

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

Vol. LXVIII

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No. 14



THE PATHWAY TO THE MISSION FIELDS

Where Christ commands and
directs, I cheerfully go.

---*James Calvert.*

From Here and There

At Joy Farm in Ohio is an oil well, drilled in 1864, which is still producing oil.

The report for the first year of post-plane service shows that 7,720,840 letters were carried.

A giant halibut weighing more than four hundred pounds was recently caught by one of the mine sweepers in the North Sea.

Berlin has a novel method of solving her housing problem. It is reported that the cells of the city jail have been rented out.

Cork floats on the surface of the water all right, but when submerged to about 200 feet, it cannot rise, owing to the density of the water.

Is it possible that in this age of enlightenment people care more for joy riding than for sanitation? It is said that in Kansas there are four automobiles to one bathtub.

Venezuela's sugar industry has made rapid strides. Exportation began in 1915, when \$57,000 worth of sugar was shipped. Exports increased to \$500,000 in 1916, and to 1,000,000 in 1917.

Recently nearly fifty-seven thousand mines in the North Sea were removed by Rear Admiral Joseph Strauss. Approximately 21,000,000 pounds of T. N. T. was contained in these mines, spread over about 6,000 square miles.

The Mitsui Busan Kaisha is a great corporation with headquarters in Japan. It has expert representatives in many foreign countries, and deals in almost everything from silks to steamships. For business efficiency it is said to outclass almost any American corporation.

Wedding ceremonies and rules differ in various countries. Before the war, there was a law in Hungary which required a Catholic to be at least fourteen years old, and the bride to be twelve, before they could be married. If the contracting parties were Protestants, the man must be eighteen and the woman fifteen.

Did you know that the color of the light affects the germination of seeds? It is a curious fact, but true. Experiments with the same number of seeds in the same conditions, under blue, yellow, green, and red glass, show that seeds will germinate more rapidly under blue and yellow glass than under green and red.

Detachable and interchangeable heels have been invented which may be replaced like auto tires. Leather or rubber heels may be used according to the weather, and ladies are enabled to carry high heels in their purses to replace their low ones at any time. The heels are held in place by nailhead-shaped spurs secured in slots in the shoe.

A new light has been discovered which more nearly approaches daylight than any known artificial light. The apparatus consists of a high-power electric light bulb, fitted with a cup-shaped opaque reflector, the silvered inside of which reflects the light against a parasol-shaped screen placed above the light. The screen is lined with small patches of different colors arranged according to a formula worked out by Mr. Sheringham.

The yield of both grain and straw is said to be increased by the electrification of the seeds — wheat, barley, and oats. The seeds of ten or twenty sacks are placed in tanks provided with iron electrodes at both ends. The electrolyte is a solution of sodium nitrate or some other fertilizer. About five hundred farmers have taken up the treatment of the seeds, which is followed by a very careful drying in a kiln. The treatment is applied a month or two before sowing.

The smallest newspaper in the world is sold on New York news stands. *Better Times*, as the publication is called, has for its object the awakening of interest in community work. It is four by six inches in size, containing eight pages. It is an illustrated four-column sheet, containing about three words to a line. Besides containing news on neighborhood activities, it has cartoons by well-known artists, editorials, humorous columns, and even a sporting section; so it resembles a metropolitan daily. The editor is George J. Hecht, formerly of the committee on public information.

France demands from Germany the 26,000 dogs which she stole during the war. M. Noulens, the minister of agriculture, contends that if Germany cannot return all the 26,000 dogs, they should be replaced by dogs of equal value.

The Christian's Refuge

How oft on life's wild ocean,
When tossed by the waves of sin,
I flee to the Saviour for refuge,
And his strong arms take me in.
To him I flee in my trouble,
When pressed by the cruel foe;
He's never too busy to help me,
No matter how often I go.
I find him in the morning,
In the noon hour's blinding glare,
When the cares of the day are ended,—
Any time I need him—anywhere.
I go to him in storm or sunshine,
Winter's cold or summer's heat;
As oft as I go I find shelter—
In him is a sure retreat.
Always ready to help me,
Ready to comfort and cheer;
What a safe and pleasant refuge
For the weary pilgrim here!

JAMES E. LIPPART.

Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
The Object of Missions	3
Around the World with the Mission Bands	4
Who Is Sufficient Unto the Hour?	6
The Life of William Carey	7
Ye Are Living Newspapers	8
Catch It	8
A Junior Volunteer	9
"Obey," Say the Legs	10
Discouraged	10
Florence Nightingale	11
Ten Miles of Printed Matter Every Hour	12
Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother	13
The Greatest Help	14
Qualities of Leadership	16
Our Captain Above the Clouds	16

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WASHINGTON COLLEGE MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT

The Object of Missions

E. E. MILLER

A YOUNG English lad had half a holiday to spend and could find nothing on his father's bookshelves that interested him. Before leaving the library, however, his eye fell on a basket of pamphlets. He picked up one of them, saying:

"There will be a story at the commencement, and a sermon or a moral at the close; I will take the former and leave the latter."

He found the first interesting; so much so that he forgot to stop when he came to the "sermon or moral" ending. The pamphlet led to his conversion. Or, rather, the pamphlet, together with his mother's and sister's prayers, for they were praying while he was reading, though one knew not what the other was doing.

The life that followed, answered our Saviour's prayer, too: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I sent them into the world."

The lad was J. Hudson Taylor, and his response to the prayers of his family led him as a young man to become a missionary to China. The China Inland Mission was his life's answer to the Saviour's prayer, uttered eighteen hundred years before. He had the same enthusiasm for China that John Knox had for Scotland. John Knox used to pray, "O God, give me Scotland, or I die!" Knox did much for Scotland, and Taylor did much for China.

Livingstone's life also answered the Saviour's great commission, "Go ye into all the world." He concluded that "go" meant go. Surely the "ye" meant David Livingstone, and as for the "all the world" part, he would do what he could. Certainly it did not mean England alone, nor any limited area in Africa.

Moffat had preceded Livingstone, and had driven the opening wedge in the south of Africa. The slave trade had presented the African to the world as a domestic animal, but Moffat presented Africaner as an example of what Christianity could do for the black man, and presented the black man as an asset to human society.

Africaner had been the terror of the whole of South Africa. The very mention of his name caused the children to clutch their mothers' skirts, the women to shudder, and the men to grit their teeth. The government had offered a bounty for his head; but Jesus had offered a bounty for his soul. Moffat was the human instrument that won him. Five years later, on his deathbed, Africaner gave his people his last testimony:

"We are not what we were,—savages,—but men professing to be taught according to the gospel. Let us then do accordingly. My former life is stained with blood, but Jesus Christ has pardoned me. Beware of falling into the same evils into which I have frequently led you. Seek God, and he will be

found of you to direct you."

That reclaimed life is sufficient answer to the question, "What is the object of missions?"

But Livingstone was not content to work where others had borne the hardships of opening up the country. He believed that the more quickly the whole of Africa would be opened up, the more quickly would Africa be claimed for the world's Redeemer. So he gave his life in preparing the way for others.

A few years after Livingstone's death, and east of where the pioneer's heart lies buried, Mackay opened his mission and led hundreds to Christ.

The Students of W. M. C.

VICTOR E. DIETEL

The vision has risen before us,
His field is now needing more lives;
Each moment is valued most precious,

Students, oh, students, arise!
The banner of Christ goes before us,
Upheld by God's power, 'tis borne;
Depending is he on his children
Each sinner in darkness to warn.
New light has been brought here before us,
The call has now come, true and clear:
"Salvation — O give to us Jesus!"

"Of him we must read and must hear."
"For service" — our aim is before us,

"We trust in his power to lead;

Manned at "the gateway to service."

Crossing the "path" to the field.

The story is the same in other lands, and as long as the hearts of men will respond to the love of God, there will be men like these—men who will dare great things for God.

There was Adoniram Judson, and his wife, "Ann of Ava," in Burma, suffering untold hardships at the hands of a heathen government, counting it all joy that they might save some. The object of missions was clear in their minds.

Nor must one fail to mention Duncan, known as the "Apostle to Alaska." Not only did he have to meet the ignorance and superstitions of the Indians, but also the hostility of the trading companies whose principles were far from Christian. The Government legislation on the land question drove the Indians from their native lands, so they had to start life anew on an island. There they shared the Christian's hope.

Over on the island of Formosa, the natives bear a ringing testimony as to the value and purpose of missions. Mackay, a Canadian, stood in the forefront of the battle at that place. The name, "Black-

Bearded Barbarian," first applied in contempt, became a reverent title used by the Christians, as Balaam's curse was turned to a blessing. One time the Japanese overran the island and destroyed the churches, but better churches were soon built in their places, and more of them. Head-hunters heard of Jesus from the first foreigner they ever permitted to visit them and return alive.

