The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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THE dreadnaught "Pennsylvania," the most powerful battleship afloat, was launched at Newport News, Virginia, March 16.

SIR GEORGE TURNER, the eminent physician and investigator of leprosy, died of that disease on March 12, at Colyton, England.

MRS. THOMAS A. EDISON has been heading a movement against Sunday amusements in her home city, West Orange, New Jersey.

LAST year the United States imported more than two billion pounds of coffee. The people of this country are the greatest coffee drinkers in the world.

UNTIL direct communication is restored, Postmaster-General Burleson has increased the postage rate to Germany from two cents an ounce to five cents.

A MEMORIAL amphitheater to commemorate the nation's dead is under construction at the Arlington Cemetery, at Arlington, Virginia. Its estimated cost is $750,000.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, the publishers of *Scribner's Magazine*, have announced that they have canceled their last contract for liquor advertising, and will accept no further advertising of that character.

A SWISS expert in the use of copper has recently estimated that the German and Austrian armies daily fire away not less than 309 tons of copper above the amount that they recover, or 112,000 tons a year.

SINCE the year 1898 Arbor Day has been observed in Spain. The results have been so satisfactory that the king has made the celebration of this day obligatory upon the inhabitants in every city and township.

THE railroads of the United States are four times as long as the navigable rivers, or long enough to reach about seven times around the earth. If these railroads were destroyed, all the gold and silver money in the world would not pay for rebuilding them.

MORE than two hundred and fifty colleges now offer courses of instruction that have direct reference to the home. Among these are the Chicago, Missouri, Wisconsin, and Columbia Universities, Elmira College, and Simmons College of Boston.

THE mills in Fall River, Massachusetts, less than two hours by train from Boston, weave two miles of cloth every minute of every working day, and enough in one year to form a wide cotton belt around the waist of old Mother Earth on the line of the equator.

THE sale of opium and all allied drugs fell under federal regulation last month. Druggists must have a special license, can sell only on a physician's prescription, and must keep an inventory of stock, and keep a record of sales for the inspection of federal officers.

THE first complete successful test of the wireless telephone from a moving train was made early in February on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R. R., when spoken messages were clearly heard for twenty-six miles, from Lounsberry to Binghamton, in New York.

HEREAFTER no alcoholic liquors are to be landed on the Pribilof Islands, in the Bering Sea, except by the authority of the secretary of commerce or the commissioner of fisheries, and with the advice of the agents. The making of kvass or other alcoholic drinks, by the native, is prohibited. Strong drink has played havoc with the natives on these islands, and hereafter they can get it only for medicinal purposes and for religious ceremonies.

A DIVING suit made of metal has been invented by Mr. Chester E. Macduffee. Divers have used the new armor at a depth of 212 feet, and could have gone farther had the water been deeper. The suit weighs 480 pounds. It is packed with leather and rubber. Its various parts are strengthened by ribbing within and without. Being entirely inclosed, the diver's suit must be supplied with mechanical hands; these are so skillfully constructed that with them the diver can pick up a thin sheet of paper from a flat surface. The suit is electrically lighted, and boasts of a telephone.

ONE of the strangest creatures known to the scientific world is the pholas, or boring clam. It penetrates the rock to a depth of six or eight inches, and as its shell is shaped like a top, but very rough, thus fitting into its burrow as it makes it, it could not leave its rock bed even if it wished to. Animalcules that float in sea water are its food, which food it reaches by its long tongue. Being in demand for food at the resorts along the Pacific coast, these mollusks are dislodged in great numbers from the rock by the use of dynamite.

A PLOW which cuts a strip nearly sixty feet wide, and turns over seven acres for every mile it travels, has broken the world's record for plowing. This gang plow was tested not long ago at Purdue University, Indiana, in a demonstration in which it turned over a stubble field at the rate of an acre every four and one-half minutes. It was drawn by three traction engines.

MILLIONS of feet of logs are being taken from the bed of the Muskegon River in western Michigan. These logs are supposed to have been crowded into the muddy bottom of the river a generation ago. Fifty thousand logs have been recovered by the man who bought the right to them, and these are said to be only a few in comparison to those that are awaiting salvage.

ESPERANTO, probably the best of the invented "universal" languages, is being used by the German government to spread the German propaganda in neutral countries. Official communications, speeches of the kaiser, and a pamphlet entitled "The Truth About the War" have already been published in Esperanto, and sent by German Esperantists to their correspondents abroad.

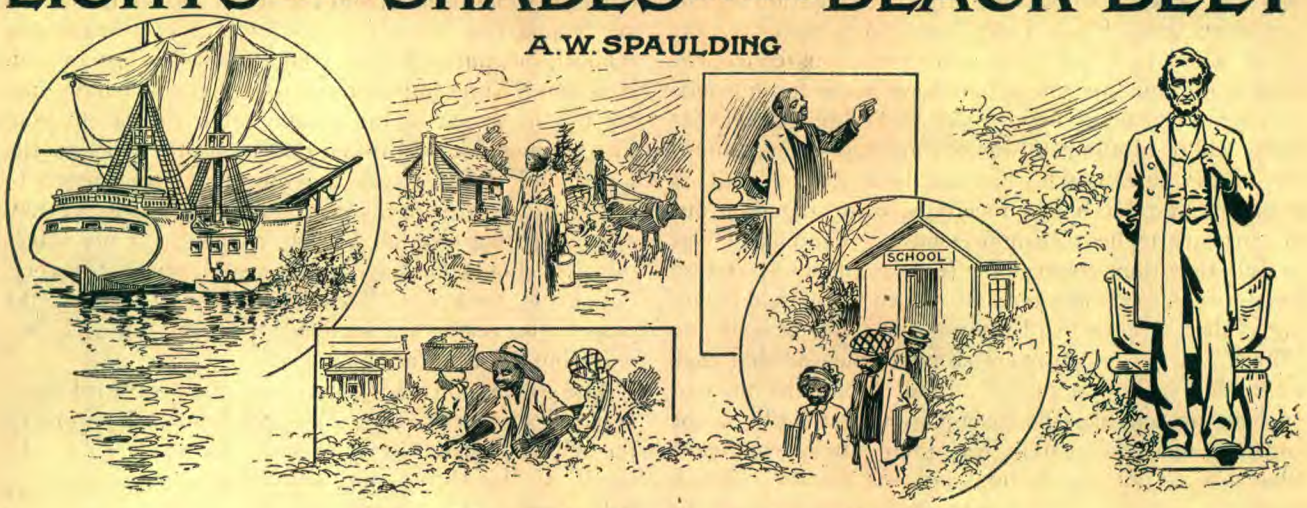
UNITED STATES ambassador to Turkey, Henry Morgenthau, has cabled from Constantinople to Washington that 800,000 persons in Albania are homeless and starving, that 30,000 have already died of hunger and cold, and that thousands more will die unless help reaches them.

DR. TANNER, famous for his fast of forty days; is living in San Diego, California, and is hearty and hale at the age of eighty.

Principal Contents

LIGHTS *and* SHADES *in the* BLACK BELT

A. W. SPAULDING



The Gospel Among the Slaves

(Continued)

WHILE the Episcopal, Moravian, Presbyterian, and Congregational Churches thus gave some early attention to the conversion and instruction of slaves, their efforts were at best but a small response to a tremendous need. But with the coming of Methodism in the latter half of the eighteenth century, there flamed up an evangelism that, firing white society to the greatest heights, burned down deep into the substructure, and in a wider way gave Christianity to the slave. Along with it went the Baptist propaganda, which by its even greater democracy made a strong appeal alike to America's freemen and America's bondmen. Today these two great churches, eminent everywhere, are preeminent in the religious life of the South, among both white and colored.

John Wesley visited America three times between 1755 and 1776, while George Whitefield, a living fire, journeyed up and down through the English colonies during the eight periods in which he was in America. There speedily sprang up a body of traveling Methodist preachers, who spread the truths of the gospel not only through the older established parts, but through the back woods and the great plantations of the West and South. Indeed, Methodism had its earliest successes in the South rather than in the North, it being reported at their general conference of 1781 there were 9,666 members in the South and 873 in the North.

The Methodist itinerant ministers preached to every one alike, to black as well as white, to bond as well as free. Their doctrine was, "Christ came into the world to die for *every* sinner." And perhaps there was in the physical slavery of the Negro a visible emblem of spiritual slavery which appealed especially to their fervid spirits in behalf of the Negro slave. They believed in political freedom; but if they could not give that to the slave, they would at least give him, if possible, the greater gift of spiritual freedom.

Thousands of the white men and women of the South were converted by the Methodists, and it was noticeable that when the master received this gospel liberty, he was anxious for his servants to have its privileges also. On the other hand, there were very many who were bitterly opposed to this religion, and more bitter against its introduction to their slaves.

But many Christian masters had the courage, as well as the will, to provide means for their servants to receive the gospel. Near Baltimore there lived a gentleman by the name of Henry D. Gough. At "Perry Hall," his residence, he built a commodious chapel, "the first Methodist church in America that had a bell." This bell was rung every evening, calling not only his household but his servants to family worship. On Sundays his slaves met here with his family, filling the body of the chapel, to listen to the gospel preached by the circuit riders on their semimonthly visits, and by local preachers at other times. Often visitors from Baltimore and other centers,—lawyers, statesmen, and leaders of society,—in this chapel joined in worship with the great company of slaves, who were never excluded on any occasion. Here the prayers of these black servants of Christ were as often heard as those of their white masters, and theirs were the voices that usually raised and swelled the stirring hymns.

