

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LI

WASHINGTON, D. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1903

No 45



A Trip Through Egypt — VII Edfu and Denderah

SEVENTY miles north of Assuan on the west bank of the Nile is the town of Edfu. Leaving the train at the station on the east side, we enter the small ferry-boat and cross the river. The usual fare (for natives) is two *millimes* (one cent), but a foreigner must pay three or four *piasters* (fifteen or twenty cents). This is an example of what the traveler may expect everywhere in Egypt.

Leaving the river, we proceed along the narrow, crooked, dusty lanes that lead through the clusters of mud huts to the large temple of Horus, one form of the sun-god of Upper Egypt. This temple was built by the Ptolemies, and is one of the best-preserved in Egypt. The attractive view of the city of Edfu and the beautiful palm groves around it, obtained from the top of the unusually large pylons, is always greatly admired. Passing through the large court back of the pylons, we enter the vestibule, the roof of which is supported by twelve stately columns with beautiful floral capitals. In the sanctuary we find a large stone shrine which appears to have been used as a safe for the temple treasures. The sanctuary is surrounded with numerous chambers. One of these, which was used as a laboratory, is very interesting. With the ancients, chemistry was closely allied with magic; and all the Egyptian priests manifested profound skill in deceiving the multitudes with wonderful and apparently miraculous demonstrations of chemical phenomena. In leaving this temple we notice the complete calendar portrayed on the roof of the large vestibule.

Continuing our journey down the Nile, we pass the familiar scenes around Luxor, and soon arrive at the large town of Kena, the principal center of the Copts in Upper Egypt. Here are situated the far-famed potteries; but the tourist is considerably disappointed to find that they consist only of a large collection of



IN THE KENA POTTERIES

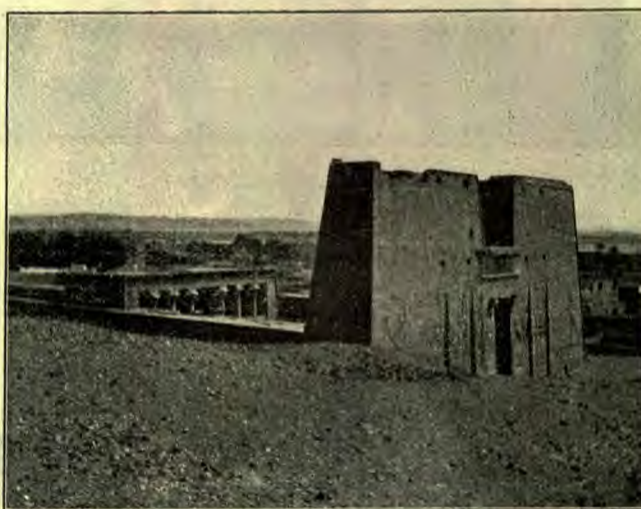
low mud huts, in which the most primitive hand machinery is used. In spite of this the "skilled workmen," who receive about twenty-five cents a day for their services, manifest great ingenuity and dexterity at their tasks.

Crossing the river near Kena, and riding for about an hour, we come suddenly upon the temple of Hathor (the goddess of joy and love, corresponding to the Greek Aphrodite), at Denderah. The novel style of the architecture of this elegant temple, and its complete, clean-cut freshness, are quite a relief after the tremendous piles of ruins at Karnak. The pylons and court are conspicuous by their absence, having never been built; so we enter at once the great vestibule, the roof of which is supported by eighteen massive columns. Leaving this imposing hall, we proceed to explore the various storerooms, treasuries, laboratories, toilet-rooms, etc., which lie beyond, entering at last the sanctuary, which is perfectly dark. Only the king could enter this chamber, and he but once a year, at the new-year feast, arrayed in his sacerdotal robes; for the kings of Egypt were also high priests, and occasionally

house, connected with all the large Ptolemaic temples. These birth-houses are small temples dedi-



IN THE VESTIBULE OF THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH; NOTED FOR ITS LARGE COLUMNS



TEMPLE AT EDFU

stepped into the shoes of the gods themselves as well.

Under this temple are some very interesting subterranean crypts, doubtless the remains of an older temple, which originally stood on the site of the present one, the reliefs on their walls showing that they date from the sixth dynasty. The stairways and long, pitch-dark passages which lead to these chambers are in some places less than two feet high, making them very difficult of access, especially to stout persons; but the persevering traveler, armed with a magnesium lamp, is amply rewarded for his trouble. The freshness and clearness of the colors in the wall-paintings, executed perhaps four thousand years ago, are remarkable. In these secret chambers we can witness much of the chicanery with which the so-called miracles and mysterious marvels of deep-voiced idols, which deceived the multitudes of devotees, were produced.

Near the temple of Denderah is the birth-

housed to the worship of the offspring of the deity worshiped in the large one. The reliefs portray various scenes in the education and bringing up of these youth.

Having completed our explorations, we return to Kena, board the evening express for Cairo, settle ourselves in the best seats we can find; and as the roar of the train drowns out all communication, lose ourselves in reflections upon the strange and mystical wonders and beauties of Egypt, mingled with thoughts of friends and loved ones far away.

Egypt as a Mission Field

Egypt is essentially a Mohammedan country under English occupation. The government is mild and tolerant, and the native population seldom give vent to any feeling of fanatical hostility against the large foreign element. From the standpoint of the government, then, Egypt is more open to missionary effort than any other European country save England.

There are several distinct classes among the Mohammedans. The fellahs, or tillers of the



THE "BIRTH-HOUSE" AT DENDERAH

soil, are the chief strength of a nation whose resources are entirely agricultural; but they are desperately poor, and as a rule deeply in debt.



DISTANT VIEW OF THE TOWN OF EDFU

The recent establishment by the English of an agricultural bank, which loans money without interest, ostensibly to relieve the intolerable situation, has been successful principally in transferring the debts into the hands of English creditors.

In disposition these people are very affectionate, being strongly attached to one another, and most hospitable to strangers, it being their rule to keep a traveler three days before allowing him to go on. Naturally, also, they are superstitious, fanatical, and ignorant, seldom being able to read or write.

The Beduins were originally nomadic tribes of Arabs; but most of them have settled in the villages, where they eke out an existence from their small herds of goats and cattle. Many of them, however, still roam over the desert. They are often employed as antiquity guardians, guides, dragomen, etc., the latter business being a very lucrative one. The Beduins are remarkable for their fine physique and dark-bronze complexion. They are bright and intelligent, often possessing a tolerable smattering of four or five languages; but they are proud, cunning, avaricious, and notoriously untrustworthy.

The large class of townspeople who inhabit the cities are the artisans, laborers, clerks, shopkeepers. They are courteous, affable, and often quite intelligent, sustaining a conversation with remarkable ease and readiness. They are sensitive and excitable, punctuating their rapid discourse with nervous, animated gestures, and their earnestness is so great that one not understanding the language is likely to mistake an ordinary discussion for a furious quarrel. They will cheat and steal however, to any extent, at the least opportunity; and lie with a fluency and consistency that betrays long practise. Cunning knavery passes for cleverness, and is perfectly compatible with their religion.