So one might continue mentioning an incident or two from the life of each of scores of missionaries, but the aim of their efforts was always the same.

Our own missionaries may be mentioned: Elder Anderson in Africa, Elders Enoch and Wood in India, Elder Stahl in South America, Elder Cottrell in China—others and still others, some even laying down their lives, but each fulfilling to his utmost the object of missions.

Jesus himself named the object of his mission, which is the object of all missions: "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

These men continued the work he started, and we must "carry on."

Around the World with the Mission Bands

THE fields are truly "white for the harvest," for as we take this trip around the world, via the mission bands of Washington Missionary College, we shall see that the world is one great opportunity. The times to which the prophets pointed are here. The call is not only for means, but for men and women of courage and power. We have the wealth of the world at our command, through Him. But why say more? Come! Let us travel westward, make a few brief visits along the way, and let God impress upon our hearts the need, as we visit these fields.

V. E. D.

Japan

A new era began in the history of Japan, when on July 8, 1853, Commodore Perry entered Yedo Bay with a squadron of warships, and made negotiations with the Hermit Kingdom which eventually opened her doors to all nations of the world. It is safe to say that since then hardly any country has undergone changes so rapidly as has Japan. In a few short years feudal Japan became a constitutional monarchy. Since the restoration period of 1868, economic changes in Japan have been marked. Today she is in the transition period from an agricultural country to an industrial and commercial state. Economic changes in any nation are apt to produce spiritual transformations.

One great factor favoring Christianity in Japan today is, that under the new constitution of 1889 absolute freedom of speech and freedom of religious opinion and belief are guaranteed. Japan has really three religions—Shintoism, Buddhism, and Christianity. Leaders of thought acknowledge that the

influence of Buddhism and Shintoism in Japan is waning, and that opportunities for Christian work are greater than ever before.

The Japan of today is an enlightened nation. Education is regarded as one of the most important functions of the country, and is placed entirely under state control. A share in the enlightenment of the country is due to missionaries. One writer has said, "Missionaries were the pioneers of modern education in Japan." There never was another non-Christian nation so open-minded and receptive as Japan.

At present Japan is rated as one of the great nations of the world. Her share in the World War has brought her recognition as one of the "Big Five." It is true that Japan has religious freedom and is enlightened along every line of modern thought, but she is non-Christian. The great question is, Shall Buddhism and Shintoism predominate in Japan, or shall Christianity? Today is the opportune time for the word of God to be preached in Nippon, the Land of the Rising Sun.

C. V. LINDSAY.

China

From every point of view,—whether political, social, economic, or otherwise, the vast country of China offers great opportunities for missionary endeavor. The people are awakening, railroads are being built, ancestral graveyards are being moved to make way for agricultural pursuits, and faith in heathen deities is waning. The Chinese mind is reaching out after something, it knows not what. It is a time of crisis



Linton Sevens J. A. Guild
Julian Gant Mrs. R. P. Morris Victor Lindsay

as well as of opportunity for the church of Christ. China must have the gospel; she must hear the everlasting gospel—the third angel's message.

The late Prof. H. R. Salisbury, on his tour to the Orient in the winter of 1912-13, remarked in an address which he gave to our missionaries in Nanking in January, 1913, that he had not found in the people of any field which he had visited what he found in the Chinese,—an element that gave sure promise of developing this people into a sturdy, aggressive, self-supporting church. Mr. F. L. Hawks Pott, in his work, "The Emergency in China," writes: "The conversion of the East calls for the best-equipped men and women the West can send. Every ounce of ability can be used to good purpose in this mission field."

Our motto is, "The gospel to all the world in this generation." Where are the young men and women who will consecrate themselves to a life of service in this enticing field? Who will say, "Here am I; send me"? J. A. GUILD.

Near East

By its widest interpretation the term "Near East" covers the countries from Greece eastward to Trans-Caucasia and Persia, and from Serbia and Rumania southward to Egypt and Arabia.

These are the countries where Mohammedanism has so long held sway. No other religion except Christianity is attracting so much of the attention of the world. Although Mohammedanism as a national spirit has been broken, yet as a religion it is making rapid progress. It is advancing among the pagan people far more rapidly than is Christianity. The Moslem problem is today squarely before the Christian church, demanding definite and speedy solution.

It is a most difficult field, because the Moslem religion has points in common with Christianity, and its adherents cannot sense the necessity of changing. Only as a missionary demonstrates the power of Christianity in his own life will he be able to gain converts from the Moslem ranks. The Near East offers—

"Hard tasks for strong men,
Dangerous tasks for brave men,
Tedious tasks for faithful men."

JULIAN C. GANT.

India

In general, there are one hundred sixty-seven opportunities to the square mile, for every soul is some one's chance, and the average for all India is that.

In particular, thousands of students, bright college boys who need religious instruction; millions of secluded women to whom only women can go; millions of farmers with their families; ignorant, superstitious idolaters to whom the living preacher is an absolute necessity; millions of sufferers who need a physician for both soul and body; millions of outcasts who have no hope unless it comes to them through Christianity; millions of hungry, suffering people who need food and clothing; orphans and child widows to love and protect—every soul waiting for some one.

But why say more? There is opportunity for the teacher, the Bible worker, the evangelist, the physician, the nurse, the colporteur, the Christian help worker, and the self-supporting worker.

Where are our young men and women who will

by the grace of God give their lives in service to win some of India's hordes for Christ? The outlook is just as Carey said, "As bright as the promises of God." BELVA VANCE MORRIS.

Africa

Among the many lines of human interest which draw men to Africa are travel, adventure, wealth, colonization, and political fame; but to the Christian young man, above all these stands the opportunity for soul-winning and social betterment. The situation in Africa presents a problem for the most alert and best educated among us. A large portion of this continent is in the grip of Mohammedanism—indeed, the religion of Mohammed, weakening in other lands, seems to be strengthening its forces in Africa. What will be Christianity's answer? Shall we obey the Master's command, "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations?" Then we must hasten to the field.

South Africa presents another problem. This section, rich in natural resources, has presented an attractive field for exploitation by unprincipled Europeans, and in addition to paganism, the Christian missionary must combat the evil effects of a godless civilization which these men have introduced.

The task is not done, no, not nearly. Of Africa's one hundred fifty million, only two per cent are converts to Protestant Christianity. Vast areas yet unentered must hear the gospel truths. "A knowledge of the need constitutes a call to go, to let go, to help go." LINTON G. SEVRENS.

South America

South America is a land of superlatives, in mountain ranges, river systems, field products, climate, and civilizations. Simply to say that South America is a land of opportunity is no more than can be said of any other country, but in a more particular and definite sense is this true of our Southern neighbor.

Religious liberty is granted in each of the ten republics; however, South Americans are strangely indifferent to religion, due largely to the prevailing Catholic belief. The reality of sin has been destroyed for them by the easy terms of absolution through indulgences. They know nothing of a living Christ, for they are taught to pray to Mary. Even over some chapel doors is this inscription, "Come unto Mary, all ye," etc.

Our work has made a beginning, but there are yet millions unwarned, who need to know of a living and loving Christ, of the reality of sin and of righteous living.

If you are qualified to make known to them these great truths, you are eligible to enter this field. Spurgeon once said: "If God calls you to be a missionary, do not dwindle into a king or die a miserable millionaire. Answer the call." L. A. KING.

FROM a missionary's letter: "I used to think that the spiritual atmosphere of foreign mission work would in itself be helpful and elevating, but I do not find it so. The atmosphere has to be made, and the making requires more time and care than at home."

Is the kingdom a harvest field? Then I thought it reasonable that I should seek the work where the work was the most abundant and the workers fewest. —James Gilmour, Mongolia.

Who Is Sufficient unto the Hour?

LLOYD DEAN

THE world today faces not only a crisis, but many crises, which are leading up to the climax of the ages, just as the artillery reports preceding a battle gradually increase in frequency and intensity until they become one continuous, deafening roar, and the battle is on. As in all crises, there is need for men,—men of stability, of purpose, and with the courage of their convictions; men of keen, clear insight to discern a situation, and exact knowledge and sound judgment to apply the treatment needed. Such men are hard to find.

Every department of society is confronted with its problem, the like of which the world has never seen and the solution of which demands the greatest talent and yield the greatest remuneration. The men who can fit into these places and relieve the distressing conditions of mankind, become the dictators of policy and the leaders of the people. They are honored and respected of men, and all treasures are opened unto them. They may put their hands into the pockets of the world and take out what they will.

Such are the opportunities waiting for those equipped to cope with world problems. But such men are not developed in a moment. They must go through periods of training, preparation, and experience. They have to be educated in the knowledge and ways of men and forces.