To some of these slaves, indeed, had come the gospel before it reached their master. Taught and stirred by the Methodist evangelists, they had accepted Christ, and so glad were their voices in prayer and song that Henry Gough, overhearing them in their quarters, exclaimed, "How much more blessed are they than I!" And thus was he led to seek their Saviour, and to become with them his servant.

Often the Methodist and Baptist preachers had hundreds of black hearers with their white audiences, listening with the tears streaming down their cheeks. "Sometimes their cries for mercy, out of the great depths of darkness that engulfed them, were heart-rending." And history is witness to the fact that hundreds and thousands of them came out of that darkness into the full light of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. Some of them became exhorters and ministers of singular power, ministering not only to their own people, but often to the whites who crowded to hear them.

One of the most famous of these Negro preachers was Harry Hosier, or "Black Harry," as he was more familiarly known, who frequently attended Bishop Asbury and other Methodist bishops in their journeys, principally to preach to the blacks. "The bishops were proud of Harry, and brought him out on every occasion they could, not only among the blacks, but also in the congregations of the whites. When sick or disabled, they would unhesitatingly trust their pulpit to Harry, without a single fear of his disappointing the

people. Asbury was fond of openly declaring that the best way he knew to obtain a large congregation was to announce that 'Black Harry' would preach, as that never failed to bring a far more numerous concourse than if the announcement had been made for himself. It is related that on one occasion in Wilmington, Delaware, where Methodism was so long unpopular, a number of the citizens who had not been in the habit of attending the Methodist meetings, came together out of curiosity to hear Bishop Asbury. The chapel was so full that they could not effect an entrance, and so were forced to remain outside. Here they stood listening as they supposed to Bishop Asbury, but in reality to 'Black Harry.' They were so much pleased that they exclaimed in honest praise, 'If all Methodist preachers can preach like the bishop, we should like to be constant hearers.' Great was their surprise to learn that it was not the bishop, but his servant, 'Black Harry.' Instead of decreasing their estimation of the bishop, this only raised it the higher. 'For,' said they, 'if such be the servant, what must the master be?'"

Another remarkable Negro preacher was Henry Evans, who lived in Fayetteville, North Carolina. He was noted not only for his eloquence but for his purity of life and his earnestness in service. When he began his ministry among his fellow slaves, there was not a single church building in Fayetteville, even for the whites, and only one congregation, a Presbyterian, which met in the Statehouse or town hall. This was in the first years of the nineteenth century, when Negro preachers, on account of insurrections which some had fostered, were under suspicion, and in some sections were forbidden to preach. But Evans was so open in all his work, and subjected himself so willingly to superintendence, even begging to have a watch set upon him,— anything so that he might be allowed to preach, — that he soon gained the confidence of all about. His preaching called the Negroes together in crowds, and one master after another soon began to suspect his slaves of attending, not because they grew worse, but wonderfully better in their behavior, their morals, and their obedience.

Soon some of the masters and mistresses began to reason that the preaching which was so beneficial to their slaves might be good also for themselves, and Henry Evans found among his auditors more and more of the white people of the neighborhood. His fame grew, and it was not long till his white friends built him a meetinghouse, a rough structure weatherboarded but not finished inside. The white people had seats reserved for them near the pulpit, while the blacks were given the remainder of the house. But this provision soon became inadequate, as the white audience grew so rapidly that it soon completely filled the entire space. The sides of the house were then knocked out, and wings, or sheds, erected alongside to accommodate the slaves.

Henry Evans was a sincere and deep-souled Christian, well versed in the Scriptures, earnest and eloquent, and, while humble and deferential toward the white people, and indeed toward all, he was fearless in his denunciation of sin and his call to repentance. Under his ministration a great revival and growth of religion was brought about, the church which he built up being later included in the Methodist itinerancy; and finally, at his request, a white pastor settled there, with whom he held kindly and helpful relations.

He lived in a little shed built at the back of the church. On the last Sunday before his death, during the meeting being held by the white pastor, the door from his room opened, and the feeble old saint tottered in. Supporting himself by holding to the railing of the chancel, he said: "I have come to say my last to you. It is this: None but Christ. Three times I have had my life in jeopardy for preaching the gospel to you. Three times I have broken the ice on the edge of the water and swam across the Cape Fear to preach to you. And now, if in my last hour I could trust to that, or to anything else but Christ crucified, for my salvation, all should be lost, and my soul perish forever." "A noble testimony!" exclaims Bishop Capers, the pastor who relates the incident, "worthy not of Evans only, but of St. Paul."

The conversion and devotion of these faithful black servants of Christ had a close relation to the work of the white Christians whose souls were stirred by the needs of the slaves, and who sought opportunity to help them. The conversion of "Black Punch," a famous slave preacher in South Carolina, was on this wise: In 1788 Bishop Asbury, then the head of the Methodist Church in America, was on a tour of visitation in the South. Riding on his way toward Charleston one day, he came to a creek where, as his horse stopped to drink, he spied a Negro on the bank, fishing.

"What is your name, my friend?" asked the bishop.

"Punch, sir."

"Do you ever pray?"

"No, sir," said Punch.

The bishop dismounted and sat down by the side of Punch. He began talking with him, explaining in simple terms the truths of Christianity. Punch had never had such attention paid him, and never had heard such talk, but, though astonished, he listened attentively, and some idea of the meaning of religion entered his mind. As the bishop concluded by singing the hymn beginning, "Plunged in a gulf of dark despair," and then offered a short but earnest prayer for this man's salvation, the poor slave's tears flowed fast and free. The bishop mounted his horse and rode on, expecting, perhaps, never to hear great results from his chance seed sowing in the heart of a Negro slave. Not, indeed, till twenty years after did Bishop Asbury again see or hear of this fisherman, who had now become a fisher of men. Hearing of the bishop's presence in Charleston, Punch obtained leave of his master, and walked seventy miles to meet again the man who had brought him salvation. With what joy must the good bishop have learned of the harvest for which he had sown twenty years before, for Punch had become a diligent and successful worker among his fellow slaves.

No sooner had the bishop left him on the banks of the creek that morning, than Punch, stricken in soul, hurried homeward; and, convicted of sin, he spent days in distress and earnest prayer. At last he obtained assurance of forgiveness, and his life, hitherto so empty, became filled with the sweet influence of the Spirit of God. The remarkable change in him was too evident to escape notice, and his fellow slaves began to inquire into the cause. None of them were Christians or acquainted with Christianity, but the strange things that Punch had to tell attracted them, and night after night they came to his cabin to hear more. So, many were brought to Christ, and gathered nightly around Punch to learn more of the truth.

The overseer of the plantation was an irreligious man, and when he found that this new influence stir-

ring among his people was due to the prayer meeting held by Punch, he ordered him to stop. Sorrowfully Punch obeyed, dismissing his company of worshipers. A week or two passed by, when one night, as Punch by himself was engaged in prayer, he heard the overseer's voice calling him. Alarmed at the summons, and fearing further interference with his religious habits, Punch went out, when, lo, he found the overseer on his knees under a tree, calling upon God for mercy, and in anguish appealing to Punch to pray for him. As a result, the overseer was converted, joined the Methodist Church, became an exhorter, and finally a preacher.

For many years Punch ministered to his fellow slaves, several hundred being under his spiritual charge, almost the only Christian influence among the slaves within a wide territory. Punch was an old, old man when at last the Methodist Church established the Waccamaw Mission in that section of South Carolina, and the missionary put in charge came to visit the plantation where Punch lived.

"I was much interested," said this missionary, Rev. Theophilus Huggins, "on my visit to the old veteran. Just before I reached his house, I met a herdsman and asked him if there was any preacher on the plantation.

"'O, yes, massa; de old bishop lib here.'

"Said I, 'Is he a good preacher?'

"'O, yes,' was the reply, 'he word burn me heart.'

"He showed me the house. I knocked at the door, and heard approaching footsteps and the sound of a cane upon the floor. The door opened, and I saw before me, leaning upon a staff, a hoary-headed black man, with palsied limbs but a smiling face. He looked at me a moment in silence, then raising his eyes to heaven said, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, . . . for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.' He asked me to be seated, and I found, in the following remarks, the reason for his exclamation. Said he: 'I have many children in this place. I have felt for some time past that my end was nigh. I have looked around to see who might take my place when I am gone. I could find none. I felt unwilling to die and leave them so, and have been praying to God to send some one to take care of them. The Lord has sent you, my child. I am ready to go.'

"Tears coursed freely down his time-shriveled face. This interview gave me much encouragement. He had heard of the application for a missionary, and only wanted to live long enough to see his face. After this I had several interviews with him, from which I learned his early history. I always found him contented and happy. A short time afterwards he was taken ill and lingered a few days. One Sabbath morning he told me that he should die that day. He addressed affecting words to the people who crowded around his dying bed. His theme was, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.' He applied these words to himself, and continued his address to the last moment, and death gently stole his spirit away while he was saying, 'Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, let — let — le ——' His mistress sent for me to preach his funeral sermon. His corpse was decently shrouded, and the coffin was carried to the house of worship. I looked upon the face of the cold clay. The departed spirit had left the impress of heaven upon it. Could I be at a loss for a text? I read out of the Gospel, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

(To be concluded)

What One Man Accomplished

THE Encyclopedia Britannica says that "about 1843 the second coming of Christ was expected by as many as 50,000 believers in the doctrines of Miller."

What a striking testimony to the faithfulness of one man in preaching his honest convictions. Seventh-day Adventists are carrying on the work William Miller laid down. We are expecting the same great consummation. The same Spirit is in the work today that was in the work in Miller's time. But are we manifesting the zeal which characterized Miller's labors? In a few short years this man, directly or indirectly, stirred this whole country.

