

# THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER, NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

Vol. LIII

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 26, 1905

No. 52



"For we have seen His Star in the east  
And are come to worship him"

## Did You Ever Think?

Did you ever think what this world would be  
If Christ hadn't come to save it?  
His hands and feet were nailed to the tree,  
And his precious life—he gave it.  
But countless hearts would break with grief,  
At the hopeless life they were given,  
If God had not sent the world relief,  
If Jesus had stayed in heaven.

Did you ever think what this world would be  
With never a life hereafter?  
Despair in the faces of all we'd see,  
And sobbing instead of laughter.  
In vain is beauty, and flowers' bloom,  
To remove the heart's dejection,  
Since all would drift to a yawning tomb,  
With never a resurrection.

Did you ever think what this world would be,  
How weary of all endeavor,  
If the dead unnumbered, in land and sea,  
Would just sleep on forever?  
Only a pall over hill and plain!  
And the brightest hours are dreary,  
Where the heart is sad, and hopes are vain,  
And life is sad and weary.

Did you ever think what this world would be  
If Christ had stayed in heaven,—  
No home in bliss, no soul set free,  
No life, or sins forgiven?  
But he came with a heart of tenderest love,  
And now from on high he sees us,  
And mercy comes from the throne on high;  
Thank God for the gift of Jesus!

L. D. SANTEE.

Dixon, Ill.

## Unto You a Saviour

THE King of glory stooped low to take humanity. Rude and forbidding were his earthly surroundings. His glory was veiled, that the majesty of his outward form might not become an object of attraction. He shunned all outward display. Riches, worldly honor, and human greatness can never save a soul from death; Jesus purposed that no attraction of an earthly nature should call men to his side. Only the beauty of heavenly truth must draw those who would follow him.

The angels had wondered at the glorious plan of redemption. They watched to see how the people of God would receive his Son, clothed in the garb of humanity. Angels came to the land of the chosen people. Other nations were dealing in fables, and worshiping false gods. To the land where the glory of God had been revealed, and the light of prophecy had shone, the angels came. They came unseen to Jerusalem, to

Jerusalem was not preparing to welcome her Redeemer.

With amazement the heavenly messengers beheld the indifference of that people whom God had called to communicate to the world the light of sacred truth. The Jewish nation had been preserved as a witness that Christ was to be born of the seed of Abraham and of David's line;

the appointed expositors of the Sacred Oracles, and the ministers of God's house. Already the forerunner, John the Baptist, was born, his mission attested by miracle and prophecy. The tidings of his birth and the wonderful significance of his mission had been spread abroad. Yet

prayers, and performed the rites of worship to be seen by men, but in their strife for riches and worldly honor they were not prepared for the revelation of the Messiah. The same indifference pervaded the land of Israel. Hearts, selfish and world-engrossed, were untouched by the joy that thrilled all heaven. Only a few were longing to behold the Unseen. To these heaven's embassy was sent.

Angels attend Joseph and Mary as they journey from their home in Nazareth to the city of David. But in the city of their royal line, they are unrecognized and unhonored. Weary and homeless, they traverse the entire length of the narrow street, from the gate of the city to the eastern extremity of the town, vainly seeking a resting-place for the night. There is no room for them at the crowded inn. In a rude building where the beasts are sheltered, they at last find refuge, and here the Redeemer of the world is born.

Men know it not, but the tidings fill heaven with rejoicing. With a deeper and more tender interest the holy beings from the world of light are drawn to earth. The whole world is brighter for his presence. Above the hills of Bethlehem are gathered an innumerable throng of angels. They wait the signal to declare the glad news to the world. Had the leaders in Israel been true to their trust, they might have shared the joy of heralding the birth of Jesus. But now they are passed by.

In the fields where the boy David had led his flock, shepherds were still keeping watch by night. Through the silent hours they talked together of the promised Saviour, and prayed for the coming of the King to David's throne. "And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid. And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." "Heaven is love." Wonder, O heavens! and be astonished, O earth!

At these words, visions of glory fill the minds of the listening shepherds. The Deliverer has come to Israel! Power, exaltation, triumph, are associated with his coming. But the angel must prepare them to recognize their Saviour in poverty and humiliation. "This shall be a sign unto you," he says, "ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The heavenly messenger had quieted their fears. He had told them how to find Jesus. With tender regard for their human weakness, he had given them time to become accustomed to divine



"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN"

yet they knew not that his coming was now at hand. In the temple the morning and the evening sacrifice daily pointed to the Lamb of God; yet even here was no preparation to receive him. The priests and teachers of the nation knew not that the greatest event of the ages was about to take place. They rehearsed their meaningless



radiance. Then the joy and glory could no longer be hidden. The whole plain was lighted up with the bright shining of the hosts of God. Earth was hushed, and heaven stooped to listen to the song,—

"Glory to God in the highest,

And on earth peace, good will toward men."

O that to-day the human family could recognize that song! The declaration then made, the note then struck, will swell till the close of time, and resound to the ends of the earth. When the Sun of Righteousness shall arise, with healing in his wings, that song will be re-echoed by



THE CHALLENGE

the voice of a great multitude, as the voice of many waters, saying, "Alleluia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."—Mrs. E. G. White.

### Sir Edwin Landseer

THE name of Landseer is almost a household word even in America; for nurseries, children's story-books, school-books, and schoolrooms are hardly thought to be complete without some representation of Landseer's gift.

Among his most familiar and most prized paintings are the following: "A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society," "The Sick Monkey," "Dignity and Impudence," "Alexander and Diogenes," "Laying Down the Law," "The Monarch of the Glen," "The Sanctuary," "The Deer Pass," "The Challenge," "Saved," "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner," "There's Life in the Old Dog Yet," "The Stag at Bay," and "A Naughty Child."

The popularity of at least one of these is shown by the following incident: A teacher once asked her pupils which one of all the pictures they had seen in a large picture gallery recently visited, would they rather have to look at each day. An overwhelming majority chose "The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner."

Edwin Landseer was one of a family of fourteen children, only seven of whom lived through childhood. His father, John Landseer, of London, England, was an engraver of considerable fame. Three of his children inherited his artistic talent.

Little four-year-old Edwin, sketching the animals on Hampstead Heath, made a pretty picture, and one that the father appreciated. Mr. Landseer began to criticize the little fellow's drawings made at this early age, and to insist on immediate correction of errors, despite the hour for supper had passed.

In the British Art Collection there is a series of drawings which show his progress from the age of five. There is also on exhibition an etching made by him when seven years old. At the age of thirteen he made a drawing of a St. Bernard dog, which revealed much native talent and skill. The British Institution awarded him a premium of seven hundred fifty dollars for his picture "The Larder Invaded," painted at the age of twenty.



THE SICK MONKEY

Landseer became an exceptionally rapid painter, but behind this rapidity were years of practise, keen observation, and thoughtful study. Three quarters of an hour sufficed to produce a handsome painting of rabbits, and one of two dogs required only two days. He is accredited with having made nearly a thousand paintings and sketches between the years 1809 and 1873. His pictures frequently sold for ten or fifteen thousand dollars each.