The World's Supreme Need

This knowledge and training, the world, in its attempts to right and steady itself, is striving to give. At the same time the supreme crisis approaches in its awful majesty, unheeded by the great mass of humankind. As the master chord and keynote in the climax of Time's symphony, which may be discerned by the ear attuned to hear, it comes on apace, gathering fury and momentum as it comes, its tones sounding against the hills of time, but falling on heedless ears, in a world that is absorbed in the mere local din.

If the young people of the denomination have a mission, here is the opportunity and place. Some one must call the attention of the people to this momentous event, and teach them how to discern its master melody and relate themselves to it. The time is ripe, the opportunity obvious, the necessity imperious. We should be ready to step in and perform the task—the most important the world has yet had to offer. Who is sufficient unto the hour?

Compensation Is Sufficient

Those who attempt this work may not receive the plaudits of men, nor their appreciation, nor yet financial rewards in accordance with an equivalent service in worldly pursuits. They may even be condemned by the world as interfering with its plans, for their attempts to distract the attention from the comparatively insignificant noise in order to direct it to the celestial harmony in the great Amen chorus.

And yet it is not without its sufficient compensation. Those who have a clear understanding of their task and its final rewards, will be content to know that they have brought to some the light of a new day. They will look forward in faith for their great reward. The need of their labors shall be life itself, and the satisfaction of seeing others also

partaking of its bounties as the results of their endeavors to serve God and man. They "shall be satisfied then."

Need of Preparation

But this work also demands preparation—preparation at least as good as that demanded for worldly pursuits, if not better. One cannot launch out in a rowboat, without chart or compass, and have a good prospect of successfully crossing the stormy ocean. One must get aboard an ocean liner which is equipped with all the power and essentials for a successful voyage. So the young people—for it must be largely by the strength and ardor of young people that the work shall be accomplished—must have training in order to be able to present the truths of God's word with power. As messengers of light, they must not cast discredit upon him whom they represent. The preparation should be in keeping with the greatness of the mission.

Purpose of Our Schools

This is why we have schools and colleges for training those who wish to be trained, and for acquainting them with the knowledge necessary to make them creditable representatives of this message. "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."

Our schools present the opportunity to acquire the facts necessary to meet the world on its own level and present to it the saving knowledge for this time. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," and also sufficient unto the time is the knowledge thereof. Modern science may not be able to quarry and move the thousand-ton granite blocks of the ancients, and it does not need to. Our problems are different, and our knowledge must be different. We must match up to the problems that are ours to handle.

As the molders of thought, pioneers in movements, and leaders of men in past ages have been men of ability and learning, such as Paul, Luther, Calvin, Wycliffe, Erasmus, and Newton, so now is the insistent demand for men equipped for the task. Those who lighten the earth with the glory of the gospel must be abreast of the times and be able to take advantage of the knowledge thereof. With this knowledge, and divine guidance to illuminate the sacred page, may they go forth in the fear of God and under his direction, to break the bread of life and to be of the greatest service to God and man—sufficient unto the hour.

"God Give Us Men"

God give us men. A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hand:
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And scorn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty, and in private thinking.

—J. G. Holland.

I do not wish for any heaven on earth besides that of preaching the precious gospel of Jesus Christ.
—Henry Martyn.

The Life of William Carey

YOUNG man, sit down! When it will please the Lord to convert the heathen, he will do it without your aid or mine."

His cheeks burning with embarrassment and mortification, the young minister who had just proposed as a topic for discussion, the duty of the church in sending the gospel to the heathen, sat down, as commanded by the presiding clergyman.

This young man was William Carey, called the "Father of Modern Missions." He was born in Paulerspury, England, in 1761. His father was a schoolmaster, and the boy grew up in a bookish atmosphere. However, at the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a shoemaker, and studied as he worked.

While still in his teens, Carey was converted to the Baptist faith through the efforts of a consecrated young fellow-worker. Soon afterward he entered the ministry. He filled the pulpit of several small churches, but found it impossible to live on the meager salary which he received. Accordingly, he worked at his cobbler's trade and continued his preaching at the same time.

While working at the bench, he used every opportunity to improve himself. He was a born linguist. It is said that he mastered the principles of Latin in six weeks, and of French in three. He also taught himself Dutch, Greek, and Hebrew. Truly God had given him this talent for a special purpose. Was he to be a profitable servant or not? His later life, as you will see, showed that he used his talent to the glory of God, and that his every effort was consecrated to the salvation of others.

At about this time a copy of Cook's "Voyages" found its way into his hands, which brought before him the hopeless, helpless condition of the heathen. Day by day the idea of evangelization of the world grew in his mind, and as he worked he studied a map hanging on the wall at his side. Finally, at a convention of preachers held at Kettering, he introduced the subject, and met the rebuff recorded at the opening of this biography. But Carey did not give up. He pleaded his cause both in public and in private, gradually convincing others. The following year he preached to a large gathering of ministers a stirring sermon from Isaiah 54:2, 3, and spoke the immortal words, "Expect great things from God; attempt great things for God," which made an indelible impression. A collection was taken up for the cause, and as a result a society was organized for "propagating the gospel among the heathen."

Some years before this, Dr. John Thomas, an English surgeon, went to India in the employ of the East India Company, and while there was led to accept the Christian faith. He broke his relationship with the East India Company, and labored for several years among the natives. He struggled in vain with the Bengali language, and finally gave up

and went home to England to get a helper for himself in his work.

God had just the right man ready, and that man was William Carey. Dr. Thomas laid before the Baptist Mission Board the needs of India, and as the result they appointed him as their first representative. They then began to look for a companion. Carey was present at a meeting of the board, and when some one said, "There is a gold mine in India, but it seems as deep as the center of the earth. Who will venture to explore it?" Carey made his famous reply, "I'll go down; but remember that you must hold the ropes."

Dr. Thomas and Mr. Carey met difficulties at the very outset. Mr. Carey's wife at first refused to go with him to his new field; and finally, when she consented, and they applied for passage on the East India Company's vessel, it was denied them. At length they took passage on a Danish ship, and landed in Calcutta Nov. 10, 1793.

Carey wished to be a self-supporting missionary. It was fortunate for him that he did, for the society at home soon became indifferent and neglectful. For seven months he suffered want and was brought to destitute circumstances. Being offered a position as superintendent of an indigo factory in the interior of India, he accepted the offer, and moved his family inland. He devoted his spare hours to gardening and to the study of the language. As he acquired a better knowledge of the latter, he found time to go out among the two hundred little towns in the district to preach.



WILLIAM CAREY AT WORK

At the close of the century, Thomas and Carey thought it best to set up a mission station at Serampore, a Danish town about fifteen miles north of Calcutta. Seven years after their mission was opened, Carey baptized his first convert, Krishna-pal. In that same year he published his Bengali translation of the Bible. Two hundred twelve thousand copies of the Scriptures in forty different languages were issued before he died, and he also prepared grammars and lexicons in several languages. When the British government established the Fort William College, Carey was called to the professorship of languages. However, his missionary work did not cease. In addition to his efforts of personal soul-winning, he contributed the larger part of his salary to missionary work. It has been estimated that Carey and Thomas together gave \$200,000 to the cause in addition to the devotion of their lives.

Carey had many trials. The one which at the time seemed the greatest, really reverted to the ultimate good of his cause. Enemies burned his printing establishment, and in one short hour the results of many years' labors were consumed. But the act did much to arouse sympathy on his behalf, and money was raised for the replacing of the presses. As a result of all this notoriety, his mission became more widely

(Concluded on page thirteen)

"Ye Are Living Newspapers"

JOSEPH L. SCHULTZ

LET us take a trip today far away to New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, or some other large city. Let us go into the center of the city and look around at the many wonderful sights. We would not fail to visit the center of the town, where tall office buildings are seen everywhere. As we look at them, they make us feel small, for they tower away up into the air. Many of them are twenty stories high, some are thirty, still others reach forty stories into the air. Over there is one that is so high we can hardly see to its top. Just think of it, fifty stories high, when the highest apple tree you ever saw was only two stories! Multiply that by twenty-five, and you get some idea of this great building.

But let us go inside of one of them and look around. Suppose it is a newspaper office. We will not visit long in the pressroom where great two-color presses take the paper in big rolls, cut it, fold it together into newspapers ready to sell, and then pile the papers into lots of fifty. Let us go up to the editor's office, where telephones are ringing, telegraph machines are ticking, and every one is busy writing at his desk. Over in the corner we see men painting and drawing pictures that are to be put in the next morning's newspaper. Each man has a special task to do. One man takes in messages from the telephones, another operates a telegraph machine, while other men are writing up the news stories on the typewriters; then all this is put together and printed.

What would you say if some one told you that you owned a newspaper office such as we have just seen? Yet do you know that each one has a newspaper office that takes in messages all the time by telephone, telegraph, and picture—messages which are continually printed and last forever? After these messages and pictures are all put together, a paper—a living newspaper—is printed which can never be lost and which every one that sees you, reads.