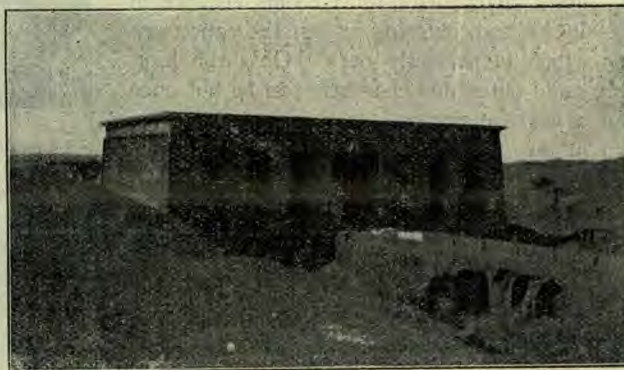
The dervishes are a fanatical sect, many of whom are found in Egypt. Long practise has enabled them to throw themselves into a sort of mechanical ecstatic trance, often resembling an epileptic fit. Until recently their leader, the Khalifa, reigned over the Sudan; but his power was broken by Lord Kitchener in 1898, when his fine army of forty thousand men was destroyed in the battle of Komera. The performances of the dancing and howling dervishes form a terrible spectacle of heathen fanaticism.

Living in the midst of this dense Mohammedan population is the small, but ancient and well-organized native Christian Coptic church, the members of which have, with true Semitic tenacity

and fortitude, stuck to their religion through the hundreds of years of bitter persecution brought on largely by their own pride and stubbornness.

This sect is the remnant of the Egyptian branch of the Greek Catholic Church. The Copts are the direct descendants of the ancient Egyptians. They are more intelligent than the mass of the Mohammedan population. Living mostly in the cities, they are usually shopkeepers, skilled artisans, or government employees, many of them being very wealthy.

It is among the Copts that the only successful missionary efforts have been directed. Over fifty years ago the United Presbyterians sent a company of missionaries to Egypt, who founded the "American Mission" in Cairo. For several years they endeavored in vain to obtain a foothold among the Mohammedans, and then turned their attention to the Copts, with immediate success. Since then they have poured scores of missionaries and hundreds of thousands of dollars into Egypt, until now they count their schools by the dozen, and their converts by the thousand. They have schools all over Egypt, and the more promising pupils are sent to their college at Assiut. By special arrangement, the graduates of this college are placed in the way of government positions. This has proved a great attraction to Christianity; and hundreds of the postal and railway employees have attended this school, which



THE TEMPLE AT DENDERAH

is, at least nominally, a Christian institution.

This class is the easiest to reach with the message, as they are intelligent, unprejudiced, and speak English. They become interested at once, and are eager for further instruction. After a few Bible readings, they usually admit the correctness of what is presented; but here is where the trouble comes. In Egypt there is no rest day. All government, railway, and general business runs on uninterruptedly seven days in the week. There is no employment to be found where one can keep the Sabbath, or any other day. The resident Europeans have so far fallen in with this custom that even the professedly religious interrupt their work long enough to attend a Sunday-evening service,—if they happen to feel like it. Of course the standard among the native Christians is no better than that of their teachers; thus the difficulty of getting these people to see the necessity or even the possibility of a strict observance of the Sabbath is very great. Most of them are dependent on their positions for the support of their families.

Another great obstacle to the progress of the work we love is the almost universal practise, among both sexes, of smoking. This terrible habit, combined with the ener-

vating climate, has so enslaved their minds that they are not able to comprehend what it is to make a strong effort of the will. Nothing but a miracle will ever save them; but this is an age of moral miracles, and we feel sure that the Lord has a work to do among these people.

From a human point of view, the work among the Mohammedans is even less encouraging. There is no religion which presents such a satisfying element of truth, offering at the same time such an attractive license for the gratification of a man's lower nature as Islamism: no theology which promises a future life so pleasing to the sinful soul of man, and so easy of attainment. It is just the kind of religion they desire to believe, so they cling to it, and blindly refuse to listen to anything else. The unusual difficulty of the Arabic language is another great hindrance to this work, but something must be done for these people. Native workers must be trained. The third angel's message must be sounded in Egypt, and we know that no obstacles are too difficult for the Lord.

The most encouraging openings in Egypt are along the line of medical missionary work. The destructive epidemics of cholera have awakened a wide-spread interest among the better classes in sanitary improvements. The vegetarian pension, or restaurant, has prospered from the first, and well-conducted treatment rooms would doubtless be equally successful. A vast field of work of this kind is open to women nurses among the thousands of shut-in women of the better classes. A physician and nurses are expected in Egypt, and it is hoped that this "entering wedge" of the message will soon be in vigorous operation.

On the whole, the work in Egypt is very encouraging. We have a foothold in the largest cities, and the thousands of Arabic tracts that have been scattered are creating a wide-spread interest. The work is onward; and we doubt not that when the message is completed, and the Lord comes to take his people, a goodly company of faithful ones will be found here.

GLEN WAKEHAM.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear
Of which the coming life is made,
And fill our future's atmosphere
With sunshine or with shade.
The tissue of the life to be
We weave with colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap as we have sown.

—Whittier.



A MOHAMMEDAN SCHOOL, CAIRO, EGYPT



The Heart of the Home

HER face is all freckled — this girl whom I know,
And her nose has a tilt in the air;
And not even her mother, with mother-love blind,
Can truthfully say she is fair;
Her hair is the color that may be called red,
And straight as a ruler hangs down;
Her eyes are pale-blue, and her forehead is low,—
Though it never is drawn in a frown.

Her sisters are graceful and bonny young things
And her brother is handsome and bright,
And all of them think in their innermost hearts,
That their sister is truly a sight.
But the soul of this girl is a beautiful thing,
And her voice is as sweet as a bird's,
And her goodness of heart and her wisdom of mind
Are seen in kind actions and words.

And the mother has ever a fond word and smile
For this child of her daily delight,
And her father's eyes glisten with tenderest love
As he kisses and bids her good night.
And O, they would miss her, would miss her full
sore,
If out in the world she should roam;
For the girl with no beauty of face or of form
Is most truly the heart of the home!

—The Visitor.

The Influence of Books

ONE'S reading is, usually, a fair index to his character. Observe, in almost any home you visit, the books that lie on the center-table, or note those that are taken by preference from the public library; and you may judge, in no small degree, not only the intellectual tastes and general intelligence of the family, but also—and what is of far deeper moment—their moral attainments and spiritual advancement. "A man is known," it is said, "by the company he keeps." It is equally true that a man's character may, to a great extent, be ascertained by knowing the books he reads. You may, indeed, judge a man more accurately by the books and papers he chooses than by the company he keeps; for his associates are often imposed upon him, but his reading is the result of choice.

All the life and feeling of a young girl fascinated by some glowing romance is colored and shaped by the page she reads. If it is false, and weak, and foolish, she will be false, and weak, and foolish, too; but if it is true and tender and inspiring, something of its truth and tenderness and inspiration will grow into her soul, and become a part of her very self. The boy who reads deeds of manliness, or bravery and noble daring, feels the spirit of emulation grow within him; and the seed is planted which will bring forth fruit of heroic endeavor and exalted life.

