

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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LIGHT STANDARD ON THE MARINA AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

THE San Sebastian, a church of Manila, was built in sections and shipped to the city.

A GERMAN priest of Augsburg visits the hospitals three times a week, and writes letters home for the French soldiers.

THE car built in Spain for use on the trolley line over Niagara Falls will travel two hundred and fifty feet above the rapids.

C. D. SLOAN, geographer of the Census Bureau, states that the population of the United States has passed the 100,000,000 mark.

THE Electric Steel Company of Pittsburgh has declined, on humanitarian grounds, an English order for four million dollars' worth of steel shells.

YALE students have raised money to send twelve Red Cross ambulances to Europe to help the war sufferers there; and Harvard students have gathered money to pay for five such ambulances.

THE amount of current produced by the numerous waterfalls of Norway and Sweden render the use of electricity for heating and lighting in those countries quite reasonable. It is therefore much more common than in the United States.

A YOUNG alligator is doing good work in the sewer-cleaning department of Ft. Meade, Florida. A rope, one end of which is attached to a scraper, is tied around his neck. He travels from one opening to the next, dragging the scraper after him, and thus the work is done.

FORTY years ago Louis Raymond Wolowski, a French Statesman of Polish origin, proposed in the National Assembly that the post card be recognized as a legitimate form of correspondence in France. This is believed to have been the beginning of the post card as we know it.

It is a surprise to many that during the trying conditions in Mexico the past two years so large a number of foreigners have clung to their homes and places of business in the city of Mexico. The State Department at Washington reports that 39,400 out of a population of about half a million—Americans, Cubans, Spaniards, Chinese, Turks, French, Germans, English, Italians, and Japanese—comprise the number remaining in the city.

TYPHUS, cholera, and other epidemics are ravaging Servia, causing death on every side. Appeals for help are constantly coming to this country. In response to this very urgent call a commission of eminent physicians was to have sailed from New York on April 1. The company is headed by Dr. Richard P. Strong, a known expert in plague and tropical diseases. The Rockefeller Foundation and the American Red Cross Society supplied the necessary means.

THE distance covered by some birds in their migration is almost incredible. The golden plover, which breeds in the arctic regions, has been known to winter as far south as the pampas of Argentina—a distance of almost five thousand miles from where its young are reared. The arctic tern is even a greater traveler than the golden plover. It nests from Maine northward to within a few degrees of the pole. In migrating, the arctic tern goes to a region equally near the south pole, thus spending the entire year, with the exception of the few days it takes to cross the tropics, in perpetual daylight. It is estimated that certain birds of this species travel nearly twenty-two thousand miles each year in their migration flights.

Adding to the Load

A JEWISH missionary in New York says:—

"On one of our busiest streets I met a crowd of people standing around a horse which had fallen under a heavy load. Some of them were in sympathy with the poor fallen animal. I remarked: 'This horse pictures our poor Jewish nation, which is overwhelmed with rabbinical doctrines. Every rabbi has attached a little more to the load until at last we have stopped and cannot carry anything.' Some one said: 'Aren't you doing the same thing in trying to load us with the New Testament? Isn't the New Testament a heavier load than all the others? It says, "Love your enemies." Is that possible?' 'O, yes,' I replied, 'with the love of Christ you can accomplish even this. Christ set us the example. He loved his enemies and prayed for them.' Then I quoted Matt. 11:28: 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest. . . . For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.'"

An Interesting Testimonial

THE educational secretary of the Colorado Conference received a letter from a young man not of our faith, who wrote concerning the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR as follows:—

"About three years ago I happened to pick up a copy of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. The inspirative and educative articles in it at once made an impression on me. Later I subscribed for it, and I have been a diligent and ardent reader of the little paper ever since. It has taught me to abstain from all forms of tobacco, to abhor intoxicating drinks, to have more respect for God and his Word; it has also raised my ideal and aim in life. In fact, it has given me what little spiritual education I possess. Through the *Instructor* I bought a Bible. January 1 of this year I sent my name in as one who would make an earnest endeavor to read the Bible through in 1915. This I am doing, and how thankful I am that I'm doing it!"

AN interesting appliance used by Germany in the war is the motor plow. It cuts a trench three feet wide and three feet deep at the rate of one yard a minute. Under favorable soil conditions it is claimed that it will cut one hundred yards of trench an hour, and at the same time throw the sod to one side to form a rampart. It does the work of two hundred men, and can be kept going night and day.

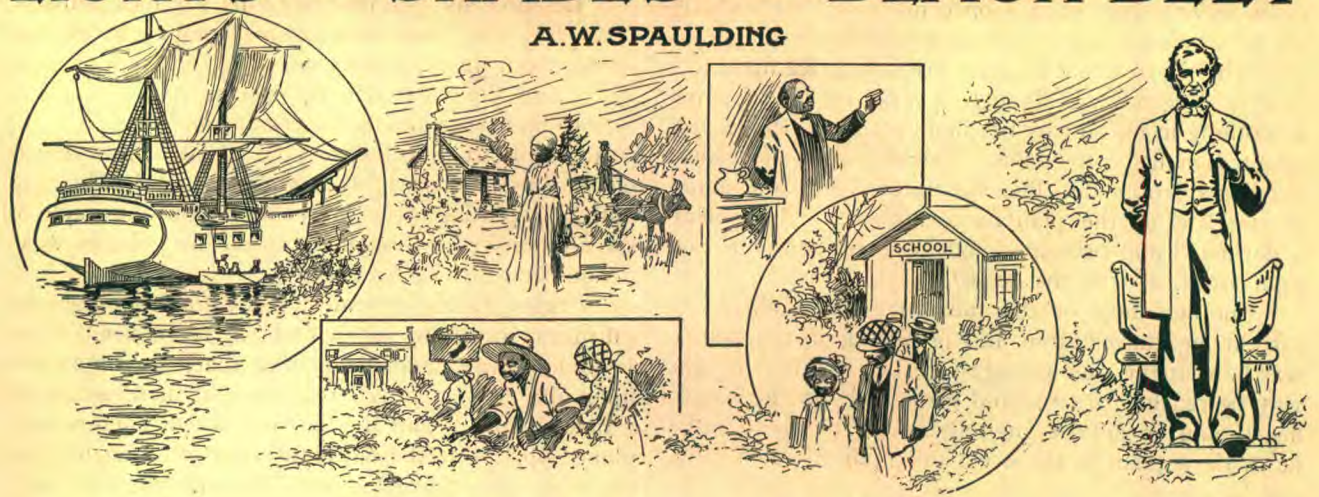
PARCEL post packages containing food are being sent from Chicago to Germany. Up to April 10 the number of packages had increased from 115 daily to 1,200. The average package, which may contain any kind of food except meat, weighs about eleven pounds.

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LIGHTS and SHADES in the BLACK BELT

A. W. SPAULDING



The Gospel Among the Slaves

(Concluded)



THE missions established by the Methodist Church had their beginning in South Carolina, and were due to the interest and the exertions of a number of devoted Christians. In the regular circuits the ministers gave attention not only

to the needs of the white people, but often to the slaves as well, the more or the less as their hearts inclined them to it. But because of the unenlightened conditions of most of the slaves, there was presented a special field of work to be done for them on the plantations, and to meet this need the missions were begun.

The first of these was the Combahee Mission, opened in 1829. Its beginning was due to a Mrs. Bearfield, a pious old Methodist woman who was employed by Mrs. Charles Baring on her husband's plantation to attend to the sick. Mrs. Baring was an Episcopalian, but, listening to the appeal of Mrs. Bearfield, sent an invitation to one of the Methodist preachers of that circuit to visit the plantation and preach to the slaves. The preacher, however, did not come, at which Mrs. Baring was greatly disappointed, for she had a deep interest in the spiritual welfare of her servants. The Rev. George W. Moore, another Methodist minister, happening to be in the vicinity, and hearing of Mrs. Baring's disappointment, proposed to answer the invitation, and he was gladly welcomed. He preached to the slaves that evening, and had a good meeting, the Episcopalian minister being present with the family. Mr. Moore continued his visits thus begun, and soon Mr. Baring joined with a neighboring planter in a petition to the conference to have a permanent worker assigned to their plantations. The request was granted, and the Rev. John Honour appointed to the position, but he died the following year, and Mr. Moore was then released from his regular charge to take care of this mission. His name is honored as that of one of the most devoted as well as the earliest worker for the slave missions.

Even more highly honored is the name of Bishop William Capers, to whom in 1830 a request was made by Hon. Charles C. Pinckney for a missionary for his plantation on the Santee River. This second request was granted at the same time as the first, and Bishop Capers was made superintendent of missions. His life was thereafter devoted chiefly to the slaves, in personal ministry, in the direction of other workers,

and in the preparation of a catechism and other works suited to the understanding of the slaves.

This mission work, thus originating in South Carolina, received its greatest impetus there at the first, within fifteen years coming to have sixty-eight missions, with several plantations in each. But the work was extended to other States, finally covering all in which slavery existed.