His work was much appreciated by Queen Victoria. She purchased several paintings, and also took some lessons from him. Observing Mr. Landseer's insight into the nature and habits of dogs, she once asked him how he gained this knowledge. "By peeping into their hearts, ma'am," he answered.

Landseer was never so happy, it is said, as when drawing or studying lions, though the deer and dog were by no means slighted by him. He, however, passed almost unnoticed the cat, which is said to be one of the most difficult animals to draw. That he could draw the cat well, however, is handsomely demonstrated in his picture entitled "The Cat's Paw," in which a monkey is represented as having seized Miss Tabby, and by manipulating her paw himself makes her remove almost red-hot chestnuts from the stove for his own repast.

Mr. Landseer possessed both humor and the power of mimicry. Once at a dinner party given by Sir Francis Chantrey, the great sculptor, he gave an amusing illustration of his power to imitate the manner and voice of another.

After the cloth was removed from the beautifully polished table, Landseer's attention was called by Mr. Chantrey to the reflections in the table of the company, furniture, and lamps. "Come and sit in my place and study perspective," said the host, and went himself to the fire. As soon as Landseer was seated in the host's chair, he turned round, and imitating the voice and manner of Mr. Chantrey, said to him: "Come, young man, you think yourself ornamental; now make yourself useful, and ring the bell!" Chantrey did as he was requested; the butler appeared, and was bewildered at hearing his master's voice from the head of the table, order some wine, while he saw him standing before the fire.

Several of Mr. Landseer's best paintings owe their charm to this vein of humor. But his last years were marked by a decided depression of spirits, owing to cerebral disease. He died on the first of October, 1873, at the age of seventy-one, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London; but through his marvelous power of reproduction he still lives.



HIGHLAND SHEPHERD'S CHIEF MOURNER

### The Artist's Thoughts from Pictures Dignity and Impudence

ANY one with a sense of humor must often be impressed by the resemblance between the ways of dogs and the ways of men. The dignified dog, the vulgar dog, the nervous dog, the lazy dog, the impudent dog, are all types of which there are many human counterparts. The dog, indeed, seems at times almost to mimic the manners of men. So in our picture of Dignity and Impudence we are at once reminded of a corresponding situation in human life.

The hound Grofton, posing as Dignity, lies at the entrance of his kennel, his paws overhanging the edge. His handsome head is held erect as he surveys an approaching visitor with the air of an elderly statesman receiving a political candidate. There can be no doubt that his opinions are decidedly conservative.

A small Scotch terrier has been playing about him, having no awe of his big host, but making himself quite at home in his cozy quarters. He is like a frolicsome child, playing about the statesman's chair, while the old gentleman pursues his train of thought quite undisturbed. Now at the sound of approaching footsteps the impertinent creature peeps forth, with the curiosity of his kind, to see who the newcomer is. His tongue is thrust half way out at one side like that of a saucy street boy making faces at the passers-by. Though Dignity apparently ignores the presence of Impudence, we may be sure that the little fellow's antics afford him a quiet amusement. Plainly the two dogs are the best of friends.

There is the greatest possible contrast between them, both in character and in appearance. The bloodhound is of a ponderous nature which does not act without forethought. Thoroughly aroused, he may become quite terrible, but he is not hasty in his judgments. The terrier is a nervous creature, full of activity. We can see from the tense position of his head in the picture that his whole body is quivering.

The bloodhound seems large even for his breed. One of his huge paws could easily crush the little creature. In spite of his reputation for fierceness, his expression here is not at all savage. It is rather grave and judicial, as if carefully summing up the character of his visitor. While the terrier saucily asks, "Who are you?" the bloodhound is steadily gazing at the intruder, as if to read his secret thoughts.

Perhaps something of the hound's gravity of countenance is due to the looseness of the skin about the head, making folds which suggest the wrinkles in an old man's face. The eyes, too,



LANDSEER AND HIS ART CRITICS



are deep set, denoting great intelligence. How unlike are the shining round orbs of the little terrier. The hound's sleek short-haired coat comports well with his dignity, while the long, tangled hair of the terrier suits his impudent character. With the long overhanging ears of the larger dog are amusingly contrasted the small



DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE

sharp points standing upright on his companion's head.

Finally, were the two dogs to lift up their voices to greet the new arrival, an odd duet would be produced by the deep baying of one, broken by the short, sharp yelps of the other.

Our picture illustrates admirably Landseer's genial gift of humor, and shows us how varied was his power.

#### *The Highland Shepherd's Chief Mourner*

An old shepherd living alone in his rude cottage had thrown down his hat and staff for the last time. His neighbors have prepared his body for decent burial, the coffin has been closed and nailed; for the moment the house has been deserted, and the dog is left alone with all that represents his master's life to him. His mute grief is well expressed; speech could not tell more plainly his utter despair. Ruskin's beautiful description of the painting suggests the important points to notice,—“the close pressure of the dog's breast against the wood, the convulsive clinging of the paws, which has dragged the blanket off the trestle, the total powerlessness of the head laid close and motionless upon its folds, the fixed and tearful fall of the eye in its utter hopelessness, the quietness and gloom of the chamber, the spectacles marking the place where the Bible was last closed, indicating how lonely has been the life—how unwatched the departure of him who is now laid solitary in sleep.”

—*Estelle Hurl.*

#### *The Snare of Sincerity*

SINCERITY is one of the currently idolized words. It is often made the supreme test and touchstone. It is held that if only men and women are sincere, they are fundamentally right; all else is of secondary moral consequence. This is the common view. A teacher in a well-known girls' school was recently heard arguing earnestly for it. “What people believe,” she said,

“is not of consequence. The important thing is not what they believe, but whether they are sincere in it.”

Common as this view is, it is sheer nonsense. Suppose one of the pupils of this teacher had answered the question, “When did Columbus discover America?” by replying 1490, and another by replying 1495, would the teacher have replied, if both had been sincere, “You are both right”? What a helpful thing it would be to attend such a school! In buying groceries, are we satisfied if the grocer sincerely makes a mistake in changing our money, and gives us three dollars in change when he should have given seven? Do we say, “Hush, I will say nothing about it; sincerity is the great thing, and the man is entirely sincere”?

Sincerity is not the great thing. Truth is the great thing. The facts of history and of the multiplication table will not bend a hair's-breadth. They are so and so, or they are not so and so, entirely independent of our feeling about them. Sincerity is of significance in connection with them only when it is allied to a perception and acknowledgment of the truth.