In reading it is a safe rule to abstain from all books which, while they have some good things about them, have also a mixture of evil. You have read books that had the two elements in them—the good and the bad. Which stayed longer in your memory?—Always the bad! The heart is often like a sieve, which lets small particles of gold fall through, but keeps the great cinders. Once in a while there is a mind like a loadstone, which, plunged amid steel and brass filings, gathers up the steel and repels the brass; but it is generally just the opposite. If you attempt to plunge through a hedge of burs to get one blackberry, you will get more burs than blackberries. You can not afford to read a bad book, however good you are. You say, "The influence is insignificant;" but I tell you that the scratch of a pin has sometimes produced lockjaw. Alas! if, through curiosity, you pry into an evil book; your curiosity is as dangerous as that of a man

who should take a torch into a gunpowder mill merely to see if it really would blow up.

To read with profit, books must be of a kind that will inform the mind, correct the head, and make the life better. These books should be read with attention, understood, remembered, and their precepts put in practise. One good book, so read, is of more value than a superficial reading of fifty books, equally sound. Books of the right character produce reflection and induce investigation. They are a mirror of mind, for mind to look in. Of all the books ever written, there is not one that contains lessons and precepts so instructive, so sublime, and in so great variety, as the Bible. Resolve to read three chapters of this wonderful Book each day, for one year, and you will find realities more wonderful than any pictures of fiction.

A little library, growing larger every year, is an honorable part of a young man's history. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life. It is not like a dead city of stones, yearly crumbling, and needing repairs; but, like a spiritual tree, it yields its precious fruit from year to year and from age to age.

A book is the most appropriate gift that friendship can make. It never changes, it never grows unfashionable or old. It is soured by no neglect, is jealous of no rival; but always its clean, clear pages are ready to amuse, interest, and instruct. The voice that speaks the thought may change or grow still forever; the heart that prompted the kindly and cheering word may grow cold and forgetful; but the page that mirrors it is changeless and faithful. The Book that records the incarnation of divine love is God's best gift to man, and the books which are filled with kindly thought and generous sympathy are the best gifts of friend to friend.

Make up your mind what is best for you to read, and read it. Master a few books. Life is short, and books are many. Instead of having your mind a garret crowded with rubbish, make it a parlor with rich furniture, beautifully arranged, in which you would not be ashamed to have the whole world enter.

"There are many silver books," says one writer, "and a few golden books; but I have one book worth more than all, called the Bible, and that is a book of bank notes." Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention.

In our libraries we meet great men on a familiar footing, and are at ease with them. We come to know them better, perhaps, than do those who bear their names and sit at their tables. The reserve that makes so many fine natures difficult of access, is entirely lost. No crudeness of manner, no poverty of speech, no unfortunate personal peculiarity, mars the intercourse of author and reader. It is a relation in which, the interchange of thought is undisturbed by outward conditions. We lose our narrow selves in the broader life that is opened to us.

Haxlitt has told us of his first interview with Coleridge, and of the moonlight walk homeward, when the eloquent lips of the great conversationalist awoke the slumbering genius within him, and made the old, familiar world strange and wonderful under a sky that seemed full of new stars. Such intercourse with gifted men is the privilege of few; but in the library there often grows up an acquaintance more thorough and inspiring.

Books are rich, not only in thought and senti-

ment, but in character. The best society in the world is that which lives in books. To the weak, as well as to the strong in their hours of weakness, books are inspiring friends and teachers.

W. A. COLCORD.

Echoes From a Story Worth Remembering

JUST when and where it was that I first heard the story I do not remember; but I do remember the story, and I know that it was in my heart and memory, influencing my thoughts and life-purposes in my earliest young-manhood. And it was a story well worth remembering. It was the story of the Rev. Thomas Charles of Bala and little Mary Jones and her Bible.

Both lived in the later years of the eighteenth century, and in the early years of the nineteenth. Bibles were not as numerous, or as much valued, in Wales or out of it, then as now. At the time that "Charles of Bala" was the chief instrument in introducing Sunday-schools into Wales, he found, in a large stretch of country there with which he was familiar, that not one person in twenty could read the Bible, while in entire neighborhoods only a single person had received instruction in reading of any kind. Yet, largely through the agency which he introduced, and as a result of his labors of love, the Bible came to be more generally studied and prized by both young and old in Wales than in perhaps any other portion of the world of like extent, and so it is to-day. That great fact was a stimulus and an inspiration to me and to many another.

Mary Jones was one of the little girls in Wales who learned to read and to love the Bible through the agencies set in motion by "Charles of Bala." She had no Bible of her own, so she was accustomed to go quite a distance to read one in a neighbor's home, where she could enjoy the privilege. But her heart longed to possess a Bible for herself, and she set herself to secure it by honest toil. There were then no popular Bible societies in Wales or elsewhere, and it was quite a matter to obtain a Bible or to pay for one. For six years Mary Jones toiled and prayed and saved, and then "she started with a brave heart to walk twenty-five miles on her bare brown feet to buy the sacred book from 'Charles of Bala,' and twenty-five miles back again,—fifty miles in all. But when she made known her wish to the good pastor, he had to tell her that the only unsold copy of the Bible in his possession was already promised to another, and he could not let her have it.

This almost broke the heart of the little girl, but it touched and fired the heart of the man of God. He roused up and saw to it at once that Mary Jones had a Bible; and then he determined that in some way Bibles should be available to all others of her spirit and needs. So he went down to London, where he had an appointment to meet a number of prominent Christian workers, lovers of God and lovers of their fellows, and to them he told this touching story. Among those men then and there touched and influenced by the story of Mary Jones were William Wilberforce, Zachary Macaulay, and Granville Sharp, and perhaps other world-movers. He was just then at the world's center, and he had power to move the world from that center. An almost immediate result was the forming of an organization that ultimately became the British and Foreign Bible Society, the parent, or pattern, of all the Bible societies of all countries. That meeting of little Mary Jones and "Charles of Bala"

proved an epoch in the world's history, from which results have come that must be recognized as the more prominent events and factors in the recently closed great century.

To that story, illustrative of the power and results in God's service of a child's love of the Bible, and of the love of children by Bible-lovers, I owe much of the impulse and inspiration of my best life-work. It came to possess and inspire me in the years after I first heard it, and I wanted others to feel its power and influence. Accordingly, I repeated and applied it in my efforts to arouse and encourage my hearers, in country schoolhouses and in city auditoriums, and in churches large and small, from Maine to California, and from Minnesota to Florida, and all the while it was more to me than to any to whom I told it. Its truth was, as it still is, a potent force in my life thought and action.

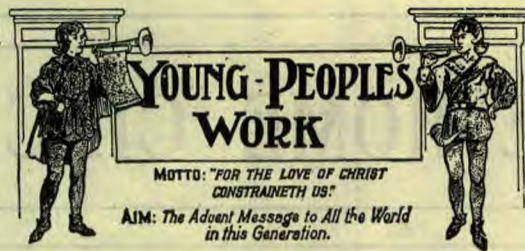
Nearly half a century after my earlier memories of that story, I was, one Sunday morning, at a church service in English in the Kurhaus, in Carlsbad, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Alexander Duff Watson of Scotland, a grandson of the great Alexander Duff of India. Believers from the ends of the earth worshiped together that day with one thought and purpose, as swayed by varying memories, but by a common hope. One whom I there saw for the first time, was a sunny-faced, snowy-haired, saintly appearing man of God.

