

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXV

January 9, 1917

No. 2



THE SACRED CITY OF BENARES, INDIA



FROM HERE AND THERE

Zeoditu, daughter of the late emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, is now ruler in her father's stead, having deposed her nephew Negus Jaessu.

Admiral Sir John Jellicoe has been appointed first sea lord, and Vice Admiral Sir David Beatty succeeds Jellicoe as commander of the British fleet.

Dr. Henry van Dyke has resigned as American Minister to the Netherlands. His reasons are purely personal. He desires to resume his literary work.

Formal announcement was made November 27, that ex-Justice Charles E. Hughes would resume the practice of law January 1, as a member of his old firm in New York City.

According to Mr. Dudley Harmon, who represents the government in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, measles, though less dreaded than smallpox or infantile paralysis, causes more fatalities than either.

The work of making Verdun, France, uninhabitable has been thoroughly accomplished. Only one building remains untouched, and in the city made famous by its bombardment the intact house is treated as a "sight" to be shown to all visitors.

To make Chicago "dry" in 1918 a year's educational work is planned, including work by prominent speakers, a billboard campaign, street-car advertising, and street meetings. Ten thousand workers are needed, of whom the churches and young people's societies have already furnished 3,600.

In New York State 501 out of 932 towns are "dry," and 111 of the remainder are partly "dry." There are only 320 towns in which liquor may be sold. In New York, towns vote on the license question every two years, but cities are not allowed to vote on this question; hence all New York cities are "wet."

A certain blight has been noticed on the olive trees of various parts of the world. The blight has been traced to the proximity of the oak to the olive tree. By special scientific investigation of the subject in Italy it has been discovered that no disease is transmitted by the oak, but that the roots of the oak appropriate the richness of the soil and literally starve the olive into its diseased condition.

A new answer to the perplexing question, "What shall we do with our former Presidents?" was proposed in a resolution introduced in the House recently by Representative Moore of Pennsylvania. The resolution would give former Presidents the right to a seat and voice in either House or Senate, as they might elect, at compensation of \$25,000 a year. They would not be given a vote.

Dr. George E. Vincent of Chautauqua fame has been given the presidency of the Rockefeller foundation. For twenty-five years Dr. Vincent had charge of the Chautauqua courses of instruction, a country-wide school. In 1892 he was given a professor's chair in the University of Chicago. He finally became dean of that institution. In 1907 he was made the president of the University of Minnesota, the present enrolment of which is more than 9,000 students.

Professor Lowell, who died on November 13 in his observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, was an astronomer who invested his theme with interest, with the result that he was perhaps better known to people than most of his contemporaries. His fame rests chiefly on the extraordinary researches he conducted in relation to the planet Mars, and his assertion that it was the abode of living, intelligent beings. He discovered what he declared to be the handiwork of a race endowed with reasoning and constructive qualities so like those found in our own world that they could hardly be other than human beings. All the primary requisites for the support of animal life he found on the planet—water, heat, and atmosphere. His discovery of a vast network of not less than five hundred canals,—some of them nearly a thousand miles in length,—constructed, as he declared, with greater intelligence and engineering skill and on a far grander scale than anything we possess or can show, stimulated the desire of the scientific as well as the unlearned to know more about the wonderful world which seemed to be opening a new portal that might lead to the revelation of the secrets of the universe. Professor Schiaparelli had found only one hundred and four canals with the telescope, yet his observations were accepted as strengthening the theories advanced by Lowell. So, little by little, the world has come to believe that the red planet is really inhabited.

Under a scientific experiment two girls lived for three months on nothing but peanuts. They were students of the University of California, acting under instructions from Prof. M. E. Jaffa, head of the department of nutrition, who wanted to prove that peanuts were among man's most nutritious food products. The scientific experiment was a success. "We never felt better," said one of them, who insisted that their names be kept secret, "but I can't bear the sight of them now." The peanuts cost each girl fifteen cents a day, or \$1.05 a week. This cut their expenses down to \$4.20 a month, breaking the record for frugality on the campus.

Readers of Chinese need fear no dearth of reading matter, as there is a Chinese library in Washington containing 40,000 printed volumes. The collection is part of the Congressional Library. Dr. Walter T. Swingle, of the library, says this collection contains some of the rarest Chinese works in print. Some of them were printed before 1450 A. D. The three largest books in the world are listed in the collection.

—♦♦♦—
 "To find a friend along life's road
 Who'll help to bear another's load;
 To find a friend who'll claim in part
 The burden resting on one's heart,
 Is finding treasure yet untold—
 A wealth that far outvalues gold."
 —♦♦♦—

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES	PAGE
The Land of the Lapps	3
"So Mightily . . . the Word of God . . . Prevailed" . . .	4
On the Steamship "Empress of Asia"	5
In Preparation	6
Our Trip to the East	6
The Paradise of the Pacific	7
The Sacred Ganges	8
Kamakura Dai-futsu	9
Open Doors in South India	9
Dispensary Work in Burma	9
God Delivers	13
SELECTED ARTICLE	
Jim Wilson's Chum	11

The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., JANUARY 9, 1917

No. 2

The Land of the Lapps

(Concluded)

W. S. CHAPMAN

THE dress of the Lapp in winter is very attractive, especially if newly made. The cap, or *lapinlakki*, is heavy and square-topped with a bright scarlet crown, with a band of otter fur around the head. A *sieppura*, or collaret of bear's fur, encircles the neck, with the bear's mask hanging over the heart. The coat, or outer garment, the *matsoreo*, is made of soft, gray-brown reindeer skin. Short, hairless leather breeches are joined at the middle of the thigh by the *sapakket*, or reindeer-skin leggings, reaching to the ankles, and are there made fast to the leather boots by narrow, red, clothlike bandages. The summer dress is not so attractive, as the fur parts are omitted.

The boots are made quite large, so that the foot can be surrounded by Lapp grass, which takes the place of stockings. This grass is a crisp, green, dry grass, without knots and without seeding tips. It is twisted up and kneaded in the palms of the hands to break the fiber, and then becomes like a pad of soft horse-hair in texture. A supply of this grass is always carried by each Lapp, and the foot covering is renewed as needed. It requires some skill and practice before the grass can be properly wrapped about the feet.

The customs of the people vary slightly, depending upon the location of the home and the occupation of the owner. On the borders of civilization, and where Western customs have been adopted, the Lapp's home and surroundings differ materially from that of the wandering or lake Lapp, or from that of the inland farmer. But everywhere a stranger is ever welcome. He has but to open the door and walk in, then help himself. Hospitality is as natural to a Lapp as it is to breathe.

To the wandering Lapp, the fisherman or herder, the idea of a home, as we realize it, is unknown. Almost anywhere else in the world a host will ask his guest to "come inside." While all that the Lapp has is at the disposal of the visitor, yet he has no house pride. Any shelter, a rock or the sunny side of a bank, for a dining-place, is all-sufficient, and a place on the ground inside his brown, cloth-covered *la-wo*, or tent, similar to our Indian tepee, at night, is the sum total of all entertainment he ever thinks can be expected of

him. In cold weather, however, a more substantial dwelling, in the shape of a hut of peat or sod, is erected, and is about twelve feet in diameter at the base.

The small farmer — one who is tired of wandering, and possibly growing old — settles down by some lake, cultivates a small patch of ground, and from his crops and the fishing manages to eke out a precarious living. Generally these farmer huts consist of two rooms, a

general living-room and a tiny, cupboard-like sleeping-room, which is often the dairy also. These, with two box beds, make up the total accommodations for possibly a large family and servants, to say nothing of occasional traveler guests. But while the hospitality in these settlements is indeed open-handed, the chances of obtaining food, except it may be dried rotten fish, and possibly coffee, is small indeed.

The more prosperous farmer, with perhaps a thousand reindeer, owns a comfortable encampment near grazing ground for his herd. Such dwell in a *kata*, or tent, about twelve feet in diameter at the base, the ground inside comfortably covered with fur skins for mattresses and for bed covering, and is usually stocked with a bountiful supply of frozen meat, smoked meat,

tongues, buckets of frozen milk, and bladders of frozen blood, of which they are passionately fond. In Lapp homes there is no separation in sleeping because of sex or social position. Usually, all sleep in one room. The Lutheran Lapps, as they prepare for retiring, unite in singing hymns of praise to God.