What would happen in this world if there were 100-000 such men as Miller telling of Christ's soon coming in glory?

It has been stated that before the time arrived when it was thought Christ would come, hens laid eggs with the date 1844 upon them! While we do not believe such ridiculous tales, yet we know that before Christ comes we shall see many wonderful things.

A writer in the *Century Magazine* (December, 1886) says: "That the public generally were interested in the subject is proved by an examination of the newspapers of the day, several of them having a special column for 'Signs and Wonders' and explanations of singular phenomena. Men's hearts seemed failing them for fear, lest Father Miller might be right after all."

Has the world been warned? Have we permission to drop our Saviour's commission? Then let every one see how far he can follow Miller's example in arousing the people to the significance of the times.

CLAUDE E. HOLMES.

A Hindu Devotee Rolling Three Hundred and Fifty Miles for Salvation

"ONE day," writes a Methodist missionary from Basim, South India, "I saw a Hindu rolling along in the road. I stopped him and asked him where he was going.

"He replied that his home was in Amritsar, a hundred miles away, that he expected to travel as far as Pandharpur, making a total distance of three hundred and fifty miles, and that after he had reached Pandharpur he knew God would bless him and forgive his sins.

"I told him that this self-torture was quite unnecessary; that God sent his Son into the world for the sake of saving all mankind from their sins.

"But the poor fellow shook his head, refusing to believe me. 'I must keep on,' he said. 'There is nothing else for me to do.' And away he rolled."—*Missionary Review.*

The Market Place

THERE'S a busy mart not far away,
Where the souls of men are sold;
Some fetch a price in pleasure's coin,
And some, I have heard, bring gold.

Not a single one has sold at par;
And the sale is full of risk,
For the coin they bring is a transient thing—
Yet trading is always brisk.

Is your soul there at the market place
Biding its turn to be bought?
Is pleasure or gold enough to get
For a life which God has wrought?

—*Eugene C. Foster*

Hin-Mah-Too-Yah-Lat-Kekt

(Thunder-Rolling-in-the-Mountain)

W. S. CHAPMAN

THE northeast county in the great State of Oregon is called Wallowa, the name given by the Indians to that section of country lying between the Snake and Columbia Rivers. The northern and southern portions of this fine county are heavily timbered, and are now government reservations.

Between these two great belts of timber lies the Wallowa valley, which was, in the years before the

CHIEF JOSEPH OF THE NEZ PERCES

coming of the white man, the home of a large band of Indians, the Nez Percés, led by a chief known as Joseph, the last but one of a long line of Indian braves.

In the forests roamed countless herds of deer and antelope; in a beautiful lake on which shadows of the giant surrounding mountains were pictured, swam thousands of big-bodied, red-meated fish; in the valleys grew wild the bunch grass so prized for pony feed and the camas root for the Indian's bread, while the odor of the wild rose, the balsam, and the mountain cedars filled the air. This earthly paradise, containing all things to satisfy an Indian's needs, the Nez Percés had called home as far back as their traditions extended.

Then came the white man — the Lewis and Clark exploring party, a little band of famished, shoeless, ragged, and forlorn men, whom the red men gazed at in astonishment and with a haunting fear that their coming boded no good to the Indian. Still Joseph was a noble man whose heart could be touched by witnessing distress. These white men were at his mercy, but their very helplessness appealed to him. He generously fed and entertained them, the squaws made moccasins and hunting coats and gave to them, and the tribe united in rendering their stay among them a pleasant memory.

After their departure Joseph brooded constantly over their coming, and often prophesied disaster because of it. By signs and a few words common to all Indian dialects, he had managed to gather information from Mr. Lewis concerning the numbers of the white men in America, and of their purpose in exploring the country. He was convinced from what he learned that the day would come when the Indian would have to fight for his home.

Toward fall the old chief failed rapidly, and at last, realizing that his end was near, he called his two sons, Ollicutt and Joseph, to his couch, while the Indian chiefs stood round in a circle, and made them all swear never to leave the Wallowa valley, but to fight for it and even give their lives for its possession. On the death of the old chief, the eldest son, now known also as Joseph, but whose Indian name was Hin-mah-too-yah-lat-kekt, or Thunder-Rolling-in-the-Mountain, was elected chief. This son, a brave and grand man, loved his home, the Wallowa, with a love even more intense than that of his father.

Not long after the chief's death hardy settlers made their appearance. All these men were welcomed, and the Indians assisted them in getting their homes completed. The first comers were honest men, and the relations between them and the Indians continued on a friendly basis; but as time passed, men came who would crowd into the lands occupied by the Indians, and often appropriate the most fertile portions, even seizing garden spots cultivated by the squaws.

At last the Indians became so restive and the situation so grave that Joseph decided to visit the government agent, Governor Stevens, and lay the matter before him. In the interview Chief Joseph recounted the history of the Nez Percés, of the Wallowa as their home for so many years, of the coming of the Lewis-Clark expedition and of the treatment its men received at the hands of his father, of the death of that chief and of the oath taken, and then of the encroachments of the whites on the Indian domain, finally pleading for an edict granting the Nez Percés the Wallowa valley as a perpetual home. His eloquence won the day, Governor Stevens setting

MONUMENT TO CHIEF JOSEPH

apart the Wallowa valley for the Indians as their home forever. The good chief hastened back to the tribe with the news they were so anxiously waiting for, and there was a time of rejoicing in the villages. This was in 1855, and for many years after, this reservation was respected to a great degree. There were many encroachments by unscrupulous whites, but by patient diplomacy Joseph avoided any direct collisions with them. In 1877, however, the whites had crowded so wantonly on the Indian homes that, at last, an Indian resented the intrusion of a white man upon his land, and was shot. The redskins retaliated by killing two white men. In self-defense Joseph was obliged to declare war.

July 27, 1877, the Indians took the warpath, and they fought the white men continuously from that time until October 10, before surrendering. Against them came the whole United States army of the Northwest. It was impossible for Joseph to maintain his position in the Wallowa valley, so he began a masterly retreat toward Canada. He led his tribe of many hundred warriors with their families and belongings, a great multitude, over eleven hundred miles in seventy-five days, fighting all the way and always escaping, until when near Bear Paw Mountain some of his men captured a white man's camp and found whisky there. The news spread, and soon all the chiefs were more or less under the influence of liquor, in which condition they were made prisoners and Joseph was forced to surrender.

When Joseph advanced to meet Colonel Miles and tendered him his rifle, he raised his arm, and pointing to the sun, said, "From where the sun now stands, I fight white man no more." The pathos of his tones touched the colonel, who grasped his hand and pressed it warmly. Joseph kept his word, but he and all his tribe were removed from Wallowa and finally placed on the reservation in the Indian territory. None ever saw their beloved home again.

Joseph lived on the reservation for many years, a sorrowing and despairing old man. Many, many times he made trips to Washington to see the Great White Father, pleading for mercy and for permission to return to his home in the Wallowa, but in vain; the land was too valuable and now too well settled to be wasted on Indians. In his old age, after his tall figure was bent under the infirmities of age, when his long hair, once black as jet, was silvered and thin, his eye dim, his voice feeble and halting, and his step uncertain and weak, he stood once more, and for the last time, before the President, and humbly, meekly, as a little child, begged the privilege of visiting Wallowa, just once before death claimed him. Could he be allowed to feast his eyes just for a moment on the beloved scene, he would return and ask no more; but his pathetic plea was denied.

With his face showing the agony the denial caused him, tottering feebly, the old chief drew nearer the President, and looked into his face silently for several minutes, then in a pitifully sad tone, said, "Last time Joseph leave home and come to Washington." Moving toward the door, he turned, and raising his hand to heaven, continued, "Next time Joseph go 'way from his tepee, he go see his Great Father!"

He never recovered from the shock of this cruel refusal. A few days after his return to his home, as he lay upon his couch, he called his squaw hurriedly and bade her bring quickly his eagle-feathered war bonnet. This meant that he was about to die. His wife hastened to him with the precious heirloom, and the old man struggled to his feet as he received it, placed the bonnet on his head, and endeavored to utter the war whoop, but failed. With a gasp for breath he sank on the lounge, and death soon claimed one of the best and bravest of Indian chiefs, who died, actually, of a broken heart because of the cruel treatment received.

The Demon of the Still

"WHAT canst thou do, fiend of the still?
Canst thou mold man unto thy will?
Bind him in either youth or age?
Make him forget his heritage?
Hast thou the power to drag his soul
Down where eternal thunders roll?
If this thou doest, thou shalt be
Prime minister of hell to me."

Thus Satan spoke, and, answering,
The demon made the depths to ring:
"What can I do, my master? Well,
There's not a demon in this hell
Who can more misery bring than I
To all who live beneath the sky.

"There is a land that men call free,
Their proudest boast is liberty;
Their starry flag waves in the breeze,
Their great ships float on foreign seas;
From east to west, from shore to shore,
Their iron horses rage and roar.
Their wealth of silver and of gold,
Of mines and lands, is all untold.
But in their glory and their fame,
I brand them with the seal of shame.

"The sons of toil o'er all this land
Scatter the grain with lavish hand;
And golden harvests, fair to see,
Reward their glad expectancy.
Then comes the merry harvest home,
The barns are filled, the granaries groan;
Surely with all this ample store,
No fatherless need cry for more,
Nor widow weep for one that's dead,
Because her children cry for bread.