At the close of the service I was presented to this stranger, and found, to my surprise and delight, that he was the Rev. "Thomas Charles" Edwards of Bala, a grandson of the great Thomas Charles of Bala, who had been so much to me, and to so many others all the world over. He not only bore his revered grandfather's name, but he was in his sphere and parish, following in his steps, and in a sense continuing his work. It seemed to me, as I looked into his face, as if the dead had been brought to life, or as if he had never died. It was a pleasure and a profit at that time to talk of the inspirer of so much of my life-work with one of his admiring and honored descendants. He wrote valued New Testament commentaries and other religious works. My interest in him intensified and extended my interest in "Charles of Bala." Every word from the good grandson was as an echo from the remembered story of the great and good grandfather.

On my way home from Carlsbad, after that meeting, I stopped in London to see my valued friend, Dr. William Wright, editorial secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society. As I spoke of my long-time interest in little Mary Jones and her Bible, and of the results flowing from it, and of the recent revival of that interest in Carlsbad, Dr. Wright opened a glass case in which that treasure was carefully preserved, and permitted me to take the treasure in my hands. It was the identical Bible that "Charles of Bala" had given to little Mary Jones when she had walked the twenty-five miles over the rough road with her bare brown feet, and with her six years' savings, in her hope of securing it. The name of the godly child was in the sacred book, as written by the man of God. And the names of both giver and receiver, and of a multitude whom no one can number, are written in the Lamb's book of life as a result of the truth made known through the work that had its beginning in the seeking and securing of that precious volume.

Were not these incidents in Carlsbad and London pleasant echoes of a remembered story that was worth remembering?—*H. Clay Trumbull.*

"SPIRIT, how is it with those rooms of thine?
What front the world look very clean and fair;
Thy curtains are so clean and white, thy windows
shine;
Are dirt and cobwebs hiding anywhere?
Ah! souls are houses; and to keep them well,
Nor, spring and autumn, mourn their wretched
plight,
To daily toil must vigilance compel,
Right underneath God's scrutinizing light."



My Mission

Nor the distant, dim to-morrow
Needs thy thought, thy earnest prayer;
Not eternity, but time should borrow,
Pilgrim soul, thy sleepless care!

Not for death, but life, make ready—
Life that throbs about thy door;
Keep the path with footsteps steady,
Learn to walk, ere thou wouldst soar.

Earth, not heaven, is now thy mission;
Who would get must freely give;
Wouldst thou win thy true fruition,
And nobly die? Then nobly live!

—Selected.

Raiatea

SINCE I last wrote to the INSTRUCTOR, we have had a general meeting in Papeete, Tahiti. Six different islands were represented. It was a rare privilege for us to meet so many other workers and counsel together. I was glad that I could go, and especially that five of the young people from our school home could go with me. Four of these have parents living on that island. Though it is not advisable for the children to go home very often during their stay with us, I believe that this visit proved a blessing to both parents and children. It is always true that when the Spirit of God works on our hearts, we shall show it in our lives, becoming living witnesses of his saving power from sin. Such was the case with these young people to the extent that non-professing men noticed it, and wondered at the change.

Especially was this true of one of the boys. A neighboring man, who knew him well, said some time ago that if we could do anything for that boy, by all means keep him in our home on Raiatea. Then he went on to tell of the lad's old life. And how, when he saw his honest countenance, and how he carried himself straight in all matters, and seemed earnest to do the right, he was greatly impressed, and said to me that it was simply a wonder to him. I told him that it was the Spirit of the Lord who had wrought the change. We know no human power can change the heart. Though not a believer in the truth, this man is talking of sending his fourteen-year-old girl to our school. When the world's people see the elevating influence of true Christianity, and that it really ennobles the character, they want it. But when it is only a profession, and works no change in the life, how can we expect them to care for it? They never will.

Mrs. Cady and I called on this boy's parents one morning, and they expressed themselves as very much pleased with him. The father said that before the lad came to live with us, he was indolent and disobedient. "But now," he said, "he is active, full of life, and good. He works all the time, hardly stopping a minute to breathe." I am glad he did all he could to help his father and mother while he was home. They would have liked to keep him longer; but he is only sixteen, so we felt we must not leave him in a place where the temptations are so strong to pull down a boy of that age. We trust he will become rooted and grounded firmly in the truth, and become a strong teacher to his own people.

While we were visiting in this district, we stopped in the home of one of the other boys, and found him no less active. He had been helping his sister and mother prepare the house to receive us. Everything was clean and neat. They had scrubbed the floors from one end of

the house to the other. The beds were all made up with clean linen and gay bed-spreads. The natives themselves always sleep on mats on the floor, and leave the beds just for company. They also eat on leaves spread on the floor, but they set the table for us. It looked very dainty with its white cloth and simple but tastefully prepared food.

This boy is naturally a good student, and has made excellent progress in learning the English language as well as in his other studies. Both these boys want to be ministers among the native people. At present the boy last mentioned is working in the bakery in Tahiti; one of our girls is also at work in the health food store. We trust all these young people may prove faithful, and do good work. After a short time they are coming back to complete their studies.

There are many more young people who need training, and others who are receiving training. Next week we expect three new ones. We are not many here, as in the schools at home, but if a small company have the Spirit of God with them, they will be a great power for good. We are of good courage, and feel like pressing onward, knowing Him in whom we trust, and that with him there is no such thing as failure. It is my earnest hope that when Jesus comes to gather his jewels, he will find some of the native boys and girls who will be bright, shining gems for his crown.

ANNA M. NELSON.

Avera, Raiatea.

THE WEEKLY STUDY

Luther Before the Diet of Worms

REVIEW EXERCISE. (Twenty minutes.)

State briefly the leading events in the Reformation under Wycliffe, Huss, and Jerome. (Ten minutes.)

A biographical sketch of Luther. (Five minutes.)

Point out the leading steps by which Luther separated from Rome. (Five minutes.)

Reading Lesson:—

Read Chapter Eight in "Great Controversy," and prepare to present it under the following heads:—

1. Describe the nature of this gathering. Who were present?

2. Tell the story of Alexander's effort to secure the condemnation of Luther without a hearing; and whom the Lord raised up to point out the need of reformation in Germany.

3. Luther's departure from Wittenberg, and his eventful journey to Worms.

4. His reception at Worms, and his first appearance before the Diet. What words of encouragement were whispered to him by several princes?

5. Luther's second appearance before the Diet, his defense, and the experience alone with God which prepared him for the ordeal.

6. The attitude of the emperor toward Luther, and under what circumstances these words were spoken: "I would not like to blush like Sigismund."

7. Luther's departure from Worms, his friend Frederick of Saxony, his confinement in Wartburg Castle, and the work he did while there.

To the Leader

This lesson may be presented by ten persons; or the subjects may be divided among a less number if necessary. However, do all you can to enlist a large number in the active work, and see that all these important steps in the Reformation are well developed. Try especially to interest the more careless and inattentive in this history. It is as interesting as a piece of fiction, and should be enjoyed even by those who do not care for the Bible study.