In Arctic Lapland there are no arbitrary hours for work or rest or sleep. Among the herders especially, who have no timepieces, the thought of hours finds no place. It would occasion no comment to see children preparing for bed at 4 A. M., or a laborer starting for the fields to work at 2 A. M., for the sun shines, practically, during all the twenty-four-hour day. Paul Du Chaillu, the noted traveler, commenting on this, wrote:—

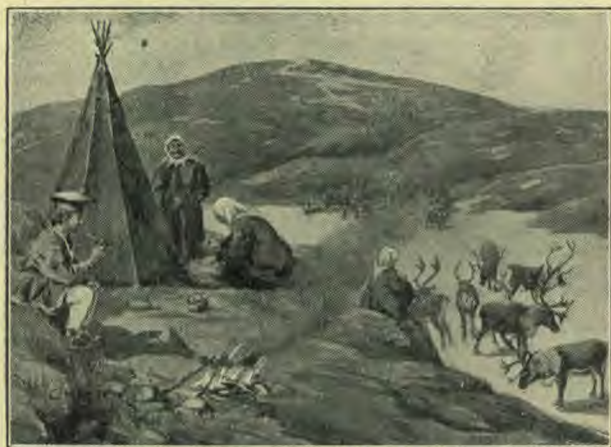
"I was under the impression, before visiting this part of the country (Arctic Lapland), that the long-continuous daylight or dark short days must degenerate men; I found to the contrary; the farther north I traveled in Norway or Sweden, the more healthy



THE GATES OF RUSSIAN LAPLAND

seemed the people, the larger the families, and the greater the number of births according to the population. . . . It is not uncommon to see a family of fifteen or eighteen children by one wife, and sometimes, though rarely, twenty to twenty-four. Fish and milk are evidently good food for the increase of the human race. I met many people living to a great age, showing them to be strong men and women."

Among the Arctic Lapps, however, who are not so comfortably situated or so well fed as are the



HERDER LAPPS' ENCAMPMENT

Swedes and Norwegians, the mortality among infants up to two years of age is very great, comparatively few surviving the rigors of their first winter's experience.

The winter storms in Arctic Lapland are sometimes indescribably fierce—something frightful. Of these Du Chaillu has this to say:—

"My journey over the mountains beyond the arctic circle, between 69° and 70° lat., was over. I had met many a storm on the Atlantic; the tornado of the equator had often passed over my head or struck the ship which bore me; but of all the windstorms I ever encountered, that of the mountains which we had just crossed was the grandest. As I look back to those days, I fancy I can hear the shrieks and howling of the wind, and remember how I crouched upon the rocks for safety while the tempest beat upon me as if the elements had obtained the mastery over the world, and chaos was coming again."

◆ ◆ ◆
"So Mightily . . . the Word of God . . .
Prevailed"

I WONDER how many of the young people will recognize this Scripture quotation; and how many know what is meant by the statement that the word of God "prevailed." The Word of God has certainly had many mighty enemies and has won many glorious victories, but perhaps none of its triumphs are of greater interest and practical importance to us than the one here mentioned.

Here is the story in the simple words of the Scripture narrative:—

"Many that believed came, and confessed, and showed their deeds. Many of them also which used curious arts brought their books together, and burned them before all men: and they counted the price of them, and found it fifty thousand pieces of silver. *So mightily grew the word of God and prevailed.*"

What a dramatic scene it must have been! Here is a man staggering down the street under a great burden of books, his left arm full, his right hand just reaching the top of the load to steady it. Here comes a young girl with her books of fiction and magic. Here

is a family each carrying a load, and all hurrying eagerly toward the great bonfire and heaping the books on. What can it mean? Are these books valueless, that all seem to take pleasure in destroying them? Are they out of date? Have they cost nothing? Ah, no, dear friends, but the word of God has prevailed. For years their minds have been darkened and enslaved by means of these evil books, but at last the glorious word has shined in and has mightily prevailed.

The expression reminds one of that in Genesis 7: "The waters prevailed, and were increased greatly upon the earth; and the ark went upon the face of the waters. And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth; and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail; and the mountains were covered. . . . And every living substance was destroyed which was upon the face of the ground."

O that this divine word might prevail in our lives, so that everything contrary to it might be destroyed!

Never were heathen cursed by books of satanic inspiration more than are our own people by present-day fiction. Here is one of the many earnest warnings that have come to us through the Spirit of prophecy: "You are indulging an evil which threatens to destroy your spirituality. It will eclipse all the beauty and interest of the sacred pages. It is love for storybooks, tales, and other reading which does not have an influence for good upon the mind that is in any way dedicated to the service of God. . . . You were represented to me with your eyes turned from the Sacred Book, and intently fixed upon exciting books, *which are death to religion.*"

"I appeal to parents to control the reading of their children. . . . Especially *do not permit upon your tables the magazines and newspapers wherein are found love stories.*"

How unaccountable it is that notwithstanding this positive, explicit instruction we find these popular mag-



A LAPLANDER AND HIS FAMILY

azines in the homes of so many of our people. O, that our people would arouse and feed upon the Word of God! Then it would mightily grow and prevail against these things which are a curse to the youth.

The wife of an influential worker recently argued with me in favor of one of these most popular "home" magazines. But she studied the matter honestly and prayerfully, and the Word of God prevailed. She said, "I can see now that it was the subtle infatuation of those stories which made it such a cross for me to give up the journal."

Many a home would do well to have a bonfire like that of the Ephesians, even as we are told in the "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. I, p. 135:—

(Concluded on page ten)



On the Steamship "Empress of Asia"

[The following article is an extract from a letter written by Mrs. A. G. Daniells to her son Grosvenor. We know our readers are always glad for every word that comes from those visiting or working in mission fields.—Ed.]

HERE we are eight days out, and this is the first line I have written to you, although I fully intended writing a little every day. We have been such good sailors in all previous voyages that I counted on being able to write even if the sea was rough, but so far on this trip we have felt more like lying down than working. We had never been this way before, but had heard it was almost always rough and frequently stormy. I had heard such exciting things about this northern route that for the first time in thirty years I was timid about sailing, and felt the same dread of the ocean I did the first time I ever sailed. I had heard that the boat would so nearly tip over that the people could walk on the side as well as on the floor of the cabin; that the trunks and suit cases would follow each other in a mad chase around the cabin; and that the captain would tell the people who knew how to pray to go to praying. Altogether, I felt it would be a new experience for us, and it has proved so.

We sailed from Vancouver about noon the second day of November. The first afternoon, going down the coast, the sea was as calm as a mill pond, but the next morning when we awoke we found we had struck different waters. The boat was pitching and rolling, and we felt that it would be wise to stay in bed, so we remained there for about two days. We have been up most of the time since. The sea is very rough, but this is such a fine large boat (it is six hundred feet long), and it rides the waves so steadily, that we do not get the force of the sea as we would on a smaller boat. A few of our company (there are fourteen of us) have been as well as possible all the way, but the most of us have been rather indisposed, and several have been quite seasick.

Brother and Sister Gillis and their thirteen-year-old son are among our party. These people went to China when the boy was seven years old, and came home because of the mother's ill health. Their furlough should have been a year, but now after ten months they are on their way back, starting just as soon as Sister Gillis's health would permit, and all are glad to go to China again. I was surprised that the boy should be willing to leave America after being here a few months, but he says he likes China better and is glad to return. He speaks Chinese well.

Brother J. P. Anderson is also with us, returning to South China. He went to China ten years ago, when he was only nineteen years old. Although so young, he has done a splendid work. A few months ago he came home with his sick wife, and now that she is recovering he has left her to hasten back to his work. It seems good to see people with such missionary zeal. Six years ago he married a young woman missionary who had been sent out from America to China. They have two children, and it was hard to leave the mother with the children, but he felt he must return as soon as possible.

There are many Chinese on board going back to their native land. Six or seven are traveling first class.

about thirty second class, and seven hundred are in the steerage. In a cabin near ours is a Chinese family with three children. They are superior-looking persons, and the children are bright and well behaved. One day the little four-year-old was missing, and the father was much alarmed. He went around asking if any one had seen his little "China boy." The baby is about two years old, and is named Minnie. She is a sweet child that any one could love. In fact, the Chinese children are much better behaved than most of the American children on board.

We are now getting into calmer waters, and nearly all the passengers are able to be at the table in the dining-room. It is cold, but we are quite comfortable in our cabins; not many venture on deck for any length of time. We shall soon be near Manila, where it is always summer. We have had no storms thus far, but I think this bleak northern sea is almost always rough. My fear has gone, and we are enjoying the association with our people.

There are a number of missionaries of other denominations on board, some returning to their field of labor and some going out for the first time. I held a Bible reading with some of these ladies in the dining-room. One of them was anxious to have all the texts we used. She is going to Canton to work with the Chinese who live on the house boats in the harbor. Thousands of people live on these boats, rear their families, and never know any other home. There is a small place about four feet wide by eight or ten feet long which has a covering of canvas over it, and there the family live. They tie the small children to the side of the boat so they will not fall into the water while the mother is rowing passengers from place to place.