The most of the work, of course, had to be oral, as few of the slaves could read. The missionary, in making a visit to a plantation, would preach to the slaves in the evening, hold a sunrise prayer meeting the next morning, and then during the day teach and catechize the children and visit the sick and aged. A more intimate glimpse of the work is afforded in a quotation from one of these missionaries, Rev. A. M. Chreitzberg:—

"The service would begin with the rising of the missionary in the pulpit, followed by the simultaneous rising of the entire congregation, who would repeat after him line by line the Apostles' Creed. Then came explanatory questions, which were readily answered. The commandments would next be repeated, and then the reading of a portion of Scripture, which was always carefully explained. After that a hymn was sung, a prayer offered, and the sermon began, followed all the way through by the closest attention and constantly responded to by a nod of the head, a gentle clapping together of the hands, or a deep 'Amen!' according as their religious fervor moved them.

"I found them a grateful and faithful people, much devoted to their old spiritual instructors, and constantly inquiring after them. Especially had Brother Moore won their deepest affection. I shall never forget a touching incident that occurred illustrative of this. In one of the charges was Fortune, a fine specimen of his race; honest, intelligent, and one of the most consistent members of his church. I could scarcely believe that he had once been one of the worst Negroes on the plantation, and, on questioning him as to his conversion, was deeply moved by the expression of his face and the tone of his voice as he replied: 'Yes, sir, all that you have heard is true. I was what they have told you, even worse than that. I never can forget how Mr. Moore, when I was a wicked sinner, walked his horse six or seven miles to talk to me all the way about my soul. I would walk this day twenty

miles to hear him preach once more.' That walking six or seven miles with the earnestly devoted missionary, who showed that he set a precious price upon this soul, a Negro's soul though it was, moved Fortune as nothing in his stormy life had ever done before, and resulted in his conversion. Through just such soul-burning devotion as this, illustrated again and again in the life of the plantation missionary, has many a darkened and benighted soul been brought into the light and liberty of the gospel.

"Another duty of the missionary, in addition to catechizing the children and preaching to the adults, was to visit the sick and aged at their cabins. In this way he reached a surer and firmer spot in the Negro heart than in almost any other; for by these visits he made it plain to the occupant of the humble cabin that he was not ashamed to enter it, or to grasp him by his rough and toil-worn hand as a friend and brother; or, kneeling upon the floor beside the rude bed, to offer fervent petition to God in his behalf. In very few instances did it fail to take the simple, rugged heart and bind it firmly to the cross.

"It was on one of these visits that I first became acquainted with old Friday. He was a genuine African, not so long from his native wilds and greegree worship that the shadows of them did not still hover about him. But Friday had that in his heart now that shed light upon all the dark places. He was so happy in his religion, so intensely grateful to the man who had first brought him to the light,—our dear and departed Brother Coburn,—that he came near to drifting back toward the dangerous shoals of his old idol worship by setting up unto himself an idol in the flesh. At one time, if Brother Coburn's name was even mentioned in his presence, new life seemed to possess him. He would roll his sightless eyes around and exclaim, 'Way he dey? [Where is he?] Way he dey? Let me see um!'

"Friday was fully eighty years old at the time I met him, but his mind was still vivid with memories of his native land. In the clear, peaceful light of the gospel that had come upon him, he was a living illustration of the power of the word of Jesus Christ to tame and make as new creatures his savage race. All Friday's remembrance of having had any form of religion in his native land was that of prostrating himself when the sun or moon arose, and crying, 'Allah il alah!' One conversation I had with him deserves to be recorded, as showing the truly benighted condition of these poor creatures when first brought from their native wilds. On entering his cabin I said to him, 'Well, Friday, how-d'ye?'

"'T'anke, my mausa, I dey bless de Jesus. Mausa, I jis' wake up; I been da dream. I see one all white. He say, "Friday, you b'long to me." I say, "Lord, what you sabe me for, po' sinner?" He say, "Nebber mine, I sabe you." He say, "Friday, you lub me?" I say, "Yes, my Lord." He say, "Berry well den, bimeby I come tek you home." O my mausa,' turning his sightless eyes full upon me, from which the tears coursed down his dusky cheeks, and extending his arm upward, 'I want to go home! I weary, I weary to get home!'

"I said to him, 'But you must patiently wait the Lord's time, Friday.'

"'Trute, my mausa, trute! De Lord no reddy yet. I 'tay here lillie bit longer.'

"I asked him if they knew anything about God in his country.

"'Dey no t'ink 'pon um; dey t'ink dey mek demself.'

"'How long were you in this country before you heard about Jesus, Friday?'

"'Long, long enough, my mausa!'

"'Who first talked to you about him?'

"A smile of joy inexpressible radiated his withered old face as he cried: 'Aha, Mass Coburn! Mass Coburn!' repeating over and over again the name of the missionary, as though but to call its syllables was a delight that thrilled his soul.

"Friday rarely attended preaching, his age and infirmities confining him closely to the house. When he did, it was an occasion that made its impression upon all. How vividly I recall one of these occasions! I had already begun the services when, happening to glance up, I saw the old man come tottering in, leaning upon the arm of his son. On entering the church he paused for a moment, clasped his old and trembling hands together and looked upward with a countenance beaming with devout thanksgiving. Never have I seen a look upon a human face that so thrilled me with the intense fervor of its devotion. So grateful was he to be once more within the house of God that his withered old face shone as though the light streaming from the very foot of Calvary gleamed upon it.

"At the close of the service I lingered to talk with him. How his grateful expressions toward the missionaries and their work among his people cheered my heart, giving a fresh impetus in its labors. I could not refrain from asking him if he was sorry he had been brought to this country. You should have seen his countenance as he replied: 'Ough, mausa, buckra country too much better dan nigger country! Too much better! too much better! Nigger country you can't go from here to nex' place by yerse'f; nigger meet you in de path; he got knife, he kille you. All you got do in dis country is worrack [work]. Friday got good mausa, good missus; he ole. Friday do not'ing, mausa tek care o' him; anyt'ing Friday want he get um. Berry well den, I jis' de wait till de good Massa way up top senna for me.'"

As time went on, the pioneers in the work passed away, but their burdens were taken up by others, and the memory of the early workers remained an inspiration to their successors. Bishop William Capers, who had had charge of the work from the first, died in 1855. His death "was a sad and heavy blow to the cause that owed its beginning as much to his devoted and zealous efforts as to any other source. Even though the first request for a regular missionary to the slaves came from outsiders, it was, however, the energy and eloquence with which William Capers presented the point before his conference that secured for the movement its prompt and hearty inauguration. Miss Martin is right when she says that his monument at Columbia bears a grander inscription than that of the greatest soldier or hero of earth: 'Founder of missions to the slaves.'

"As the corpse lay in the chancel of the church at Columbia, one of the most affecting scenes in connection with the day was the large number of Negroes who pressed around, each seeking to get a last look at that noble and serenely reposing face. He had been, in the truest sense, their friend, and he was dead. Tear after tear fell streaming from their eyes upon his coffin.

"There was scarcely any comparison now between the condition of these plantation Negroes and their condition when first the light of evangelization had

been kindled among them. Ignorant, superstitious, grossly immoral, it was like seeking to pierce the well-nigh impenetrable darkness locked in the very bowels of the earth. Thousands of them could only speak English in a broken way; hundreds still jabbered unintelligibly in their Galla and other African dialects. It was pitiful to hear them trying to address words of petition to God in their broken language.

"'O mausa, I no know dis country talk,' cried an old woman with streaming eyes, in the Charleston class meeting, 'I know not'ing but de Africay.'

"'Then, my sister,' said the minister, 'pray to God in the African. He will hear you all the same.'

"When she saw him again, her face was radiant. She said: 'I do as you telle me. I pray God een de Africay. Meh Lord Jesus yerry [hear] me, en now meh soul go free!' Her joy grew greater still when she learned to talk to God in the language of the missionaries."

The missions to the slaves, beginning in the early thirties, gathered headway with the years, until, just before the Civil War, every slave State had its workers, and the lower States,—South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana,—where were the greatest number of slaves, were foremost in the mission work. The Methodist Church was the chief agency in this organized mission work, though other churches had missionaries and missions. In 1859 there were in the Methodist communion 290 missions, with a membership of over 50,000, and the year's cost for maintenance was \$130,076.88. Including the regular circuits and the missions there was a membership of 163,296. The statement is made that at this period there was scarcely a plantation that was not included in the ministry of the mission workers.

It must not be supposed, however, that this meant anything like the complete evangelization of the slaves. There probably could not be counted at that time five hundred thousand Negro church members of all denominations, while the slave population was about four million. Great and heroic as had been the work done in carrying the gospel to the slaves, it was necessarily greatly limited by the difficulties in the way, difficulties caused not only by the opposition of some of the whites, but also by the illiteracy and the bondage of the blacks, and doubtless the gospel had been carried to but the smaller portion of the slave population, and this, too, in no adequate way. The occasional visits of the missionary, though in many cases there be added to it the personal efforts of the white masters, was not a sufficient response to the needs of a slave population for the most part ignorant and debased. Yet, like the leaven hid in the meal, it had a wonderful influence. The grossness of African superstition largely faded away before the beams of Christianity that penetrated the society of the slaves. The bitter and vengeful feelings which would naturally be engendered by bondage were softened and subdued by the spirit of Christ that penetrated the quarters. And it is no doubt due more to the work of Christian evangelization than to either the natural docility and devotion of the Negro or the kindly relations established between individual masters and slaves, that the Civil War saw no insurrections of the slave population behind the backs of the army in gray.

