

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

He Has Come

BEHOLD the blaze of glory bright
In yonder zenith skies!
What is that glow, in overflow,
That fills our gazing eyes?

I see a band of angels there! —
We — we are sinful men!
O we! — dismay! — from heaven are they;
Where is our refuge then?

The herald angel stood in air,
And told his tale of love;
He told of peace, of love, of
power.
Of joy all joy above.

And while they heard, lo!
angel words
Burst forth in grandest
praise,
And spoke or sang till earth-
ward rang
The rapture of all days:

"For unto you is born this
day" —
The ages know the news;
And heaven and earth that
wondrous birth
Learned with the shepherd-
Jews.

And he has come to my glad
heart, —
My King, my King, is he.
My joy of joys, my love of
loves,
And now he lives for me.

Then Christmas day, from far
away
Let glad the echoes roll,
Till over all the farthest lands
It thrills each human soul.
B. F. M. SOURS.
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania

The Christmas Festival Its Origin

"WHAT is the origin of Christmas?" asks one who has come to think the day is almost holy. "Did it not come down from Christ and the apostles?" — No, it did not. We have not even the slightest trace of it in the Scriptures. Its first mention in "Christian" literature is said by Schaff to be in Clement's "Miscellanies," written about A. D. 200. But Clement was a half-converted heathen philosopher. Says Neander, in speaking of the second century of the Christian era: "The idea of a birthday festival was foreign to the Christians of this period generally; they regarded the second birth as man's true birth. . . . It was, in truth, unknown at what definite time the celebration of the remembrance of Christ's birth should be placed, as nothing definite was ascertained respecting the date of his birth." — Vol. I, page 301 ("Houghton and Osgood"). The simple fact is that teachers like

Clement, Eusebius, and others wished to conform to heathen customs as much as possible the more easily to convert the heathen. For every heathen festival of note they invented a corresponding festival in the Christian church. For the pagan Easter festival the apostatizing church set apart a yearly day in remembrance of our Lord's resurrection, but retained many pagan customs and the pagan name. For the day or the customs they had no Scripture. Christmas, first called "The Nativity," was the counterpart of the great day of the Roman Saturnalia, a feast connected with the grossest sun-worship, connected with which was the giving of gifts, feasting, and revelry, and the grossest licentiousness. About December 20 the Saturnalia began, when

istry according to the law when thirty years of age. Luke 3:23. He was crucified at the last passover he attended, in A. D. 31. See Matthew 27, and "Hale's Chronology," Vol. I, pages 69, 70; Vol. III, page 230. He therefore began his ministry six months before the first passover he attended. John 2:13. At this time he was thirty years of age. The passover occurred probably about the last of March in the month Abib. Six months previous to this would be at that season of the year indicated by the month Tisri, probably in our September. Christ came in "the fulness of the time," not only as regards the time of the ages, but the time of the year. His birth was in the season of fruitage, and he the most precious fruit of the earth. — M. C. Wilcox.



There's a beautiful story, so I've been told,
Very sweet, and tender, and true, and old,

About a star and the wonderful birth,
Long ago, of a Christ-child on the earth.

the days were the shortest, and life in the vegetable world least manifest. Beyond that the days lengthened, the sun seemed to smile with favor upon the world, and the heathen celebrated the lengthening day with the wild orgies and indecencies of nature-worship. The giving of gifts, the Yule-tree and Yule-log, the holly berries and evergreens, are all of pagan origin, and certainly no one can deny but that the day is frequently kept in a purely pagan spirit, ministering only to selfish pleasure.

Not Born on that Day

In the first place, Jesus was not born on December 25. This is shown from two facts: (1) The shepherds were watching their flocks in the field (Luke 2:8), which they would not have been doing in the cold days of midwinter; (2) the ministry of Jesus lasted three and one-half years. Dan. 9:25-27. He began his public min-

pleasing to mind and appetite if kept within the bounds of right.

Have not Adventists events in their history which warrant the making of holidays? Consider one. Sixty-two years ago all the universe was watching with intense interest for one of the most important acts of time. A few thousands on earth, having given the world its warning, were also looking for that event, but imperfectly understanding it. On the day when William Miller and his associates were watching the skies for the appearance of their Saviour, heavenly hosts were escorting the great High Priest to the inner sanctuary, when its cleansing was to begin. And on the night when those persecuted ones of earth were creeping, crushed in hope, back to their homes, a sympathetic heaven was watching and working to pour upon them a blessing they knew not of.

A Christian Holiday

On page 80 of "Special Testimonies on Education" we read: "Would it not be well for us to observe holidays unto God, when we could revive in our minds the memory of his dealings with us?" The rest of the paragraph makes evident the nature of such holidays, and how they should differ from those of the world.

Yet so-called Christian holidays, such as Christmas, Easter, and Thanksgiving, have become in their celebration just as worldly, though doubtless not so unsocial, as the most secular. For a model of a Christian holiday we must look elsewhere, and we find it in the festivals given by God to Israel. A study of these feasts, wherein recreation and festivity were combined with worship, will give a very different idea than the average churchgoer has of what a holy day should be. Even our picnics are commonly occasions of frivolity and gormandizing, though they might be no less

That day, the *twenty-second of October*, marking as it does the entrance of our High Priest upon his last work, and therefore the preparation for the great harvest, might well be a memorial day among us. Stories of its incidents on earth and its significance in heaven, rehearsals of its prophecy and the periods belonging with it, songs and instrumental music, might be combined with the exhibition of products of field and home,—such products, as in Israel at the similar feast of tabernacles, to go toward helping the poor and the ministry,—and the whole day be used in praise, festivity, and joy. Why not have it combine the best features of picnic, literary entertainment, and religious meeting, a veritable thanksgiving? That those three features can be combined the Jewish feasts witness.

