note 4.

13. Who sat at meat with Jesus in the house of Matthew? Verse 10.

14. What criticism did the Pharisees make to the disciples? Verse 11.

15. How did Jesus answer for his disciples? Verse 12.

16. What did he urge the Pharisees to do? Verse 13, first part.

17. In what words did Jesus define the purpose of his coming to earth? Verse 13, last part.

18. What question did the disciples of John the Baptist ask Jesus? Verse 14. Note 5.

19. In what figurative language did Jesus answer their question? Verse 15. Compare with John the Baptist's own words in John 3:29.

20. By what parable did Jesus seek to win his hearers from the Jewish traditions to his teachings? Verse 16. Note 6.

21. Relate his second parable to the same end. Verse 17.

Notes

1. "Be of good cheer." These words imply that the palsied man was in distress of mind. The cause of this distress is seen in the words which follow: "Thy sins be forgiven thee." This man was under conviction of sin. While he wanted to be healed of the palsy, he feared that his sins would bar him from such a blessing. The reason for bidding him be of good cheer was to assure him that his sins were forgiven. It was the natural step, too, toward healing him of physical disease brought on by sin. Sorrow for sin draws forgiveness and restoring power from Jesus, as a vacuum draws an inflow of air.

2. Their charge of blasphemy was based on the truth that no one but God can forgive sins. Luke 5:21. The evil in this charge was that it virtually denied that Jesus was divine.

3. The Pharisees might as well have asked, Who can heal but God alone? They could actually see that the effects of sin in this man's body were removed instantly by the power of Jesus' word. Has not he who can remove the results of sin, the power to forgive the sin itself? If he can forgive sin, is he not God? So were the Pharisees answered, and so ought they to have been convinced, on their own ground, that no one but God can forgive sin.

4. This is the Matthew who was numbered among the twelve, and who became the author of the Gospel we are studying. Marvelous power in Jesus' bidding, "Follow me"! The soil in Matthew's heart had been prepared by the previous teaching of Jesus, as was that of the thousands who responded to the preaching of Pentecost. "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."

5. The fact that John's disciples included the Pharisees with themselves in asking the question about fasting, indicates that the Pharisees had been seeking to create doubt and disaffection among John's disciples as well as those of Jesus. Thus do blind leaders, by secret and indirect means, seek to draw away disciples after themselves.

6. The traditions and ceremonies of the Jews were like an old garment, threadbare and unsightly, bringing neither comfort nor grace to the wearer. Jesus offered them a new robe of righteousness, like cloth of gold and fine-twined linen. But before they could wear the new garment, they must put off the old entirely. The old could not be patched up with parts of the new. Jesus, the true antitypical Lamb, was about to be slain for the sins of the world. The typical sacrifices would no longer have virtue. We must receive Jesus as a whole sacrifice, making no reserve to consume upon our selfishness.

The Youth's Instructor

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By a New Way

"By a way that they knew not." Isa. 42: 16.

THE day had gone. Alone and weak
I groped my way within a bleak
And sunless land.
The path that led into the light
I could not find. In that dark night
God took my hand.

He led me, that I might not stray,
And brought me by a new, safe way
I had not known.
By waters still, through pastures green,
I followed him; the path was clean
Of brier and stone.

The heavy darkness lost its strength,
My waiting eyes beheld, at length,
The streaking dawn.
On, safely on through sunrise glow
I walked, my hand in his, and lo,
The night had gone!

— Anne Porter Johnson, in the Christian Herald.

God Plans for Every Consecrated Life

WHEN tempted to believe God has overlooked you, remember Joseph. If your life is wholly consecrated to Christ and his service, you may know, whatever comes, that the Lord has planned your experiences for you. Your concern is to be sure that your will is yielded to him; Christ will attend to the rest.

Here is a recent illustration of things "working together for good" to one who loved God and wanted to labor for him, at a time when the young man had every reason to think all things were against him:—

"Among the members of the church that was the center of the Japanese persecution, was a young man who had been but a month back from the Waseda University, Tokio, where he had been a student. He was put in a cell by himself, and chafed under the restraint that kept him from preaching the gospel to other prisoners as his fellow Christians were doing. Then this youth was unexpectedly banished to a neighboring island. He told the story afterwards with a shining face: 'Just think! I had been longing for a chance to tell about Jesus to those who did not know him, and mourning because I could not preach in gaol. Then God sent me off to an unevangelized island, where there was plenty of work to do for him, and Japan paid my fare.' That sounds like Paul the prisoner, doesn't it?"

If it is in prison God has a work for his servant, or lessons for him to learn, in prison is the safest and best place that servant can be. When the time for deliverance comes, in the plan of the Master, in his purpose, deliverance will come even if an earthquake is required to throw open the doors. How prone we are to forget the Lord, and take what comes to us as common, everyday "happenings." Those who take this view of life gain no more exalted views of God's providential workings than the worldling who makes no profession of believing in the special guidance of the Lord.

T. E. BOWEN.

Special Train Used by the German Emperor

Six coaches, each weighing about sixty tons, compose the special train used by Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany in his travels. Of these, four are reserved for the kaiser and his suite, and the other two are used for kitchen and offices. The second coach in the train is the one taken by the kaiser for his personal quarters. This car contains his personal salon, bedroom, dressing room, and bathroom, and sleeping rooms for his attendants. The salon is rich in historic associations. It is paneled in the wood of an ancient cedar taken from Mt. Lebanon, the gift of ex-Sultan Abdul-Hamid of Turkey. The floor is of black wood taken from the piles of a wooden bridge built across the Rhine by Julius Cæsar in the year 55 B. C., while the ceiling is decorated with a design representing the six great rivers of Germany. The two coaches following this car are reserved for the kaiser's suite, while behind these is the dining car. The last coach in the train is used by the engineer who controls the operation of the train, and who has accompanied the kaiser on all his railway journeys during the twenty-five years of his reign. The kaiser's two dachshunds, Waldl and Hexl, have their regular quarters on the train, and always accompany His Majesty in his travels.—*Popular Mechanics*.

Built by the Day

"My house was well built," said a farmer once to me, "for it was built by the day." That is the way in which the best and strongest and happiest lives are built; they are not constructed "by the job," but one attainment in grace is laid upon another like blocks of granite in a solid house wall. Each day brings its duty to be done, its temptations to be met and conquered, its burden to be carried, and its progress to be made heavenward. There are three hundred and sixty-five days in every year, in all of which the apostle admonishes us to give all diligence to "add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity."—*Selected*.

A FEW more smiles of silent sympathy, a few more tender words, a little more restraint on temper, may make all the difference between happiness and half happiness to those I live with.—*Stopford Brooke*.

To work on, serve on, love on, unnoticed and unpraised, is perhaps the finest heroism earth can show.—*G. H. Morrison*.