All men recognize this in the sphere of historical, and mathematical, and physical fact. But it is equally true in the realm of moral fact. It is not enough to be honest; we must be honestly right. The thugs in India were sincere and conscientious enough. They lay in wait for travelers, and murdered them from a sense of religious duty. When the British government began to hang them, there were many Hindus modern enough in their view to argue, as Sir Charles Trevelyan said, “Why do you hang So-and-so? It is a pity that you should hang him; he is such a religious, good man, so exemplary in all the relations of life, such a good husband, such a good father, you should not hang him.” But the British government could not be persuaded that sincerity of opinion or motive on the part of a murderer was an excuse for his crime. There are sincere polygamists in Utah, sincere liars in every State, sincere cannibals in Africa and the South Seas. Does their sincerity palliate their wrongdoing? Jesus warned his disciples that the time was coming when those who killed them would think that they did service to God. What would God think? If he wrote on men's hearts the love of a right moral life, and men erased the lines and persuaded themselves that that was right which God deemed wrong, would God say, “O, well, it is all right; it is a small matter, after all; the only important thing is that they should think they are right, and be quiet in their minds”?

The very curse of much of our thought and much of our life is that they are wrong or inadequate, and we do not know or do not care to find it out. We are entirely sincere and conscientious, and that very fact is a soporific, and we go on in bad and immoral ways in entire comfort. To make mere sincerity the significant thing lulls men into a negligent serenity which is the gateway of death. “Let him that thinketh he standeth,” says Paul, realizing that these are the ones in peril, “take heed lest he fall.”

For there is, as Dr. Trumbull pointed out in his Northfield sermon on “Moral Color-blindness,” a conscientious observation of the soul's vision, as well as of the physical sight. Our Lord knew this. He never preached the dissolute doctrine that anything will pass if only the man who does it is satisfied. He knew that there are corrupt and depraved sincerities, that men can be blind and say, “We see;” that they could be full of moral night, and imagine that it was light. “If the light that is in thee be darkness,” he declared, “how great is that darkness.”

And these principles are true in the spiritual world as well as in the ethical. There are many people to-day who admit them up to the border of theology, of religious belief, of spiritual knowledge, but who say that here there can be no objective standards or facts or truths universally known and accepted, and that here, accordingly, sincerity must suffice. It is true, we know only in part in these things, and we should be tolerant and modest. But though we know in part, we know; and where we may know, sincerity in ignorance will not excuse us for disloyalty or hostility to the truth. In some of the larger women's colleges, for example, the religious organizations of the students are entirely unevangelical. In some of them they have been scarcely more than theistic. It is enough, it is urged, that students should be sincere, even though they sincerely reject the divinity of our Lord, and cut themselves off from the offer of the life of God in Christ. But such sincerity is simply a shade better than insincerity. It is no substitute whatever for the truth.

And what is worse, sincerity is often the very enemy of the truth. Sincerity is set up as a goal, and men and women think they have it, and rest content with it, and let the truth to which sincerity was meant to lead them go unattained,—go often unsought. There is a subtle pride about the feeling of self-satisfaction, and we often think ourselves to be sincere when we are merely conceited, ignorant of the light because we are blind to it, and blind by our own will. The real sincerity is the sincerity of self-distrust, of the childlikeness of heart from which faith springs.

Souls are lost to-day through the sacrifice of the truth to a sham sincerity. The true sincerity is the humble, eager, self-distrusting search of the soul after the truth of God, which those who



STAG AT BAY

seek find in him, who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.—*Sunday School Times.*

#### *The President Maker*

OTHER officials in the Department of State at Washington come and go, but the second assistant secretary is a permanent functionary, holding his office for life. This is owing chiefly to the fact that in that branch of the government service it is absolutely necessary to have somebody who, through a complete acquaintance with all precedents and traditions, knows what to do in any emergency that may arise.

Thus it comes about that, though the office was created as long ago as 1866, there have been



up to date only two second assistant secretaries of the Department of State. The first incumbent was William Hunter, for whom the position was created. He served the department fifty years, in various capacities, and during most of this period our foreign affairs may be said to have revolved around him. On his death he was succeeded by the incomparable A. A. Adeo.

It is said that every foreign office abroad has its Adeo—the indispensable man who is a living encyclopedia of international law, and who is acquainted with every precedent. They have faith in Washington that no emergency can arise so difficult or out of the common that Mr. Adeo will not be able to furnish offhand a precedent in the case for the government to follow. Precedents, it should be realized, are all-important in diplomatic affairs, and the Department of State is steeped in them.

The Department of State has always been famous for its literature—for the literary excellence of its dispatches and instructions. Though secretaries have succeeded one another at short intervals, the literary style of this great government office has remained always the same. Anybody can observe the fact for himself who will look over the volumes of Foreign Relations, published annually, a perusal of which will show that John Hay's style does not differ from that of Edward Livingston, nor his policy either.

It is a noteworthy fact that more Secretaries of State have become presidents than any other officers of the cabinet, the list including Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, and James Buchanan. The only head of this department that ever ran for the presidency and failed of election was Blaine.—*Selected.*



### January Field Study

#### OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Prayer.

Scripture Reading: Matt. 10: 16-33 (or John 17: 6-21).

Song.

#### FIELD STUDY:—

"Austrian Mission Field," *Review*, November 30.

"New Recruits for China," *Review*, November 30.

PROGRESS IN SPITE OF DIFFICULTIES: *Review*, November 23.

#### SONG.

BRIEF REPORTS: India, Fiji, Cuba, Ceylon, Porto Rico.

INCIDENTS IN THE FIELD: Ceylon, Chile, Korea, India, Africa, Hungary, Fiji, Burma, Brazil, Japan, China, Malay Peninsula.

NEW FIELDS ENTERED DURING THE YEAR.

#### CLOSING EXERCISES.

#### Note

The article "Progress in Spite of Difficulties," should be sketched very briefly. "Incidents in the Field" will be found in the week of prayer reading for December 15. This article also mentions the new fields entered during 1905.

### Work for the Jews

"It hath pleased them verily; and their debtors they are. For if the Gentiles have been made partakers of their spiritual things, their duty is

also to minister unto them in carnal things." Rom. 15: 27.

Yes, truly, the Gentiles owe the Jews a debt. They gave the world a Saviour; for "salvation is of the Jews," and there is salvation in none other, "for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." John 4: 22; Acts 4: 12. And especially is it true to-day that the time has come when the people of God should give the Jews this blessed present truth. These words came to us during the last General Conference: "The time has come when the Jews are to be given light."

Within a week after these words were spoken, the writer received a letter from a friend, saying that several Christian Jews had taken their stand for the Sabbath, and others were weighing the truth.

The Lord has declared that the Gentiles shall be gathered in, and not the Gentiles only, but the Jews. "There are among the Jews many that will be converted, and we shall see the salvation of God going forth as a lamp that burneth."

There are Jews everywhere. In the United States and its possessions, according to the most recent census, there are 1,418,813 Jews. There is not a city, nor a town of ordinary size, but has in it some Jews. And they are coming into this country at a rapid rate. There is now a movement on foot among the wealthy Jews in this country, which, if it shall prove successful, will bring within our borders several millions more. Money is being rapidly raised for this enterprise. California has over thirty thousand Jews; Illinois has nearly one hundred and twenty-five thousand, and Texas nearly twenty thousand; Tennessee has between ten and fifteen thousand. And thus it is in every State.