Even through the terrible period of the war, the missions to the slaves were continued, the Methodist Church South during this time expending in this work the sum of \$158,421.96, and it is estimated that

all the churches together paid out as much as \$250,000. In the last year of the war, when fully two thirds of the Southern territory was devastated and in the hands of the Northern army, \$80,000 was raised by Southern Methodists for Negro evangelization.

With the coming of emancipation, the work of carrying the gospel to the slaves ceased. It was a work begun in a small way in the earliest times by Christian men without sectarian bigotry or sectional prejudice, a work taken up and carried to a fuller state of perfection chiefly by the Methodist Church before there was any sectional division, and a work continued and developed by the Methodist Church South after the division of 1844. It was not emancipation, nor was it wholly the poverty that resulted from the war, but rather the interference of the carpetbagger, that diminished the interest and nearly severed the connection of the Southern church from the cause of Negro evangelization. But it had done a great work for the Negro while he was a slave; how great in reality may never be known. That its work was inadequate to the needs is no more of a reproach to that church than the present inadequacy of efforts for Negro evangelization is a reproach to the present church. It may at least be said that through the devotion of the many noble souls who put their hands to that work, the curse of slavery was turned into a blessing to the Negro race in America, not merely in teaching it the economic value of labor, but chiefly in delivering it from the bondage of superstition and bringing it into contact with the light of the gospel. A fearful score in the judgment have they to pay who introduced and maintained slavery; but over against that reckoning shall be set the reward of those—ministers, laymen, masters, and mistresses—who brought, with infinite pains and persistence, with ardor and undying love, the gospel to the slave.

Our Work in Moslem Countries

ADVENTIST believers are now located in Constantinople, Nicodemia, and in the provinces of Bithynia, Galatia, Pontus, Iconium, and Cilicia, where Paul and other New Testament missionaries once labored. Again and again our Armenian workers have been driven about or imprisoned, even as apostolic missionaries were; but God has delivered them, and the work has increased.

Our Armenian, English, and German missionaries are located in Constantinople, Smyrna, Athens, Beirut, Jaffa, Jerusalem, and Cairo.

Eastward in this field our work has reached the region of Damascus and the Euphrates Valley, and representatives of the remnant of the ancient Assyrian nation have received the faith. Southward, our outpost is Luxor, on the Nile, by the ruins of the ancient temple of Karnak, though it is said that our publications are known among many villages, from Alexandria to Assuan. The languages thus far represented are the Turkish, Armenian, Greek, Syrian, Arabic, and Coptic.

Difficulties Met in Turkey

In a letter written by Brother Frauchiger, who recently went to Turkey from Europe to labor, we have these good words:—

"Now that we have been able to get settled, we feel better. We invite the people into our home, and read and study the Word with them. Every Sunday I give Bible studies to a number of young merchants who

speak four or five languages. We press forward in faith.

"Brother Baharian has begun lectures, and as many as forty have already been present, yet sometimes only five or six are present. He is pleased if I speak to the people, and has invited me to help him with one meeting a week, as the people do not make so much noise when I am there. They have more respect for Europeans. Once during my absence there was quite a disturbance.

"It would be well if we could secure a hall in the city; but that is hard to do, because they know nothing here of public lectures; and as the Turks do not dance, there are no dancing halls that we can rent. The German and French clubs will not admit us."

Another minister writes thus of his experience:—

"The authorities are after us again. Our public meetings in Brusa are closed entirely—even the meetings held in a most quiet way in the private houses. We have our Sabbath meetings in the open fields, on the Asiatic side, under English walnut and cypress trees. God is blessing, in spite of all. I recently baptized seven persons in the Marmora Sea—two Jews, two Greeks, and three Armenians.

"To perform this rite, we all took steamer to a remote suburb of Constantinople, on the Asiatic coast. After a service under a large tree, I, with two of the brethren, proceeded to find a desirable place for baptism. We found one about half a mile distant. I had waded into the water and found the right spot when a brother came up with the word that two policemen were taking all their names, and desired to search my satchel. The satchel contained my change of clothing. I returned nearly the whole half mile, and met the brethren and the policemen. I opened my satchel, and showed my *teskerch* (Turkish passport), etc. One of the policemen forbade the baptism, and started to take four of the brethren off with him. I quietly interfered, and after fifteen minutes of reasoning with him, to the astonishment of the brethren, he let us baptize.

"As three of the four brethren whom he was going to take were candidates, he let them off. He held one brother. We did some praying and careful planning, and God gave the victory."

Canvassing Under Difficulties

Brother Guy Dail, writing after attending a general meeting in Constantinople, says of the canvassing work:—

"We have one young man here in Constantinople who has done excellent work among the natives as a canvasser. He has set a good example for others. He is an Armenian, but also speaks Turkish. Another young Italian-speaking Austrian canvasser, Brother Melchiori, who went down to Constantinople with Brother Frauchiger two and a half years ago, has been greatly blessed in his work. This young man is small of stature, but it does one good to hear him talk of his experience. Brother Voigt told me that Brother Melchiori has been in every police quarter of Constantinople. He has the courage to go right ahead in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. He has been beaten until he has come home all bloody; but he washes himself, and goes to work again.

"It is not customary for any but women or relatives to knock on the doors of the native Moslems. Brother Melchiori has disregarded this custom and gone to all houses, knocked at the door, and Turkish women have come, or the door has been opened while they were

still to be seen from without, and this has caused him a great deal of trouble. The women have often uttered a shriek of horror at being seen by a strange man, and have quickly shut the door. In many cases, however, their curiosity was aroused, and he would sell our literature after they had veiled themselves and come out to see what he wanted. It is regarded as improper for a strange gentleman to see an unveiled Mussulman woman. However, I noticed on my last visit to Constantinople quite a number of unveiled women in the streets. I also saw some men accompanied by their wives. This shows a breaking away from former customs, and I hope it may be the dawning of a time of more liberal ideas."

Another worker says:—

"Our canvassing work is making good progress. Brother Melchiori has already made one canvass of Pera (part of Constantinople). Sometimes when he has sold out all his small French publications, his sales are less, and yet with only the Greek and Turkish literature he has sold over twenty paras' worth a day. In one of the papers there has appeared a column against our colporteurs, 'who go from house to house throughout all Constantinople, visiting the Turks, and offering Christian literature to them that they may be won over to the Christian faith.' They circulate especially 'Who Is Jesus?' in the Turkish. As a result, two policemen brought Brethren Dirkan and Nicolay to the police quarters. It is something new for the citizens of Constantinople to have their houses visited. We are the first Christian society to canvass with tracts in the Turkish language. The future may teach us a great deal about this. Pray for the work of God in Turkey."

THE CROSS

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.

To them the Sacred Scriptures now display
Christ as the only true and living way.
His precious blood on Calvary was given
To make them heirs of endless bliss in heaven.
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Saviour's grace.

For them he bore
His Father's frown;
For them he wore
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That this life's loss
Might be our gain.
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor e'er refuse
The Lord thy heart,
Lest he declare,
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Should be your lot.

Now look to Jesus, who on Calvary died,
* And trust in him who there was crucified.

— Selected.

HEAVEN and earth are no wider apart today than when shepherds listened to the angels' song.—Mrs. E. G. White.

Gunputty Day

FRANK H. LOASBY

IN the Hindu religion there are "gods many, and lords many," and most of them have special days and require special service. I wish to tell you of Gunputty and the Gunputty Day.

First you will wish to know who Gunputty is, for, like all Hindu gods, he is connected in some way with his contemporaries. Gunputty is his popular name in Bombay, although Ganesha is the name by which he is known to most persons. However, he possesses several other names. He is not beautiful to look upon, but is of hideous form. From his head down, his body is supposed to be that of man, but with an enormous stomach, limbs usually all out of proportion, and, strange to relate, the whole surmounted by an elephant's head. At his feet sits a rat, while usually a cobra is coiled somewhere in the background. He is said to have given up his life entirely to meditation, and never to have married, which is not surprising to the one who has seen him.

Naturally, you will wonder why we find Ganesha in such a strange form. It is claimed that he was not born in that shape. The god Shiva was his father, and Badra-Kali, or Durga, his mother. Now, Badra has a very powerful look, and the first time that she saw poor Ganesha the brilliancy of her look reduced his head to ashes. Shiva, on learning of this calamity, was naturally grieved to have a son without a head. He began to think of how he might provide him with that very useful member. Finally, he sent out his servants with the order that they should cut off the head of the first living being that they might find sleeping with his face toward the north, and bring the head to him. It happened that an elephant was the first met, and acting according to instruction, they cut off his head, and hurried back to Shiva with it. Shiva fitted it onto his son's body, and thus Ganesha goes through life in that shape.