We hope to be in Yokohama tomorrow evening or the next morning, and look forward to meeting all the people again. Later on we shall come back to Japan and hold a general meeting in the church at the mission in Tokio. I wish you could see our church in Tokio. There is a large entrance way, or hall, and at time of service the place is filled with wooden shoes that the worshipers remove from their feet on entering, and put on when they come out. They never wear their shoes into any house, but leave them in the hall or at the door, and walk in in their stocking feet. All these shoes looked alike to me, and I wondered how they knew them apart. I was told that each pair has a strap peculiar to itself, by which the shoes are identified.

From Yokohama we go to Kobe where we shall remain one day while the ship unloads cargo, and then we go to Nagasaki for a day. All this is in the beautiful Japan Sea. From there we should go to Manila, but there are so many passengers on board who are booked for Shanghai that they have sent in a petition to have the ship go from Nagasaki direct to Shanghai. We heard today that they have decided to do this, and we too are much pleased, for that will give us a few hours with our brethren and friends there. It is not probable that we shall have time to go out to the mission; for these large steamers anchor some distance from shore, and the passengers are taken up the river by means of small boats. It takes between two and three hours to get to the city, and about an hour to go from there to the mission, and we do not expect the boat to remain that long. But we shall send a wireless to our people, and no doubt they will meet us at the boat; or we may go up the river and have a little time with them at the wharf or in the city.

I went with a party down into the hold of the ship

to see the steerage passengers. There were hundreds of them, mostly Chinese, and they were like bees in a hive. The place was not at all clean, but it was well ventilated. Many of them were gambling, and we saw quite large sums of money pass from one to another. I am told that they gamble there all night, and I am sure it is so, for we can hear them shouting at different times all night. Our cabins are on the deck above all this, and when I had gone upstairs, I truly felt that I had been down to the underworld. Notwithstanding the people are packed into such meager quarters, and have almost nothing to make them comfortable, they all seemed happy and laughing.

MRS. A. G. DANIELLS.

In Preparation

MR. OTTO KUHN, one of the party of forty-two missionaries who recently went to the Far East, is to engage in medical missionary work in China. We expect Mr. Kuhn to render excellent service in that needy field, and we await reports of his work with interest; but just now, while he is learning the language, we shall have to content ourselves, perhaps, with what he

died about five hundred years ago. His coffin was covered with earth until a small mountain was made. The mound is much larger than the sanitarium hill.

"Elephants, camels, horses, several times larger than normal, were carved out of solid rock and placed in pairs along the road leading to the place of burial. They are in good condition at the present time."



ROADWAY TO MING TOMBS,
NANKING, CHINA

Our Trip to the East

WHEN the steamship "China" weighed anchor and sailed out of the Golden Gate, various feelings were experienced by the forty-two missionaries who were leaving home for the Far East.

We strained our eyes for a last glimpse of dear faces on the dock, and when they were no longer dis-



THE LARGE COMPANY OF MISSIONARIES THAT WAS SO ROYALLY ENTERTAINED BY OUR HAWAIIAN FRIENDS

may write to friends. The following paragraphs are excerpts from a letter to his sister:—

"We are comfortably settled. Our goods came in good condition. One box was overlooked by Montgomery Ward. It will reach here in a week or two. The typewriter is in it, and also our winter clothing and bedding. We live in a beautiful compound. The garden and grounds are large and lovely.

"We like the Chinese very much. They are clever, intelligent, patient, and hard-working. We have a man to do the cooking, washing, and general housework. He is a good baker and cook, and does the housework well.

"Mrs. Kuhn and I are studying the language here at the Nanking Language School. The school will continue until about April. The language is difficult to learn, but it is interesting. We can read about one hundred and fifty characters, write about one hundred, and speak about two hundred words. The language course in six months will give us about five hundred characters. Henry talks quite a little in Chinese; it is amusing to hear him. The Chinese have named him Yoh Han, meaning John.

"Last week we went out to the Ming tombs. The first emperor of the Ming dynasty is buried there. He

cernible, we watched the white flag on the end of a long pole that was being waved to and fro. After a while that too faded away, and we turned toward the new and untried.

A few of the company were a little seasick the first day or two, but fine weather and smooth sailing soon dispelled all unpleasant feelings.

Deep on our memories are engraved the wonderful sunsets. The strange, intense green and crimson of the sky and the sea, the purple and gold of the clouds, would eventually change into a deep violet. The swift-changing panorama sometimes lasted for two hours.

We had one or two rough days. One of these was especially enjoyable. The waves dashed over the bow of the boat all day. A few stray water-mountains dashed over our heads. Some of the company were drenched, but they did not mind it.

The sixth day out from San Francisco we had a wireless from Honolulu. A royal welcome awaited us there. We were impressed with the noble mold of the Hawaiians, their delightful music, their great good-heartedness. As we left them, our eyes filled with tears, while not one was shed at leaving the homeland. To find our own kith and kin, as it were, in the middle of the boundless ocean, brought a new and happy experience into our lives.

After about fourteen days more, we sighted Japan. To see Japan is like riding through a storybook. The little people smiled and bowed as we walked along their streets or bought their wares.

We had the privilege of visiting a Japanese home. We removed our shoes before entering. At Tokio we visited the chief store of the place—the Wanamaker's store of the East. Here we were provided with red-velvet sandals, which were removed as we left the store. I wish I could enumerate all the wonderful things we saw there—beautiful embroideries, silks, ivory work, and lacquered articles. We were not supplied with a large amount of change, and bought only a few little souvenirs.

The latter part of August we reached Shanghai where the various members of the company separated for their fields. We left Mr. and Mrs. Jacques in Japan, and feel that Japan is rich in having them. Professor Steinel and his wife and Mr. and Mrs. Sevrens went on to the Philippines, Mr. and Mrs. Barto to Borneo, and Mr. and Mrs. Morris to South China. The others are scattered through Korea and North and Central China.

In our experiences thus far, we testify to the truth of Isa. 54:10: "My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

MAY C. KUHN.

The Paradise of the Pacific

WHILE still rolling over the waves of the briny deep the word was flashed to our party of forty-two on the steamship "China,"

that a royal welcome awaited us on our stop at the Hawaiian Islands. As we were waiting outside the harbor for the boat's pilot and inspection officer, we noticed a little launch beside our boat containing a little man with the word "Aloha" pinned across his coat. It meant but little to us then, but before the day was over we learned to appreciate the word almost as much as the word "home."

It is the Hawaiian word of greeting, and means "my love to you." We discovered that all the members of our little company at Hawaii had adopted this pretty word for our welcome. And to further show their love to us we each were decked with orange-colored garlands.

A special car was waiting to take us through the streets of the beautiful city of Honolulu—and beautiful is but a weak word to tell of the beauties of this city of the deep. The streets on either side are shaded with palms and banyan trees, the foliage of which is luxuriant and dense.

Everything was so interesting that we felt as if the English language were bankrupt, and when we got through with adjectives we should have to start all over again. Our trip took us through the beautiful Manoa Valley and along Waikiki Beach. This is a beautiful beach, and many of us could not resist the call of the waves. We were interested here to see the surf riders. These are little narrow boats with a pole fastened on one side, which keeps the boat balanced

on the waves. Long ago the Hawaiian people invented them.

We were told to come to Kapiolani Park for lunch after our cooling recreation. Somebody said "baked beans would be served," so no need to invite the Bostonians the second time. A bounteous lunch was served, and there were many delicacies which we had never before tasted. During lunch we were favored with beautiful music furnished by the Ukulele Sextet. We understand these musicians won the gold medal at the World's Fair. Although we were not Hawaiians, we could appreciate the native songs, for they were beautifully rendered.

After lunch we listened to an inspiring address of welcome by Pastor F. H. Conway and a response by Elder R. C. Porter, after which all our party joined in the Chinese "pingan (peace), pingan."

For the afternoon we were given our choice of many different trips, each party being furnished with a guide. Some chose to visit the famous aquarium containing the different species of sea life in the Pacific. Others went to visit the Bishop Museum, which contains a wonderful collection of island antiquities, feather cloaks, and the early weapons and utensils of the islanders. Another trip was planned for the executive building, which was formerly the queen's palace. This building contains the throne room and many interesting relics. The shopping district proved to be an interesting place, for here one could see the Oriental markets and curio stores. No matter which trip was taken, each thought the one he had taken the most wonderful. Our "home on the water" left for Yokohama at four-thirty, and on their return to the boat the different groups had many interesting stories to tell.

Our boat sent a hurry call to tardy comers, and soon we were leaving the most beautiful place in the Pacific. As we weighed anchor, our Hawaiian friends bade us farewell with the new "Aloha" song, "Till Jesus Comes," sung to the tune of their national hymn.

As one looked down into the water, a few bright-green looking forms could be distinguished. These were sharks. Farther out of the harbor porpoises were seen turning somersaults in the water around the boat. As we left Diamond Head in the distance, all felt satisfied that the day had been well spent, and appreciated land more than ever.

ELLA MAE BOWERS.

HAWAIIAN MUSICIANS
The gentleman at the right is a member of our church, and is a manufacturer of the ukulele, a musical instrument.