In October one of the leading Jewish dailies of New York City published two articles, each two columns in length, about the Seventh-day Adventists, and called the attention of the Jews to Seventh-day Adventists as an object-lesson in proper Sabbath-keeping. This is certainly a remarkable occurrence.

At the recent session of the Atlantic Union Conference steps were taken to do aggressive work for the Jews, not only in the circulation of literature, but also to do definite gospel work. And it is expected that in the near future a mission to the Jews will be opened in Boston. But we desire to have literature scattered everywhere.

We feel grateful for what our brethren and sisters have done in this line, but more needs to be done. Sixty thousand copies of the Jewish tract "Israel's Deliverer" have been circulated, and this work has been blessed to many hearts. Why should there not be thousands more of them distributed? Have you given a copy of that tract to every Jew in your neighborhood? If not, will you not please send for some right away, and give the Jews an opportunity to read something on the gospel message? The tracts are sent free, but be sure to enclose an offering to help the work along. Send all money to Miss Jennie Thayer, Secretary Atlantic Union Conference, South Lancaster, Mass. F. C. GILBERT.

South Lancaster, Mass.

### Des Moines Young People's Band

THE call to our young people who really love Jesus to band themselves together for work has been the inspiration of our company from the beginning. In our meetings from week to week, studies on the fundamental principles of our faith have been given by the different members of the Society, and not one has refused to act his part. We have found this plan for our meetings very helpful, as it gives each one experience in presenting the different phases of the message.

We have endeavored to plan the work so that each one will take up that which lies nearest him.

Some of the members have been unable to leave their homes, and they have taken up missionary correspondence, using the Signs Leaflets in their letters. The plan of working a territory of several homes each week with successive numbers of the Signs Leaflets or of *The Family Bible Teacher* has been urged, and we have found this one of the most successful ways of working, as we can watch the interest grow. We hope to see the truth brought to the criminal class through our jail worker.

Visiting our own church-members has also been a prominent part of our work. The secretary of our Sabbath-school has furnished us, from time to time, names of the absentees from the Sabbath-school, and volunteers have been asked to call upon them, telling them they were missed at the school. We have had some encouraging results from this effort, and feel sure this is an important part of the Young People's work. The Junior Band have likewise been given the names of the junior members of the school, or what we usually term "intermediates."

Some of our band have been holding Bible readings, and others have held cottage meetings, with good results, the best of which was that in seeking to help some one else their own souls were blessed.

ELVA A. GREEN.

### Good Words from the Southern Union Conference

THE young people's work in this conference is new, and far behind what it is in many places in the North, yet we wish you to know that we are falling into line, and desire to do all in our power to help carry "the advent message to all the world in this generation."

In a few places where there are good-sized churches, we have a sufficient number of youth to form a Society, but generally they are scattered, one here and another there.

In harmony with recommendation No. 57 passed by the last General Conference, that Young People's Societies in local conferences be encouraged to unite in the support of one or more laborers in some mission field, the young people of the Tennessee River Conference at their camp-meeting pledged themselves to support a native laborer in Africa.

In a similar manner at the Cumberland Conference camp-meeting, a sufficient amount was soon pledged to sustain another worker in the same field. Although there are very few of our youth in North Carolina, they are undertaking a similar task. The young people in Florida have assumed the responsibility of supporting a native worker in China, and the children of that conference esteem it a pleasure to save their spending money to defray the expenses of a student in our mission school on the island of Raiatea. And scattered throughout other portions of the South are many youth who write to me that they are glad to subscribe to such a noble enterprise.

We have so long received assistance from the North for the support of our work in this destitute field, that we are glad to contribute what we can for some more needy part of the Lord's vineyard. As it is an unvarying rule that "where your treasure is, there will your heart be also," shall we not expect that some will become so interested in these fields that they themselves will be laboring there ere long?

METTIE SHARP LENKER.

"Now that the power of utterance is thine,  
Speak, O my brother! kindly, happily,  
To-morrow's call may bid thee life resign;  
Then art thou silent of necessity."

"EVERY promise we break makes a weak place in the self-respect which is our strong defense against the existing evil of life."





#### A Fellow's Mother

"A FELLOW's mother," said Fred the wise, With his rosy cheeks and his merry eyes, "Knows what to do if a fellow gets hurt By a thump, or a bruise, or a fall in the dirt.

"A fellow's mother has bags and strings, Rags and buttons, and lots of things; No matter how busy she is, she'll stop To see how well you can spin your top.

"She does not care, not much, I mean, If a fellow's face is not always clean, And if your trousers are torn at the knee, She can put in a patch that you'd never see.

"A fellow's mother is never mad, But only sorry if you are bad; And I tell you this, if you're only true, She'll always forgive whate'er you do.

"I'm sure of this," said Fred the wise, With a manly look in his laughing eyes, "I'll mind my mother, quick, every day, A fellow's a baby that don't obey."

—M. E. Sangster.

#### A Christmas Wish

AMY WARREN came into the room where her mother was sewing, and exclaimed: "Oh, I just wish I had lots and lots of money!"

"Why, I did not know I had such a mercenary little daughter," said Mrs. Warren. "Is not that rather a selfish wish?"

"Oh, but I want the money to give away, mama," Amy replied, hastily, and her voice trembled a little as she added, more softly: "It is so near Christmas, mama, and all the girls are making Christmas presents and buying them. Mamie Connor has just bought the loveliest ring, with a pearl set in it, to give to Miss Atkins; Alice Powers is crocheting a shawl for her—the wool cost one dollar; and I shall be the only one of all her pupils to give her nothing, and yet I love her most of all. What will she think of me? Then the Endeavor is going to give a present to Mr. Dennison, and our Sabbath-school class have voted to each give one dollar toward buying a handsome lamp for Mrs. Eustis—she has been our teacher so long, you know. And there are ever so many of the girls I would like to give presents to; some will give me presents, and it will look so awful not to give any in return.

"I could do without any presents ever so much easier than not to give any. Oh, I wish papa had not been sick all the year, and we were not so poor!"

Amy's voice suddenly broke down, and she buried her head in her mama's lap. "Do you know, every time I have heard the girls talking about it, I've wished there was no such thing as Christmas. Is that very wicked?"

Mrs. Warren stroked her brown head gently.

"Had there been no true Christmas, the world would have missed all its happiness, its greatest Gift. I fear we have lost sight of this in our rush to give and receive. But, dear, a gift with a money value is a paltry thing compared with what you can bestow. Would my daughter like to give something of more value than a worsted shawl, something that will make Mamie Connor's ring sink into insignificance?"

"Why, mama," Amy exclaimed, opening wide her eyes, "how can I, when you yourself said we could only give the simplest Christmas presents, just among ourselves, because all the money papa made over our expenses had to go toward paying off the debts contracted during his illness? Then, how can I give anything so valuable as you say?"