The rat at his feet is supposed to denote wisdom, although at the festival which I shall describe, some of the devotees told me that the rat takes the place of a horse to carry Ganesha about. The disparity in size would seem to preclude this, but then there is nothing impossible in Hindu mythology, if such it may be called.

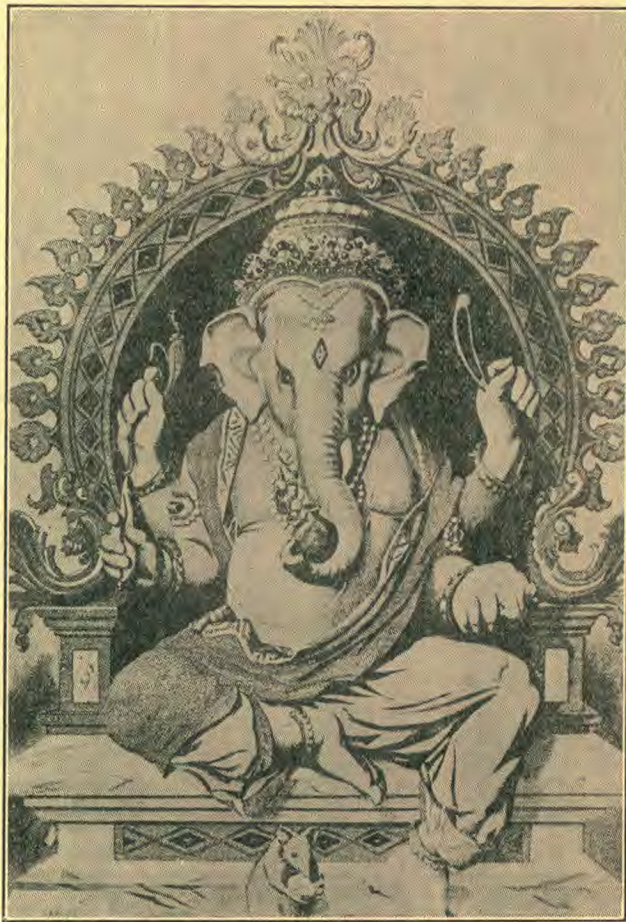
The cobra is supposed to be the whip for scourging those for whom this treatment is considered necessary.

Ganesha is a very important god in the Hindu economy. He is venerated by Hindus of all sects, and his

cult is universal. No matter where a person may go, he is sure to come across the image of Ganesha, by the side of the road, in temples, schools, near wells, fountains, forts, public places, and practically wherever people congregate. He is taken into the houses, and perhaps placed in a little niche, and he is always the first god to be worshiped. He is known as the "god of obstacles," and perhaps this is the reason that so much attention is paid to him. No Hindu thinks of beginning any serious undertaking without first propitiating this god. He is supposed to watch over the crops and other matters of the people's welfare; and unless he is properly dealt with, he is capable of making things difficult and thoroughly miserable for them.

Ganesha is thought to be very wise. Perhaps that is another reason why he has an elephant's head, as the Hindus ascribe great wisdom to that sagacious animal.

The streets of the great city of Bombay are always crowded with people, but on the occasion of the Gunputty Day festival they are literally choked with the gayly dressed thousands of worshipers of Ganesha. Though one may be in the very midst of this dancing, shouting, singing mass of people, one seldom sees any one injured, or any one spoken insultingly to on account of his religious convictions. At the very important points where the crowd is surging along in its thousands, are several stalwart English officers of the police, light canes in their hands, assisted by their native comrades in their neat blue uniforms and round yellow caps, bringing to order what would otherwise be a surging



GUNPUTTY, THE HINDU DIETY OF WISDOM AND REMOVER OF DIFFICULTIES

mob. The strong hand of the British government in India, which has toleration for all religious matters, is to be admired.

This great crowd of people is made up of hundreds of processions of various sizes and brilliancy. The center of attraction in each procession is the figure of Gunputty. All classes, from the wealthy *bania* (grain merchant) or the man holding a government position down to the most lowly artisan, are bringing their images of their god. The rich man's image is perhaps four or five feet in height. It is carried in a dooly by five or six men. The litter is gayly painted, and decorated with flowers and tinsel. The idol is also decked with flowers and tinsel, and perhaps one or two jewels and bangles hang around its neck or on its arms. On every hand are the rejoicing worshipers, with their families, and perhaps their friends. A company of dancers sometimes precede the litter, perhaps carrying

in their hands various kinds of instruments. These may be in the form of bells mounted on a rod; they may be strips of iron that they clang together; anything to make a noise, to the questionable tune of which the dancers twist their bodies as they move along. The whole procession is usually headed by a band of native musicians, whose discordant music and startling uniforms bring joy to the hearts of the devotees of the god.

The poor man, however, has a small image of the idol, costing perhaps only a few annas. This he carries on a piece of wood. He places it on his head, his children trot at his side, while the wife comes along behind.

With hundreds of these processions coming from every direction, and all of them heading for the same place, namely, the sea, one can imagine the tremendous din. But the more noise the better. The one that makes the most noise gains the most attention and elicits the most praise.

As I watch them all going to the seaside, where the ceremony is to take place, it begins to rain. With the rain, the colors begin to run down poor Gunputty's face and into his eyes. His worshipers at once hold umbrellas over him to protect him. Poor people, cannot they see that he has ears, but he hears not, and eyes, but he sees not? As the processions reach the beach, the images are set down on the sand. Then the worship begins.

The worshipers are very cordial to me as I try to see of what the ceremony consists. Several Indian gentlemen order their servants to push the crowd back so that I may see the better. After carefully setting down the image on the sand, they begin to sprinkle it with incense. Then, in some instances, candles are lighted. Others have a kind of silver dish into which various spices are placed and burned. During this time the people are chanting, praying, and clapping their hands. Sometimes they pass their hands through the flames, and then make a motion as if anointing themselves with it. A coconut is then broken, and the milk poured at the foot of the idol. This, in nearly every case, completes the ceremony. The gay trappings of the idol are then stripped off, and a man who is commissioned for the purpose, places the image on his head, wades out into the sea until the water is up to his chin, when he throws the idol into the water. If the idol is very large, it is placed in a boat and rowed out to deep water, and thrown overboard.

They usually buy the idol several days before this event, and proceed to worship it and to implore favor. As far as I was able to ascertain, they expect to propitiate the god in this way, and beg its favor for the remainder of the year. This is a yearly service with them, and seems to answer for the whole year. They explained to me that by worshiping the god and then throwing him into the sea, they dispensed with the necessity of paying too much attention to him during the whole year. However, one cannot always count on the information these people supply. Certain it is that this god always commands much respect, or awe.

The idol is made of plaster, and soon crumbles to pieces in the water. It did not seem possible that these men, many of them intelligent men of affairs and of good ability in many departments of life, some of them occupying government positions, could be actually paying homage to this thing of clay, and asking its favor and protection. As I watched the proceedings, I thought, "Surely this is only a meaningless ceremony

to them." Well, it may be to some; but when I saw the pitiful and agonizing looks of some of them as they bowed before it when it was ready to be taken into the water, trusting that the god would give them better success than that of the previous year, then I thought, "What a terrible grip idolatry has on the people of India!" To call it by another name is to deceive ourselves. Surely, if we are to touch the people of India with the message of the Master, we need much of the power of God, many more workers, and much means.

Lahore, Punjab, India.

The San Diego Exposition

FOUR hundred years ago Balboa pushed his way across the continent which Columbus had discovered, and planted the banner of Spain on the Pacific. During the lifetime of the men who saw the enactment of that drama, the flag of Spain was carried to the north and unfurled in the Harbor of the Sun,—today the Bay of San Diego,—and many years later came soldiers and sailors and priests and colonizers of Spain, and started the first white settlement on the Pacific Coast of what is now United States territory, and again San Diego was chosen.

Close to the spot where they landed, overlooking the bay where Cabrillo came, is San Diego's Panama-California Exposition—"The Exposition of Opportunity." The San Diego Exposition differs from the San Francisco World's Fair in scope and purpose, presenting "glories" that could hardly be shown outside of Southern California.

"High on a mesa it stands," writes a California artist, "overlooking cañons, city, and sea, looking back over fertile valleys to the Sierras and the low hills of Old Mexico less than twenty miles to the south, looking one way and another to the shining waves over which came the caravels of Spain four centuries ago, and over the land across which trod the soldiers, the adventurers, and the priest colonizers who brought civilization to the west coast. The traditions of those days are crystallized in the art and architecture of the 'exposition beautiful,' just as the achievements and possibilities of the great West are crystallized in its agricultural display. It is an exposition of the opportunities of the West at the same time that it is an exposition of its beauties, and therein lies its importance.