"There is enough did I not claim
From place to place my share of grain
To brew the drink that brings men pain.
I take their silver and their gold,
Their joy in life, their courage bold;
While young in years, I make them old.

"I take from man his strength and health,
His intellect, his earthly wealth;
I take his children and his wife,
And fill each fair and happy life
With all the sorrow, all the woe,
That human hearts may ever know.
And when death comes with sickle keen,
And strikes the blow that ends the scene,
His body fills a drunkard's grave;
His soul, which God's Son died to save,
Belongs to thee. Hast thou, O king,
One slave can costlier tribute bring?"

Not one of all the hordes below
Could such an evil record show;
So to his seat, and place, and power,
Satan exalted in that hour
The awful demon of the still,
Who doth both soul and body kill.

A. M. COLBURN.

"GOD ALMIGHTY has been too much for me!" exclaimed Napoleon when on that memorable retreat from Moscow he was beaten and the greater part of his army destroyed, not by Russia's soldiers, but by the blinding snowstorm and the bitter cold. He had not calculated upon winter's coming so much earlier than usual, and he saw in that circumstance the hand of God against him.— *Tarbell's Teacher's Guide.*

"Do not expect that silk and broadcloth will become you if you have not a lovely soul."

Successful Missionary Work

H. A. BIRBECK-ROBINSON

Consecration an Essential

THE most important quality essential to a good missionary is consecration. To consecrate oneself, life, time, and all to God and his work in this world is a commendable step; and one needs special power from on high to live a continually consecrated life. This power comes from the Holy Spirit's dwelling in one's heart when it is emptied of every sin and every selfish motive. To empty the heart of these things also requires power, and this power comes only to those who seek it earnestly on bended knees. The quiet time spent with God in the early hours of the day, part of it with the Book, and part in secret prayer, will help wonderfully in keeping the consecrated life constantly in communion with God. Only fervent and constant prayer will keep us walking in the narrow way which leads to life eternal.

About ten years ago I consecrated my life to God and his service, and determined to keep his commandments at any cost. I therefore asked permission to be absent from my work on the Sabbath day. The manager of the office in which I worked was a Jew, and he thought it strange that I should make such a request. He said that it was a pity that I should be so misled, but that he would refer the matter to the head of the firm. A week passed and nothing was said to me, so I wrote a personal letter to the proprietor, stating the facts of the case and my reasons for so doing. After a week he replied through the manager, saying that although he thought that I was being wrongly led in my belief, yet he would allow me to worship on the Sabbath. I still held firmly to my convictions and determinations to be true to God when I went into Mexico, although I almost lost my faith while there.

I made many plans and built many air castles, and the Lord allowed them all to come to naught. Instead of doing the work he had given me to do, I planned on big things. I took an advertising course, a newspaper correspondence course, and a collection agency course, intending to work along those lines and not in that which God had planned for me. I even had my stationery printed, and had the site of the office picked out, when the whole thing came to nothing. Now I see the Guiding Hand in it all, and I thank God for his willingness to forgive and forget.

A consecrated missionary living where spiritual darkness covers the earth and gross darkness the people, can be as a light set on a hill. His life will be an influence for good. Those who know him and hear him will see that he is endeavoring to practice what he preaches. He will be a native among the natives, will eat with them, sleep with them, rejoice when they rejoice, and weep when they weep, showing himself to be one of them. Then they will love him. Those who have received the message preached by him will endeavor to preach it to others, and to duplicate the Christ life as it is reflected in him.

Adaptability

Adaptability is another trait that must make up a good share of the character of a missionary. When Adoniram Judson was asked what were the three chief requisites of a successful missionary, he said: "The first is adaptability, the second is adaptability, and the third is adaptability;" and Judson had learned how to adapt himself to circumstances in India and Burma. If he suffered so much, though possessing this quality, how much more would he have suffered had it been lacking in his character? The Lord Jesus likewise had to adapt himself to his poor surroundings in Nazareth, and also during his ministry. The birds of the air had nests, and the foxes holes, but he had not where to lay his head. Paul was twice in the deep, thrice he suffered shipwreck, was often in perils of robbers, in perils of the sea, in perils of the wilderness, yet he so adapted himself to his surroundings that he could say he had learned to be content in whatever state he found himself. Today God's workers must have the same power of adaptation.

In Mexico we all carried our blankets, for the nights are cool and beds are not always to be had. Sometimes the only way to pass a night is to roll up in a blanket, and go to sleep, if one can, on a board laid on the dirt floor, among chickens, cats, dogs,— the family pets,— after having partaken of a supper of corn cakes, and red beans, seasoned with hot chili peppers. But such experiences do not in the least compare with the joy of burying some earnest souls in the watery grave on the morrow. Riding in a third-class railroad coach, among smoking, drinking, noisy natives, with the windows closed, standing part of the time, if not all the time, for lack of seats, is not by any means an agreeable thing to do; but it compares not with the joy that comes from the hearty welcome which we receive from a dozen or more faithful believers who have been waiting for months for our visit, so as to learn more of the truth of which they have heard and which they are anxious to study.

Riding out four or five miles to a sugar mill; talking for two or three hours at a time without a rest; climbing ladders to show our books to the grinder feeders; going up to the boiler house to get the orders of the engineers, then down into the dark, hot engine rooms so that the stokers also may have the opportunity of seeing and ordering our book; talking all the time in a voice above normal pitch so as to be heard above the roar of the throbbing machinery; feeling all tired out and wishing to be at home again; mounting our wheels and making a dash so as to escape the rain, — all these are not pleasant experiences. Then, after riding for a few minutes, to be overtaken by the rain, soon finding the mud so thick in the road that riding becomes impossible, and leading the wheels almost as bad; lifting our wheels and carrying them, slipping at almost every step of the way, then leaving the wheels at a wayside house and going the rest of the way home on foot, are not experiences to be desired, but they compare not with the joy of reporting more than one hundred and eighty dollars' worth of orders between us two for the day's work.

In a mission field one must learn, if need be, to be content with a candle or a kerosene lamp instead of electric lights; a packing case and hanging glass instead of a French plate glass dresser; a tin tub and a shower in place of an enameled bathtub with hot- and cold-water faucets; native fruits and grains instead of prepared breakfast foods.

(To be continued)

THE measure of my opportunities is the measure of my obligations.— *O. A. Olsen.*

April

COME, gentle April, tripping as a child,
Thy apron filled with flowerets fresh and wild.
Thine eyes are bright with smiles, and wet with tears,
As though thy young heart held both joys and fears.
See, where thy feet have trod, the grass grows green,
And over hill and wood a hazy sheen
That tells of fullest life and growth to be,
The babbling brooks to go their ways are free.
May we, as joys and cares come with the years,
Like April, smile, though it may be through tears.

—*Florence Levick Sullivan.*

Tigers of the Insect World

HOW many of you know what a mantis is? You have probably often called it a rear-horse or the devil's horse. It is a very peculiar insect. It is to be found throughout a large part of the temperate and tropical portions of the earth's surface. It has always attracted notice wherever found. It has been known by many names in addition to those already mentioned; such as, praying mantis, preacher, saint, nun, soothsayer, mule killer.

Probably no other insect has been the subject of so many and widespread legends and superstitions. The ancient Greeks supposed that it had supernatural powers. The Turks and Arabs maintain that it prays constantly with its face toward Mecca. The ignorant inhabitants of some countries hold it in great esteem, almost worshiping it.

Yet these insects are not the saints, but the tigers, of the insect world. They destroy great numbers of flies, grasshoppers, and caterpillars, and the larger South American species even attack small frogs and lizards and birds. They are great eaters. One observer writes: "One Sunday a green mantis ate three grasshoppers, each seven eighths of an inch long, a daddy longlegs, and then tackled another mantis, and I was obliged to interfere between them."—*Selected.*

Spring

There is beauty in the sunshine,
  There is magic in the air;
There are unseen forces working
  In the earth and everywhere.
There is music in the tree tops,
  As the joyful birdies sing
Their loudest songs of praises
  For the glad return of spring.

WHAT is the magic of spring? That unseen, subtle power that vivifies the earth and causes it to bring forth and bud? Go out early some bright, clear morning for a walk in the woods. The very air seems to be the essence of some mysterious, life-renewing power. The birds have returned, and are singing their sweetest mating songs; the trees are budding; the grass is turning green; the earth itself is alive, giving birth to a new world of wonder and beauty. You breathe the pure air into your lungs; the blood goes pulsing through your veins, imparting new vigor, and you walk the earth like a conqueror. You say to yourself: "I am young; life with all its wonderful possibilities is before me; it is good to be alive." You feel something of what Adam must have felt, as he stood there in the beautiful, new-created garden, feeling the wonder of life, and with God's words ringing in his ears: "Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

Did you ever think of this? Spring is God's perpetual miracle of rebirth; the object lesson he yearly gives us to explain the mysteries of the new birth that the Spirit of God yearns to effect in our hearts, if we would only yield to its influence as the earth yields to the influence of spring. Then, we, too, would be full of life and beauty. With music in our hearts, and love toward all, our lives would bring forth abundantly the graces of the Holy Spirit, just as naturally as the earth brings forth flowers and fruits, under the life-giving influence of spring. Let us get away at times from man's inventions, into God's creation, and learn from nature the beautiful lessons of life.

LOTO FERN WAKEHAM.