The Bible says, "Ye are our epistles written in our hearts, known and read of all men." In the days of Paul they had no newspapers, but the epistles, or letters, were written on tablets of wax almost as large as a sheet of newspaper. These tablets were sent just as we send letters. If Paul were living today, would he not say, "Ye are living newspapers, read of all men"?

Well, your brain is this newspaper office, and your face and your hands and your body show just what kind of newspaper you are.

Shut your eyes for just a few seconds. What kind of newspaper are you? Did you do anything good yesterday? The artists that are always busy in your brain looked out through your eyes and quickly drew a picture of it. Did you do anything that was bad, the picture of which you would not like any one to see? The artists have drawn a picture of it, and have printed it somewhere on your face or hands. And as you meet the rest of the boys and girls, or father or mother, that picture is somewhere printed in your life so that all can see it. We are living newspapers, read of all men.

Do you hear that telephone ring? Your ear is the telephone that is continually sending messages to the brain. As soon as your brain got that message through your ear's telephone, at once it was put into type and printed in your life. Has some one ever come to you with a bad story, with something that you

knew you should not listen to? Did you listen? If you did, those words went into your brain through the telephone and were at once printed. If you listen to good stories,—stories of Christ, of good people, of brave men, of wise men,—they also go at once into print, and every one reads in your life the good things which you learned.

When you touch something, at once the telegraph machine in your mind starts to tick. Touch a cigarette, and immediately the message is flashed into the brain, and its effect is printed in your life. Your face becomes yellow and thin, and every one who sees you reads in your newspaper about that cigarette. But touch a beautiful flower, and by touching it you are in some way changed into a more gentle child. You feel the muscle of an athlete and know it is solid because he has worked hard. Then you wish for a solid muscle, and begin to work hard too. Every one who sees you knows that your brain has received a message that makes you work harder.

The next time you see your friends, just look at their faces, at their hands; watch how they act, listen to what they say; and then you will know just what they have seen, heard, or touched, for you can read the printed record of it in their lives.

The Bible says, "Ye are our epistles written in our hearts, known and read of all men," and that also means every child. Don't you want to have your newspaper beautiful, pure, and clean?

Catch It

WHY is it that we have such a fear of "catching" something? If "contagious" is even whispered in our presence, we are ready to run away.

And usually the things we run away from are just as harmless as that other contagious influence—a bright, sunshiny smile. Can you imagine any one's being afraid of a smile? Yet a great many persons do everything in their power to escape catching a smile and passing it on.

"A smile is worth a thousand groans in any market," yet some people prefer to be poor, rather than pass the sunshine on with a pleasant smile. They prefer to let the corners of their mouths droop and sag, and on the whole look so doleful and forlorn that every one wonders what new calamity has happened. Truly a calamity has happened, for they have not yet "caught" the smile that turns up the corners of the mouth and gives one a new outlook on life.

The value of a smile is beyond measure. An old saying is, "Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others, cannot keep it from themselves." Do the corners of *your* mouth feel like drooping and turning down? Here is the remedy, and it is a sure cure: You are every day exposed to some one's smile; catch it, and smile for some one else, and the sunshine will come back to you.

"Because your kindly heart gives out a kindly smile a minute, You make the world a whole lot better, just by living in it."

GLADYS V. WILLMAN.

I HAVE one passion, and that is Christ, him only.
—Zinzendorf.



Just for the Juniors



A Junior Volunteer

GLADYS V. WILLMAN

HELLO, Peggy, are you ready for a picnic? This is just the nicest weather ever, and Aunt Helen says if we can get some of the others to go, she will take us picnicking down in Briar Grove. You know we've always planned to have a picnic there some day, and with Aunt Helen with us we'll just have oceans of fun. And, oh, Peggy,—seems as if I couldn't tell you fast enough,—mother made us whole dozens of cream puffs, and won't they be good, though, down in Briar Grove? Paul and Virginia and Ethel and Ruth and Carl are going, and of course, Freddy and Louise and I; and auntie said to come right over and tell you, so you could get ready too. We want to go in about an hour, but of course we'll probably have to wait for Freddy after we get ready. I never did see any one else's brother like mine—he's always keeping us waiting while he finds something or other. And Peggy,—I almost forgot,—Aunt Helen said never mind about a lunch, she'll provide for you."

"Well, Virginia, are you all through, so I can think? You know I'd just love to go to Briar Grove with you, and those cream puffs would taste so good, but today is my visiting day at the hospital, and I don't want to miss a visit to those poor sick children. You know when I went last week, the nurse took me to that little lame girl first, for fear she'd been lonesome. Perhaps she's lonesome today too, and if I don't go she may be disappointed. And just think of all the others!"

"O Peggy, you make me so cross! Just as if one day would make any difference! You haven't been with us very much since vacation began, and I just know your mother would let you come today, and go visit your sick people tomorrow. Dear me, if it were I, I'd rather go to a picnic any day than to an old hospital! Do ask your mother, Peggy; we want you to play house with us down in Briar Grove."

"Mother would let me go, Virginia; but Jennie might miss me too much if I don't go today. I promised to take her some INSTRUCTORS, and I'm going to take a Junior Volunteer pledge card, for Miss Allison said she could be a Volunteer even if she is in the hospital."

"But, Peggy, you just run down to the hospital now and leave them, and then come with us."

Peggy looked thoughtful for a moment. I wonder, she thought, if even a missionary shouldn't go for a picnic once in a while. No, Mrs. Brice wrote mother that the hardest part of being a missionary was doing the little things when they needed to be done. "No, Virginia, I can't do it, for Jennie may be planning on seeing me today."

So Virginia ran off for her picnic in Briar Grove. Peggy helped mother with her work, and then when mother was ready to give away her package of *Present Truth*, Peggy took a few INSTRUCTORS and started for the hospital. A white-capped nurse met her at the door of the children's ward. "Oh, we are so glad you have come, Peggy. Jennie has quite a surprise for you this afternoon, and she was so anxious for you to be here early. She isn't in here, but you'll find her down in Dr. Pierson's office."

"A surprise for me!" murmured Peggy, as she tripped down the long corridor to the doctor's office. "My! but I'm glad I came! I know that the picnic would have been fun, but a surprise is even nicer. And Dr. Pierson's office is such a nice place, with all its interesting things. I guess the surprise must be something nice if Jennie's in his office."

"O Peggy," Jennie's voice was full of excitement, "you can't possibly guess what is going to happen! I just can't keep still, I'm so happy!"

"There, there, little girl, you must not get too excited, or perhaps your surprise will not happen so nicely. Now that every one is here, even to our faithful visitor, Peggy, suppose we begin our surprise, and you show every one that you can stand and walk as well as —"

"Why, Dr. Pierson, Jennie isn't really going to walk, is she?" Peggy was now the excited little girl.

"Do you remember that funny German doctor who called you *lieb kling*, or something or other one day when you were here?" said Jennie. "Well, he says that I couldn't walk because I had paral — paral —"

"Paralysis," said Dr. Pierson.

"Yes, that's the queer word. Anyway, the doctor's made it all better, and today I'm going to walk."

And walk she did. With a hesitating, halting manner, she stood up in her wheel chair, placed first one foot rather uncertainly on the floor, and then the other, and soon she walked the length of the room.

That was a glad day for Jennie. With those few steps in the one room she saw that she would soon be able to go out with the other girls and boys and enjoy their good times. She remembered that now she could be an active member of the Junior Volunteers, and she secretly resolved to visit all the lame children first. She decided she would be like Peggy, and never, no never, miss a visit. "Peggy," she said, "please tell Miss Allison that I want to be a real, active Junior Volunteer, and that I'm going to visit sick people as faithfully as you do."

That night, as Peggy was talking over the day's happenings with mother, she sighed very softly and happily. "Mother dear," she said, "it pays to be faithful in every little thing when you are a Junior Volunteer, even if you do miss a picnic, doesn't it?" And mother agreed. Don't you?

A Little Speech

'Tis only a speech that you have made;
Others have made it too.

It is not at all original

But that little, "How do you do?"

You made it when you first shook hands

With him whom you had met;

'Twas made in such a way that he'll

Remember or forget.

Was it warm and hearty, firm and free,

Or lifeless, cold, and dead?

Remember, by your handshake

Your character is read!

FRANK R. WOOD.

"Obey," Say the Logs

LET'S go down to the sawmill and ride the logs," called Bob to my small brother John and me, as we were playing in the sand one summer day.

"Why, Bob," exclaimed John, "you know that mamma said we shouldn't ride the logs any more, because it is so dangerous. You don't really want us to go when she said we shouldn't, do you?"