"On that mesa three hundred feet above the sea, looking down upon the Harbor of the Sun, stand no buildings of conventional type, but buildings of Spanish design, the design which is woven closely into the romantic traditions of Southern California. And they are filled with no exhibits of conventional style, but exhibits that live and move and breathe a human interest; and they are surrounded with wide lawns and gardens rich with shrubbery, through which filters the soft, steady breeze from the sea, which keeps San Diego's winters balmy and her summers cool. Here all the year is June. Here blooms the rose when other lands are chill with snow and ice. Here the air is sweet with the fragrance of orange blossoms. In such a climate it was possible to abandon old ideas and present new ones.

"Thus it was possible to have, instead of the time-worn pyramid of oranges, a great citrus orchard, through which visitors can wander, and, reaching upward, touch the waxy blossoms, or see in various stages of development the orange, the lemon, the grape-

fruit, or loquat. Across the way is the model intensive farm, marking the top point in agricultural efficiency, a revelation to the East. Up the Alameda is the tea plantation of Sir Thomas Lipton, brought from Ceylon, cultivated by Singhalese men and women. A vast amount of the 614-acre space within the 1,400-acre park, is devoted exclusively to open-air exhibits.



EXPOSITION PALACE OF VARIED INDUSTRIES, SAN FRANCISCO

"These outdoor exhibits are examples of the spirit of the exposition, the idea of showing, not the products which the visitor could see every day, but the processes in the making of the products furnishing the visitor with a chance to gratify the altogether human desire to 'watch the wheels go 'round.' The Japanese booths do not display alone the rare products of Japan, but the artists and the artisans doing their exquisite wood and ivory carving, the lacquer work, the weaving, the silk embroidery. Russian peasants will demonstrate the Koustarnyi arts. Italians will labor at the fine arts for which Florence and Venice are famous.

"Somewhat similar and on a great scale is the work of the 'Painted Desert,' the most interesting American Indian display that has ever been attempted. A large reserve is cut by a mesa, to the west of which is the exhibit of the Navahos and other wandering tribes, with a few of the cliff dwellers perched high in the rocky cliff.

"The exposition is a massing of the West's resources, not an event concerning San Diego alone. The intent is to encourage visitors to travel through the Northwest and the Southwest alike, to see what the individual sections offer, in scenery and in practical opportunity. Through this exposition speaks the new West, telling the world to come, to see what has been done, to join in what *remains to be done.*"

Dear reader, I know of one thing that "remains to be done." It is the work of making the advent message known to the throngs that will visit this section of the country during the present year. This exposition offers our Southern California brethren and sisters a rare opportunity to place the message-filled literature in the hands of many thousands of visitors from over our hemisphere, and they are planning to improve this golden opportunity.

Our leaders in San Diego have carefully districted the city for house-to-house work. The members of our churches in and near San Diego plan to cover the city with literature each month during the exposition. Some will give special attention to apartment and rooming houses. Others will be assigned the care of tract racks. Three of our best magazine workers are to spend a large part of their time in San Diego. A strong city effort will be conducted by our evangelists. Already several churches in the conference have contributed to a special fund enough money to purchase ten thousand copies of the weekly *Signs* for this campaign. One of our Missionary Volunteer societies decided last week to give its weekly offering to the San Diego work for six months. Our young people in that city are among the "doers." They are eager to assist in this movement. In a recent cam-



COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS AT THE PANAMA-PACIFIC EXPOSITION

campaign they marched one Sabbath afternoon — nearly fifty of them — through the streets to a certain section of the city, and placed literature in the homes of the citizens. So we feel they can be counted upon at this time. Pray for this special campaign during the ex-



COLONNADE BETWEEN THE COURT OF THE FOUR SEASONS AND THE VENETIAN COURT

position, and for the similar work that will, doubtless, be conducted in San Francisco during the great exposition there.

ERNEST LLOYD.

Items About the San Francisco Exposition

ESTIMATED total cost, \$50,000,000.

The grounds contain 625 acres.

Fifty acres for horticultural display.

The State buildings cover an area of 40 acres.

Thirty-seven acres are devoted to foreign buildings.

Drill grounds and aviation field of 50 acres.

Live stock exhibit buildings and race track include 65 acres.

There are eleven exhibit palaces, with a combined area of 3,731,500 square feet.

Twelve acres devoted to railroad and other outdoor exhibits.

The amusement district, called the Zone, covers 65 acres.

The different amusements on the Zone represent an investment of about \$12,000,000.

More than 7,000 persons will be employed on the Zone.

Has a hotel inside the grounds, with accommodations for more than 2,000 persons.

Over 400 congresses and conventions have chosen San Francisco for their 1915 meetings, and have been allotted special days at the exposition.

More than 1,500 figures of statuary and sculpture work, made by 150 of the world's greatest sculptors, at a cost of over \$300,000, adorn the buildings and grounds of the exposition.

Contains the tallest flagpole in the world, being 251 feet high, weighing 93,600 pounds, containing 30,000 feet of lumber, with a star on the top that is 10 feet across and weighs 250 pounds.

J. A. BROWN writes from Brazil: "One of our successful colporteurs left a good place in the customhouse and went out and worked at first with a pick and spade in order to obey the commandments of God. He is begging for a minister to go to the interior, where he has been selling books, and where there are

twelve persons in each of two cities and eight in another who have given up liquor and tobacco, and are keeping the Sabbath. This colporteur has a companion who has never heard an Adventist minister preach. He was a Presbyterian minister, and the colporteur called his attention to a few points, including the Sabbath, when passing through that city. He studied the question, and said he would begin a reform in his church. Later he wrote to our colporteur saying he had tried the reform, and the result was he had not a member left; but he said, 'As for me and my

house, we will serve the Lord.' He went with our brother in the colporteur work, and though he never attended an institute, he is a successful worker."



Nineteenth Week

May 9. 2 Chronicles 1 to 4: Preparation and building.

May 10. 2 Chronicles 5 to 7: Dedication and acceptance.

May 11. 2 Chronicles 8, 9: Splendor of Solomon's reign.

May 12. 2 Chronicles 10 to 12: Wise counsel rejected.

May 13. 2 Chronicles 13 to 15: An effort to put away idolatry.

May 14. 2 Chronicles 16 to 18: Jehoshaphat has the law read in the cities of Judah; forms an alliance with Ahab.

May 15. 2 Chronicles 19 to 22: Jehoshaphat rebuked for helping the ungodly; a divine deliverance; a written message from Elijah.

Shishak of Egypt

The invasion of Shishak, king of Egypt, mentioned in 2 Chron. 12:2, was also spoken of in the record in Kings. (See 1 Kings 14:25, 26.) He came against Jerusalem, raided the temple and the king's palace, and carried away much treasure. Shishak himself had a record made of that expedition, of which the attack on Jerusalem was a part. On one of the walls of the great temple at Karnak, he "inscribed a sculpture representing this campaign. He enumerates 156 places, towns, and fortresses that he captured. . . . In this sculpture the giant figure of Shishak is represented as holding in his left hand the ends of ropes, which bind long rows of captives neck to neck. Their hands are tied behind them, and the victor's right hand holds over others a rod with which he threatens them. The names of the conquered cities are inscribed on ovals or shields that cover the lower part of the body of each prisoner. Some of the most familiar names in this list are: Gaza, Taanach, Abel, Adullam, Beth-anath, Beth-horon, Aijalon, Gibeon."

These ancient inscriptions are another evidence of the historical accuracy of the Biblical record.

Use Your Bible

Jesus used it. Again and again, in argument, in illustration, before the priests and before the common people, he referred to the writings of Moses, David, Isaiah, and other seers of old. After his forty days' fast, alone in the wilderness, with no human eye to see and no human hand to help, the Son of God met and overcame his mortal foe and enemy. This he did, not by any manifestation of his divine power, but by using the written word of Jehovah as his weapon of defense. Every time the enemy set a temptation before him, Jesus triumphed over it by quoting from the Word of God. "It is written," was his answer to every assault of Satan.



ONE OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOLS NEAR HAMBURG, GERMANY

Sunday School Work in Germany

M. E. KERN



ONE of the best ways for our young people to labor for other young people is to conduct Sabbath or Sunday schools for them. The following paragraph from a letter from Brother L. Spicer, an English brother who has been assisting in the work of the European Division Conference office at Hamburg, gives us a good idea of how this work is carried on in Hamburg. Workers from Brother Spicer's church conduct five such schools, and another Hamburg Seventh-day Adventist church has two more. He writes:—

"We have had some good experiences in connection with this work. We have between three hundred and four hundred children in the various schools, and they all study God's Word diligently and strive hard for the text cards. You see, when a child has been specially diligent, he receives a text card, and when he has six of these small text cards, he receives a larger one, and for twelve larger ones, he gets a fine wall text. This encourages the children in learning, and stimulates their interest. Each teacher has the names and addresses of his pupils, and keeps up the attendance in the school by visiting failing or sick ones. On these visits he leaves a tract of the circulating library. In this way we seek to gain an entrance into the homes of the people. Several are attending our meetings as the result. With one family I have been holding Bible readings for a few weeks, and both the father and the mother have decided to keep the Sabbath. These little successes encourage us greatly. As far as I know, this work is not being carried on in many other cities of this country, as we enjoy special liberty in this respect. The other provinces are somewhat restricted.