Shanghai, China.

HANKOW, CHINA, Oct. 6, 1916.

DEAR FRIENDS: While we were traveling from San Francisco to Shanghai it was our privilege to stop at Japan. When our ship cast anchor in the harbor of Yokohama, Elder De Vinney and others came out to meet us, and we gladly accepted their invitation to visit the mission, although the mission compound was thirty miles away. To reach it we had to ride on a street car and train. The electric car station was about a half mile from the wharf. Those of our party who did not care to walk rode in jinrikishas.

The streets are narrow, with narrow sidewalks on both sides. On each side of the street are Japanese shops. Such articles as wooden shoes, lacquer wares, sandals, parasols, kimonos, beautiful embroidery, dishes, and pictures are sold at these shops.

The youngest member of our party was a baby girl of three months. Her father carried her in a basket on his arm. This greatly interested the Japanese. Many would come up quietly, look at her, then go away smiling. It was evident that they thought this an odd way of carrying a baby; for they carry theirs on their backs.

After eating our lunch in the school chapel, we were shown through the building. Besides the chapel there were two classrooms. In the rear part of the building we found a kitchen, dining-room, and bathroom. These are used by the boys who attend the school. Their sleeping apartment is in the part over the school. The girls' dormitory is a building across the street.

Another thing of interest which we visited was the printing office. The workmen, including the editor, are Japanese.

The Japanese roofs are thatched, made of grass, and are several inches thick. The house which we noticed in particular had one side open with the exception of a mat curtain, which can be raised or lowered as desired. The Japanese leave their sandals at the door.

The principal furniture in the dining-room was a round table. The Japanese sit on the floor. In the parlor was an organ, bookcase, desk, two chairs, and a few pictures.

The Japanese always have pleasant faces, are very polite, and the parents are fond of their children.

The Japanese dress interested us very much. The girls' and women's dresses are much like our kimonos, and a wide girdle is worn around the waist. The sleeves are long and have a long pocket in them. If a woman wears her hair in two coils in the back, it shows she is a maiden lady. If she wears her hair in one coil it shows she is married, and is subject to her husband. The men dress according to the class to which they belong.

All too soon the time passed, and we returned to our ship, the "China." I trust you will remember this needy field in your prayers.

RACHEL PAYNE WHITE.

The Sacred Ganges

THE Ganges has its origin in the great Himalaya Mountains, and from there it starts on its course of nearly two thousand miles, finally to be emptied into the Bay of Bengal. There is no river in the world which has such an interesting history, and yet I must add, such a sad one, as the Ganges. This large stream is not only a great waterway for commerce, but it is looked upon as "holy water" by more than two hundred million people of India. And daily, on the banks of this stream, are thousands of Hindus, both men and women, who fully believe that by bathing in

it they are washing away their sins and preparing themselves for final absorption and eternal rest in Brahma. The river is not only deified, but is regarded as one of the most potent deities of India.

To the tourist visiting India, if it be Hinduism he would know about, let him visit Benares, or Kasi as it is known to Hindus. Benares is built on the left bank of the Ganges, four hundred and twenty-one miles

above Calcutta, and is regarded by devout Hindus as the most sacred spot in the world. What Mecca is to the Mohammedan, and more than what Jerusalem is to the Jew, is Benares to devout Hindus. To die within a radius of ten miles from its center is certain and eternal bliss, even to the outcast.

There is a river frontage of three miles given up to bathing, ghats, and temples. Many thousands are brought here annually from all parts of India to die at this sacred

place, and have their ashes scattered upon the waters of the "holy" river.

The saddest and most gruesome of all objects which impress one in this center of Hinduism is its burning ghats. To the banks of the river many bodies are brought daily, each wrapped in a white cloth, and are laid just where they are half covered by water. Within ten feet of this place can be seen parties of pilgrims bathing in, and drinking of, the sacred water of the river, utterly regardless of the dead bodies along the stream. From time to time corpses are picked out of the water and placed upon the piles of wood. Each pile is ignited and the body reduced to ashes. The banks are thick with bathers of every description and age. There is no laughter or play; it is as serious a matter as any church service, and on the correct performance of the right number of dips with the right Sanskrit phrases depends the spiritual blessing of the ceremony. It matters not that the waters are turbid with mud, or fetid with decaying garlands, or black with cinders from the burning ghats, their power to cleanse the sinful soul suffers no taint.

Think of the millions here in India who are bound to such a religion, and spend their lives seeking the lost treasure, but in vain. Will you not pray for these people, that the message of love from our Saviour will win itself to their hearts?

R. L. KIMBLE.



THE WIFE AND CHILDREN OF ONE OF OUR JAPANESE PHYSICIANS, JAPAN

Kamakura Dai-futsu

DURING our brief stay in Japan some of our missionary party visited Dai-futsu of Kamakura.

"In the year 737 A. D., the emperor Shomu, being a sincere devotee to Buddhism, caused numerous monasteries to be erected throughout Japan, and among the other churches thus built and endowed by His Majesty, is that known as the 'Ko-toku-in' at Kamakura."

It is here that the famous colossal bronze image of the great Buddha stands. It was cast in 1252 A. D., by a command of the *shogun*, the prince. This image was much injured by a tidal wave which swept over the site of the monastery in 1495 A. D., yet, notwithstanding the ravages of time and the fury of the elements, it is in a state of excellent preservation and repair. It is about fifty feet in height and ninety-eight feet in circumference. The length of the face is eight and a half feet; of the eye, four feet; of the ear, six and a half feet; and of the nose, three feet two and one-half inches. The length from knee to knee (sitting) is thirty-six feet, and the circumference of the thumb more than three feet.

This is the greatest of the many idols still worshiped in Japan. It caused us to realize more intensely the need of this people.

LOTTIE LUCAS CONGER.

Open Doors in South India

We find in this country that God works in much the same way as in other parts of the world. For more than eight months evangelistic work has been carried on in the city of Madras, and a number of persons have begun to observe the Sabbath. Among these is a man who was employed by a large English firm. His employers gave him until a certain time to give up these ideas or forfeit his position. In this country the question of employment is a serious one, for there are ten men waiting for every vacancy, and our brother knew that if he should leave his work it would be well-nigh impossible for him to find any place where he could keep the Sabbath; but he decided that he could not longer disobey God, and he left the whole matter in his hands. The way was opened for him to take up a line of work of an independent nature, and in this he was prospered beyond his expectations.

One morning, as this man handed me his tithe, I remarked how God had blessed him, and how in my own experience he had always helped me when I trusted in him. He said that he also had found it so in his experience. Not only that, but he was able to make a better living than he had before. At first his wife was bitterly opposed to his new views, but now

she is becoming reconciled and is studying the truth with much interest.

Never in all the ten years that we have been in India have we seen so many openings as are now presenting themselves. People are accepting the truth in different places and calling for some one to come and give them further instruction, but we have no one to send to them. Are there not some who are willing to leave home and friends and come out here to teach this people the way of salvation? They will find here souls for their hire. So often when we make appeals for workers to come out to these foreign fields, some who hear of our needs, question in their hearts whether they

would be able to give up relatives, friends, and native land to cast their lot with a foreign race in a distant country; but it would not be difficult for them to make this country as dear to them as their own. India is the dearest place in the world to me. America has lost its attraction except as it holds our two children who are receiving their preparation for the work in the fields beyond. When they are ready, we shall give them gladly and willingly for the work in the mission field. It has been no small sacrifice to be separated from our two boys at a time when they need the guiding hand of their parents, but we know that they are in the hands of those who are deeply interested in the work of foreign missions, but who are unable to work in a foreign land. Are there not young men and women who will be willing to leave home and friends to take this message of sal-

vation to those who are waiting for it?

MINNIE S. JAMES.

Madras, India.

Dispensary Work in Burma

SEVEN years ago last August, Miss Mary Gibbs went to Burma, and lived in our home for four years. She took up the medical practice that I had to give up on account of ill health. Finding it necessary to have something more along medical lines, she took some work in a hospital in Calcutta. From there she went into the jungle one hundred miles from civilization and started a dispensary among the Karen people. In the place where she is she gets bread only once a month. Her chief food is rice, leaves from trees, and anything wild she can get from the jungle. She is often called as far as fifty and sixty miles to see patients. Patients are brought to her from ninety miles away, being carried upon the shoulders of natives. She has been called to undertake the most difficult operations because there is no physician near to perform them. She leaves everything to the Lord.



THE GREAT BUDDHA NEAR YOKOHAMA

and has never lost a case. She came into mission work when she was twenty-three, probably up to that time the youngest missionary to be sent out alone. She has been called to nurse all the different workers in the mission field that have been sick, and has been remarkably blessed, never having had a sick spell herself, although she is very delicate.

With only rude implements, a treatment-room with nothing but a kerosene tin set upon bricks for a fomentation tank and sterilizing outfit, and two empty packing cases, she has conducted a successful work. She treats almost every ailment.