German Dyes Wanted

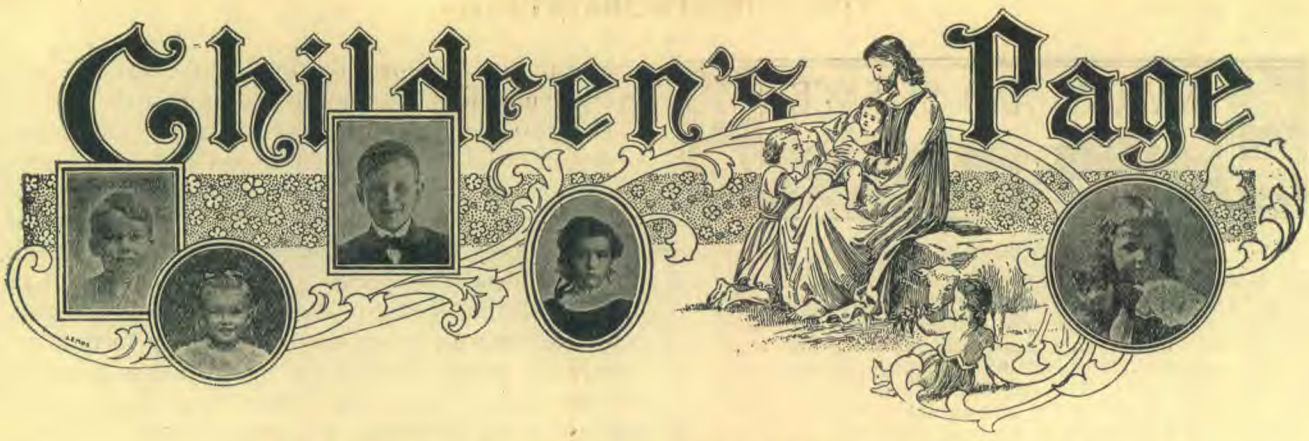
REPRESENTATIVES of the American textile industry are now in London for the purpose of bringing to the attention of the British government what is said to be a critical condition growing out of the threatened failure of the dye supply from Germany. Pressure is being brought to bear to keep the trade routes open for dye shipments from German ports.

It is estimated roughly that an annual output of $500,000,000 worth of silk, woolen, and cotton goods manufactured in the United States can reach its finished state only through the use of dyes made in Germany. Of these essential dyes there are now on hand only thirty days' supply, according to information furnished by the textile representatives. Three ships are at this writing [April 4] in German ports loaded with dyes consigned to America, valued at $6,000,000, sufficient to supply the American mills until August. —*Washington Post.*

Dandelions

YES, we've seen the dandelions,
    Times untold,
As their shining yellow petals
    Swift unfold.
There they rest upon the ground,
Nearly all the world around;
And they seem to come at night,
For as soon as it is light
One can see them left and right,—
    Bright as gold.
Do you ask where they are found?—
Why, prone upon the ground,
    In the spring.
There, with petals clean and neat,
Dande's underneath your feet—
    Pretty thing!
And this flower, though so small,
Murmurs at us not at all,
Though with careless feet we tread
On the beauty it has spread
    For our eyes;
For there is One above,
With his name and nature love,
One who ruleth over all—
    From the skies.
And he has made it so
That flowers for us grow;
So we use them as we will,
And they smile upon us still,
Though we crush them into earth
In our thoughtless, merry mirth;
For everywhere they're found,
Often prone upon the ground,
    As we say.
We may thus a lesson learn
From the things we sometimes spurn;
For they do their duty well,
No matter where they dwell;
And no sweeter joy we'll find
Than comes from being kind
    Every day.

C. P. BOLLMAN



Pilgrims of the Oregon Trail — No. 4

EDITH STARBUCK

"In Perils of Robbers"

PASSING through the territory now embraced by the State of Wyoming, the travelers found much of the water strongly impregnated with alkali. Usually but a short stop was made at noon, and no fires were lighted; hence whatever was to be eaten at midday must be prepared in the morning. Liquids were of course hard to carry over the rough roads, but mother often took the morning's milking and made a pail of thickened milk, which could be easily hung in the wagon, and made an appetizing addition to the lunch. One day she was serving this out to the family, remembering first the tired, hungry little folks. Myra received her cupful first, and began to eat, although she thought it had a peculiar flavor. Mr. Hyatt tasted his portion, and looking at mother said, "Sophronia, the cow has got alkali." Myra had eaten enough to make her very ill, and never again had she an appetite for thickened milk.

At last Myra heard the older members of the family say that they would soon reach Devil's Gate, on the Sweetwater; and how was a little seven-year-old to know that his satanic majesty was not satisfied to limit his activities on earth to one locality, and that deep in the wilderness; or that the term Sweetwater was not to be interpreted literally? Many strange and hitherto unheard-of things she had beheld on the long journey, and her imagination was equal to any demands that might be made upon it. What, then, was her astonishment on reaching Devil's Gate to behold only the river dashing through a narrow channel between high, perpendicular walls of rock, and to discover that the Sweetwater hadn't the least hint of sugar about it. In answer to her eager questioning she was informed that the stream bore its name because it contained no alkali.

This place was reached on the morning of July 4, and in honor of the day she had been given a new dress made of "hickory." Now hickory, as every one knew, was used exclusively for men's shirts, and Myra was not wholly pleased with this addition to her wardrobe, until a number of diplomatic women assured her that hickory was the very nicest material from which to make traveling dresses for little girls.

The Continental Divide was crossed by the South Pass; and coming to Pacific Springs, the head waters of streams flowing into the Pacific Ocean, the travelers camped for a time to rest their cattle and themselves. The provisions they carried had by this time become most monotonous to the taste, and every one was on the lookout for fresh meat. Trains crossing in earlier years had enjoyed bison, antelope, and other game, but Captain Gibson's train had not been fortunate enough to find many such feasts. It is scarcely to be wondered at, with provisions running low, that some one should experiment on cooking prairie dogs, and declare that they made an appetizing addition to their bill of fare.

Prairie dogs in plenty there were. Fat and saucy, they would emerge from their holes and sit up erect as diminutive soldiers, with their bright little eyes apparently taking in every detail of the camp. The children soon became adept at catching them. Engaging the younger boys and girls in carrying pails of water to the holes, they would soon have Mr. Prairie Dog drowned out; and when strangling and spluttering, he made a dash for liberty, he was easily taken captive by the older boys. And in a very few minutes, pop! he went into the dinner pot. Served up in a potpie, if we are to believe the testimony of those who partook of him, he was a royal dish. But we of a later day must realize that there is no sauce like hunger to lend zest to appetite.

It was well for them to rest and refresh their beasts, for the most trying part of their journey was still before them. Soon after leaving Pacific Springs they crossed the Little and the Big Sandy. Between the Big Sandy and Green River were forty miles of desert. Here many of the trains suffered great inconvenience, if not real danger. When they reached the last camping place with water, father halted the train for a rest. He explained that they would allow the oxen to graze for a time before attempting to cross the desert, which they would then endeavor to cover by a forced march.

It was late on an afternoon when the order was given to break camp, and all understood that they were to travel as far as possible that night, pitch camp, and then try to reach water next day. Late in the night, as they were plodding drowsily onward, a sudden thunderstorm arose. Merrily the heavy raindrops pelted against the wagon covers. Hastily spurring his horse to the head of the train, father gave the order, "Turn out to the right and unyoke your oxen." In a few moments the cattle were contentedly grazing, and in the circle of wagons all were quietly sleeping. When next day they reached the first supply of water, they found the oxen had been so well satisfied by their night of feeding in the storm that many of them refused to drink at all. The captain said nothing could have been more unexpected or more welcome than the sudden storm which so providentially helped them over one of the hard places of their journey.

When they reached Green River they found that they must ford for some distance, following the edge of a sand bar. Because the oxen were a bit unmanageable,

or the driver did not follow the lead closely enough, Mr. Wylie's wagon was swept into deep water. This caused considerable excitement, as it was rapidly carried downstream by the current; but the oxen, swimming heroically, finally managed to reach shallow water and make a landing. All the provisions and bedding were soaked. Later some wag in the train slipped around and wrote on the canvas cover, "Green River Packet."

It was while crossing this river that one of the men, wading, and driving the loose cattle, stepped into a hot spring in the bed of the river. The water was so hot as to scald his foot, and it is related that he announced his discovery in language both picturesque and forcible, but scarcely elegant.

The train had not proceeded far when one night the best of their animals were stolen. Father lost his best mare, Dolly, and Little Nudge, the milch cow. Moccasin tracks would have left the impression that the depredation had been committed by Indians, had not several of the men followed the trail for miles, and found that it led back into a mountainous region known to be uninhabited by any tribe of red men. The pioneers always believed that their stock was stolen by Mormons disguised as Indians, as was commonly reported to be their practice. The emigrants could ill afford the loss, but, had they been able to overtake the thieves, they well knew a pitched battle would be the outcome, and the lives of their men were too precious to sacrifice needlessly. So, halting and crippled for need of their extra animals, they pushed on.

The Snake River was soon reached, probably somewhere near the Blackfoot Indian Reservation. Aunt Delilah Ingalls had a copper-bottomed kettle which she could spare, and because the oxen were so worn and weak, the travelers were beginning to abandon many articles not absolutely essential. When some of the Indians greatly coveted this kettle, and offered a cayuse pony in exchange for it, Aunt Delilah was delighted to make the trade. From the circumstances of the bargain the pony was at once christened Copperbottom. He was a vicious little brute, but in the long, hard, trying days that followed, his hardy qualities proved of great value to his owner, and many a footsore pilgrim gained an hour's respite on his sturdy back.