"We are to have, if all goes well, a large children's festival the middle of January, that is to say, a meeting of all the schools, where we shall have a general

examination and a few recitations on subjects studied in the schools."

This brother's work with the Sunday schools has been cut short on account of the war. He says in this same letter:—

"Well, this will probably be the last letter I can write you from the office until the war is over. I must suffer with the rest, and shall be taken prisoner of war this week, as I belong to an enemy's country. But I am glad that I was able to work at my post of duty until the last minute, instead of fleeing to England before. I see God's will in everything, and always have Rom. 8:28 in mind. Perhaps I shall be able to spread the truth among the other prisoners. At any rate, I shall not remain silent, you may be sure. Please pray for me that I may soon be delivered if it is God's will; if otherwise, that I may let my light shine brightly."

Later we received from him a holiday greeting, signed "L. Spicer, British civil prisoner of war."

Do It This Week

SEND a copy of the Temperance INSTRUCTOR to the editor of one of your town or county papers, and write him, asking that in view of the growing interest in the prohibition question, he be kind enough to insert the following notice in his paper:—

A Saloonless Nation in 1920

Make this possible by educating the people. The 1915 "Instructor" Temperance Annual makes the best of campaign material. Send one dollar for twenty copies to distribute gratis, or to sell at ten cents apiece, thus making one dollar to continue the work of educating the people by distributing convincing prohibition literature. Address Youth's Instructor, Takoma Park, D. C.



Pilgrims of the Oregon Trail — No. 5

EDITH STARBUCK

The Relief Party

GREATLY to the credit of the pathfinding instincts of the pioneers is the fact that the route chosen by them for their long and trying journey is now quite closely approximated by one of the great transcontinental railway lines. Traveling in a Pullman sleeper, eating the choicest food in a spotless dining car, covering in a few short hours the distance which it took the pioneers a full six months or longer to traverse, little do the passengers on these trains today, grumbling of the "discomforts of travel," reckon of the privations and hardships endured by these sturdy "empire builders."

It was while they were making their tedious way up Powder River, in what is now the extreme eastern border of the State of Oregon, that they descried a small pack train coming toward them from the westward. Feeling certain that it was a relief party to meet them, they watched eagerly for the first sign of recognition. It was a meeting where joy and sorrow were strangely mingled; for the two men, who proved to be Arthur Ingalls and Ben Duniway, were each to learn that some whom they had expected to greet were no longer of the company. Ben Duniway learned of the death of his stepmother, and Uncle Arthur mourned his brother Lyman. They had brought with them a beef to kill, and a supply of provisions, which assured to the entire party plenty of food for the remainder of the trip. Buried in the center of a sack of flour, mother found some fresh, sweet butter which Aunt Sarah, Uncle Guyon Gibson's wife, had placed there for safe packing; and as butter had been utterly lacking from their bill of fare for so long, nothing could have been quite so much of a treat as this.

As much as possible of the goods from the wagons was now transferred to the pack horses, and with lightened burdens the oxen were able to travel better.

When they reached the Blue Mountains, an epidemic of what was known as "mountain fever" broke out, and a number died. Among these was Mrs. Wylie, who left several small children; and mother found her burdens and responsibilities greatly increased. She never seemed to think of herself, but always was busy caring for others. Hers were the last ministrations to many a victim of cholera and of fever. It was mother's hands that cared for many an orphaned child. A professed Christian, she was yet of too timid and retiring a nature to speak often of her faith; but her abundant good deeds proclaimed aloud the sweet character of him whom she loved. To the end of a long and helpful life — for she died at the advanced age of ninety-two years — she was greatly beloved by all who knew her,

for in her tongue was "the law of kindness;" and none who came to her for help went empty away.

Mr. Wylie was also stricken with the fever, and lay at the point of death when father began to treat him with cold packs. So profound was his stupor that the first treatment might as well have been administered to a dead man, so far as any evidences of feeling were concerned; but the second produced gasps and shivers, while the following applications evoked vigorous protest from the patient, who from that time made rapid recovery.

Poor, motherless little Jimmie Wylie, playing about the camp barefooted, jumped into what appeared to be a pile of ashes, but was really a bed of live coals coated with a thin layer of ash. Both feet were terribly burned, and mother again found her own family cares increased by the nursing of the pitiful little orphan.

When they reached the Umatilla River, they found the Umatilla Indians anxious to barter garden truck for any articles which the travelers would offer. These Indians had been under the influence of the martyred missionary, Dr. Whitman, and the effect of his teaching was still manifest. Indeed, but a year or two ago occurred the death of an aged Indian of this district who had heard the gospel from Dr. Whitman, and kept the worship of the true God alive among his people for years, until the work was finally bound off by later missionaries. It is said that this old Indian was most highly respected by the white people as well as by his own tribe.

Dr. Whitman had also supplied them with various garden seeds, and instructed them somewhat in the art of agriculture. Among the articles offered for trade were prairie chickens, green corn, potatoes, cucumbers, and watermelons. This was an unexpected treat, and the opportunity for a change in diet was eagerly seized by the emigrants. Mother secured prairie chickens and potatoes and what a feast it was!

Waiting upon all her large family, she had scarcely served the last before the first were ready for a second helping. Gruff but kind-hearted Mr. Hyatt noticed that she had not yet tasted her own dinner, and impulsively said:—"Sophronia, you sit right down and eat your dinner, and let the rest wait on themselves. If you don't, they will eat up every bit from you." And at this unexpected thoughtfulness poor, tired, patient mother burst into tears.

On reaching the Deschutes River, part of the train turned off to The Dalles, intending to make the remainder of the trip by boat down the Columbia River; but most of them took the cut-off through Tygh Valley to strike the old Barlow Road across the Cascade Mountains.

The task of the smaller boys was to drive the loose cattle. All but Albert had one day deserted for play, leaving the care of the herd to him alone. Of course the dumb brutes chose this time to display their perversity, and the poor child was having a desperate time with them when noticed by grandmother, who, unobserved by Albert, started to his assistance. Just at this juncture, Albert, his patience taxed to the snapping point, began to throw stones at the cattle, and in his excitement hit grandmother instead. Although he is today an old, white-haired man, he still remembers his chagrin at the result of his marksmanship.

One day when Albert was riding Copperbottom, Theodore slipped up and stuck his whip under the pony's tail, in resentment of which the vicious little beast promptly bucked Albert off over his head. It is said that Theodore was greatly amused at the result of his prank; but no one presumed to attribute a similar sentiment to Albert.

The Old Barlow Road

Camped in Tygh Valley, awaiting their coming, they found Guyon Gibson, father's brother, who now learned of the death of his father, brother-in-law, two nephews and a niece, although these events had taken place more than four months previously. With him he had several yoke of fat oxen to help them over the most difficult part of their journey—the passage through the Cascade Mountains. On Tygh Creek they all camped for a few days' rest to the animals, while the men cut and sacked quantities of the abundant bunch grass for feed while crossing the mountains.

Just a little way south of Mt. Hood passed the old trail, built and operated as a toll road by one of the earlier pioneers, named Barlow. It was now almost the close of September, and beautiful indeed must this heavily wooded country, resplendent in all its autumnal tints, have appeared to the eyes of the travelers after the weeks of sand and sagebrush, broken only occasionally by the sight of the cottonwoods and willows fringing some stream.

Cold and remote, wrapped in its mantle of spotless snow, keeping guard over the yet unconquered wilderness, like a grim sentinel Mt. Hood stood before the gateway to the valley of their dreams. Rank on rank the dark firs charged up his rugged slopes to the very snow line. In the deep gulches, red and yellow and brown, the graceful vine maples clothed the banks of the crystal streams that dashed over the rough boulders on their impetuous way from the mountain glaciers to answer the call of the Western sea. Creeping over the soft brown moss of the forest floor, and clinging to the rugged trunks of the oak trees, the brilliant scarlet leaves of the poison oak set the hillsides aflame with color. The glossy leaves of the laurel, and the bright red berries of the dogwood added their charm to the scene; while, in an occasional clearing, masses of golden-rod prophesied to them of the future wealth of their new home.

The Cascade range is noted for its sharp peaks and deep, narrow ravines; and they found numerous rough, steep hills to descend. Sometimes a log would be chained to the wagon and allowed to drag behind to serve for a brake. But at Laurel Hill, the most precipitous of all, this expedient would not work. Here ropes were made fast to the wagons, and a turn was then taken about the trunk of a fir tree, and so the wagons were slowly let down the hill. Numbers of trees were girdled and killed in this way, and it is said their lifeless snags still stand, bearing the marks

of the encircling ropes which strangled them to death.