"Of course, she did say that we shouldn't ride the logs; but I can't see the harm of having a little fun once in a while. You know as well as I do that we have ridden those logs hundreds of times and have never yet drowned, and I don't see why mamma should object to our doing so this time," Bob said, with a superior air. "And," he continued, "I'm going over there right now, whether you and Ed want to go or not; but, believe me, you'll miss the time of your lives if you don't come. Come on," he continued in a coaxing tone, "mamma will never need to know that we went. We can go the back way as if going to the end of the orchard, and she'll think we're playing."

At last, as we thought there would be no danger of being caught, we consented to go. We sauntered down the path in a leisurely manner until out of sight of the backdoor, through which we thought mother might be watching, and then started on a brisk run which brought us to the sawmill in about five minutes.

Soon we were each on a log and riding to our hearts' content. John and I decided to keep our logs near the shore and paddle around in the shallow water, but this was too tame for Bob, so he headed his log for the middle of the current.

John and I were having a glorious time with our logs, trying to make them start rolling and then keeping our balance on them. This was great sport, and we were so engrossed in our own game of keeping balanced that we quite forgot that Bob had come with us. The thought that we had disobeyed our mother never interfered with our fun, and if we had thought that possibly a whipping would be in store when arriving home, this also was banished from our minds. We were thoroughly enjoying the sport.

Suddenly, like a bolt out of a clear sky, we heard the frightened voice of Bob, calling "Help!" Looking toward the middle of the stream we saw Bob's log in a swift eddy of water. The undercurrent had set the log rolling and Bob was doing his best to keep his balance. Soon the log rolled out from under him, and with a splash he tumbled into the water. Coming up, he struggled with the rolling log, but was unable to hold on. Again he yelled as he went under the second time. John and I, looking on from our haven near shore, were helpless. Soon he came up. His log had rolled on about ten feet from him, so he made strenuous efforts to swim to a near-by log which was not in the current, and barely had strength to reach it.

After resting a bit he piloted his new log into the still water where John and I were breathlessly waiting. "Let's go home," were the first words he spoke. John and I were too frightened to say a word, so we all started on our homeward journey.

We had not gone far before it dawned on Bob that he could not make his appearance at home in his condition, so he told us to go on home while he sat down on the side of the hill to wait for his clothes to dry. John and I played around the orchard until Bob appeared in dry clothes, when we all went into the house. Evidently mother had not missed us, for she said nothing about our absence.

"Let's go down to the sawmill and ride the logs," John teasingly said the next day. Bob looked sheepish when John quoted the words which the day before he had used to get us to go. But he was game for the situation. "Now look here," he soberly replied, "just because mamma did not find out that we went riding on the logs yesterday is no sign that I'm going today, because when I was almost drowning I thought how I had disobeyed her, and if I should die it would be my own fault. Really, it was an awful feeling, and I decided right then and there that I was going to do as she said after this."

"Guess that is the best way to do, after all," John and I agreed, as we went on about our play.

JULIA LELAND.



"LET'S RIDE THE LOGS"

Discouraged

ARE you discouraged? Cheer up. When you are disheartened and ready to give up, you have reached a turning point; and if you stick to your work with a stout heart, you will win. When you think you have done your best, and

have failed, just try again; and if you really want to succeed, you can find a way to do it. But no one can tell how great the loss will be if your discouragement wins.

When Galileo made his telescope and began to study the stars, he met with great discouragement. He trained the telescope on Saturn, but the rings puzzled him, for he could not imagine what they could be, and he thought the instrument was playing him a trick. Again and again he tried, but always the star presented a queer appearance to him. and in discouragement he gave up and turned to another star. He lost by doing that, for if he had persisted but a little longer, he would have discovered, as the planet turned, that the beautiful rings were the cause of his perplexity. Think how happy he would have been if, instead of yielding to his discouragement, he had persisted, and had been the one to tell the world of Saturn's rings.

There are many little things to be discouraged over all the time, but it is better to keep them to oneself and smile with the world. There are others who feel perhaps more discouraged than you do,

(Concluded on page thirteen)

Florence Nightingale



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

THE Red Cross and the Sanitary Commission owe their first impulse to the pebble dropped by an English girl born in Florence, Italy. This girl's name is known to all American boys and girls, as well as to the boys and girls of England,—it is Florence Nightingale. Her childhood homes were at Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and Embly Park, in Hampshire, England.

Florence was born to be a nurse. A sick doll was dearer to her than a strong, healthy one. Unconsciously, and in play, she began her training for her life-work. Soon she became recognized in all the neighborhood as "Little Sister of Mercy," for no creature was too humble to awaken her sympathy and tenderness; she was always sure to be found where there was sorrow and suffering. A slender little girl, always neatly dressed, she could be seen visiting the sick, lonely, or sorrowful, carrying bunches of flowers from her own garden. She would take baskets of food, coax her patients to eat, and at the same time tell a nice story.

At eighteen years of age she started, in Lea Hurst Chapel, her Bible class for young women who were employed in the mills and factories of that district. At Christmas time she found great pleasure in giving to the poor, getting up entertainments for the children, training them to sing, and arranging treats for old people in the poorhouse. When Florence had grown to young womanhood, her parents took their daughters to share in the gayeties of London life. But Florence's heart was not content; she chose rather to do something with her life in the larger world.

At this time she met Miss Elizabeth Fry, and a little later Dr. Samuel Howe, who encouraged her to devote herself to works of charity. She decided to do so, but found England behind in the training for nursing and sanitation; so she went to Germany, where she spent some time in training with a Protestant sisterhood known as the "Deaconesses of Kaiserwerth." She then returned home for a short rest, after which she became superintendent of a home for sick governesses.

Reports of the suffering in Crimea stirred all England. Crimea is one of Russia's smallest provinces, yet it is a famous place in history, for there the war between Turkey and Russia was fought. Florence Nightingale heard with deep distress the dreadful tidings of suffering that came from Crimea, and her heart responded instantly to the call for help. She was fully qualified to be the leader of a band of twenty-seven nurses that set sail for the war district on Oct. 21, 1854, for she had a knowledge of the ancient and modern languages, of the higher branches of mathematics, of general art, science, and literature; she was young, graceful, feminine, popular,

and held a persuasive power over all with whom she came in contact.

On November 4, Miss Nightingale and her band arrived at Scutari and made their headquarters at the barracks hospital. The wards were full to overflowing, and accommodations for caring for the wounded were meager indeed. In spite of this, and the criticisms of the medical officials of Scutari, who objected to seeing a band of women engaged in that work, they worked faithfully, and within a few months the death rate in the hospital was reduced from sixty per cent to one per cent.

After staying in Scutari for six months and bringing its hospitals into an excellent condition, she decided to go to Crimea to inspect the hospitals there. She visited several small regimental hospitals, and then went to the general hospital before Sebastopol. In the midst of her work she was suddenly stricken down with cholera, and did not recover until after a long period of illness.

Finally the war came to an end, but the people of England, who were on fire to show their appreciation, could not expect her home yet, for her work had not yet come to a close. The hospitals were still crowded with wounded soldiers. She worked untiringly, and there really seems no end to the good and kind things she did to make the convalescents happy. Finally, one by one the hospitals were closed, and their patients sent home. However, before leaving, Miss Nightingale erected a great white marble cross on the mountain heights above Balaklava, as her own tribute to the brave men and nurses who died in the war. She then went to Scutari, and took passage on a French vessel bound for France. A few days later, so the story goes, a lady, closely veiled, entered the rear door of Lea Hurst.

Miss Nightingale's home-coming was quite different from what the people of England had been planning, but she was feeling so worn that she wanted it to be as quiet as possible. It was impossible for her hundreds of friends to see her, so instead they sent her personal gifts, and contributions toward the Nightingale Fund, which in all amounted to £50,000. This was used in opening the first training school for nurses.

Slowly the truth came to Florence Nightingale that she would never be strong again. For four years she was confined to her bed, but her sick-room became one of the busiest places in all England. She was interested in schemes for army and hospital reforms, for reforms in everything connected with the poor and the sick.

A company of military and naval officers met at a dinner some time after the great Crimean War. These soldiers and sailors were talking over their experiences. Each guest was asked to write on a slip of paper the name of the one who would be the longest remembered of all the workers in Crimea. On the many slips that were examined, every man had written, "Florence Nightingale."

In the words of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, we would say of Miss Nightingale that she is—

"A Lady with the Lamp that shall stand
In the great history of the land,
A noble type of good,
Heroic womanhood."

LENOA W. HUGULEY.

YET more, O my God! more toil, more agony, more suffering, for thee! — *Xavier.*

The Obelisk of Shalmanezar



OBELISK OF SHALMANEZAR

HERE we have New York's most treasured antique — "Cleopatra's Needle," which stands in Central Park. This obelisk was presented to the city by the khedive of Egypt.