"My dear, listen while I tell you. There was One so rich that he owned not this world alone, but all worlds, and he loved his children, so that he gave them silver and gold, beautiful homes, gardens, spread out the sky that they might enjoy it, yet these children of his did not appreciate his gifts, could not sense his love. So as a final manifestation of his love, he 'gave himself.' Suppose, dear, you follow Christ's example, and give yourself. I am sure Miss Atkins would appreciate more a pupil who is always attentive, always ready with her lessons, than rings or shawls. Our pastor would value more highly Amy Warren than anything Amy might give, and Mrs. Eustis would esteem more a Sabbath-school pupil present every Sabbath, never inattentive or whispering during the lesson, than a lamp. Suppose you try it!"

Miss Atkins was in her room, looking rather ruefully over a table piled full of presents.

"I suppose I ought to feel grateful," she said, half aloud, "but I am sure Mamie Connor will think that pearl ring ought to cover a 'multitude of sins.' If I correct her for any fault, she will feel abused now. And this shawl is the secret of Alice Power's poor lessons lately. If she would only spend as much time in study as with her fancy work! Dear me! Another ring and another gift, I suppose. Well, I must be resigned to it," and Miss Atkins opened the door, to be met by Amy, standing empty handed.

"I've come to wish you a merry Christmas, Miss Atkins, and to tell you that I can not give any presents, but I am going to give myself; I shall study harder, and try to do better than ever before this year."

Tears came to Miss Atkins's eyes as she stooped to kiss the earnest face. "The best of all my Christmas gifts, Amy! If only each of the boys and girls would give themselves to the work of the school year, I would be a happy teacher."

With lighter heart Amy sped on to the Eustis residence. "Mrs. Eustis," she said, eagerly, "I wish you a merry Christmas, and I have come to tell you that instead of a Christmas present, I am going to give myself this year. I shall not be absent once, if I can help it, nor whisper, but will just give myself to the lesson."

"Amy, God must have sent you to me with this resolve," said Mrs. Eustis, "for the girls have been so inattentive that I have felt that I must give the class to some one more able to interest them, but now I am encouraged to go on."

Very thoughtfully Amy walked on to the parsonage, but when she repeated her message, she added something to it. "Mr. Dennison," she said, shyly, "I have been thinking that it isn't 'things' so much that are wanted as just ourselves, and I wanted to tell you that I have given myself to Christ. It is the least I could do, isn't it, when he gave himself?"—Selected.

#### The Power of Silence

ONCE, when I was a boy of about twelve years of age, I received a lesson which will remain indelibly upon my memory as long as I live. It taught me the power of silence in conditions when great interests are involved.

My mother was a sweet-spirited, tender-hearted woman, who loved me as only such a mother can love, and in the great depths of that true love it was rather hard for me to go astray into forbidden paths. She had carefully taught me the principles of a true life, and had pointed out the ways in which sin and temptation lurked. She had such a marked way of convincing one of the right that I could not err, and yet she was a very quiet woman, and spoke in a low, gentle voice, which always revealed love and sweetness, even in my boyish ears. I loved my mother with all the ardor of my passionate nature, and I think I generally sought to walk in the path which she had proved to me was the right one. Thus the bright, glad years went on, and our home life seemed like a little heaven, as I now look back upon it.

But there were a few idle, vicious boys in our neighborhood, just as there are everywhere, who tried to lead me into sin, and so careful were they in their work, that I did not at first mistrust their motive. My mother's home was about a mile out of the little village where we attended church and Sunday-school, and in the summer time we often walked there, as we kept no horses after my father died.

The summer before my mother died, her health was very poor, and as she was not able to attend church, I went alone. These boys soon found out the fact, and very often I would meet them on my way to town, or they would overtake me on my return home, and naturally we got into the habit of talking and exchanging our views on many things. They did not make comment in any way about the Sunday-school, nor ridicule my mother's influence over me. They were too sly and artful for that, for had they done so, I should have turned from them in disgust. They, however, tempted me to engage in playing cards, and I did not see their motive nor craftiness until I was ensnared. I had a passion for games of any kind, and I became completely fascinated by the cards. At first I only stopped and played a game under the shadow of some tree, and would hurry home to make up for the time spent in this evil way. It was my first downward slip, and the first thing that I did that I kept from my mother's knowledge. There had always been, until this, the utmost confidence between my mother and myself. I knew that I was doing wrong, and walking in one of the paths I had been taught were dangerous. Besides, I had profaned and desecrated God's holy day, which my mother revered so much. But that strange fascination that always clings to cards had bound me, and I was helpless. It became stronger and stronger, until I often went no farther than the old maple tree, and played cards until it was time to return home. If mother asked me about the Sunday-school, I always reported the last one I attended. I think that she at the last was forced to think that there



was something wrong, although she never suggested it to me. One Sunday, quite late in autumn, I started for Sunday-school as usual, and was met by the boys at the tree, which stood a little distance from the road, but yet hidden from the view of people passing along it.

I had intended going to Sunday-school that day, but the "one game" was followed by another and another, until it was long after the time I should have gone. The hour passed swiftly by, and we became so much excited in our games that we took no note of time. While in the midst of our "last game," as we had said it should be, we became conscious of another presence than "our four," and looking up, I beheld my mother standing close to us, with her large eyes fixed upon me.

The cards fell from my hand, and I was powerless to move. The other boys gathered them up, and went away in silence.

Mother did not speak, and I can never forget the grieved, startled expression which rested upon her face. It seemed to me that I lived an age in the few moments she stood there. It was in the time of falling leaves, and I remember of seeing them drift slowly down between her and me. I finally bowed my head to hide the flush which I felt was burning on my face.

Mother turned abruptly about at last, and walked feebly to our home, a half-mile away. I looked up at the sun, and I saw by its position in the sky that it was late in the afternoon. This explained why my mother had come. She had become alarmed at my long absence, and started out to meet me. Of course, she could not fail to hear our voices from the road, as we were too excited to speak in an undertone. I sprang up and followed my mother home, and in the autumnal twilight I knelt by her side, and with my hot, flushed face pillowed in her lap, promised her I would never touch a card again.

She smiled, in her old, sweet, loving way, but made no answer.

If she had upbraided me, I could have borne my shame better, but that strange silence only tortured me. At last, however, she placed her hand upon my head, and I felt that I was forgiven.

Mother grew worse all the autumn and winter, but the sweet smile remained. Her pale face seemed at times lit up with a light which was not of earth, and then I understood that my sweet mother was going from me.

Before she went, however, she placed her wasted hand upon my head, and left me in the watchcare of God. Once she prayed, "Suffer not my boy to be led again into temptation."

I knew what she meant by that, and that was the only reference she ever made to my sin. I never touched a card again.