Of course no one dreamed of riding down this dreadful hill; and so it came about that little Wallace Ingalls, wishing for no better opportunity of escaping from the observation of ever-watchful eyes, decided this was his chance to clamber into the back of the wagon and regale himself on the precious little store of dried apples. When part way down, coming uncoupled, the wagon buckled, burying Wallace under the canvas cover. Sure that avenging wrath for all his evil deeds was falling upon his guilty head, his ear-piercing shrieks soon brought an anxious crowd, who hurriedly uncovered an unhurt but exceedingly frightened little boy, who was ready to promise to "be good" in future.

Not long thereafter four-year-old Cass gravely announced that he heard a rooster crow; a statement which he repeated in the face of laughter from grown-up members of the party. But within a few moments they came suddenly into a clearing, and found they had reached Foster's, the first little store in the edge of the wilderness.

One afternoon on the plains Albert had carried water for a woman who was doing a washing, and for this service she had paid him a dime. This wealth had been burning his pocket for weeks, and at Foster's store he decided to invest it in walnuts, receiving only nine or ten nuts. At once all the children in sight crowded around, and he is wont to relate that he himself got just two nuts for all his afternoon's work.

The first day of October saw the train at Oregon City, a trading post located at Willamette Falls, about twelve miles above Portland. Oregon City was at this time the most important point in the Willamette Valley.

Here the Indians were busily engaged catching and drying their winter's supply of salmon. It was an interesting sight to watch them, as standing on the brown rocks about the falls, or seated in their native canoes, with their rude spears they skillfully took the silver beauties from the rushing water.

Two or three days brought the travelers to the end of their journey—a settlement then known as Cincinnati, but now called Eola, located on the west bank of the Willamette River about four miles above the site of the present city of Salem. They spent the first winter here, a hard, snowy winter that offered no feed for their cattle except the tender shoots or twigs of trees and shrubs, with flour at twenty dollars a hundredweight, many of the people would have gone hungry had it not been for the great number of wild pigeons they were able to trap. Some families lived almost the entire winter on little else than boiled wheat.

But spring came at last, and it was found that even old Pied and the oxen, of necessity turned loose upon the hills to shift for themselves, had safely weathered through. Land was secured, crops planted, and our pioneers were safely started upon the building of those homes which made it possible, only a few years later, to add, for the State of Oregon, another star to the beautiful flag of our nation.

"You dropped a word into my life one day,
A gentle word, and though you never knew,
It rooted in my heart, and there it grew,
A silent influence, a constant stay.

"And still above the tumult and the strife,
In accent that I never can forget,
I seem to hear your sweet voice speaking yet,
Giving the motive for a better life."

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 15

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts for the week.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "The New Birth." See *Gazette*. Review the previous lesson.
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: 2 Cor. 7:10; Acts 3:19.
5. Talks: "Our Work in Moslem Countries;" "Difficulties Met in Turkey;" "Canvassing Under Difficulties." See this INSTRUCTOR.

Junior Society Program for Week Ending May 15

1. REVIEW Morning Watch texts.
2. Reports of work done.
3. Bible Study: "God's Part in Conversion." 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: "Conversion Is Like Leaven" (see Matt. 13:33, and "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 95-102); "Conversion Is Like Seed Germinating" (see John 12:24; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 62-69); "God Leads to Repentance" (see Acts 9); "Made Partakers of the Divine Nature" (see Acts 3:1-8).
4. Standard of Attainment Quiz: Acts 5:31.
5. Mission Talks: "Our Work in Moslem Countries;" "Difficulties Met in Turkey;" "Canvassing Under Difficulties." See this INSTRUCTOR.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses Senior No. 8 — Lesson 31: "The Desire of Ages," Chapters 74 to 76

1. WHY did Jesus take Peter, James, and John into the garden with him? Did they fulfill his desire? Where were his other nine followers?
2. How did he feel, and what did he do to obtain relief? What shows the mental agony he suffered?
3. What prayer did he utter three times? Though the disciples slept, who suffered with him in this struggle?
4. Describe the betrayal. How did Christ manifest his divine power at this time?
5. Tell of the trial before Annas and Caiaphas.
6. What indignities did he suffer?
7. Why were the angels not allowed to deliver Christ?
8. How did the disciples deport themselves after Christ was taken?
9. Tell of Peter's denial. By what act had he prepared the way for this great sin?
10. How may we deny our Saviour?
11. Characterize Judas.

Junior No. 7 — Lesson 31: "Easy Steps in the Bible Story," Pages 537-558

1. WHAT home near Jerusalem did Jesus often visit? Why was Martha displeased with her sister on one occasion? In what words did Jesus gently rebuke Martha?
2. What great sorrow came to the home of Mary and Martha? Tell how Lazarus was raised from the dead. To whom did some who knew of this miracle report it? From that day, what did the chief priests and the Pharisees take counsel to do?
3. What man made a supper for Jesus? Who attended this feast? How did Mary show her love for the master? Why was Judas angry? In what words did Jesus approve Mary's gift? Why did the chief priests now determine to kill Lazarus?
4. As the feast of the Passover drew near, in these last days of Jesus' earthly life, what anxious questions were asked by the people going to Jerusalem? When they heard that he was coming, what did they do? What did the Pharisees say among themselves?
5. On what errand did Jesus send two of his disciples

when they came to Bethpage? Tell how the colt was found and brought to Jesus. What did the multitude who had gone out to meet him do? What did they shout? What did the Pharisees ask Jesus to do? How did he reply?

6. Where did the procession pause? What did the Saviour do as he looked at the city? Where did he go when he had entered Jerusalem? In the evening, what retreat did he seek?

7. Who came to Jesus the next day in the temple? How did the children praise him? Of what prophecy was this a fulfillment? On this night also, where did Jesus go? How did he spend this last week of his life? Who gladly heard his words? Tell the story of the poor widow who cast her all into the treasury.

8. What question did the disciples ask Jesus as he sat on the Mount of Olives? By what signs did he say the people might know when the end of the world was near? What is the greatest sign by which the nearness of this event may be known?

9. Repeat the parable of the ten virgins, and tell what is taught by it. By what parable did Jesus teach that we should wisely use God's blessings while we wait for his appearing?

10. Who will come with Jesus when he comes the second time? How will he divide the nations? What will he say to those on his right hand? How may we minister to Jesus in our everyday lives? What will he say to those on his left hand in that day? What will become of the two classes of men?



VII — Sending Out of the Twelve

(May 15)

LESSON, SCRIPTURE: Matt. 10:1-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Freely ye have received, freely give." Matt. 10:8.

Questions

1. Whom did Jesus call unto him? What power did he give them? Matt. 10:1. Note 1.
2. What were the names of the twelve? What name was given to all of them? Verses 2-4. Note 2.
3. Where did Jesus command the twelve not to go? Where were they to go? Verses 5, 6.
4. Why did Jesus not want them to go to the Gentiles and Samaritans? Note 3.
5. What message were they to give to the people? Verse 7.
6. How did this message agree with the one John the Baptist and Jesus had been giving? Matt. 3:2; 4:17.
7. What was to accompany their spoken message? How much were they to charge for their ministrations? Matt. 10:8.
8. Yet what provision were they not to make for themselves? Of what is the workman worthy? Verses 9, 10. Note 4.
9. When they reached a city, how were they to know where to stay? How long were they to abide in that house? Verse 11.
10. What courtesy were they to extend to every house they entered? Verse 12.
11. What were they to do when people refused to receive them? Verses 13, 14.
12. What did Jesus say of those who would not receive his messengers? Verse 15.
13. In rejecting the messengers sent by Jesus, whom were they really rejecting? Matt. 25:40.

Notes

1. "In choosing men and women for his service, God does not ask whether they possess worldly wealth, learning, or

eloquence. He asks, 'Do they walk in such humility that I can teach them my way? Can I put my words into their lips? Will they represent me?'

"God can use every person just in proportion as he can put his Spirit into the soul temple. The work that he will accept is the work that reflects his image. His followers are to bear, as their credentials to the world, the ineffaceable characteristics of his immortal principles."—"Ministry of Healing," page 37.

2. "Jesus called twelve disciples of such diversity of talent that every man, in all time, might find himself represented among them. The doubter finds himself in Thomas; the fierce, hot-headed, quick-tempered man finds himself in John, 'the son of thunder'; the opinionated, impulsive man, in Peter; the hard-headed, practical man, designing the first place in the kingdom, is James. We are all there; and to all can come like fitness, worthy of discipleship."—"Matthew's Gospel at the Point of a Question."

3. "If they had now preached the gospel to the Gentiles or the Samaritans, they would have lost their influence with the Jews. By exciting the prejudice of the Pharisees they would have involved themselves in controversy which would have discouraged them at the outset of their labors. Even the apostles were slow to understand that the gospel was to be carried to all nations. Until they themselves could grasp this truth, they were not prepared to labor for the Gentiles. If the Jews would receive the gospel, God purposed to make them his messengers to the Gentiles. Therefore they were first to hear the message."—"The Desire of Ages," page 351.

4. Although they were not to charge for healing, they were to receive whatever the gratitude of the people induced them to give; for those who are called to devote their lives to giving spiritual help to people, are as worthy of support as any other workmen. See 1 Cor. 9:7-14.