The following extracts from a recent letter from her shows the work she is doing for the suffering people of Burma:—

"KAMAMAUNG, BURMA, SALWEEN DISTRICT,
"via Shwegun, Oct. 26, 1916.

"MY DEAR CAROLYN: Your letter of September fourth came last Friday, and it seemed good to hear from you again.

"I have already warned the powers that be that I hope to go home next June, but unless my change helps me greatly I am likely to come sooner than that, as for the last few weeks I have been feeling very much under the weather; but now the —'s are off, and everything has quieted down. I am eating and sleeping better, and do not feel so tired all the time. As you said, my nerves are simply worn out.

"A Karen girl, Leh Kiu, and I are all alone in the house. It is delightful during the day, but just a little uncanny sometimes in the evening and night. Leh Kiu is not very brave, so I do not say anything when there are strange sounds.

"I have been having a lively time in dispensary practice lately. I have one case coming now, a little boy about eight years old with sores on his leg. He had an abscess which had been treated after the heathen fashion. This caused the sore to enlarge, and then another formed, and the two were big punched-out ulcers, with a third abscess forming when they brought him here, just a little bag of bones. He is very brave about having his leg dressed, and on the whole it is doing well; one ulcer is half healed over. He came from forty miles away, and this evening a man from the same village came with a finger looking like a sausage. I persuaded them to go to Moulmein to the hospital, and began writing a letter for them, but while I was writing it, they decided they would rather die here than go to the city and be healed. No one from their village had ever gone to the hospital, but several had come here, and had been benefited, so here they are. The finger ought to be taken off, so I do not know what the result will be.

"Monday of this week I was called to a village three miles down the river to see a child suffering from acute indigestion; rather a simple case, but it took a long time to get there and back, the river being so swift.

"The next morning we went to Shwegun by the little steamer that runs from the village a mile above us. We had to answer a call to see a woman who had lost her mind grieving over the loss of her only baby boy. She was really insane, no hysteria. They had called an Indian enchanter of some kind, and he had poked two holes into her neck at the base of her skull, and had run strings into them. Abscesses were forming as fast as they could. That was enough to send any ordinary person to the asylum.

"The friends cooked rice and duck eggs for me, and had plantains, but I was dieting, so did not care to eat much. My girl tells me they were worried because I did not eat more, fearing I would faint on the way home. It was an interesting family. There is an old couple there, with whom, if you could see them, I am sure you would fall in love, the same as I did. The patient got hold of my hand and nearly wrung two fingers off before I caught her wrist. Then she played the game of mimic, doing everything I did, with added flourishes thrown in. She danced and sang and

made poetry. It was difficult to get her to take the needed medicine.

"For the two trips I cleared seven rupees for the dispensary, above the boat hire. It is not a great deal, but every little helps, and I would rather visit six villages and only clear a rupee each than visit one and clear six, as it means coming in contact with many more people. And money is a small item compared to what we are here for.

"Mr. — brought the launch up before he went away. It is in dry dock now awaiting his return. It runs well, and is conveniently arranged and roomy for its size. It is so tiny it is about like riding in a peanut shell.

"I am making clothes now for my stay in Darjeeling this winter, and for my trip home. I am anxious to go, principally because I am fast losing ground healthwise. If I do not pick up a great deal before the meeting, you may hear of my coming soon."

CAROLYN VOTAW.

"So Mightily . . . the Word of God . . .
Prevailed"

(Concluded from page four)

"Parents would better burn the idle tales of the day, and the novels, as they come into their houses. It would be a mercy to the children. Encourage the



MISS GIBBS AT WORK IN HER OPEN-AIR DISPENSARY, BURMA

reading of these storybooks, and it is like enchantment. It bewilders and poisons the mind."

Dear young people, take the Word of God and study it until it prevails. Meditate upon it until it prevails exceedingly, until the rising tide of divine light and life and power overwhelms and destroys every earthly element. If you have not already done so, enrol at once in the Bible Year, and determine by God's help to read the Bible through during 1917.

"The life of God which gives life to the world is in his Word."

MEADE MACGUIRE.

Do the Best You Can

"LIFE holds for most, my comrades,
More happiness than pain.
God gives a week of sunshine
For every day of rain.
So, trusting in the wisdom
Of his eternal plan,
Let's face the rain or sunshine,
And do the best we can."

ONLY the true can teach the truth
So that all who listen believe;
Only the heart that is full of its task
Can the greatest good achieve.

M. J. SHEAHAN.

Jim Wilson's Chum

UNCLE IKE WILSON was a born rover. In his early days he ran away from his father's farm in England, having that inborn desire of so many English lads to go to sea.

This adventurous spirit, the desire to get out of the ordinary rut of life, the contempt for prosaic routine, even though it brought ease and plenty, and the determination to "do something," carried off Uncle Ike more than sixty years ago, first as "scrub" on a small square-rigged windjammer, and later almost all over the world. At length he grew tired of the fo'c's'le, as so many others have, but nowhere did he find a place where it seemed possible to obtain on land a position with freedom enough for him.

Finally, having sailed from Spain with a cargo of salt for Labrador, whence his captain intended to bring fish for the West Indies, he thought he had found the poor man's paradise. Here was all the land he wanted, free to all comers. Here were fish in the sea and rivers, birds and bear and deer for food and furs, no taxes to pay, no social inequalities to remind him of his humble origin. Here men seemed free and equal, simple-minded, hospitable, while their livelihood depended only on their own resourcefulness.

So it happened that when the time came for the ship to sail, Ike was nowhere to be found, as he had taken care to remove himself far into the forest, where searching for him would be like hunting a needle in a haystack.

In due time Uncle Ike married, though somewhat late in life, and had one son. In order to have "plenty of room" such as he needed for his trapping, he had made his winter home far beyond the head of one of the many inlets of the coast; and as he was exceedingly clever at all kinds of woodcraft and animal lore, he had done remarkably well. His house, isolated though it was, had become proverbial for its generous hospitality. The numerous komatik teams which "cruise" the coast in winter—dogs being our only means of traction—never failed to make a little extra detour, sure of a good meal and a warm corner under Uncle Ike's hospitable roof.

It is not therefore remarkable, as his wife was the daughter of an old settler on the coast, that their son Jim should possess more than the usual quota of those natural abilities that go to make a valuable scout.

At the time of this story, Jim was still only fourteen years old. His hardy physical life had toughened his muscles, and already inured him to endure circumstances under which a "softy" would be about as useful as a piece of blotting paper. From his sailor father he had learned those valuable handicrafts which help out so invaluablely in a tight corner. It was no trouble to him to hit the same spot twice with his ax, or to tie a knot that would neither come loose nor jam.

It was the very middle of winter. The snow lay deep on the ground, and everything everywhere, except the tops of the trees, was buried out of sight. On the barrens, wind-swept and hard-packed, the least mark on the surface might be visible for days; but in the woods the drift left only light snow many feet deep, where any mark, or even an object, became hidden in a few minutes.

On the days between his long rounds over his fur path it was Uncle Ike's custom to go into the woods and "spell" out such firewood as was necessary to keep the stove going at home. This incident occurred

on one of these occasions. The old man had left at the first streak of dawn, as was his invariable habit, and had taken with him his team of six as stout dogs as ever helped to haul a sledge over ice. It was a glorious morning, and Jim had been allowed to go off on his little round of some half-dozen traps—all his own. The price of whatever pelts he got was placed in his special stocking, that he might learn the value of things when he came to have a rifle and hunting kit of his own.

Sundown is early in a Labrador winter, and Jim did not get home till so late that, with all his knowledge of the country, he was glad enough to see the twinkle of the cottage lights through the darkness as he sturdily trudged along the last mile homeward. For it had "turned nasty," the wind had shifted to the east, and it was snowing hard, which added greatly to the darkness of the evening. But that night Jim noticed neither weariness nor difficulty, nor did he feel the extra weight of the burden he was carrying on his back. Today success had crowned his skill, and he was taking home the very first otter he had ever caught all by himself. What a surprise it would be for mother and father! What a good time would be his by the crackling fire as the storm raged outside and he sat toasting his legs and telling of his adventure!

As he expected, a truly rapturous greeting awaited him when at length he entered the door, additionally demonstrative, he thought at first, because of his large otter. Soon he found, however, it was because mother had been anxious, as neither of "her men" had returned, and now she had at least one wanderer safe. Aunt Rachel was no longer a strong woman physically. Of late a weakness, strange altogether to her younger days, had forced her unwillingly to recognize that only by much resting between "spells" could she keep pace even with the few domestic duties which her small house made necessary.

"Get your things, Jim, and we'll have supper on the table by the time father comes home. Cut more wood, please. We'll have an extra fire tonight. Father will be cold after his long day's work."