I am a man now, and often feel the power of temptation coming over me; but if I have a thought of yielding, the power of that strange silence comes back, and I am saved. Thank God for a mother's influence and dying prayer.—*Selected.*

#### A Word to Our Young People—IV

WHILE singing that hymn which says, "Let a little sunshine in," has it occurred to you that after letting in the sunshine, you should let it out again for those who are less fortunate than yourself? Since heaven begins within the soul, and we can have a foretaste of heaven here, we should not only bring its brightness and glory down into our own souls, but also let it radiate from our lives and shine forth to those in darkness round about us. Sunshine can be worked out by doing deeds of kindness, acts of loving ministry, even though they are small; and by giving cheery smiles and hopeful words. The only way in which we can work for the Saviour is by doing something for our fellow men: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Whenever from the love of Christ you try to do something for either the soul or body, you are verily ministering to the Lord Jesus.

Sometimes I believe we make the plan of salvation too hard. It is very simple. On the cross, Christ said, "It is finished." There and then, the strength was provided to save us from the power, and cleanse us from the stain, of sin. So let us believe, and give the Saviour a chance to impart to us his saving grace and cleansing power. Do not doubt that your sins are forgiven. "Be not afraid, only believe."

Satan may seek to persuade you that the plan of salvation is not a success. He may try to tempt you to believe that your case is an exception; but do not entertain such doubts. Claim that promise and assurance of the Bible, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out," and live a happy life. Enter into what God has provided for you, and then from your face will shine out a confidence, a blessed assurance that "Jesus is mine," and you will be able to influence your associates. God grant that all whose eyes may rest upon these lines, shall consecrate now, if never before, all they have and are to the service of Prince Emmanuel.

Young friends, it is time we were doing something for the cause of truth. Enlist at once in the good fight of faith, and resolve to be loyal and true till Jesus comes. Of course, you will have troubles. But how different it is to have difficulties when fighting with God, and to have trials and troubles when fighting against him. When on Christ's side, we can bravely meet every temptation, surmount all obstacles, and conquer every foe. It is a blessed comfort to know that "all things work together for good" if we love the Lord. And if the clouds hang over the soul, as they certainly will, you know that God permits everything that comes to you, and as Cowper says, in his famous hymn, "The clouds ye so much dread are big with mercy, and will break in blessings on your head." When trouble comes, we know that the Sun of Righteousness has not left us forever, but will shine out again with renewed splendor and glory, because of the dark hour through which we have passed. Besides, every trial, if taken in a spirit of meekness and humility, will the better enable you to fill your divinely appointed sphere, and fit you for the harder tests that will come later.

Do you desire to "be filled with the Spirit"? Then fill your heart and mind with God's Word; walk in all the light as best you can; and surely you will have the infilling of God's Spirit. And as you endeavor to give to some one else the truth you have, you will overflow and be baptized from on high.

A young man or young woman who is living up to all the light that has been received, is full of the Spirit, and ready to overflow any moment. It is when we see God bless our efforts to lead a sinner to the cross, and by God's help we have been enabled to see the soul born into the kingdom, that we have the most positive assurance that our own sins are forgiven. And it is when we have not been doing very much for our fellows, that we begin to have doubts about our own salvation and forgiveness. An empty or partly filled vessel can not overflow. The soul that overflows must be full. The church that would overflow must be a Spirit-filled church.

It is a good thing, so far as it goes, to sing, "Rescue the perishing, care for the dying," etc., but that of itself is not sufficient. We must bestir ourselves, put on the whole armor of God, wrestle with the powers of evil and the spirits of wickedness. All around us are boundless opportunities to work for the Master. Let every young man and young woman who reads this, begin an earnest campaign of Christian effort. Make up your mind that, God helping you, you will improve your talents, cultivate your consecration, and devote your energies untiringly to

the great work of seeking to scatter the rays of precious truth which Heaven has sent you. Thus, and thus only, will you, my brother or sister, be qualified to share in the triumph which is to come sooner or later to the chosen and the faithful, who have washed their robes in the blood of the Lamb, and have done what lay in their power to extend Christ's glorious kingdom.

W. S. SADLER.

#### The Healthy Way

LOVE God, and love to study health,  
And God will love to give you wealth.  
A body that is clean and pure  
Is more than likely to secure  
A healthy mind; and this can teach  
The soul to outward, upward reach;  
And when you have a healthy soul,  
You easily can find the goal  
Of all true riches. Heaven's heirs  
Are more than multi-millionaires.  
So, if you'd reap eternal wealth,  
Love God, and love to study health.

—Benjamin Keech, in *Ram's Horn*.

#### An Experience in Porto Rico

It was during the year of 1902 that our summer mission school opened in Mayaguez. A few days after we began, a little boy by the name of Juan Navarro asked for admission. Although well crowded, I could not turn away from the pleading voice, so he was enrolled. I found him a most obedient, studious lad of ten. He never gave me the trouble that many of the children did. After school closed in the autumn, I seldom saw him. Only when I passed him in the street was I reminded of "Juan," when his cheery voice would ring out in broken English, "Good mornin', Mrs. Fischer."

One day after my return to the island, while going to my work in the Playa, I heard a boy's voice calling, "Mrs. Fischer!" and there stood Juan. After inquiring where he lived, and being invited to visit his home, I went. It was then I learned the family's story.

Dana Pancha, his mother, came from a well-to-do Spanish family. Her husband, while not wealthy, possessed a *finca* (small farm). When the war and hurricane of 1898 came, his crops were destroyed, and he was left penniless. Like many of the farms here, there was a heavy mortgage on it, and he could not meet it. Not being able to rally from the blow, he soon died, leaving his widow with seven children to support. She took in sewing, and for a few years was able to support her family, but at the time of my visit she was almost in a destitute condition.

The three older girls, through the influence of friends, had found a home at the Christian Orphanage at Bayamon.

The weeks passed rapidly, other work and needs filling my mind, for we find plenty of destitute cases here, until I had almost forgotten Juan. One day our pressman, Peter, came to me and told me that one of his neighbors was sick, and asked him to have me call to see if I could give her relief with some of our simple treatments which she had heard the neighbors speak of. So I went with him that evening, and who should I see but Juan, and his mother, so wasted with disease that I scarcely could recognize her. Although only a few months had passed since I saw her last, tuberculosis had done its work. For six long weeks, sometimes daily, other times two or three times a week, I sought to relieve her of her suffering. It was something wonderful to see the confidence which she soon learned to have in the simple water treatments used.

I told her frankly one day of her condition—that Jesus, the Great Healer, was her only source of help; that all that human power could do had been done, and that soon her work would be ended and she would rest until Jesus, the



Life-giver, came to raise those sleeping in death.

A few days before her death I called to see her, and left instructions, if I was needed at any time, either night or day, to send for me.

One morning just as I was busy with dinner, Juan came for me, saying his mother was worse, and was calling for me constantly. As soon as possible I was by her bedside. I knew it was only a question of a few hours, and that no treatment could help, yet I tried to satisfy her by giving her some of the milder treatments.