VII — Sending Out of the Twelve

(May 15)

Daily-Study Outline

- Sab. Read the lesson scripture.
 Sun. "He gave them power. Read "The Desire of Ages," page 349. Questions 1-3.
 Mon. Names of the twelve; to the lost sheep. Questions 4-6.
 Tues. Kingdom of heaven at hand. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 350, 351. Questions 7-9.
 Wed. "The workman is worthy." Questions 10-12.
 Thurs. From house to house. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 351, 352. Questions 13-16.
 Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 10:1-15.

Questions

1. How many disciples did Jesus have? Matt. 10:1, first part.
2. What power did he give them? Verse 1, last part.
3. What change in the designation of the disciples indicates their entrance upon a new experience? Verse 2, first part. Note 1.
4. Give the names of the twelve apostles. Verses 2-4.
5. In sending forth the twelve, where did Jesus tell them not to go? Verse 5.
6. To whom was their mission to be? Verse 6. Note 2.
7. What message were they to preach? Verse 7. Note 3.
8. What work were they to do in connection with their preaching? Verse 8, first part.
9. In what way were they to give? Verse 8, last part. Why? Note 4.
10. What provision were they not to make for their temporal needs? Verses 9, 10.
11. Why were they not to make such provision? Verse 10, last part. Note 5.
12. How were they to obtain lodging? Verse 11.
13. What should they do on entering a house? Verse 12.
14. On what conditions were they to impart peace to a house? Verse 13.

15. What were they to do in case they or their words should not be received? Verse 14.

16. What solemn declaration did Jesus make about any city that should reject the apostles or their message? Verse 15.

Notes

1. The primary meaning of disciple is *learner*, passing over into the meaning of one who follows another in order to learn. Up to this time the twelve had been learners in the school of Christ. Jesus had chosen them to be intimately associated with him daily, that they might learn from the wonderful words which fell from his lips; witness the exercise of his power to comfort the sorrowing, heal the sick, and raise the dead; and observe how to meet the accusations of critical and hostile men under all sorts of conditions. Now Jesus was to send them forth to do a similar work, and they were now called apostles — *sent ones*.

2. As Jesus had come to earth to seek and to save the lost of his Father's universal house, so the apostles were first to go to seek and to save the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Jews themselves won to Christ, their first mission was to their Jewish brethren.

3. The first message preached by John the Baptist, the first by Jesus himself, was to be the first preached by the apostles also — "the kingdom of heaven is at hand." Heaven was truly come down to earth. The principles of the kingdom were taught and lived. Earth was becoming lightened with its glory.

4. "Freely." The meaning of this word is not *liberally*, in large measure, without restraint, as we generally use it now; it is rather *free*, without pay, without desert. The free gift of grace, of righteousness, of life, is not merited in any sense by the recipient. What Christ brought to the world and had bestowed upon the disciples was given *freely* — without price and without merit. So were they in turn to pass it on to others. So it was said prophetically of Christ, "They have hated me freely," that is, without a cause, without his deserving it. So also, "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

5. In this first missionary effort, Jesus established the gospel principle that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." The apostles had great gifts to bestow, and these were to be given, not as a "reward of merit," but as an outright gift. In comparison with this, the supplying of their temporal needs by those who received the gospel, was but a trifle; and the laborer was worthy of it.

A Convict's Letter

A PRISONER recently wrote the following letter to a comrade who was about to leave the institution: —

We know that calamity is a mighty leveler. When the gates of this prison closed behind us, shutting us off from the beloved ones and friends, the calamity which faced us seemed insupportable; but has it not lost half its power because we have met and resisted it with fortitude?

Has it not lost half its power because, while acknowledging the frailty of our nature, we feel that today our conscience preserves a serenity within us? And conscience is to the soul what health is to the body.

Our secret thoughts are rarely heard except in secret. No man knows what conscience is until he understands what solitude can teach him about it. As to the future, let us cast new resolutions to the winds; they are too often shallow and meaningless. But let us hearken to that inner voice that requireth every man to mean well and to do his best in the world. When that voice forsakes a man, the Spirit of God forsakes him also.

The foregoing letter reveals the fact that one shut up in prison may be in the best possible condition to receive spiritual help. Shall not the Missionary Volunteers see that every convict has the Present Truth Series of the *Review* and the 1915 Temperance Annual?

J. J. REISWIG, of North Dakota, writes: "A youth of thirteen or fourteen years gave \$100 for the school in China, through the Missionary Volunteer Society this year. This was the proceeds from a colt which his father gave him some time ago."

SMITHS still hold their own in the New York City Directory as being the most numerous family in the city, there being 6,150 entries.

The Youth's Instructor

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THE HYACINTHS

WE looked, and saw them poking up their little green-capped heads,
Like birthday candles all burnt down to chocolate-frosting beds.
But, O, those funny candles! The first thing that we knew,
They melted in the sunshine,— and came apart,— and grew.
And then, instead of just one flame,— one little bud of light,—
They hung out lovely flowers, all pink, and blue, and white,
With a nicer scent than candles, and just as gay and bright.
And, O, so quick it happened! — why, it seemed just overnight!
Then we all danced and clapped our hands, 'twas such a jolly thing,
That great big birthday cake surprise, all ready for the Spring.

— Edith S. Pettee, in *St. Nicholas*.

"Eyes of Darkness"

TRUE, we talk about "cocking our ears," but in the dark we stupidly scratch a match to find out what made the noise, whereas the native African, having no matches, must, in the dark, make his ears tell him all. The drum of his ear is both match and candle, and in the broad, racial sense the Negro verily has his reward. For the hundreds of night sounds — rustlings, twitterings, raspings, tinglings, and roarings — are all known to even Africa's tot, the ears being called his "eyes of darkness."

But matches are a boon, notwithstanding, and there often comes the painful pinch when you find yourself benighted without a kindly lucifer match. In these wilds the philanthropic beam of a farthing candle is too high an aspiration, but, other things being equal, the native can always produce light by rubbing his fire stick. Often your most urgent need is a match for a midnight alarm. True, we have plenty of electric light, when the Lord switches it on in the sky; and many a good turn it has done me. I was in a tight corner in the Sera plains when a humble lucifer would have been the simple solution. Black clouds had rolled up from the far Kundelungu range, and the heavens

rang with the loud artillery of thunder. Then the lightning began to fork and flash. Driven into a deserted hamlet before the advancing deluge, a random choice of a hut was made — too random, alas! for the thing was many times too small for one. Only just in the nick of time, for growl went the bursting thunder, and the torrential downpour was upon us! Doubled up there in a leaky outhouse with an odd flash of lightning for your only candle — O for one of Messrs. Bryant & May's best! (Why is it that the African says, "Think snake, sight snake"?) A sudden thought came. What if — Just then, hiss! went the notorious noise of an unseen *mamba* from a corner of the dark den, and it's O, indeed, for a kindly match now, just now! My heart seemed to stop for repairs. As if this longing for a lucifer had actually pressed the invisible button of an electric light current, flash! came another single steel-blue streak of lightning, and there, plain as a pikestaff, a long green snake showed in the flash of fire. Atrociously, maddeningly, for one flashing moment I sighted my cooccupant of the den, then, back both man and snake were hurled into the blackness of that pestiferous gloom. "O for a kindly lucifer!" thought I. For who does not know that a snake never really attacks a man, only bites out of fear, and only because you have stumbled over him in error. Need I say that, as that *mamba* blocked the doorway, I had to tear down the grass wall for escape, preferring my sheets of rain to a snake under the other sheets. The blackness makes you a baby in helplessness, therefore a baby's fancies and fears flood the brain.

Small wonder the Negro has such a sharp sense of hearing, the slightest sound being telltale. "The sharpers," he calls the ears, and surely the reason is found just here in his Negro life, lacking utterly the adjunct of match or candle. For if we played-out Europeans hear a noise, then straightway we blunt the edge of our sharp ears by striking a light to decide the cause. Whereas the African's ears are his "darkness eyes," and they must play the part of both match and candle. This auricular sharpness is also called "spiked ears," and seemingly our so-called spike of acute hearing has become blunt, because it thus depends on sight to solve the problems of sound. This, he says, is the reason why God, who divided the twenty-four hours into darkness and light, also divided man into ears and eyes, the correlatives with twelve hours apiece. The Faraday who made the world ring with his "Chemical History of a Candle," would most surely have enjoyed this Negro lecture on "The Philosophy of a Candle." — "Thinking Black," D. Crawford.

I Am Learning

I AM learning that success is a matter of habitual concentration upon higher ideals. I am what I set out to be. The things I read and talk about today and the thoughts I think today are a forecast of what I shall become. I have learned that I am composed of the things I have said, the thoughts I have nurtured, the company I have kept, and the habits I have pursued. I am learning that success lies within myself — in my brain, my ambition, and my determination; and that difficulties and hard experiences are not to be dodged, but met with courage that they may be turned into future capital. — *Exchange*.

"SIMPLICITY and plainness are the soul of elegance."