Each section of Chapter Eight should be presented in five minutes, thus requiring thirty-five minutes for the second division of the program.

E. R. P.



• CHILDREN'S PAGE •



Shut the Door

E'ER since the winter days came on,
And fires began to roar,
Over and over comes one refrain,
'Tis: "Shut, do shut the door!"

And other doors than wooden ones
I think on more and more,
And of the evils we might mend
If we'd but shut the door!

Ah, how those angry, surging thoughts
That tear and vex us sore
Would flee away and leave our heart,
Did we but shut the door.

Or could our traitor lips forget
The love we hold in store,
And wound a heart as dear as life,
If we but shut the door?

O lips that sting, and hearts that brood,
Repeat it o'er and o'er,
This amulet 'gainst myriad ills,—
'Tis only: "Shut the door."
— *Selected.*

An Evening Caller

WHEN the round moon shone so bright
On the autumn fields last night,
When the little sleepyheads
All were cuddled in their beds,
Some one came a-calling here,
Though none heard him drawing near,
For his footsteps made no clatter,
Not the softest pitter-patter.

All the oaks in purple dressed
To receive their quiet guest;
Maple flamed from root to crown
In a splendid scarlet gown,
And the birch wore wealth untold,
Hung about with wreaths of gold;
Such a grand occasion is it
When this stranger pays a visit.

When the sun rose warm and bright,
He slipped softly out of sight,
But beneath the chestnut-tree
He has left you something — see!
Ripe and brown and sound and sweet,
Scattered all around your feet;
And we know, when nuts are falling,
That Jack Frost has come a-calling.
— *Companion.*

Wallace's Mistake

WALLACE was looking discontentedly out of the window at the trees from which the rain was dripping.

"I wish we hadn't come here; I don't like trees," he said.

Mama folded the papers in silence.

"I wish there weren't any trees, they do make it so gloomy when it rains," he continued, fretfully.

The papers were put away, and mama came over to the window, and took her little boy upon her lap.

"What would my little son do when it rains if there were no trees?"

"I'd put on my mackintosh and rubbers, and go to the office with papa, for then he wouldn't be here buying timber," answered Wallace.

Mama leaned back in her chair and laughed.

"Where would you get your mackintosh and rubbers?" she asked.

"At Mr. Coleman's," was the prompt reply.

"Not if there were no trees," persisted mama.

"Why, mama, my mackintosh didn't grow on a tree,— did it?" asked Wallace, forgetting about the rain.

"Not in the form of a mackintosh, but if it were not for the india-rubber tree, we should have no rain clothes, rubber tires, or balls."

"Does rubber grow on trees? Tell me about it, mama," said Wallace, seeing in imagination a

tree from which rubber balls of every size were swinging in the breeze.

"The india-rubber tree grows where the climate is very hot and moist. It is a tall, slender tree, with beautiful glossy leaves, which are shaped something like the leaves of our chestnut-tree. The trees are tapped much as the sugar maples are which you saw at Uncle Erwin's in the spring. The sap looks like the juice of the milkweed plant. It is caught in jars of different shapes and sizes. It is left in open dishes, where it soon becomes thick like jelly. To make it firmer, it is placed over a slow fire in such a way that the smoke can pass through it, and that makes it black. It is shipped to our own country in lumps or chunks of different sizes containing pieces of bark, leaves, small stones, and sand. The first thing done to it here is to wash it in a machine which cuts it and forces water through it until nothing is left but pure rubber. Then it goes to the mixing machine, where it is mixed with the old rubbers, garden hose, arctics, etc., and with sulphur, which makes it last longer. Then that which is to be used for mackintoshes and such things goes to a machine which consists of rollers. Sheets of pure rubber laid upon canvas or duck

are passed between these rollers where the pressure is so great that the duck and rubber are almost like one material. Garden hose is made on iron rods which are the same size as the inside of the hose. A strip of pure rubber fifty feet long, and just wide enough, is wrapped around the rod. The edges are touched with naphtha, which causes the rubber to unite and form a tube of pure rubber which becomes the inside of the hose. Then rubber-coated duck is wrapped around the pure rubber tube which is still on the rod. If it is wrapped around twice, it is two-ply; three times, three-ply, etc. This is all done by machinery, and every inch of the duck is under great pressure. Another strip of pure rubber is wrapped around it, and then it is placed in the heater, where it is kept about three quarters of an hour."

"But how do they get the hose off from the rod, mama?" asked Wallace.

"Air is allowed to pass between the hose and the rod; the hose expands and slips off easily."

"How do they make mats like the one on the veranda?"

"A thick sheet of rubber is placed on a block, and the pattern is punched out with different-shaped dies. Solid rubber goods are kneaded and



pressed into molds. It is never melted and poured in, as one might suppose."

"What if the trees should all die?" asked Wallace, thoughtfully.

"To prevent that, plantations are being set out with rubber-trees. The seeds are gathered in May and June, and drilled into the ground. When the little trees are from six months to a year old, they are transplanted into their places in the plantation. After this they do not need much care. When about six years old, they are tapped. The sap flows more freely in July and August, although it will run any day in the year. The trees live to be from fifty to seventy-five years old. One writer who tells about Columbus's discovery of the island of Hayti says that the natives had balls for amusement made from the juice of a tree which grows there."

"Mama, where did you learn so much about rubber?" inquired Wallace.

"I was reading it up yesterday to tell the ladies at the missionary meeting after we go home."

And then Wallace thought he must have been mistaken the day before in thinking that all those long columns of reading were dry and uninteresting because there were no pictures in them.—*S. S. Times.*

Edith's Cure for the Blues

LITTLE Edith Morris had had the "blues," as the family called them, so many times in her short life that they threatened to become chronic. Grandma said it was her liver, papa said she studied too hard, while thoughtless Tom said, "She is just cross." Mama felt very sorry about it, and dreaded the appearance of the blues, which so quickly changed a sunny little girl into such an unlovely one.

As Mrs. Morris returned from shopping one day, Tom greeted her at the door with the announcement, "Edith's got the blues again!"

"Oh, dear! has she?" said Mrs. Morris, adding, anxiously, "I hope you have not been worrying her."

But Tom only shook his head as he hurried off to join some friends at basket-ball. A few minutes later, as Mrs. Morris passed the door of Edith's room, she was very much surprised to hear her singing softly.

"Well, Tom must be mistaken this time," she thought, as, pushing the door open, she peeped in upon a pretty picture. Edith, wearing her prettiest house dress, and a rose in her hair, was arranging a bouquet of violets on the mantel, and had just finished decorating the little room with pretty pepper branches. The furniture had been dusted and polished till it fairly shone in the bright sunlight.

At Mrs. Morris's surprised, "Why dear, what is it?" Edith ran quickly to her, exclaiming:—

"O, mama, it does work! Isn't it lovely?"

"What works, dear? I don't understand."

"Why, Miss Alice's cure! She told me yesterday what she did, and I just thought next time I'd try it, too. And so to-day, when I began feeling blue, I did what she said, and decorated for the blues. And oh! aren't you glad, for they are all gone, and I am so happy?"

Mrs. Morris did not at all understand, but she only said, as she kissed the bright little face: "Indeed I am glad, darling; and how very pretty your room looks! I am sure, if this is all it takes to cure those dreadful blues, my little girl will never let herself have them again,—will she?"