She seemed very restless, and called for me constantly to hold her hand. Feeling that I could not let her enter the "dark valley of death" without a ray of hope, I pressed her hands gently in mine, and said, "What is it, Pancha, can't I do something else for you? What do you want?" She put her hands to my face and drew my head down until she could whisper the word *oracion* (prayer) in my ear.

Never shall I forget when that poor dying Catholic soul called for prayer. She did not call upon her Catholic friends, nor for the crucifix, but in a low tone of voice sought for that help which she knew my God alone could give.

A native minister of another denomination was in the next room, and feeling that perhaps I could not make my language plain, I asked him to unite with me in prayer.

So there by her bedside, in poor Spanish, I pleaded for the peace of God to enter her sick soul, and give her rest from her sins.

Who can say that when that great multitude of all nations, tongues, and people stand before the throne of God, Dana Pancha will not be there? Who knows but in that cry "Oracion" Jesus saw her faith reach out to him and accept him as her Saviour? Fifteen minutes afterward she died.

A few months before her illness she had sent for her girls, who had been most faithful in caring for her. As I entered the home the next morning, six of the children were seated in a circle, heart broken. The oldest boy was out making arrangements for the burial. As I passed from one to the other of the children, trying to comfort them, my own heart seemed broken, too.

They decided to stay together, the eldest boy holding a position which paid him enough, with occasional help from friends, to sustain them as the natives live. Since the mother's death arrangements have been made for the eldest girl to return to the orphanage as one of their helpers.

This picture has not been overdrawn. He who holds the world and its inhabitants in his hands, sees the needs of the poor and suffering. How thankful we ought to be that the time is hastening when sin and suffering will be wiped away.

MRS. IDA M. FISCHER.

### Pathos of Eider Down Robbery

EIDER down comes from the coast of Norway, and principally from an island with the toggle-jointed name, Isafjardarjup. On this island great numbers of the eider duck are domesticated. It is also a favorite resort for wild ducks. These build their nests in the many crevices of the sea walls of the island, the females sitting patiently on the eggs while the drakes float about on the water.

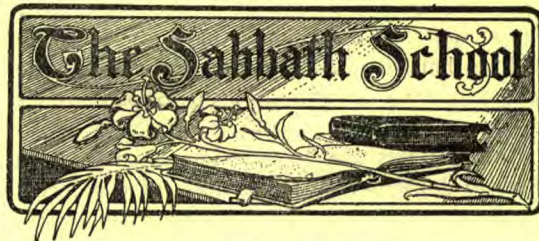
The domesticated ducks are so tame that one can stroke them as they sit on their nests. This trust of theirs is beautiful to see, but it is most shamefully abused; for as each one of these ducks lays her eggs and plucks out her down from her breast to cover them, she is lifted off, and both eggs and down are removed. The despoiled duck patiently goes on laying; but this time she can lay but three eggs more. This is her limit, and the last three eggs are not taken from the nest; but the down is. A third time

she plucks herself, which exhausts her supply.

Even this does not stop the down collector in his robbery. He takes that last covering, and as the duck can not, or will not, hatch her eggs without down, she summons her mate to her aid. This is by a plaintive cry, at the sound of which the otherwise indifferent drake hastens to her side, and plucks down from his own breast to supply her needs.—*Search-Light*.

### More of the One Hundred Bible Questions

26. Give names of Moses' brother and sister.
27. Give the name of Moses' wife.
28. How many plagues did God send upon Pharaoh?
29. Name the mountain from which the law was given.
30. Who was the first worker in brass?
31. From what tribe were the priests chosen?
32. Who was the first Jewish high priest?
33. Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?
34. What was the name of the first city captured?
35. Who of its inhabitants were saved?
36. Who of all the generation that left Egypt entered Canaan?
37. Who was the first woman ruler mentioned in the Bible?
38. What high priest was eminent for piety, but negligent of family discipline?
39. Who was the last and greatest of the judges in Israel?
40. Who was the first king of Israel?
41. What was the name of his son, noted for his valor and the loveliness of his character?
42. What was the name of the second king of Israel?
43. How many kings ruled over all Israel?
44. Under whose reign was the kingdom divided?
45. Who fasted forty days on his way to Mount Horeb?
46. Who raised from the dead the son of the Shunammite?
47. Who was the last king of David's line in Jerusalem?



## INTERMEDIATE LESSON

### I—Parable of the Ten Virgins

(January 6)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 25:1-13.

MEMORY VERSE: "Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh." Verse 13.

"Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

"They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them: but the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

"While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept. And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him. Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out. But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

"Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

"Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

### Questions

1. Where do we find Jesus at the time when the parable of the Ten Virgins is spoken? Who are with him? See Matt. 24:1. Of what time has he been teaching them?
2. In this parable to what is the kingdom of heaven likened? When will it be like ten virgins who took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom? See Matthew 24.
3. What is said of five of these virgins? What of the other five? What did the wise take with them? What did the foolish virgins fail to do?
4. What is represented by the lamp that each virgin carried? Read Ps. 119:105. What did the oil represent?—"The oil is a symbol of the Holy Spirit."
5. While the bridegroom tarried, what did all the virgins do? At midnight what startling cry was heard? What did all the virgins then do?
6. What did the foolish virgins find? Why had their lamps gone out? Job 18:5, 6. What request did they make of the wise?
7. What answer did the wise virgins make when they were asked to share their oil? While the foolish went to buy, what happened? Who were ready to receive him? Where did they then go?
8. Afterward who came? Why could they not go into the place where the bridegroom was? What piteous request did they make? How was their appeal answered?
9. With what solemn warning does the Saviour close this parable? What comparison can you draw between the ten virgins and the church that at this time is waiting for the second coming of Jesus to the earth? How many may have oil in their lamps? How may this oil be obtained now? Luke 11:13.

## THE YOUTH'S LESSON

### I—The Work of God—No. 1

(January 6)

MEMORY VERSE: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." Ps. 119:105.

### Questions

1. What is the source of God's Word? 2 Tim. 3:16.
2. Name two characteristics of God's Word which mark it as different from the word of man. Heb. 4:12.
3. In what two ways may the Word be received? In what way must it be received to work effectually in the heart? 1 Thess. 2:13.
4. What is the Word able to do for those who receive it? Acts 20:32.
5. For what is the Word of God profitable? 2 Tim. 3:16.
6. What will it accomplish for the man of God? Verse 17.
7. How long will it endure? 1 Peter 1:23.
8. What testimony is borne concerning the purity of the Word of God? Ps. 12:6; 119:140.
9. What testimony is borne concerning the truthfulness of the Word of God? John 17:17.
10. What testimony is borne concerning the certainty of the Word of God? 2 Peter 1:19.
11. By what comparison does the Lord show the working power of his Word? Isa. 55:10, 11.
12. How sure may we be that God's Word will not fail? Matt. 24:35.





ISSUED TUESDAYS BY THE

REVIEW AND HERALD PUBLISHING ASSN.