"Right you are, mother," said the tired Jim, forgetting his aching bones in the excitement of the occasion. He was outside in a minute, ax in hand, looking for another log or two.

Soon another hour had passed by. Still no sign of Uncle Ike. Everything stood ready, and the kettle was puffing out greetings from the hob.

"Better get supper, Jim. Father may be kept by something. But he's always home before now."

The wind was howling outside, and Aunt Rachel's face was paler than usual, in spite of the firelight. Something must be wrong with Ike. The house was miles away from any neighbor, and it was utterly impossible on a night like this to seek help that way. Yet if anything had happened to her husband, he could never live till daybreak.

"What's that, Jim?" she suddenly cried out. "Surely that's a dog outside!"

Jim, whose ears had not been so spry just for the moment owing to his being in the midst of his long-delayed supper, listened a minute. "That's White Fox's whine, mother. I'd know it anywhere." And jumping up, he ran to the door, as he supposed, to welcome his father. But no father answered his call from the darkness; only a great, snow-covered, furry animal leaped up and kissed his face. "Down, Fox.

down! Where is father?" But for answer all he got was a whine and what he took to be an invitation to follow her, White Fox having been the trusted leader of their team for three years past.

"Mother, it's White Fox all right. She's got no harness on. I'll go and see if the others are back, too."

A moment later and Jim was in from the dog pen. "They're all home but one, mother. There's Jess and Snowball and Spry and Watch, all of them with their harnesses on and their traces chewed through. Father must be in the woods somewhere. But where's Curly, and how did they come to leave her behind?"

The anxiety was becoming almost too much for the poor woman. No help could be got from outside, and she herself could not travel fifty yards in that snow, with the thermometer at twenty below zero. Jim was tired and young, ever so young to go out into the dark and storm and be of any use. She had him safe, anyhow. Surely it would only make matters worse to send him out again.

Jim had fed the dogs, and by all the laws of dog-dom they should now be curled up and fast asleep in their cozy little house. But he had hardly closed the door when a scratching and the familiar whine outside said plainly that White Fox was not satisfied, and wanted something which they had failed to give her.

Again Jim went to the doorway. The bitter blast and snow drove into the porch and through into the house; but the great woolly figure of the dog showed up in the open space in the light which streamed from the cottage. As Jim looked into the eyes of almost his only real chum he could plainly understand her meaning, reading the message as well as if it were written.

"She does want me to go with her, mother," he called from the porch. "What shall I do? I'm sure she has left father somewhere, and wants me to go and help her bring him home."

"Shut the door and come in, Jim. I don't think I dare let you go. You and your father are all I have on earth, and if you got lost too, I should never live through it." There was a momentary silence as the boy, with thoughtfulness beyond his years, stood listening.

Then once again came the familiar whine, ringing through the darkness of the night. White Fox had not given up her attempt to convey her message merely because she had met with two rebuffs. She knew well enough that the team would follow her if only she could persuade Jim to answer her call.

Still, absolute silence reigned in the cottage. Neither mother nor son spoke. Then again came the long piteous wail of the dog, and it seemed to the alert ears of the woman that now there was a tinge of disappointment in it.

It was she who broke the silence. "You must go, Jim. There is no help for it. That call would haunt me to my dying day if I left undone anything that could be done. God knows best, and it is he surely, and not White Fox, who is calling. Get on your things, boy. Take your father's lantern, and God help you!"

Jim was already half into his little oilskin suit, his storm cap, skin mits, and moccasins, while his mother packed up a few little things which might be necessary in case an accident had happened. Indeed, he was already moving to the door when she called him back again. "Jim," she said, "it may be the last time I'll ever see you alive. Kiss me once more, and then we'll just kneel down and ask God, who loves you better

than I can, to be with you tonight and bring you safe back with father."

It was no set prayer that welled up from the soul of the poor woman; whether, indeed, it even took the form of words, she has long since forgotten. All that Jim remembers is that for some minutes he, of all people, actually cried, though he did not exactly know why.

At last the door had closed behind him, and—marvel of marvels!—Aunt Rachel, weary and exhausted, fell asleep in her chair, and in the God-given rest was able to economize her store of strength to meet the ordeal she had yet to face.

Jim, meanwhile, had found a spare harness and put it on White Fox, tying the trace around his waist. Then he called out the rest of the team, tying their traces together and hitching them onto his arm. Having no idea of where he was going, there was only one thing he could do, and that was to follow the dog. So, closing his eyes, as seeing was out of the question and they were safer that way from twigs and branches after they got among the woods, he plowed his way as rapidly as he could, following all the time the tugging of White Fox's trace by keeping a strong grasp on the line.

Fortunately for all concerned, the spot of woods which Uncle Ike had selected for his winter's cutting was less than two miles from the house, and one mile of that was over a frozen lake, where, although the full blast of the storm made the cold the more bitter and hard to stem, yet the drift was packed, or altogether cleared away by the violence of the wind. Through the drogues of woods in the narrow gulches the young snow was so soft that the boy had almost to swim, and but for the tug, tug of White Fox's trace he could never for an instant have kept his direction, or even made progress. But White Fox stood twenty-seven inches to the shoulder and scaled nearly a hundred pounds, actually heavier than the boy himself, while every ounce of her was made up of bone and iron muscles.

One other element told strongly in the boy's favor, and enabled him to accomplish what must otherwise have been an almost impossible task: it never entered his head that the dog could be mistaken. He trusted White Fox as implicitly as he would his mother. Of course his chum knew better than any one else on earth what to do. If he could only last out and do his part, he knew well it was mere child's play to the dog.

Once and again, as he floundered through a deeper drift than usual, he became completely stalled, and it seemed impossible ever to extricate himself. He was nearly fagged out, and the cold and dark made the temptation to rest just for a minute almost irresistible. The excitement of the first hour had enabled him to call into play at once all his reserve strength, but now he felt he must sleep—only a moment of course, but just a minute's nap. In those deep drifts not even White Fox could have hauled so heavy a load. All she could do now was to return to her lagging master and kiss his face, incidentally running to and fro and hardening a path for him on which he could crawl out of the bog of snow.

As once more they plowed along on their way scarcely a sound was audible; just the moaning of the storm, and now and again a whimper or snarl from one of the dogs as another got in his road. Indeed, the silence and darkness were almost visible, when suddenly, quite close at hand, a dog's call resounded from the bush, and White Fox leaped in the direction

with such violence as to fling the boy clean off his feet, rolling him over once more in the deep snow.

But that he no longer noticed. That was Curly's sharp bark! Picking himself up and bracing himself for the effort, Jim shouted with all his might, "Father! Father! Father!" But the only answer was a howl in unison from all the dogs and the soughing of the storm through the firs and spruces of the grove they had entered.

Only for a moment, however, was there any doubt what to do. And again it was White Fox who brought the solution, for she hauled off into the bush at the side of the path, and began burrowing down into the snow. Jim followed, not without a sinking feeling at his heart, and in less than a minute he was kneeling over the prostrate body of his father.

"Father! Father! It's me—Jim!" But still no answer. Yes, he was breathing—breathing loudly. And warm too, where Curly had evidently been cuddled up against him. There was only one chance. Could he find the wood sledge? If so, he might be able to save his father's life.

Curly was bubbling over with joy, and probably connecting Jim's arrival with the chance for some supper, after all. She was dancing all around and entangling her trace around Jim's legs, and positively forcing him to notice it. Seizing it with his hands, he followed it along. It seemed never to end, though really it was only thirty feet long, but it was entangled again and again in the bushes, and over it all the deep snow had fallen. True to the guess that the dog was still fast to the sledge, he found it at last, the sharp upturned bow jabbing right into his hand from the drift as he groped after it.

It must have taken another full hour to dig it out and haul it alongside Uncle Ike, to drag the limp and helpless body onto it, and then to so fix the lashings that his father could not fall off on the homeward journey.

A team of dogs going home on a night of that kind is almost as irresistible as a traction engine, and Jim's only trouble was to keep the sledge right side up. That he somehow succeeded is actually certain, for in the early hours of the morning Aunt Rachel was roused by the sound of the dogs outside, and rushing into the night, she fell onto the pitiful burden they had brought to her little cottage.

It was now her chance to call on her reserve strength. Buoyed up by his success, Jim's endurance did not fail him, either, and guided by the intuitive knowledge of a good housewife, the two were soon chafing Uncle Ike's half-frozen limbs as he lay before a gorgeous fire, rolled in warm Hudson Bay "four-point" blankets.

Soon a little nourishment was forced between his lips, and he opened his eyes and gave the anxious watchers a smile of recognition.