"No, indeed, I sha'n't, mama; and as soon as I feel them coming, I'll begin to decorate right away, and scare them off. Miss Alice is always so sweet, and I was so glad when she told me how she kept the blues away, for maybe I can be as sweet as she is."

"What can the child mean?" Mrs. Morris asked herself when alone in her own room. "I shall ask Alice about it, for I am quite puzzled."

When Miss Alice, who was Mrs. Morris's dearest friend, dropped in that evening, Mrs. Morris carried her off to her own little sitting-room, and when they were comfortably seated, came to the point at once:—

"Now I want to know all about this new cure."

"What new cure? What are you talking about, Eleanor?" asked Alice, in surprise.

"Why, you know. What was it you told Edith yesterday about decorating for the blues?"

"Decorating for the blues? Why, yes; I told Edith I was going to decorate for the Blues, but what has that to do with the 'cure' you asked about?"

"Why, she said you told her to decorate to cure the blues, and to-day I found her trying it. It effected such a wonderful cure that I thought I would ask you where you got your idea."

Miss Alice was thoughtful for a moment, then, smiling brightly, said: "Tell me, Eleanor, what did the child do?"

After Mrs. Morris's explanation, Alice laughed softly, and said: "I see it all now. I remember meeting Edith yesterday on my way to our mission, and told her I was going to decorate for the Blues."

"To stimulate interest by a little friendly competition, we have classified the mission school into two divisions,—the Reds and the Blues. The Blues gave a reception to the Reds, and as I am one of the Blues, I helped in decorating the room."

"I supposed Edith knew about our mission and the Reds and Blues, and did not think of her taking it in the way she has, though I am not at all sorry; and," thoughtfully, "I'm not sure but that she is right, after all."

Edith is a young lady now, and has often laughed over her curious mistake; but she still insists it was an excellent idea, and even now, when she feels herself getting blue, if you chanced to peep into her room, I would not be at all surprised if you should find that she had been "decorating for the blues!"—*Selected.*

A Traveling Threshing-Machine

WE who have pounded down stakes to hold a horse-power firm, while the five or six teams that give the power to run the "separator" walked round and round, hitched to long wooden arms reaching out from a center filled with wheels and cogs, would certainly find something interesting in the novel spectacle of a real thresher, turning out from eight hundred to fifteen hundred bushels of grain a day, moving along steadily, and keeping pace with the reaper which cuts a swath of from twenty-five to more than thirty feet in width. Yet this is a common sight in the large valleys of California.

I will try to give, for those who have never seen one, an idea of the appearance of the moving thresher. The whole apparatus is drawn by a large engine, with wheels about eight feet in diameter, their tires being more than two feet in width, and some even three feet across. While this engine draws them steadily along the side of the grain in the field, it does not furnish the necessary power by a connection with its own machinery. It does, however, furnish the moving power by a more sure method,—that is, from its steam-chest. This, connected with the thresher by a flexible tube, makes it possible to get the thresher in motion before the engine starts it into the grain. Thus there is no chance of waste on account of lack of power. Then, again, the thresher can be kept in motion until the wheat has all run through, even though the end of the field has been reached, and the engine stands still. The reaper cutting a swath so many feet in width, is braced very strongly, so that it shall retain its position, and carry its burden of grain over canvas aprons, direct to the cylinder of the machine.

On the side of the machine next the reaper, two men stand on a raised platform. One attends to

the separator, or thresher, seeing that the grain passes through without clogging, or that anything gets displaced. The other stands by a lever to adjust the sickle of the reaper to the height of the grain, raising or lowering it as may be required. He also attends to a carrier, much like a wide wagon-box, with the back end-board taken out. This carrier holds the threshed straw until there is a large quantity gathered. Then by a rope attached to the front end, the attendant tips the box backward on a strong hinge, which supports it in the middle, and thus the straw is left in large bunches here and there in the field.

On the opposite side from these men, there is a strong platform about eighteen inches from the ground, upon which one man stands, and two sit. The man who stands, attends to placing the bags on the spout where the grain comes from the thresher. He pounds the grain down in the bag until it is well filled, then by a lever turns it into another bag, while he deftly detaches the filled one from the hooks which have supported it, and swings it to the knees of one of the men who sits. This man seizes it by one corner of the top, and quickly makes it fast by a strong cord, which is run through the eye of a large needle. He then sews the mouth of the sack firmly, finishing the task by looping the thread firmly around the other end of the top, and with an easy movement, whirls the bag, or sack, upon his knees, and carries it to the back of the platform. While this is in progress, the other waiting man has received another bag from the one who fills them; and thus, while the machine is moving around the field, the grain is prepared for the market. The bags are piled upon the platform until there are from six to ten, when they are dropped together on the ground. The owner follows with teams, and hauls away the grain to the market or to the warehouse. (Some may ask, How could they drop the bags of grain on the ground if there should come a rain, and the ground be muddy? It *never rains* in the time of harvest, in California.)

The wheat is not reckoned by bushels and half-bushels, but by pounds and sacks. The men who cut and thresh the grain have wagons prepared, and do their own cooking, and thus the busy housewife is freed from the dread of harvesters, and the greater dread of threshers. A swath twenty-five feet in width, in a field one-half mile in length, cuts an acre and a half of grain. The man who sacks the grain, and those who sew the sacks, have a cloth shade adjusted above them, so that altogether the most unpleasant part of the work is taken away, and the men have a comparatively easy time. From seventy-five to one hundred acres a day of wheat can be easily harvested in one day, by the aid of this modern machinery.

This is certainly an age of invention and progress, in many lines. But in this generation will close the message of God, because the last one who will listen to his voice will have been reached. How strange that with all that men can get, they will not get a saving knowledge of God. Some will get this, and you and I must find them. Even *we* may become so engrossed with worldly advancement, that we shall forget to seek our heavenly food every day, and thus, in a little time, drop back from strength to weakness. If any one who reads this, has had this last experience, turn and seek *first* the connection with the Lord, and you will be rewarded.

CLARENCE SANTEE.

Trust

BEING perplexed, I say:

Lord, make it right!

Night is as day to thee;

Darkness as light.

I am afraid to touch

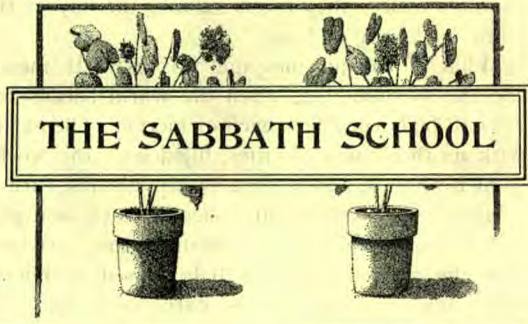
Things that involve so much;

My trembling hand may shake,

My skillless hand may break:

Thine can make no mistake.

—Annie Warner.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII—David and Saul

(November 21)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: I Sam. 18:5-30 and 19:8-12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer." I John 3-15.

Through slaying Goliath, David was brought prominently before all the people. They saw that God was with him, and they looked up to him as their champion. The people in the cities had heard all about the victory, and the women came out, singing and dancing, to meet the returning army. The words of their song, "Saul hath slain his thousands, and David his ten thousands," made Saul very jealous of David.