One night they camped at a place where an island in the river offered excellent grazing, and all the cattle were driven over to feed during the night. Albert was among those delegated to bring them back next morning, and the little fellow found it rather deep wading to reach the island. So he conceived a plan for returning in more comfort. When his father's cow came down to the brink, he jumped from the bank onto her back, much to the amusement of the men, who freely offered wagers on the event of his successful passage across the stream. It is said that this sudden and unexpected rider added nothing to Old Pied's reputation for dignity and sobriety, and that, plunging and snorting, she made the return trip on record time; but Albert stanchly held to his point of vantage until he reached shore.

"In Hunger"

For many a sandy, desolate mile their course followed along the Snake River. Cheerless enough at best did that land appear which has since, by the toil of just such hardy stock as they, been changed into a veritable garden spot.

Added to all the unavoidable hardships of the journey, the underfed and toil-worn oxen began to die. The trail was strewn with their carcasses, which were most offensive. Many people were left without a single draft animal, and were compelled to abandon their wagons and all belongings, and, taking just such provisions as they could carry, desperately set out on foot to reach their destination. Others endeavored to float downstream in the wagon beds, but nearly all such came to grief as soon as the rapids were reached, and some even lost their lives.

It was the custom when one found an abandoned article better than that he himself possessed, to take it, leaving his own in its place. Theodore Ingalls relates that he three times substituted abandoned wagons for his own, each time bettering himself by the exchange.

Even those who had not lost their oxen, were obliged to lighten their loads. Mother and father left the tent, Myra's little chair, a Dutch oven, some bacon, and all the quilts they could spare. And at that, they all walked as much as possible to relieve the poor oxen of every ounce of unnecessary weight. Shoes gave out, and they trudged on barefooted. The sand was hot and burned the soles of their feet, so they soon discovered that it was much more comfortable to follow the wagons, stepping in the wheel tracks where the cool sand had been turned up. Their feet became sore, and they literally left a trail of blood behind them.

Those who still had their wagons had by this time rid themselves of everything they felt they could do without, and had not enough food left to divide with those less fortunate than they. Their effort was to provide if possible for the women and children, but the men among the stragglers they were obliged to refuse. It is said that in this extremity some of them actually cooked and ate the flesh of the cattle that died of exhaustion.

Not alone were the emigrants hungry, but the Indians who lived along the Snake River were starving. Pitiful creatures, they crept up to the train to gather whatever remnants of food they could find. Either they were not a superior race, or else starvation had made them too desperate to care for circumstances; for they would eat anything. At any rate, when the emigrants had one day killed a beef and thrown the waste outside the camp, the Indians came in search of food. Seizing the entrails, they cut them into pieces, stripped them, and began eagerly devouring them, unwashed and raw.

One night when the camp was wrapped in slumber, a sudden wild, piercing cry awakened all. Frightful enough it was to make almost all the party shiver, believing as they did that it presaged an attack. Father tried to reassure them, telling them he thought it sounded more like the wail of mourning than a war cry. But as a precaution, all were ordered quickly on guard, and the camp was as strongly fortified as possible. Fearing that the herd might have been attacked, scouts were sent out to see if this was the case. On arrival at the grazing spot they found the herdsmen as frightened as themselves, thinking that the train was endangered. The remainder of the night was rendered hideous with howls, and no rest was to be had. Morning brought the news that the Indians had eaten a portion of the carcass of a cow, and a number of them had died of poisoning. This occurred near the site of the present city of Boise, Idaho.

The next affliction was a dysentery, or bloody flux. George first contracted it, and it seemed he would die. The jolting of the wagon was almost unbearable, and at last mother ordered the driver to stop, for she

thought the boy could not live much longer; this proved, however, to be the turning point of the disease, and he soon began to grow stronger. Then mother herself was stricken. When she could no longer endure the wagon, she rode on Nance, doubled up in a saddle and grasping the pommel with both hands to steady herself. Myra overheard grandmother say she feared that mother, in her weakened condition, would faint and fall from the horse; and without saying a word to any one, the little girl constituted herself guardian. Many a mile she trudged beside the mare, anxiously watching to see that no harm came to mother.

Aunt Polly, wife of Uncle George Gibson, had never been accustomed to horseback riding, but she determined if mother could ride she also would try that means of transportation. The services of Copperbottom were offered her, and she set out for a new experience. Now Copperbottom, while extremely useful, was not the most sober of mounts, and when they came to the first little stream to be forded, Aunt Polly, unused to the motion of the pony, and made dizzy at sight of the water flowing over the pebbles, fell from his back and took an impromptu bath, much to the amusement of the rest of the company.

Money in Health

WHEN I lived in Denmark I employed a family doctor whose duty it was to keep the family well. The more invincibly well we were, the less work the doctor had to do.

He was paid a fixed fee once a year, the astounding sum of twenty dollars. For that amount he came once a year, or three hundred and sixty-five times a year, or even more than that if he was needed. And he attended all the members of the family, too.

The system is a good one for both the patients and the doctors. The excellence of it is evident at a glance so far as the patients are concerned. Their calamity is not the doctor's opportunity. Whether they are sick or well, he gets the same fee.

But the system works just as well for the doctor, especially the young doctor. If he can get a number of families to employ him in this way, he gets an assured income; and every struggling medicine man knows how good that looks at first.

The majority of middle-class families in Denmark employ a doctor in this way. They are well served, and the doctor does not grumble. As a rule, the majority keep well, and he gets his money for nothing. But he does not think of that. He is friend and family adviser, and a good friend to have in time of need, always ready and willing to help.— *Christian Endeavor World.*

NATIVE Christians of Korea are puzzled over the conditions in Europe. One man asked a missionary to that country if the Christians of one country were fighting the Christians of another country, or if it were those not professing Christianity who had engaged in such a terrible war. To give a satisfactory answer to the question is not an altogether easy task.

A DOG CEMETERY IN HYDE PARK, LONDON

When the Pope Is Thirsty

POPE PIUS X was a man of simple habits. One morning his doctor reminded him that a considerable amount of pure water as a drink was beneficial, and the Pope there and then rang a bell, and asked the prelate in attendance to bring him a glass of water. Fully ten minutes passed before the prelate returned to the library, followed by an attendant and a waiter. The latter carried a silver tray with a glass of water on it. The prelate, the attendant, and the waiter made a deep genuflection when the door was opened.

They crossed the room, and made a second genuflection when they were halfway to the Pope's chair, and a third when they got near the Pope. Then the attendant took the glass off the tray and handed it to the prelate, who knelt down and handed it to the Pope. The same ceremony was repeated after the Pope had drunk the water. Turning to the doctor, the Pope then said: —

"I wanted to show you how difficult it is for me to get a glass of water, and I hope you will not blame me for neglecting the cure and not drinking more water. I hate to disturb three men and make them kneel six times every time I want a drink of water. I tried to get the water myself, but I have been told that, being a sovereign, I must not serve myself."— *New York Evening Post.*

A Human Document

Two most interesting letters have recently come to me from a prisoner in the Auburn penitentiary. They seem so genuine, and tell of such deep repentance, that I am going to print some paragraphs from them for my readers, having obtained the permission of the warden of the penitentiary to do so.

This young man was once an active church worker, president of a Christian Endeavor Society in an important New England church, and a friend of many of the early leaders of Christian Endeavor. He was also assistant secretary and afterwards acting secretary of an important Young Men's Christian Association. He left that good work, alas! because he "could make more money in other lines."

Then began the downward course. He learned to take a glass of liquor, and to that first glass and the ones that followed it he lays his downfall. He was divorced from his wife, and lost his little son, and today is a life man in the penitentiary. Let all young men take this sentence to heart: "*I never did an evil thing except under the influence of liquor,* and about ninety per cent of the fourteen hundred men here can say the same thing, that liquor was the cause of their being here."

Thus he writes: "The taking of innocent life so preyed upon me after I was sober that my conscience gave me no rest. As a result I wrote to the authorities, telling them of the crime; and they found the body where I told them; and I was afterwards arrested and made a full confession. After a long trial I was found guilty in the second degree. . . . There were no witnesses against me. I put myself here, and no man can know the relief I felt when I had confessed and asked God to have mercy upon me for Jesus' sake. I have the assurance in my life that he has forgiven me; and here I am striving to do his will, cheering up those who have no foundation of faith and love; and I am daily praying that God may use me here to be kind and helpful to some of the boys, some who are absolutely without any faith or hope."

A second letter tells me that he is wearing the Christian Endeavor badge that I sent him, and he is very anxious to form a Christian Endeavor Society. "We are anxious to get started," he says.

"You will be glad to know of our Mutual Welfare League," he continues, "consisting of the men of the prison, the idea being to give the men a chance to show their self-control and worthiness of being trusted. All summer we have been in the yard every day at close of work for an hour and a quarter, under the care of our own fellows, whom the different shops elect as delegates. We played ball and other games, and all kinds of sports; and the prison officers were not in evidence to watch us, the only restraint being our own delegates and our honor; and I am glad to say that we proved true to our trust. Not one attempted to escape."

He also tells of some of the entertainments that they have in the prison chapel during week days, where they go back and forth under the care of their own delegates. He himself is a delegate from his own shop, and is assistant sergeant at arms.

"The warden has also," he continues, "placed the prison punishment in our hands; we have our grievance committee, and any man who breaks the prison discipline is sent to the deputy warden, who then sends him to the league punishment committees; and they punish him, and no fooling. We are the only prison in the world where prisoners are trusted to punish their brethren, and it works well."