Since being quarried near the torrid zone, it has traversed the entire length of Egypt, most of the Mediterranean Sea, and the width of the Atlantic Ocean, a distance of 6,400 miles, thus

proving itself a first-rate traveler for one whose age exceeds thirty-five centuries.

In the course of its existence it has seen Israel in bondage; Pharaoh and his host going to their destruction in the Red Sea; Alexander the Great in his expedition through the land of Goshen; six and a half centuries of Roman sovereignty and Christian struggle; all the long lines of Moslem rulers since Caliph Omar; and now, leaving altogether its native land, it stands looking upon the million inhabitants of our metropolis.

The obelisk is a single block of stone, measuring 69 feet 2 inches in height, 7 feet $8\frac{3}{4}$ inches square at the base, and weighs $219\frac{1}{4}$ tons. Lieutenant Commander Garringe, U. S. N., after three years' effort, obtained possession of it, and moved it to its present position at an expense of nearly \$100,000. It was finally swung into position at noon, Jan. 22, 1881.

VICTOR E. DIETEL.

Virginia's Struggle for Religious Liberty

AMERICA is the land of liberty, but it has not always been so. Before the States united to form our great Government, there were laws protecting the state church and limiting the rights and privileges of other churches. Especially in Virginia was there a struggle for religious toleration.

The English settlers in Virginia brought the church of England with them, and made their colony a part of the diocese of London. The Bishop of London sent his representative, and the members of this church protected it by strict religious laws. From the first there were Dissenters, Puritans, Quakers, and Huguenots; but their churches were small, and a limited toleration was allowed them. If they attended their own church once in two months, they were allowed to be absent from the Church of England services, and were allowed their own preachers. This was all right for a time, but the rise of the Presbyterian Church brought a new situation. Their methods of preaching were different, and were not all approved by the established church, and the toleration granted was not sufficient for their needs.

The French and Indian War aided the Presbyterians, for the Virginians wished their frontiers protected, and they thought that by giving the

Presbyterians religious protection they would return protection from the Indians to the settlers. The next problem was that of the Separatists, or Radical Baptists, who took more liberties than they were allowed, and bitterly denounced the established church. But with the outbreak of the Revolution the question turned from religious toleration to complete religious liberty.

With the agitation of the question of government, and the decision that "government derived their powers from the consent of the governed," and that all were entitled to life, liberty, and freedom to think and act as they pleased if it did not interfere with another, came the decision that the church should not be imposed on those who did not wish to support or attend it.

For a while this principle gained among the people, but a reaction came, and even such men as Patrick Henry and Richard Henry Lee were in favor of assessing each person for the support of a church, though now each one could choose his own. Probably these men took this stand because of the tendency to disorder which seemed to be gaining among them. Democracy did not seem to be showing its best side, and they were still a bit afraid of it.

When the bill providing for this assessment came before the assembly, it was flooded by protests. Madison threw his whole influence against it, aided by Jefferson, and opposed to it a "bill for establishing religious freedom." Religious liberty won its final and decisive victory in Virginia, and in all America, when the assembly rejected the churchmen's bill and passed the one giving absolute liberty. The year 1785 was the one that made Americans free to think and believe as they wished.

ETHEL LONGACRE.

Nature and Science

Ten Miles of Printed Matter Every Hour

THIS is the capacity of a remarkable printing press in New York City. The machine is constructed in such a way that it can be used for almost any class of printing. For example, in making soda checks and show tickets, it is capable of printing two different colors on both sides at the same time, of giving to each ticket a different number, perforating the strip to tear at the proper places, notching, and rolling it into a roll ready to fit into the ticket booth.

Going at a steady rate for ten hours, it is possible to produce 400 miles of these tickets, if each roll were placed end to end. This is one of the easiest accomplishments of the newly introduced printing press.

It will turn out labels for canned goods in four colors, cut to the exact size of the can, at the rate of 4,000 an hour. It will also print match boxes, bill-heads, and many other things found in daily use.

There are so many sections to the machine that it looks like a series of printing presses, folders, die cutters, slitters, and other printing equipment combined into one unit. The entire machine is only four and one-half feet high and twenty-three feet long. It weighs nearly seven tons, and requires a seven-horsepower motor to run it. Any one part of the machine can be operated, while the rest of the machine is idle.

The punching and perforating system can be regulated to any speed or any position that may be desired. In making a bill of lading, much of this kind of work

must be done. There must be two parts,— the original and the duplicate,— which are perforated through the center so that they may easily be separated. Then they are printed on both sides and have the same number, and holes are punched at the top.

The machine colors, cuts, folds, and prints in almost any shape or form. It really does the work of eight distinct machines usually found in the better-equipped printing shops.

EARL SMITH.

Dodging the Lightning

THERE are many who regard lightning as an agent of destruction that strikes where it will, regardless of anything one can do. With this attitude they neglect possible means of protection, and so needlessly expose themselves to the deadly bolt.

The harm done by lightning is caused by the electric current passing through the object struck. The electricity in the bolt approaches the earth, and seeks for an object to conduct it to the ground. The most prominent object lying in the range of the bolt, that is a conductor of electricity is the object of contact. It is therefore important, during an electric storm, that one avoid all upright objects standing in exposed places, that are conductors of the current. The taller the object the greater the danger.

In a rain storm, never seek the shelter of an exposed tree while it is lightning. It is safe to a certain degree if the tree is surrounded by taller ones. If one is caught out in the open space where there are no places of safety near by, the safest course is to lie flat on the ground to prevent acting as a conductor of the current to the earth. It is dangerous to ride a horse in the open during an electric storm. Seek protection amid a thick group of objects.

FRANK WOOD.

"Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother"

WHEN God gave the ten commandments he gave them because he loved man. Each one was given to make man more happy. The fifth one, 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' was given to make our fathers and mothers happier.

Have you ever stood in a great crowd of people watching a parade go by? Perhaps the mayor of the city, a senator or a congressman, or maybe the President himself, was expected to pass. Suddenly he appeared, and all cheered and waved their hats.

We do not need to wave our hats and cheer to do our parents homage, although they have done more for our happiness than any man of public office ever could do.

A preacher was once addressing an audience, endeavoring to stir them to greater love for Christ. After the sermon, when all the people had gone out, he noticed a woman sitting in the rear of the building with her face buried in her hands. He went up to her and tried to comfort her. "My life has yielded no fruit for Christ," she said. "What is your name?" he asked. The name was familiar to him, for some years before he had helped to select a young man by that name for the Korean mission field. "Are you related to Dr. Riley Russell?" he questioned. A smile played on her face for a moment. "Well, I think I am; he is my son." The preacher rose and grasped her hand. He rose to honor the mother of a missionary who had served long and faithfully, treating about two thousand cases in one year in his little mission hospital.

That son was by his life honoring that aged mother more than any boisterous crowd by its cheers could honor the most popular of heroes.

The father and mother who are struggling to help you through life deserve your honor.

A tourist was once traveling in a beautiful town of northern Italy. As he walked through the town, he came to a half-finished cathedral. The white marble blocks were piled around the courtyard of the rising edifice. The structure was wonderful, and architects from all parts of Italy came to see it. As the tourist stole out behind the building, he saw a lean and tired horse pulling steadily on a rope. The path of the horse was worn, for again and again he had tightened the rope that passed in through the building. At last the man followed the rope back through the cathedral, and found that it raised the beautiful marble blocks to their position. When men see that cathedral, they do not think of the old horse that raised those beautiful blocks into position.

Your parents may be working hard and sacrificing to give you an education; they may be pulling hard on the rope to give you a good home, to improve your environment, so that you can live a better spiritual life. Are you honoring them by a life consecrated to the Master?

If you are, your days will be blessed according to the promise of God; if not, think it over and try to make your parents happier by the honor your life gives them.

JOSEPH L. SCHULTZ.

Discouraged

(Concluded from page ten)

and a bit of cheer from you may help them over their difficulties, not considering the help it will give you to do it. Every time you conquer despondency with a plucky heart, you are gaining courage and strength to meet it the next time.

For every discouragement there is a victory. Remember this when you feel downhearted. Washington's success at Trenton followed the difficulties of Valley Forge, and it was only because he overcame those discouragements that he won the war for independence. The successful laying of the Atlantic cable was accomplished only after most disheartening failures, but the great success was possible only because the failures were turned to helpful lessons.

In every work that is worth while there are difficulties. Luther spent many days in discouragement at the Wartburg Castle, but he was great enough to turn even these trying experiences into victories. The hymns and pamphlets he wrote during those dark days went out and did a greater work than he could have done by his preaching. It was only by conquering his discouragements that he was able to help others who were in perplexity. So, when worries come in hosts, remember that the stronger they are the greater will be the gain for you, if you stoutly withstand them.

ETHEL LONGACRE.

The Life of William Carey

(Concluded from page seven)

known and an impetus was given to the work of Bible translation.