"They have ascribed unto David ten thousands, and to me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?" was the thought in Saul's mind. No doubt he remembered the words of Samuel, "The Lord hath rent the kingdom of Israel from thee this day, and hath given it to a neighbor of thine." Now he began to see the kingdom slipping from him, and passing into the hands of David, to whom God had given it.

Dark and evil thoughts filled Saul's mind, and when David tried to chase away with the music of his harp the evil spirit that troubled him, the wicked thought came into his heart that now was the time to get rid of David, by pinning him to the wall with his javelin. But David escaped. Saul tried the same thing a second time, but again he failed. Saul had let his jealousy of David rankle in his heart, and grow into hatred, that led to murder. Compare this with the first murder, and the words in I John 3:15.

"And Saul was afraid of David." The evil spirit that troubled him could not endure the presence of the Spirit of God that filled David. So Saul sent him away, making him captain over a thousand of his soldiers. Wherever David went, he behaved himself wisely and prospered, because the Lord was with him. The people all loved him, but Saul feared him more and more.

Then Saul tried a second plot to get rid of David. He promised to give him his eldest daughter, Merab, for a wife, if David would fight valiantly for him. The wicked thought in his heart was that when David went against the Philistines, he would fall in battle, and so he would be saved the trouble of killing him with his own hand. But God preserved the life of his servant David. However, when the time came for Saul to give him Merab his daughter, he gave her instead to another man.

Saul had a younger daughter named Michal. When he heard that she loved David, he thought he saw another opportunity to get rid of him. So he offered to give her to David if he would kill one hundred of the Philistines. This again was a plot to get David killed by the Philistines. But Saul was disappointed; for before the time that he had set was past, David slew two hundred Philistines. So Saul was obliged to give Michal to David. He saw that God was with him, and that Michal loved him, and he feared and hated him more than ever. All his servants, and Jonathan his son, were told to kill David.

Again Saul tried to smite him with his javelin

when David was playing before him; but David slipped away out of Saul's presence. Messengers were sent after him to watch his house and slay him in the morning. But David, seeing that his life was not safe as long as he stayed at the court, escaped from a window during the night, by the help of Michal.

Through all the perils around him, David did not lose heart. He had been appointed king, and he knew that the word of God must stand, and his purpose come to pass. God had let him know what his future was to be, that through all the years of trial while he was being prepared for the kingdom, he might not lose his courage and confidence. Saul did his best to slay David and hinder God's plan, but "none can stay his hand, or say unto him, What doest thou?" Saul had not learned the lesson that God afterward taught the proud king Nebuchadnezzar: that "the Most High ruleth in the kingdom of men, and giveth it to whomsoever he will." See Daniel 4.

Questions

1. Where did David go after he had slain Goliath? Who came out to meet Saul's army? What made Saul very jealous of David? What was Saul always anxious to have?
2. How did Saul's jealousy of David soon show itself? What was the cause of the first murder? What does God say of the one who hates his brother? Why is this?
3. Why was Saul afraid of David? What did he make him, so as to get him out of his presence?
4. How did David behave himself? What was it that gave him wisdom? How did the people look upon David?
5. What plot did Saul make to get David killed by the Philistines? Did it succeed? What did Saul do instead of fulfilling his promise to David?
6. What gave Saul another chance to try to get rid of David? What had David to do in order to win Michal? How many of the Philistines did David slay? Then what was Saul obliged to do?
7. How did Saul once more try to kill David? When David escaped, whom did he send after him? How did David get away?
8. Why did not David lose heart? Against whom was Saul really fighting? What is it not possible for any one to do? Dan. 4:35, last part. What was the lesson that Saul needed to learn? Dan. 4:25, last part.



VIII—Israel's Rejection as a Nation

(November 21)

MEMORY VERSE: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, which killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee; how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen doth gather her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate." Luke 13:34, 35.

Questions

1. What was the first step in Israel's formal rejection of God as their king? I Sam. 8:7.
2. What desire led them to take this final step? I Sam. 8:19, 20; note 1.
3. How faithfully had the Lord labored to bring them back to him? Jer. 25:4-6.
4. What was their constant attitude during all this time? Verse 7.
5. When nothing more could be done for them, through what experience did he permit them to pass? Verse 11.
6. When the seventy years' captivity were completed, what further time did the Lord allot to Israel? Dan. 9:24.
7. Near the close of the seventy weeks, how completely did Israel show that they would not have God rule over them? John 19:15.

8. Until the close of the seventy weeks, to whom was the gospel preached? Matt. 10:5, 6.

9. But after this time, A. D. 34, what development took place? Acts 8:4, 5, 35.

10. How did the Lord make Peter understand that the time had come to give the gospel to the Gentiles? Acts 10. See Peter's vision (verses 9-16) and his interpretation. Verses 34, 35.

11. In crucifying Jesus and refusing his message, what did Israel forfeit? Matt. 21:43; note 2.

12. Of what was rebellious Israel a type? Note 3.

Notes

1. It is of practical value to note the desire which led Israel to take the first decided step in rejecting God as their king. It was that they might be like the nations round about them. And this same desire Satan is still thrusting into the hearts of God's chosen people. When once it has taken root, only the power of God can eradicate it; and unless it is destroyed, it will mean the loss of every soul who entertains it. We as young people are tempted to engage in questionable amusements, or adorn ourselves in similar garments, or read the same literature, and many other suggestions, "like our friends," who know not our King. But the precious promise, "Ye are an elect race, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a people for God's own possession, that ye may show forth the excellences of him who called you out of darkness into his marvelous light" (I Peter 2:9, R. V.), will be our stay when these specious temptations assail us. We do not want to be like the world. Our ambition is to be like the Master; and the better we know him, the stronger will this ambition become.

2. "When Christ should hang upon the cross of Calvary, Israel's day as a nation favored and blessed of God would be ended. The loss of even one soul is a calamity infinitely outweighing the gains and treasures of a world; but as Christ looked upon Jerusalem, the doom of a whole city, a whole nation, was before him; that city, that nation which had once been the chosen of God,—his peculiar treasure. . . . Looking down the ages, he saw the covenant people scattered in every land, 'like wrecks on a desert shore.'—"*Great Controversy*," page 21.

3. "Christ saw in Jerusalem a symbol of the world hardened in unbelief and rebellion, and hastening on to meet the retributive judgments of God. . . . He saw the record of sin traced in human misery, tears, and blood; his heart was moved with infinite pity for the afflicted and suffering ones of earth, he yearned to relieve them all. But even his hand might not turn back the tide of human woe; few would seek their only source of help. He was willing to pour out his soul unto death, to bring salvation within their reach; but few would come to him, that they might have life."—"*Great Controversy*," page 22.

What Is Good?

"What is the real good?"
I asked in musing mood.

"Order," said the law court;
"Knowledge," said the school;
"Truth," said the wise man;
"Pleasure," said the fool;
"Love," said the maiden;
"Beauty," said the page;
"Freedom," said the dreamer;
"Home," said the sage;
"Fame," said the soldier;
"Equity," the seer.
Spake my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly this I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
'Kindness' is the word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly.