Uncle Ike was never quite able to remember how it all happened. He had reached the clump, tied up his team, and was cutting away, when suddenly he felt queer, dropped his ax, and could no longer stand upright. However, he had sufficient mental power left to reason that his only chance lay in reaching his sledge. The dogs instantly answered his call, but they were all fast to the komatik and were unable to reach him, as that was purposely tied to a stump. That was all he knew, except that one dog at last got near him as he lay, and, cuddling up close to him, kept him from freezing to death. The others in their excitement had

chewed through their traces, except White Fox, who succeeded in slipping her harness.

Then White Fox must have hurried home for help, and the other dogs that got loose had followed her as they were always used to do.

No, White Fox was not forgotten. Jim says that before he lay down to sleep he could not help going out to give Curly some supper and taking a few extra little titbits for White Fox. But he found her as peacefully asleep as if she had done nothing unusual; and she slept that night as many a "better-off" being has never known how to.—*Wilfred T. Grenfell, in St. Nicholas.*



God Delivers

(Texts for January 14-20)

God delivers! Make that fact the keynote of your devotions this week. He has proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that he is abundantly able to deliver. He delivered Jacob from the unknown wrestler; he delivered Israel when the Red Sea was before them and the Egyptian army behind; he delivered Daniel from the lions' den; he delivered the three Hebrew children from the fiery furnace; he delivered Paul from the serpent; he delivered Peter from the prison cell; and today, in every land, he is proving to his own that "his arm is not shortened;" he still delivers!

"I cannot shape my way
Where nameless perils ever betide,
On slippery steeps whereon my feet may slide;
Some mighty hand I crave,
To hold and help and save,
And guide me ever when my steps would stray.

"There is but One, I know,
That all my hourly, endless wants can meet;
Can shield from harm, recall my wandering feet;
My God, thy hand can feed,
And day by day can lead
Where sweet streams of peace and safety flow."

Yes, God delivers day by day; and let us thank him for it, for all along the way deliverance will be needed. There will be no crown wearers in heaven who were not cross bearers below. There will be furnaces of affliction, but as surely as God permits his children to enter the furnace he will go in with them and deliver them. He may let them remain in till the flames consume the cords that bound them; he may not deliver them until the treasures they clung to so tenaciously lie in ashes at their feet; but he *will deliver!*

God does deliver, but not always at once. One day a young friend said to me: "I do ask God to help me when I get in a tight place, but it doesn't seem to do much good." Has your experience been the same? Sometimes it is very hard to wait for God's answer; but do not become discouraged. Only trust him and keep on praying. Pray about everything; do not pray only when in a "tight place;" you need the Father's help all along the way. He does hear; he will deliver; and if you continue to pray, then some day you will know why the deliverance was delayed. Perhaps

God saw that to grant your request would only lead you into more subtle danger and more serious trouble. Perhaps he knew that the very experience from which you were seeking deliverance was absolutely necessary for you to pass through, in order to develop certain elements of character which you had permitted to become dwarfed.

Of one thing you may be certain: God is just as anxious to deliver you from trouble, my dear young friend, as you are to be delivered. But his love is mixed with wisdom. He knows that the path to true, noble manhood, to pure, winsome womanhood, winds through Gethsemane and up past Calvary. All true heroes must pass that way; so when hard things come, when alone in agony you plead with God to "let this cup pass," do not forget to add, "Thy will, not mine, be done." Follow the bloodstained footprints. You do not pass through Gethsemane alone; God is with you, to share every pain, to sustain your courage, to strengthen your footsteps, to deliver you, and to bring you forth *more than conqueror*.

So, "if sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
Pours out this portion for our lives to drink."

God delivers! Let us never doubt that great truth. But what are we asking God to deliver us from today? From poverty? from unpleasant associations? from hard tasks? from other burdens that are heavy to bear? It is our privilege to ask him to do this, if we always add, "Thy will be done." Paul asked to have the "thorn in the flesh" removed; but when Paul finally understood that God said No, he submitted cheerfully to the Master's will. He knew that God could take it away, but that for some reason it would be to God's glory that it remain. Perhaps the very thing from which we are seeking to be delivered is one of God's tools for molding our characters today; and if so, we need a greater deliverance than we are seeking—a deliverance from an unwilling spirit.

When David composed the thirty-fourth psalm, how he must have reminded his heart of the comforting fact that God delivers! It was probably while he was a fugitive in the cave of Adullam that he wrote this wonderful song of trust in God's power to deliver. The king of Israel was seeking his life; dangers were all around him; but David had learned to trust God. He knew that an invincible heavenly guard was nearer than any earthly danger. In this and other hard experiences, through which God led him, and from which he delivered him, David learned the songs he sang for our encouragement. He learned how to see the unseen Deliverer, as we too may learn to see him if "our eyes are purged and our hearts are pure."

God delivers; but when he does, he desires to make the deliverance complete. It is not God's way to do things by halves. He does not want to lift us out of one trouble, only to let us drop into another. So when he delivers us from some recognized danger or trouble, he also wants to lift us above the troubles that come from within—from an unconsecrated heart and mind. There is safety on the Rock of Ages for all kinds of troubles, and there is no alternative between standing on the Rock and floundering in the bottomless bog of trouble and danger. How naturally, then, each sincere prayer for deliverance glides into a prayer for guidance. And it should; for after all, guidance is our greatest need and brings our greatest deliverance.

MEDITATION.—Father, teach me never to ask thee for deliverance from anything that will draw me nearer to thee. Deliver me not from the "thorn" that reminds me of my own weakness and makes me sympathetic toward others. Take not away the branch that thou hast cast into the current of life to sweeten its bitter waters for others to drink. Spare me not the suffering that will strengthen my heart to share another's pain. But, Father, deliver me from self and selfish pursuits. Deliver me from meriting criticism; and then, if it can be to thy glory, keep me from the strife of tongues. Deliver me from the allurements of the world; and deliver me from dangers seen and unseen, until my work is done.

SPECIAL PRAYER.—Let all pray this week for greater faithfulness in home missions.

M. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

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Missionary Volunteer Society Programs Week Ending January 20

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for January.

The Bible Year

Senior Assignment

January 14: Genesis 43 to 45. Sorrow turned to joy.
January 15: Genesis 46, 47. A joyful meeting.
January 16: Genesis 48 to 50. Death of Jacob and Joseph.
January 17: Exodus 1 to 4. Oppression; the call of Moses; Aaron.
January 18: Exodus 5 to 8. Warnings and plagues.
January 19: Exodus 9 to 11. Plagues.
January 20: Exodus 12, 13. The first Passover; by fire and cloud.

For notes on this assignment, see the *Review* for January 11.

Junior Assignment

January 14: Genesis 27. Jacob deceives Isaac.
January 15: Genesis 28. The vision of angels.
January 16: Genesis 29: 1-28; 31: 2, 3, 17, 18. Jacob starts home.
January 17: Genesis 32. Jacob and the angel.
January 18: Genesis 33. Meeting of Jacob and Esau.
January 19: Genesis 35: 1-20, 27-29. Death of Isaac.
January 20: Genesis 37. Joseph sold into Egypt.

The Crippled Hero Who Surrendered

The Bible is the most interesting book in the world, for it tells of the real experiences of boys and girls, and men and women. In these stories we can see our own traits of nature. We can see, too, what God thinks of sin, and how we can overcome as the real heroes of the Bible did.

What do you think of Jacob? He was not much of a real hero at first, was he? He robbed his brother, deceived his father, and cheated his uncle. It is true he did some of these things because he knew that the Lord had told his mother that he, although the younger, should be the stronger, and should be given the leadership of the chosen people. But is it ever right to make a sharp bargain or tell a lie even to get what you know God wants you to have?

Perhaps Jacob and his mother thought that these lies were "white lies" and were justifiable. But they really showed weakness on their part, and a lack of faith in God. God is the God of truth (Ps. 31: 5;

146:6). The devil is the father of lies (John 8:44). Jacob really said by his actions that God could not help him, so he turned to the devil, the father of lies, for help. But no real blessing could come that way. Although he was a brainy, shrewd, and capable man, sorrow and disappointments were his lot for forty years. God tried to comfort this lonesome, homesick boy, fleeing from his brother's wrath, but Jacob was slow to learn the lesson of trust. He continued his practice of deceit in the service of Laban. He never saw his mother again.

He never really surrendered his stubborn will to the Lord until that night of wrestling on the Jabbok. The Lord had big plans for Jacob which he could not carry out until Jacob quit fighting him.

What a wrestling match that must have been! Surely Jacob must have thought he could win, either by his strength or some trick, but he gained no advantage all through the night. Then just to show him how helpless he really was, and how useless it is to fight against God, the wrestler touched his thigh and the muscle was strained. That was the Lord's way of bringing Jacob to his senses.

Then Jacob did what it is so hard to do sometimes, he surrendered, and he held on to the One who had crippled him. He virtually said, "Lord, you have conquered me now, I surrender. But I am glad, for I will be a better man with God even if I am lame." What a wonderful change came over Jacob. We do not hear of any more craft and deceit in his life. He has become Israel, one who prevails with God.