William Carey witnessed faithfully for Christ. One of the last things that he said before he died was: "Mr. Duff, you have been speaking about Dr. Carey; when I am gone, say nothing about Dr. Carey — speak about Dr. Carey's Saviour." HARRIET MASON.

The Greatest Help

O MILDRED! I'm so glad to see you, because I'm feeling blue and need your smiling, glad face and kind words to cheer me up," Ethel Lewis exclaimed to her roommate as she came into the room.

"What is the matter now, dear?" Mildred anxiously inquired. "You look as if you had been crying for a week — not at all like my little roommate."

"I'm afraid I get upset over the most insignificant trifles. This time it is because the faculty won't let me go on the senior picnic, and I do want to go so much. But tell me, Mildred," Ethel continued in a calmer tone, "why is it that you don't get excited and angry when you can't do just as you want to? The other day, for instance, when you had been planning for months on going to hear McCormack sing, and then at the last moment that convention had to be held and you couldn't go, why didn't you get angry as I always do?"

Mildred smiled into the questioning face turned toward her. For many months she had waited for the question, and had longed to tell her gay little roommate of the One to whom she always went when discouraged or perplexed.

"Three years ago," she began, "my mother contracted an incurable disease, and for months lay at the point of death. During these long, anxious months I was almost frantic. Mother had been my all for so many years that it seemed I could not give her up. She was a Christian, and had always taught me to go to my chamber and pray when in need of comfort, and it was there that I found balm for my broken heart when she died. When I came here to college two years ago, I decided to spend fifteen minutes every morning and night in communion with my Saviour. It is at this time that I open my heart to God and tell him all my griefs and disappointments. These daily visits have made me so well acquainted with Jesus that when I take my trials to him, — trials that seem unbearable to me, — they look so small when compared to what he went through that I just have to thank and praise him for the pleasures I enjoy. My greatest help for life's disappointments is daily communion with him who went through worse things than I have and yet did not once fail."

Ethel had quietly listened to every word, and when her roommate finished, she exclaimed, "Why, Mildred, I feel better already! I knew you could make me feel as if that picnic wasn't everything in the world, and I wish I might have the help you have in your everyday life."

JULIA LELAND.

Missionary Volunteer Society Meeting Topics for April 17

SENIOR: "Our Standing Army."

JUNIOR: "Prayer."

The number in your "standing army" does not matter so much. Many of the greatest victories have been won by small armies. Remember Gideon's three hundred! But the material in your "standing army" matters much. If we throw ourselves unreservedly into the work which has been allotted to us, we cannot fail to gain the victory. "If God be for us, who can be against us?" Let every loyal Missionary Volunteer help make the meeting for today beneficial in training the "standing army."

The Juniors surely will have a good time today. They have such a wonderful subject. "More things have been wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Then, while young, let us say, as did the disciples of old, "Lord, teach us to pray." We learn to do by doing, so let us pray every day. This is what we promised by signing the pledge.

Our Counsel Corner

I would like to see something in the Counsel Corner about playing rook, as it is a fad now, and some of our young people are quite fascinated with the game.

T. A. K.

Truly rook is a fad now, and one that our young people in many places are tempted to take up. I have played rook but once — not because I lack opportunity to play it almost any evening in the week, but because I cannot conscientiously spend my time thus. Before I became a Christian, I used to play cards. My one experience with rook called forth all my old knowledge of real card playing, and convinced me that rook was but a "polite" game of pedro or five hundred. The only appreciable difference, to my mind, is that the cards themselves are not the same. The points in the game, the chance, the fascination, are all there. I have seen people sit evening after evening playing rook, just as interested and fascinated as I ever was in the days when I played real cards. This cannot but detract from one's spirituality. And one who becomes expert in playing rook would not have to learn anything really new to be as good at a game with real cards. As for me, I have decided that I cannot play rook without taking a step backward to the world from which I have been called to turn aside.

A MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER.

Call for Periodicals

PROFESSOR O. F. SEVRENS, our Missionary Volunteer secretary in the Central Southern Luzon Conference, Philippine Islands, writes that they can use a constant supply of *INSTRUCTORS*, *Signs*, and *Little Friends*. What Missionary Volunteer Societies will undertake to send a package of these papers every week? Write to the Missionary Volunteer Department at Takoma Park, D. C., for the address, and state the number of papers you can send.

WOULD you like to help the Jamaican young people build up a good library? If you have back Reading Course books which you do not care to keep, you may have this privilege. Send them to the Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park, D. C., and we will see that they are sent to the proper person in Jamaica.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

III — Number and Glory of the Angels

(April 17)

Number of Angels

1. How is the vastness of God's kingdom emphasized? Isa. 40: 15, 17, 26. Note 1.
2. What is said of the number of angels in this great kingdom? Heb. 12: 22.
3. How many angel ministers did the prophet Daniel see before the throne of God? Dan. 7: 9, 10.
4. What similar vision was shown to the prophet John? Rev. 5: 11. Note 2.

Glory of Angels

5. What is the first reference in the Bible to the glory of angels? Gen. 3: 24.
6. What was the appearance of the horses and chariots that the servant saw about Elisha? 2 Kings 6: 17.
7. How are the chariot and horses that took Elijah into heaven described? 2 Kings 2: 11, 12; Ps. 68: 17.
8. How did the angel that appeared to Manoaah reveal his glory? Judges 13: 19-22.
9. With what words had the wife of Manoaah described this same angel? Verse 6.
10. What was the appearance of the angel who rolled back the stone from the Saviour's tomb? Matt. 28: 2-4. Note 3.
11. What description is given by the prophet Daniel of the glory of an angelic being? Dan. 10: 5, 6.
12. How is their glory pictured by Ezekiel? Eze. 1: 13, 14.
13. How does the prophet John describe the glory of the Son of God? Rev. 1: 13-16. Note 4.
14. If faithful, what may we some day share in some degree? 1 John 3: 2.

Notes

1. "In this wonderful description, we obtain a glimpse of how this earth and its people appear in the eyes of Heaven. In God's sight the earth is but as a grain of sand, the waters he can measure in the hollow of his hand, and all the inhab-

itants of the earth are but as grasshoppers. Looking up to the starry heavens, man can see with the naked eye something of the magnitude of God's creation. He beholds, and marvels—but his unaided eye cannot number those glittering suns. Now let him bring to his aid the strongest telescope, and again gaze at some chosen spot in the heavens. What myriads of worlds, before unseen, are visible! Could he add to this telescope still greater magnifying power, there would be revealed still other worlds,—worlds that have been hidden from the gaze of man during all the ages past. So great is the immensity of space into which we gaze, that man has never found the end. By the aid of photography, stars otherwise invisible have been distinguished; and astronomers tell us there are 18,000,000 worlds in a single system, and that the systems are beyond counting."—*Ministry of Angels*, pp. 42, 43.

2. "This language leaves us in a state of uncertainty concerning the precise number of the heavenly beings,—thousands of thousands ministered unto him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before him." We know that 'ten thousand times ten thousand' equals one hundred million, but we can form no idea of the number represented by 'thousands of thousands.' Nowhere in the word of God is given the exact number of the heavenly beings."—*Id.*, p. 46.

3. "As night drew on, soldiers were stationed to guard the Saviour's resting place, while angels, unseen, hovered above the sacred spot. The night wore slowly away, and while it was yet dark, the watching angels knew that the time for the release of God's dear Son, their beloved Commander, had nearly come. As they were waiting with the deepest emotion the hour of his triumph, a mighty angel came flying swiftly from heaven. His face was like the lightning, and his garments white as snow. His light dispersed the darkness from his track, and caused the evil angels, who had triumphantly claimed the body of Jesus, to flee in terror from his brightness and glory. One of the angelic host who had witnessed the scene of Christ's humiliation, and was watching his resting place, joined the angel from heaven, and together they came down to the sepulcher. The earth trembled and shook as they approached, and there was a great earthquake."—*Early Writings*, p. 181.

4. The Son of God is the "Archangel." See 1 Thessalonians 4:16. No other being is given this exalted title. The glory of his presence surpasses that of the angels.

Intermediate Lesson

III — True Sabbath Keeping; Apostles Chosen

(April 17)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 2:23 to 3:19.

RELATED SCRIPTURES: Matt. 12:1-21; Luke 6:1-16.

MEMORY VERSE: "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." Mark 2:27.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 234-297.

PLACE: Probably near Capernaum.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; the man with the withered hand; the chosen twelve.

Setting of the Lesson

After attending the feast at Jerusalem, Jesus returned to Galilee. Spies from the Jews followed him from place to place. When returning from worship in the synagogue, Jesus and his disciples passed through a field of grain. There were no fences in Palestine, and the grain grew close to the public paths that crossed the fields.