Strength

"As thy days, thy strength shall be,"—
What a promise this for thee!
Fear not, then, what time may bring:
Thou art safe beneath His wing.

Do the clouds of boding ill
Overshade the future still?
When the morrow comes apace,
Thou shalt have the morrow's grace.

Dost thou dread the pain unborn?
Fear the cold world's bitter scorn?
Is it not enough to know
He will needed strength bestow?

Does the conflict from afar
Make thee faint, before the war?
When the battle-dawn appears,
Thou wilt laugh at all thy fears.

See! the warder angels teem
Where the beaconed watch-towers gleam;
Hear the cry they ring to thee—
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

—Llewellyn A. Morrison.

The Second Coming of Christ—No. 2 Some Will Know When His Coming Is Near

BECAUSE the Bible affirms that no man knows the day or the hour of the Saviour's second advent, some have concluded that nothing can be known concerning that event. This is a wrong as well as a dangerous conclusion. A friend may promise to visit us, and we expect him to come soon, yet be unable to tell the day or the hour when he will arrive.

Daniel, speaking prophetically of the last days, tells us that "none of the wicked shall understand; but," he adds, "the wise shall understand." Dan. 12:10. In Rev. 12:12 we learn that even the devil will know when the end is near, and the time in which he can deceive souls is to close forever. But the Lord has not taken Lucifer into his counsels, and revealed to him the approaching end of the consummation, and hidden the knowledge of this stupendous event from his people. Satan has a knowledge of the word of God. When tempting Jesus in the wilderness, he could quote Scripture correctly. So from God's word, and a study of the progress of events, he knows that the end of all things earthly is near. Let us be at least as wise as he.

When Jesus comes the second time, he will bring salvation only to those who are looking for him. "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for him shall he appear the second time without sin unto salvation." Heb. 9:28. When he comes seated upon the cloud, and a crown of glory upon his head, some who behold him approaching the earth will exclaim, "Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation." Isa. 25:9. One of the greatest promises in all the Bible is made to those who are found waiting for the coming of the Lord. See Isa. 64:4; also chapter 49:23.

Some Will Be Waiting for Him

But you can not wait for an event you do not know is going to happen, neither can you wait for a friend who comes to your home unannounced. So the fact that some are waiting for the Lord when he appears, proves clearly that they have information concerning the time of his coming; and when he comes, they are ready and waiting for him. Paul speaks of them, and calls them his brethren. "But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as

a thief. Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness." 1 Thess. 5:4, 5.

To be informed, then, concerning the coming of Jesus, is to be in the light, and a child of the Lord. Another class is spoken of on whom this tremendous day comes as a thief,—unexpectedly, — and finds them unprepared. They are saying, "Peace and safety," and looking for a good time in the future. They scoff at the thought that destruction great and terrible is coming, and so they will be unprepared for that time of trouble such as never was, when Michael stands up to deliver his people. Therefore will sudden destruction come upon them, from which there is no escape. Verse 3.

Then, too, we are sure some will know the time, and that the coming of the Lord is near, from the fact that a message announcing his coming and the end of human probation will be preached in all the earth. The Lord does not change. Jesus is "the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." In the past, when his judgments were to be sent upon cities or upon nations, he gave warnings of the calamity, that the people might turn to him. The antediluvian world was warned of the impending deluge: all had the opportunity to escape the destruction if they would; and "as it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of man." Luke 17:26. Likewise when the cities of the plains were to be swept from the earth because of their terrible iniquity, the Lord sent angels to Lot to warn him, and others through him, to escape. "Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed." Verse 30. Jonah was sent to warn Nineveh of her overthrow. Through Jeremiah and other of his servants, messages of warning relative to threatened national calamity were sent to Israel. John the Baptist was sent as the forerunner of Jesus, announcing the first advent, and those who turned away from his message "rejected the counsel of God against themselves." Luke 7:30.

The Good News Will Be Given

So in the last days, just prior to the Saviour's coming in the clouds of heaven, a message based on the Bible will be proclaimed in the entire earth, calling upon all to prepare to meet him. Some will scoff, mock, and ridicule the message. "Knowing this first, that there shall come in the last days scoffers, walking after their own lusts, and saying, Where is the promise of his coming? for since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." 2 Peter 3:3, 4. The last-day scoffers ask about the promise, or sign, of his coming. They propound this question to some one. The fact that such a question is asked shows that the news of the second coming of Christ is being given. It is resisted by unbelievers, and those who teach it are urged to give proof of their position. This shows clearly that such a message will be proclaimed.

Again the prophet Joel says, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand." Joel 2:1. Sometime this prophecy will be fulfilled. The prophecy foretelling the work of John the Baptist was written seven hundred years before any one was raised up to fulfil it; but when the time came, the forerunner appeared, calling attention to the words of the prophecy. John 1:22, 23. In like manner when the time arrives, this message will be given, announcing to the generation who will witness the event the tidings of the end. God's servants know where they are in the stream of time, and in fulfilment of the predictions of

the divine Seer they proclaim that the day of the Lord is "nigh at hand."

What a solemn message this is! It means the end of probation, when the world because of sin will be beyond the reach of mercy. The earth, with its thousands of cities, filled with the works of men's hands, will be rent by convulsions, turned to chaos, and, wrapped in robes as black as night, will be entombed for a thousand years. At that time the righteous dead will be raised, and with the living righteous will be gathered home. No more pain or sorrow or tearful eyes; no more death,—funeral processions and graveyards forever in the past, and the weary pilgrims with the Lord forevermore.

What nobler work could occupy the mind than to give this message? Are there not, of those who read these lines, many youth who will enlist in proclaiming it? Not only will it give us joy here, but it will declare for us an eternal dividend through the endless cycles of eternity.

G. B. THOMPSON.

On Going to Church

Go early to church. Not only be punctual, but be in your place before the hour for the service is announced to begin.

Go in a reverent spirit. On the way remember whither you go. Avoid lightness of manner and conversation on worldly topics.

Before you enter, and as you enter the church, breathe a silent prayer of invocation for the influence of the Holy Spirit.

As you take your place, bow your head reverently in prayer for yourself and for all others who enter the sanctuary.

Resolve that you will foster no thought, fix your eyes on no object, utter no word, that will tend to divert your mind from the holy purpose for which you have come into this place.

As the minister enters the pulpit, offer an earnest, silent prayer in his behalf.

In all the service take an active part: as hearer, as worshiper.

At the close of the service, after a moment of prayerful silence, greet with cheerfulness and good-will all whom you happen to meet, remembering that Christian fellowship is a part of Christian worship.—Bishop Vincent.

TOTAL abstinence from intoxicating liquor as a beverage is simply common sense. Wise men in all lines of life see that its use unfits them for duty. At a banquet given to Dr. Lorenz, the great surgeon, in New York, wine was served, but the doctor pushed the wine-glass aside, and, in reply to the question as to whether he was a teetotaler, he said:—

"I can not say that I am a temperance agitator, but I am a surgeon. My success depends upon my brains being clear, my muscles firm, and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquors without blunting these physical powers which I must keep always on edge."

The Youth's Instructor

ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 N. CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ADELAIDE BEE COOPER EDITOR

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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.