222 NORTH CAPITOL STREET, WASHINGTON, D. C.

FANNIE M. DICKERSON . . . EDITOR

## Subscription Rates

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION	-\$ .75
SIX MONTHS	-.40
THREE MONTHS	-.20
TO FOREIGN COUNTRIES	1.25
CLUB RATES	
5 to 9 copies to one address, each	-\$ .55
10 to 100 " " " "	-.50
100 or more " " " "	-.45

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.

"The gift is thine the weary world to make  
More cheerful for thy sake."

JESUS is soon to come to earth the second time. The angel has already announced his coming; the doors of heaven are about to swing open for the heavenly train. Are we ready for the event? Have we done our part in preparing the world for this last coming of the Saviour? Or will he find us unprepared and unmindful of the glorious event because we have been absorbed in earthly pleasure and labor? It must not be so; we must not be among those who shall wound him the second time.

A PAGAN festival is behind the modern Christmas idea; the day can no longer be regarded as the proper time for the celebration of the birth of Jesus; and the present extravagant method of celebrating the day is not a fitting way to commemorate so sacred an event; yet notwithstanding the knowledge of all these things, there clings to the Christmas-tide an interest not connected with any other festal service. This must be because it tells us truly that sometime the Babe of Bethlehem did come to earth, and we are made to hear again the song the angels sang on that night when the plains of the city of David were lighted with the glory of God.

## A Persecuted People

THE Jews are known everywhere as a people without a country and without a friend. They were torn and rent for centuries by the kings and peoples of Europe, as wolves tear and rend their prey. However, from Western Europe the barbarism of the Middle Ages has vanished; but in Russia it persists; and the whole civilized world is appalled at the inhuman treatment the Jews of that country are now receiving. Atrocious massacres at Kishineff, Odessa, and other cities have recently taken place. In Odessa alone no less than eight thousand families have been visited by murder or plunder.

The worst feature of this terrible outbreak of fury is that it seems to be countenanced by the authorities. It appears to be the plan of the government to encourage such proceedings as a means of diverting the minds of the people from revolutionary ideas and measures.

Their unhappy fate as a people seems doubly sad from the fact that it has been brought about by their own disloyalty to right. Well would it have been for them if the Saviour could not have uttered that last pathetic lament: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not! Behold, your house is left unto you desolate."

## Read and Respond

FOR several years a club of INSTRUCTORS has been sent to a missionary in India. The continuance of these is very much desired; but this club will have to be dropped from the list unless there is an immediate response from the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. Can not many save five or ten cents from holiday allowances, and send to the editor to be used in paying for this club? Ten or twenty-five cents spent for candy or other sweetmeats will give only a moment of pleasure; but the same amount used in this missionary enterprise may result in eternal good to many. Show this note to your Sabbath-school superintendent, and no doubt he will think of some way of getting a special offering sent from the school at once. What is received more than necessary to pay for the papers for the present year, will be credited on next year's club.

Brother Rentfro, in Portugal, made an earnest call a few weeks ago for a club of five INSTRUCTORS. Only twenty-five cents has been received on this club. Twenty-five dollars is needed at once to meet these and similar calls. Who will respond? If the teachers of the Sabbath-school will call the attention of their classes to this work, I am confident the papers may be continued for at least another year to both Portugal and India.



A HOSPITAL car that can be transformed into a parlor coach in a few minutes' time is a new feature of the equipment of the Southern Pacific Railway.

THE number of bushels of shelled corn in a crib full of corn in the ear, may be determined by finding the cubical contents of the crib in cubic feet, and dividing this sum by two.

It is doubtful whether the United States ever enjoyed as favorable a crop result as this year. All sections of the country have been favored with a harvest. A compiled estimate of the corn crop alone amounts to 2,521,987,000 bushels.

EXPERIMENTS are being made which indicate that sea-gulls may be successfully used as ocean carriers instead of pigeons. The gulls can be sent out in all kinds of weather, and do not tire as readily as the pigeon in crossing a vast expanse of water.

A RECENT and entirely successful railroad attachment for bicycles has been devised. This mechanism permits a high speed to be attained by the cyclist on the railroad without danger of jumping the track. It can be used on any bicycle, and does not materially increase the weight.

THE great Sahara Desert, that land of mystery and silence, of death and sirocco, that inland ocean of sand, now belongs chiefly to France, which proposes to open it up with railways, telegraphs, and military posts. This will bring under control about three million square miles of not quite useless surface. The upflowing waters from artesian wells are already forming small oases.

THE twentieth century is full of marvels, though men have ceased to greatly wonder at any new invention. An early morning convenience, the time-set attachment to furnaces,

is now on the market. It gives no alarm to disturb any one, but if one desires to go to bed with a slow fire in one's furnace, the attachment can be set for any hour in the morning, and when that moment arrives, the furnace will open and go to work.



GOLDTHWAITE, TEXAS, Sept. 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I thought I would write a letter to the INSTRUCTOR. We are the only Sabbath-keepers here. We have not known the truth long. We will have Sabbath-school at home. We take the INSTRUCTOR, and like it very much. I hope to meet all the readers in the earth made new.

C. DOUGLAS McLEOD.

GOLDTHWAITE, TEXAS, Sept. 7, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written before, I thought I would write now. We all keep the Sabbath. We have Sabbath-school at home. I am eleven years old. I like to read the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. We live six miles from town. We live on a farm. I pick cotton six days in a week. I am trying to be a Christian, and be ready to meet Jesus when he comes.

NAOMI McLEOD.

GOLDTHWAITE, TEXAS, Sept. 6, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written, I thought I would write to the INSTRUCTOR. We all keep the Sabbath. I am thirteen years old. I went to the camp-meeting at Santa Anna. There is no Adventist church near us. I have been baptized. We live in the country. I enjoy reading the INSTRUCTOR. I have a horse and saddle. I want to be a true Christian, and meet all the INSTRUCTOR readers in the new earth.

BATES McLEOD.

ALLEDALE, MICH., Oct. 4, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much. Its pages are filled with profitable reading and instruction to the youth. It has been a welcome visitor in our home ever since I can remember.

I would like to join the Reading Circle, and have decided to read the following-named books: the Bible, "Great Controversy," "Desire of Ages," "Mount of Blessing," and the "Story of Daniel." I began reading the Bible through last New-year's, and have just finished the Old Testament, and have found many new thoughts, and encouraging and helpful lessons. I was glad to see the names of so many who have joined the Reading Circle, and I wish there were more. Hoping to meet all the readers in the new earth, I will close.

LOLA SPEAR.

## Study the Birds

In a cold climate the winter is the best time to begin a study of the birds.

In the book

## My Garden Neighbors

Dr. L. A. Reed tells how to get acquainted with these feathered visitants. Old and young will find pleasure and profit in bird study.

This new book tells how to learn the names and study the habits and characters of birds.

Beautifully illustrated in black and color from the author's own drawings. A splendid book for a holiday gift to a friend.

PRICE, \$1.

REVIEW &amp; HERALD PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION

Washington, D. C. Battle Creek, Mich.