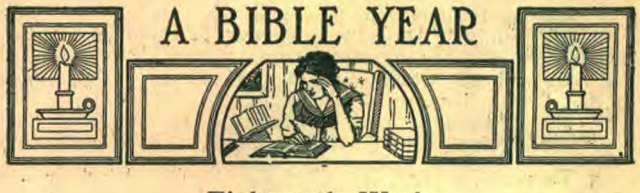
Such a letter speaks volumes, not only for the true repentance and reformation of the man behind the bars, but for the more humane and Christian prison discipline of which he tells. This is the penitentiary in which Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne, known to his fellow prisoners as "Tom Brown," and who is now warden of Sing Sing prison, was imprisoned at his own request, for a week, enduring the same treatment and punishments as the other prisoners. Evidently his experiences have done good in liberalizing and humanizing the treatment of prisoners in more than one penitentiary.

Since I wrote the above, the daily papers tell us that Mr. —— (I will not mention my friend's name, as he would prefer not to have me) has offered to sacrifice himself for inoculation with cancer virus, to ascertain whether the disease is contagious. The offer was made to Warden Thomas Mott Osborne, of Sing Sing, but Mr. —— adds that it is with no idea of a possible pardon or commutation of sentence that he made the offer, only "desiring to show that, as in the past years of my life I have done much evil, so now I would do good."

In his letter to me he did not refer in any way to this matter, but it shows the genuineness of his desire to atone for the past.

We are told that the attorney-general has ruled that the State cannot accept the offer.

I believe that this "human document" will appeal to a multitude of my readers, and will increase their interest, not only in the prisoner, but in the prison work of Christian Endeavor.—*Christian Endeavor World.*



Eighteenth Week

May 2. 1 Chronicles 1 to 5: Genealogy.
May 3. 1 Chronicles 6 to 9: Genealogy.
May 4. 1 Chronicles 10 to 12: Death of Saul; legions of David.
May 5. 1 Chronicles 13 to 16: The ark established in Jerusalem.
May 6. 1 Chronicles 17 to 20: David desires to build God's house.
May 7. 1 Chronicles 21 to 24: David numbers Israel; gathers material for the temple; makes Solomon king.
May 8. 1 Chronicles 25 to 29: David's personal offering for the temple, and his thanksgiving and prayer.

The Books of the Chronicles

"The title of the books is taken from the Hebrew, the title in the Septuagint being "The Things Omitted," implying that the books are intended to supply what was left out of the books of Samuel and the Kings. In the course of the books twelve other histories are named as the author's source of information. This author may have been Ezra — a supposition made probable by the fact that the closing passage of Second Chronicles is identical with the opening passage of Ezra. There are four divisions of the books — genealogies, and the histories of David, Solomon, and the remaining kings of Judah. Everywhere a knowledge of the preceding books of the Bible is taken for granted, and many new and important facts are given. Scarcely anything is said about the northern kingdom, or about the sinful acts of David and Solomon. The great number of genealogies is accounted for by the need of such records that would be felt after the exile, when the land came to be assigned to its hereditary owners, and the temple service to be taken up by those whose hereditary duty it was."—*Amos R. Wells.*

A Point to Remember

The contemporary history of the times of the kings of Israel and Judah, and the records preserved from still earlier times that have a bearing on the destiny of the chosen people, are of absorbing interest. Their value to us lies in the fact that they widen our horizon, and present a setting for the events recorded in the Bible. It is well, however, while giving due attention to such historical helps as we may have access to, not to miss the precious spiritual lessons to be gleaned from the daily reading.

The history of the men whose deeds are recorded in the Old Testament was not written, like the boasting proclamations of the heathen kings, to exalt man, or even that this generation might know of the successes and failures of men in those days. The books of the Bible, and the events around which those books are written, are directly "connected with God's historical revelation, which culminated in Christ." Take Christ out of the Bible, and its meaning, its message, is gone. "It is from Christ, the central light, that illuminating rays are shed through the whole of Scripture; he is the central sun, who holds together all its various parts."

Says Spurgeon: "Whate'er your science is, come and bend over this book; your science is here. Come and drink of this fount of knowledge and wisdom, and ye shall find yourselves wise unto salvation. Wise and foolish, babes and men, gray-headed sires, youths, and maidens, I speak to you, I plead with you, I beg of you, respect your Bibles, and search them out; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Christ."

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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

Senior Society Program for Sabbath, May 8

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper on "The Conditions Existing While Joshua Was Growing Up."
2. Reports of bands and individuals.
3. Bible Study: "How the Judgment Is Conducted." See *Gazette*. Review the previous lesson.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Eccl. 12: 13, 14; Acts 17: 31. Review back texts.
5. Talks: "Levant Union Mission;" "Our Work in Turkey." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*, and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 52, 54, 56.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending May 8

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts. Have a paper on "The Conditions Existing While Joshua Was Growing Up."
2. Reports of committees and individuals.
3. Bible Study: "The New Birth." See *Gazette*. Review the previous lesson. Instead of reading before the society all the notes in the lesson, assign papers or talks on the following subjects: "Nicodemus's Night Visit With Jesus" (see John 3, and "The Desire of Ages," chapter 17); "The Visit of the Rich Young Man With Jesus" (see Mark 10: 17-22, and "The Desire of Ages," chapter 57); "Peter Converted" (see Matthew 26, and "The Desire of Ages," chapter 75); "The Dumb Boy Healed" (see Mark 9: 16-29, and "The Desire of Ages," chapter 47).
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: 2 Cor. 7: 10.
5. Mission Talks: "Levant Union Mission;" "Our Work in Turkey." See "Notes on the Mission Studies," in *Gazette*, and "Outline of Mission Fields," 1915 edition, pages 52, 54, 56.

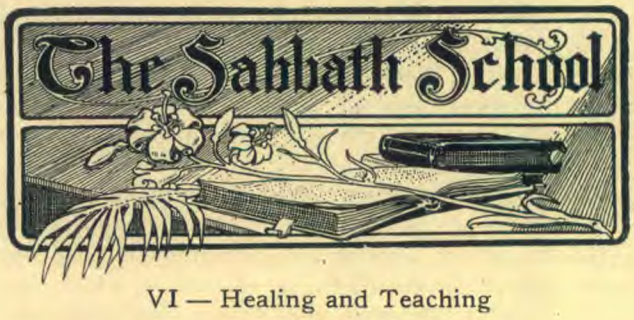
Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 8 — Lesson 30: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 71 to 73

1. FOR what purpose did Jesus and his disciples gather in the upper chamber at Jerusalem?
2. What startling announcement did he make?
3. What spirit was manifest among the disciples, and how did Christ further illustrate the principle of unselfish service?
4. Of what was this ordinance symbolic? For what is it a preparation? Why do we observe it today?
5. At this Passover feast, what did Christ do with the bread and wine? What is represented by each? In taking part in this service, to what do we pledge ourselves?
6. During supper how was the betrayer pointed out?
7. What lesson is there for the church in the fact that Judas participated in the ordinances instituted at this time?
8. To what does the Communion service point?
9. Near the close of the supper what did Christ say concerning his impending death?
10. What promise did Jesus make to his disciples in view of his separation from them? How does it apply to his church today?
11. How may we obtain the power of God?
12. Concerning what did Christ speak to his disciples on the way to the Mount of Olives? What new commandment did he give them?
13. What is the peace Christ promises?

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 30: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," Pages 507-536

1. AFTER two years, where did Jesus go? What anxious mother came to Jesus? How was her faith rewarded?
2. After this, what region did Jesus again visit? Why were the people ready to welcome Jesus at this time? What was the first miracle performed here? What was the result?
3. To what place did Jesus and his disciples go? What did he teach them that those who follow him must be willing to do? Describe his transfiguration.
4. Who met Jesus as he came down from the mountain? Why could not the disciples cast the evil spirit out of the lad? In what words did the father express his faith? Tell how Jesus healed the boy and restored him to his father.
5. What city did Jesus again enter? About what did the disciples dispute among themselves? Tell how Jesus rebuked their selfish thoughts. Who will be greatest in the kingdom of heaven?
6. What question troubled Peter at one time? How often does Jesus say we should forgive? What does this really mean?
7. Where did Jesus now go to teach the people? How did the chief priests and Pharisees plan to take him? What was said by the men who had been sent to take Jesus?
8. Tell how the man who was born blind was healed. Why were the Jews angry? When they had cast him out, what did Jesus ask him? How did the man express his faith in Jesus?
9. Whom did Jesus heal in a Pharisee's house on the Sabbath? What did he see the guests striving to do? By what parable did he teach the lesson of humility? What did he tell the master of the house to do when he wished to make a feast? To whom do those who show kindness to the poor really minister?
10. Sketch the parable of the prodigal son, and tell its meaning.
11. What question was asked Jesus one day by a lawyer? How did he reply? By what beautiful story did he answer the man's question, "Who is my neighbor?" Why did the rich young man who came to see Jesus and ask what he must do to inherit eternal life, go away sorrowful? What did he lack?
12. Who brought their children to Jesus to be blessed? Why were the disciples displeased? In what gentle words did Jesus rebuke them and show his love for the children? What call does he still give them?



VI — Healing and Teaching

(*May 8*)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 9: 18-38.

MEMORY VERSE: "According to your faith be it unto you." Matt. 9: 29.

Questions

1. While Jesus was speaking, who came to him for help? Matt. 9: 18, first part; Luke 8: 41.
2. What seemingly impossible thing did he ask

Jesus to do? How great was his faith? Matt. 9:18, last part. Note 1.