"It was beneath the sheltering trees of the mountain side, but a little distance from the Sea of Galilee, that the twelve were called to the apostolate."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 290.

"Let me tonight look back across the span
Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
Because of some kind act to beast or man—
The world is better that I lived today."

Questions

1. On one occasion through what did Jesus pass? What day was it? What did his disciples do? Mark 2:23.

2. What question did the Pharisees ask Jesus? Verse 24. Note 1.

3. Of the example of what great king of Israel did Jesus remind them? What had David once done when in need of food? Verses 25, 26. Note 2.

4. What did Jesus then say of the Sabbath? Who is Lord of that day? Verses 27, 28.

5. Who attended the services in the synagogue on another Sabbath? Mark 3:1. Note 3.

6. What did the Jews do? What did Jesus say to the man? Verses 2, 3.

7. What searching question did he then ask the scribes and Pharisees? What did they do? Verse 4.

8. What further questions did Jesus ask? Matt. 12:11, 12. Note 4.

9. What grieved Jesus? What did he say to the afflicted man? What was the man able to do? Mark 3:5.

10. With whom did the Pharisees make plans? What did Jesus do? Who followed him? Verses 6-8. Note 5.

11. What request did Jesus make of the disciples? Why? Verses 9, 10.

12. What did unclean or evil spirits do? What charge did Jesus give them? Verses 11, 12.

13. What work of special importance did Jesus do at this time? To what work were the twelve ordained? What power was given unto them? Verses 13-15.

14. Name the apostles. Verses 16-19. Note 6.

Practical Suggestions

Note the difference between Jesus' idea of the Sabbath and the idea the Pharisees held.

Name some things which you think it right to do on the Sabbath.

Name some things which you think it wrong to do on the Sabbath.

Notes

1. On any other day this act would have excited no comment, for one passing through a field of grain, an orchard, or a vineyard, was at liberty to gather what he desired to eat [Deut. 23:24, 25]. But to do this on the Sabbath was held to be an act of desecration. Not only was the gathering of the grain a kind of reaping, but the rubbing of it in the hands was a kind of threshing. Thus, in the opinion of the rabbis, there was a double offense."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 284.

2. "On every Sabbath twelve fresh loaves of bread were in rows upon a table in the holy place (as symbol of communion of God with men), and the stale loaves were taken away and eaten by the priests. . . . Jesus calls it to mind as an instance of the setting aside of ceremonial law for good and sufficient reason. David was fleeing from Saul and was in need of food. In his flight from Saul, who was determined to slay him, David came to Nob, where the tabernacle was at that time, and there he induced the priest to let him and those with him appease their hunger by eating the showbread."—*Tarbell*.

3. According to Luke, the healing of the man with the withered hand was on "another Sabbath," doubtless not long after the incident in the field of grain.

4. "The spies dared not answer Christ in the presence of the multitude, for fear of involving themselves in difficulty. They knew that he had spoken the truth. Rather than violate their traditions, they would leave a man to suffer, while they would relieve a brute because of the loss to the owner if it were neglected. Thus greater care was shown for a dumb animal than for man, who is made in the image of God."—*The Desire of Ages*, p. 286.

5. "Six times, either directly or indirectly, Jesus was accused of Sabbath breaking. The Sabbath controversy was one of great importance in the eyes of the Pharisees. During the Jewish exile in Babylon, when sacrifices could no longer be offered in the temple, the strict keeping of the Sabbath became a chief part of the Jewish worship, and legislation multiplied in regard to the observance required. After all the centuries during which it was held that the keeping of the Sabbath was a rite pleasing in itself to God without regard to its effect on man, came Jesus declaring that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. He would not abolish the Sabbath, but he would abolish the legislation of the Pharisees in regard to the Sabbath, and this would undermine their influence over the people. Wherefore they took counsel against him, how they might destroy him."—*Tarbell*.

6. "Alone upon a mountain near the Sea of Galilee he spent the entire night in prayer for them [the twelve], while they were sleeping at the foot of the mountain. With the first light of dawn he summoned them to meet him; for he had something of importance to communicate to them. These disciples had been for some time associated with Jesus in active labor. . . . While Jesus was preparing the disciples for their ordination, one who had not been summoned, urged his presence among them. It was Judas Iscariot, a man who professed to be a follower of Christ. . . . The disciples were anxious that Judas should become one of their number. He was of commanding appearance, a man of keen discernment and executive ability, and they commended him to Jesus as one who would greatly assist him in his work. They were surprised that Jesus received him so coolly."—*The Desire of Ages*, pp. 291-294.

MAY I venture to invite young men of education, when laying down the plan of their lives, to take a glance at that of a missionary? We will magnify that office! For my own part, I never cease to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an office.—*Livingstone*.

Issue of
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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A Word of Thanks

THAT this issue of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR is prepared by the Journalism class of Washington Missionary College is due to the kindness of the editors of the paper in co-operating with the English Department of the College, thus giving the students opportunity for practical work. This privilege is sincerely appreciated by the members of the class and the teacher.

JESSIE RUTH EVANS,
Ass't Instructor in English.

Qualities of Leadership

WE can go to the bookstore and find scores of ready-made recipes for success, but somehow their authors seem to forget that one cannot put vision where there is no inclination for vision. Where there is no vision there is bound to be failure. This is why so many persons are working for the other man. They fear responsibility; loads that bring joy to a real man crush them. They lack confidence in their own powers, they have no vision of their place and duty.

The leader must have something of the soul of self-mastery in him. He must take pleasure in attempting that which others have failed to accomplish. He needs to look beyond present obstacles, and see the demands and opportunities of the future.

How true the statement, "Where there is no vision, the people perish"! For centuries men have remained in the same rut because their eyes failed to see their true condition. They lacked leaders, men and women of vision, to point them to a higher plane. Where should we be if Columbus had been afraid to attempt that which no other dared attempt? Or what would have been the world's loss if the Reformers had been content to live and perish as their fathers had done before them?

As young people we have exceptional opportunities to be leaders. The world has been in the darkness of sin for six thousand years. Only a handful of its inhabitants know of the saving power of Christ. Millions are perishing without this knowledge. It takes men and women of vision, those who can see past all obstacles and into the bright future, to carry this knowledge to perishing humanity.

Our academies and colleges are developing these leaders. These schools take the raw material as it comes to them, and work it into men and women who go forward with energy, confidence, and a deep inner response to this outer opportunity.

In looking through our colleges we find that those who are leaders in the Young People's Society, in the

prayer meeting, and who are regular in attendance at worship, are those who come from our academies rather than those who come to us from the public high school. These latter may be fine young people, but the true vision of the world's need is not gained in the public school. There one is taught to look at the material things about one as the goal to be reached; but those of our own schools, like Abram, look for a city whose builder and maker is God.

The aim of Washington Missionary College is to send out leaders who will bear a part in closing up the work of the last gospel message. There is room for every one to be a real leader in this work. No one can afford to stay away from the institutions ordained of God to fit workers for the field. All are expected to prepare for the last great work.

VICTOR E. DIETEL.

Our Captain Above the Clouds

STEER ahead!" shouted the captain, as the ship plowed through the dense fog which had overtaken them while sailing up the St. Lawrence River. Anxious passengers on every side peered through the foggy clouds, searching for one dim ray of light. It failed to appear. Still the great ship sailed on undaunted. The first mate calmly walked on the lower deck, seemingly unaware of any possible danger. "Tell me," demanded one of the men, rushing up to the mate, "why don't you slow down? A person can't see ten feet ahead of him, and here we're going at high speed. I've sailed up this river many a time, and I know it is dangerous. There's not even a glimmer of light from the lighthouse. Look at those women and children — their lives are in your hands."

"Ah, be calm, my friend," broke in the mate, "our captain is in the lookout above these clouds. It is clear up there, and he can see the approaching dangers."

Just so we are sailing down life's great river, beset with storms of trials and discouragements. Many times we run into a dense fog, and know not which way to go, lest we strike the rocks of trouble and be shipwrecked. We are tossed about by every gust of wind. But listen, voyager, we too have a Captain above the clouds. He keeps a watchful eye ahead. He is looking into the future and guiding us on our pathway. Do not attempt to guide yourself, lest you stray from the safe course. Sail on, undaunted by any storm, but keep your eye on the great captain, Jesus, and he will guide you safely through.

"O voyager! sailing on life's river,
Tossed about by the winds of strife,
Trust your Captain, the great Life-giver,
And smooth will be the voyage of life."

MARTHA BLOOM.

Notice

THE article, "God Answers Prayer," was advertised in the *Gazette* as appearing in this issue of the INSTRUCTOR; but since this number is devoted to the Washington Missionary College, the article will be given a place in next week's paper.

A FRIEND once asked young Stonewall Jackson whether he would go to Africa if he felt that God wanted him to go as a missionary. The answer was ready: "Yes, without waiting to get my hat."