"By his tricks and lies Jacob had delayed for many weary years the blessing that God intended for him. He got the blessing and birthright finally, not because he had taken advantage of Esau and deceived his father, but after he had repented of all that and had put Esau into first place (Gen. 32:4, 5). He finally did a hard thing that was worth while, and he gave up his fight against God; but he had to be crippled to do it."

M. E. K.



III — Paul and Silas at Derbe, Lystra, and Philippi

(January 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Acts 16:1-5, 9-15.

MEMORY VERSE: "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." Acts 16:9.

Questions

1. To what cities did Paul go after visiting the churches he had already raised up? Whom did he meet at Lystra? What is said of Timothy's parents? Acts 16:1.
2. What report was given of Timothy? Verse 2. Note 1.
3. What did Paul desire him to do? What Jewish custom did he observe before taking Timothy? Why did he do this? Verse 3.
4. What did the missionaries do as they went through cities where there were believers? Verse 4. What was the result of these visits? Verse 5.
5. To what place did Paul afterward come? Verse 8. Note 2.
6. What did he see in vision while there? Verse 9.
7. How long did Paul wait after he had seen the vision? What did he and those with him believe they ought to do? Verse 10.
8. What island did they pass on their voyage? At what port did they land? Verse 11.

9. To what place did they go from Neapolis? What is said of Philippi? How long did they stay there? Verse 12.
10. What did the missionaries do on the Sabbath? To whom did they speak? Verse 13.
11. What noble woman was present at this meeting? What was her business? Where did she live? What effect did Paul's words have on her heart? Verse 14. Note 3.
12. How did Lydia show her faith? What did she beg the missionaries to do? Verse 15.

Questions for Diligent Students

1. Name and locate the cities found in this lesson.
2. Trace Paul's second missionary journey from Antioch until he reached Philippi.
3. What countries are sending the Macedonian call to us now?

Notes

1. While Paul and Silas were experienced workers, yet they felt the need of other helpers. Timothy had studied the Scriptures from his boyhood. When the missionaries inquired of those best acquainted with him, they learned that he was pure and true, and that he had not yielded to the evil influences about his home. Although he was young, yet he did not become proud and exalted because he was selected as the helper of Paul.
The best recommendation boys or girls can have comes from their own homes, and from those best acquainted with them. Timothy was converted on Paul's first missionary journey.
2. The modern name of Troas is Eski Stambul. Samothracia is a mountainous island off the coast of Thrace. Neapolis is now known as Kavala, a city of four or five thousand inhabitants. It was ten miles from Philippi, on a high promontory jutting out into the sea, in northern Greece. Paul set sail from Troas on the edge of Asia, and landed at Neapolis in Europe. This second missionary effort started where now thousands of men have been fighting in the greatest war of the world. Paul took as his motto, "Unto the uttermost part of the earth." Our motto is, "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come."
3. Thyatira is now known as Akhissar, which means "white castle." Its population is about 12,000. It is in Asia, far from Philippi. Lydia was a merchant and sold purple dye. She was the first Christian converted in Europe so far as we know.

Christmas Chimes

THE melody of Christmas chimes
Is floating on the air,
While carols jubilant ring out,
And joy is everywhere.

The echo of the angels' song,
"Peace and good will to men,"
Repeats, through all the ages long,
The notes of love again.

O may we in this gladsome time
Our hearts' best offering bring,
And join the anthem, sweet and clear,
To Christ, the newborn King.

Then let our songs of joy ring out,
And glad hosannas sing;
Let earth resound with sweetest sound
For Christ our Saviour, King.

MRS. M. H. TIMANUS.

Surrendering to Freedom

A MAN who was seeking to become a Christian, be-moaned the lot that would come to him if he gave himself to Christ. "I shall have to give up so much," he said. "There are many things I can do now that I can't do then." "But," said a Christian brother, "there are many things that you can't do now. You cannot eat mud or drink it." "No," replied the man, "but I don't want to do a thing like that." "That's just it," was the reply. "And when you become a thoroughgoing Christian, all sin will become distasteful to you. You will not want to commit it." In accepting Christ we do not surrender our liberty, but our slavery, when we become free to do what we please, because we shall please to do God's will.—
From Record of Christian Work.

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE DICKERSON CHASE - - - - - Editor
ADELAIDE BEE EVANS - - - - - Associate Editor

Subscription Rates

Yearly Subscription - - - - - \$1.50
Six Months - - - - - .85

Club Rates

	Each
In clubs of five or more copies, one year	\$1.00
Six months	.60
Three months	.35

Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

Our Directory

A MINISTER who had an important conference to attend found he was limited in time if he would meet his engagement. To add to his perplexity he found that he had mistaken the address, so thought to save time by inquiring. Having asked several persons whom he met, who were unable to give him the information desired, he finally grew impatient over the unexpected delay, and ran into a grocery to inquire. The clerk could not direct him, but said, "Have you looked in the directory?" On consulting the directory the address was soon found, and the minister went on his way wondering why he had not thought to consult the book before.

So it is with the Christian. Prayer is his directory; but how often he seeks to gain information from unreliable sources, when he might receive direct and definite knowledge through prayer.

Word from Missionaries in Foreign Lands

THIS INSTRUCTOR is almost a foreign mission number, there being several short articles from members of the large company of missionaries that sailed in August on the "China" to various fields of service in the Orient, besides articles from workers who have been in the foreign field a longer time, and one from Mrs. A. G. Daniells, a member of the company of General Conference workers sailing to the Orient. These practical evidences that our missionaries are thinking of our young people in the homeland are always welcome. Then, too, we love to learn directly of the people and of the progress of the gospel message in mission fields. We prize also unsolicited words of appreciation for the INSTRUCTOR, such as a missionary in India recently sent us. He says:—

"It affords me great pleasure to tell you how much the INSTRUCTOR is really enjoyed by Mrs. Kimble and me here in India. It arrives here regularly nearly every week; but when we do miss one, the next week always brings two. We tear them open immediately, and if we have the time we read them at once. We have enjoyed all of the articles very much. After we finish with them, we give them away to some of our dear friends whom we have made while here in India. They accept them gladly, with smiling faces and many thanks, and then carry them off to their homes to enjoy a real feast. When they read them through, they always bring them back and ask for others.

"We have been very busy with our medical work this year. The Lord has certainly blessed it. The work has passed far beyond any expectation. We can both truly say we are happy to have a part in this great work.

"Yours in the Master's service."

Worldly Patriotism Versus Christian Patriotism

THE present European conflict has revealed a spirit of patriotism and heroism almost incomprehensible. Mothers urge their idolized sons to the conflict, sweethearts drive their fiancés to the front, and fathers say to their boys, "Come!" University men, ministers, lords, philosophers, and bankers are in the trenches, fighting side by side with peasants and day laborers. While life is dear to all of them, "country, home, and native land" transcend all else.

But this fact makes the incomprehensible all the more difficult of comprehension,—why is it men are so slow to pledge allegiance to their heavenly King and to fight for the celestial land? And why is it that so many after entering the service are so half-hearted in it? Why are there not today thousands more in the mission fields than there are?

We are not, however, without many splendid examples of fealty to the right, of full consecration to God's service. Only recently, as the dean of a large theological seminary was shaking hands with a graduate, a young man of good scholarship and great promise, he said:—

"So you are going out as a foreign missionary. Well, I congratulate you. God bless you in your work. I shall hope to see you when you are home on your first furlough."

"I do not expect ever to have a furlough, Professor," the young man quietly replied. "No man who has gone to the field where I am going has ever lived for more than four years! But the people there must have the gospel, and I am going to take it to them, as long as I can!"

Something came into the professor's eyes just then, and as he shook hands again not a word was said.

Soon there is to be a furlough for all God's workers; for the King comes to give the crown of victory to every faithful soldier. This will be the hour of all hours. Heaven's voice will be hushed to hear our King say to his waiting ones, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, enter the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Let us all be there, with those we have gathered from the darkest of earth's corners.

The Confidence of Faith

A POET and an artist once examined a painting by Poussin representing the healing of the two blind men of Jericho. The artist asked: "What seems to you the most remarkable thing in this painting?" The poet replied: "Everything in the painting is excellently given, the form of Christ, the grouping of the individuals, the expression in the faces of the leading characters, etc." The artist seemed to find the most significant touch elsewhere. He said to his friend, pointing to the steps of a house in the corner of the picture: "Do you see that discarded cane lying there?" "Yes, but what does that signify?" "Why, my friend, on those steps the blind man sat with the cane in his hand; but when he heard Christ come, he was so sure he would be healed that he let his cane lie there, since he would need it no more, and hastened to the Lord as if he could already see. Is not that a wonderful conception of the confidence of faith?"

He was right. For too often we hold on to canes and crutches and other means of self-help, instead of going to the Saviour, the Helper Divine! — *Expositor*.