3. What did both Jesus and his disciples do? Verse 19.

4. What retarded their progress? Mark 5:24.

5. Yet only how many of those who came in contact with Jesus were benefited? Matt. 9:20-22.

6. Why did her touch, more than theirs, draw life and strength from Jesus? Verse 22.

7. What scene of confusion greeted Jesus when he reached the ruler's house? Verse 23. Note 2.

8. What did Jesus command these mourners to do? How did they show their scorn? Verse 24.

9. When they were all put forth, who only were permitted to go in with Jesus? Luke 8:51.

10. What did he say to the maiden? How much power was in his command? Mark 5:41, 42; Matt. 9:25.

11. Who next cried out for his mercy? What important question did Jesus ask them? On what did he throw the responsibility of their recovery? Verses 27-29.

12. What was the result of their faith? Verse 30.

13. Whom next did the Great Physician heal? What effect did this have on the multitudes? On the Pharisees? Verses 32-34.

14. What works of mercy attended his footsteps through city, village, and synagogue? Verse 35.

15. What did Jesus say the needy multitudes were like? What did he say of the harvest? Verses 36-38.

Notes

1. He said at first, "My little daughter lieth at the point of death" (Mark 5:23); afterward, when later news had been received (Luke 8:49), he said, "My daughter is even now dead" (Matt. 9:18). But still he believed that Jesus could help him, and still he urged him to come and lay his hand on her, and still he declared she should live.

2. "The expressions of grief at the death of a friend, in Eastern countries, are extreme. As soon as a person dies, all the females in the family set up a loud and doleful cry. They continue it as long as they can without taking breath, and the shrieks of wailing die in low sobs. . . . They hire persons of both sexes, whose employment it is to mourn for the dead in the like frantic manner. . . . They sing the virtues of the deceased, recount his acts, dwell on his beauty, strength, or learning; on the comforts of his family and home, and in doleful strains ask him why he left his family and friends. To all this they add soft and melancholy music. They employ minstrels to aid their grief and increase the expression of their sorrow. This violent grief continues, commonly, eight days. In the case of a king or other very distinguished personage, it is prolonged through an entire month. Their grief does not cease at the house; it is exhibited in the procession to the grave; and the air is rent with the wailings of real and of hired mourners."—*Barnes, on Matt. 9: 23.*

VI — Healing and Teaching

(May 8)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. .....Read the lesson scripture.
Sun. ....."The hem of his garment." Questions 1-5.
Mon. ...."Be of good comfort." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 343-348. Questions 6-8.
Tues. ...."Not dead, but sleepeth." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 342, 343. Questions 9-11.
Wed. ...."According to your faith." Questions 12-15.
Thurs. ..Teaching and healing; pray for laborers. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 321, 322. Questions 16-22.
Fri. .....Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 9:18-38.

Questions

1. What statement and request did a certain ruler make of Jesus? Matt. 9:18.

2. How did Jesus respond? Verse 19.

3. While Jesus was on his way to the ruler's house, who approached him from behind? What did the woman do? Verse 20.

4. What was her thought as she did so? Verse 21.

5. What was the effect of this touch? Luke 8:44.

6. Relate the conversation of Jesus with his disciples about the woman's act. Verses 45, 46.

7. What public testimony did the woman immediately bear? Verse 47.

8. In what comforting way did Jesus speak to her? Matt. 9:22. Note 1.

9. On arriving at the ruler's house what did Jesus find? Verse 23.

10. What did he say to the people? How did they receive it? Verse 24. Note 2.

11. What was then done? And with what result? Verses 25, 26.

12. Who followed Jesus when he left the ruler's house? What did they cry? Verse 27.

13. What question did Jesus ask them? How did they answer? Verse 28.

14. What did Jesus then do and say? With what result? Verse 29; verse 30, first part.

15. What charge did Jesus give them? Verse 30, last part. How did they regard it? Verse 31.

16. As they went out of the house, who was brought to Jesus? Verse 32.

17. What led the multitude to marvel? What did they say? Verse 33.

18. What self-contradictory thing did the Pharisees say? Verse 34.

19. What threefold work did Jesus continue to do in the cities and villages? Verse 35. Compare chap. 4:23.

20. What moved Jesus with compassion? Matt. 9:36.

21. What did he say to his disciples? Verse 37. Note 3.

22. What did he bid the disciples and us pray for? Verse 38.

Notes

1. The tender and fatherly way in which Jesus addressed those who were in distress, is particularly noticeable. As he had called the palsied man "son," so he called this suffering woman "daughter." How closely he identified himself with needy humanity, frequently calling himself "Son of man."

2. "She is not dead, but sleepeth." So simple and temporary a thing does death seem to the great Life-giver! The Scriptures often speak of death as a sleep—a most fitting term for the state of those who sleep in Jesus, implying, as it does, rest, temporary ceasing of activity, a final awakening to newness of life. The laugh of scorn must have been turned into shame and surprise when the maiden arose.

3. There would seem to have been no time in the history of the world when laborers are fewer in comparison with the greatness of the harvest than is the case today. With a deep sense of its necessity we can pray the prayer commended by our Lord to his disciples.

Fifteen Minutes a Day

AN excellent amateur pianist was recently asked how she managed to keep up her music. She was over forty, and had reared a large family. She had never been rich, and she had had more social burdens to carry than fall to the lot of most women.

"How have you ever done it?" reiterated her friend, who had long ago lost the musical skill which she had gained at the expense of years of study and many dollars.

"I have done it," replied the other, "by practicing fifteen minutes a day whenever I could not get more." —*The Outlook.*

The Youth's Instructor

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Both Sides

"WHEN you went home last June," began Dr. Tynndale's gentle voice, as he opened the first chapel service after the summer vacation, "you girls could have slept until ten every morning, you could have sat in your kimonos until dinner, you could have swung in the hammocks all the afternoon, reading. You could have been the typical schoolgirl home for a vacation — never really awake until evening, but then so full of life that your tired father and your worn-out mother were often kept awake for hours by the ragtime songs or bursts of hilarious laughter that came from the sitting room or piazza.

"You were 'home for vacation.' What wouldn't that happy mother or that proud father have endured to give Sallie a good time after nine months of study and restraint? What would those admiring little sisters and brothers have thought too much to offer to do for big sister, home from college?

"Vacation means 'holiday,' and the vacation was yours. But like everything else, vacations have two sides. You'd been at college. True. You'd taken good ranks. Probably. You'd been under strict rules. Certainly. For nine long months. Now you were free!

"But wait! Who sent you to school? Who paid the bills? Who gave you all the opportunities that were yours for the taking? Father and mother! For nine long months! Were they free now? Because he had worn last year's overcoat all winter so that he could pay for the extras you enjoyed; because she had darned and redarned cotton stockings to keep you in silk ones; because they had both worked a little harder than ever, and denied themselves a little more rigidly than even — because of all this were they now free?

"Could they turn over for another nap after the clock had struck six, because it was vacation? Could they read together some favorite book those warm, lazy forenoons because they had worked so hard on so many cold, bleak ones? Could father take a spin on his bicycle in the pleasant evenings because he'd spent so many long evenings over his books at the store? Could mother run over to Mrs. Smith's for a little harmless gossip after the supper things were cleared away, because she'd spent so many winter hours darning those worn stockings?

"That is the other side. Father and mother have reached the time when they cannot answer those questions for themselves. They have come to the time when their children alone can answer for them. They had given for nine long months; you had taken for nine long months. Did you continue to take, did they continue to give, for those three remaining short ones?

"They could not decide. You had to. What did you do?" — *Youth's Companion.*

Neighbors "Made to Order"

ONE day a mover's wagon came past Farmer Jones's gate. Farmer Jones spoke to the movers and asked them where they were going. "We are moving from Johnstown to Jamestown," they told him. "Can you tell us what kind of neighbors we will find in Jamestown?"

Farmer Jones dropped his head a moment in thought, then he asked, "What kind of neighbors did you find in Johnstown?"

"The very worst kind," they said; "our neighbors were gossipy and unkind and indifferent — we were glad to move away."

"You will find the same kind of neighbors in Jamestown, exactly the same!" he told them.

The next day another mover's wagon came past Farmer Jones. He greeted them and asked them where they were going. "We are moving from Johnstown to Jamestown," they told him. "Can you tell us what kind of neighbors we will find there?"

"What kind of neighbors did you find in Johnstown?" he asked.

"The very best," they told him. "Our neighbors were kind, considerate, and very nice indeed. It almost broke our hearts to move away."

"You will find the same kind, exactly the same, in Jamestown," Farmer Jones told them, as he bid them Godspeed.

"That's the way of the world," Farmer Jones said to himself as he walked to the house. "If you want to have friends, you will have to be a friend. If you want to see good in other people, you will have to let them see good in you. As you measure to your neighbor, he will measure back to you."— *Selected.*

A Chinese Habit

ONE of our Chinese missionaries, an old friend, once wrote us about his baby boy. He said: "You don't know our boy, do you? He is quite Chinese in many respects. He has picked up a habit lately that is rather trying, but exceedingly amusing at the same time. I presume that if we faithfully follow Bible instructions, he will outgrow it.

"You see the Chinese of this province are a bit peppery. If they get a little mad, they talk very loudly and act as if they would eat each other up. (You have heard, haven't you, of the two cats that ate each other up on the doorsteps? When the good woman of the house came out in the morning to sweep the steps, she found only a little fur, all that was left of the two cats.) If they get very mad, they dance up and down frantically, uttering a fresh roar with every bounce, but very rarely coming to blows. Well, our young hopeful of late, if some fond hope is not realized, 'acts up' in much the same manner."

As I read this and thought of "young hopefuls" I have known, it occurred to me that we sometimes have this Chinese habit in America. Then I thought of some, no longer children, who "act up" when their fond hopes are not realized. And I wondered.

M. E. KERN.