One church-school this year made a slight attempt to commemorate the day. It was in a State far enough north to make the advancing winter shut the exercises within doors, and the celebration was meager, meant only to give suggestions which might set the ball rolling.

The children brought the best specimens they could get of corn, pumpkins, squashes, other vegetables, fruits and flowers. One of the numbers of the program required an evergreen booth. This was built in one corner of the room, a framework of poles thatched with pine twigs. The short program was as follows:—

School Chorus, "Father, We Thank Thee."

Prayer.

Story, "Going up to the Feast."

Recitation and Chorus, Psalm 107.

Story, "At the Feast of Tabernacles."

Dialogue, by two little Jewish maidens in a booth.

Motion Song, "God Is Love."

Story, "Entering the Most Holy."

Recitation, "Our Festal Day."

Congregational Song, "Bringing in the Sheaves."

The occasion was one of help to the children, in fixing in their minds the truths it touched, and it was an inspiration to teachers and to parents.

May not succeeding years see more general attention given to what, it would seem, should be a memorial day to us? Nor is this the only holiday we as Christians and Seventh-day Adventists should have. A. W. SPAULDING.

Where Christ Was Born

BETHLEHEM EPHRAIM, which was once "little to be among the thousands of Judah," has grown until it is now one of the largest and most prosperous Christian villages in all Palestine.

In that land there is much that is unclean and unhealthful, poor and degrading; and many sites that should be hallowed by the most sacred memories have been profaned by the hands of idolatry and oppression. Bethlehem and Nazareth have not escaped; yet these two have somehow kept a peculiar beauty and dignity; and, indeed, it seems most fitting that the place where our Lord was born, and the place where he made his earthly home, should maintain a certain pre-eminence among the cities of Judea and of Galilee.

A good walker could go from Jerusalem to Bethlehem in a little more than an hour; but it is more pleasant to stroll along leisurely, studying the other wayfarers, and stopping now and then to admire some rugged old olive-tree or to watch the changing colors on the distant hills. As soon as we are fairly started down the Hebron road, we begin to pass little companies of men and women who are coming up from Beth-

lehem to the holy city with their merchandise.

There is a striking difference between the appearance of these people and that of the inhabitants of northern Judea; a difference not only in dress, but in feature. The men wear large yellow turbans, and have full lips, long noses, and high, sloping foreheads, so that they fit in very closely with our common idea of the Hebrew type. The boys we meet are frank and independent, tramping merrily along at the rate of four miles an hour, with little caps on their heads, their one loose garment tucked up into the leather belt, and the brown, bare legs ending in tremendous slippers, which flop clumsily with every step.

The women of Bethlehem are known throughout Syria by their peculiar head-dress. They wear a high fez on their heads, and over this is thrown an immense white kerchief or veil, which falls behind the shoulders, and often reaches below the waist. Seen from behind, the Bethlehemite woman is a square of blue skirt, topped by a tall triangle of white; from the front she looks like a nun of some unfamiliar order. It is a singular costume, but you soon come to like it; and, when the clean, white head-dress is seen in the distance, it is pleasant to be able to recognize its wearer as a woman of Bethlehem.

Half-way along the road from Jerusalem is the little white dome of the tomb of Rachel, beautiful, warm-hearted, impulsive Rachel, wooed seven years, and then seven years again, but at last dying by the roadside and buried here alone, while more fortunate Leah rests beside Abraham and Isaac and beloved Jacob in the cave of Machpelah, twenty miles away. It was somewhere in of corn, pumpkins, squashes, other vegetables, Moabites, gleaned for Boaz; and long centuries later it was here in the village khan that womanhood received its highest honor. As we passed one little company after another, we could not help looking rather closely to see just what kind of women these were who were coming out from the town of Ruth and of Mary.

Many of the Bethlehem women are handsome; not with the rich, voluptuous beauty which is usually associated with the East, but with a matronly dignity which appeals more strongly to our Western eyes.

A prosperous self-respect seems characteristic of everything belonging to Bethlehem. The old Hebrews called it Beth Lehem, "The House of Bread;" and its modern Arabic name is no less significant—Beit Lahm, "The House of Meat." The soil takes on a greater fertility as Jerusalem is left farther and farther behind; but you are hardly prepared for the beautiful greenness that is seen when a sudden turn of the road brings into view the two large Christian villages of Beit Jala and Beit Lahm. One is on a hill to the right of the Hebron road; the other is on a hill to the left; and they both look very clean and white and prosperous, in the midst of their vineyards and olive orchards.

Bethlehem is the larger of the two, and it seems to be still growing; for we found some of its streets almost impassable because of the piles of stone and lumber for the new buildings. The inhabitants number eight or nine thousand, nearly all of whom are nominal adherents of one or other of the Oriental Catholic churches.

One of the most beautiful things in Bethlehem

is the church of the German Mission, which is built on a slight elevation in the center of the town, so that its tall white steeple can be seen for miles around. They call it the "Christmas Church."

The Church of the Nativity is built like a fort, with thick stone walls; and, for fear of the Moslems, the entrance is by a narrow door, so low that one must stoop in passing through. Yet just inside the door are the quarters of a company of Turkish soldiers! It seems strange that these should be allowed within a church; but there is a very good reason for their presence here.

A wall has been built across the middle of the interior, and the nave is simple to the point of bareness. To the right a door leads to the monastery of the Armenians; to the left is the church of the Franciscans; behind the partition the transepts and choir are mostly under the control of the Greek Church. Here there is no bareness, but an oppressiveness of ornamentation. Bright-colored pictures are on the walls; lamps of gold and silver hang from the ceiling, and tawdry tinsel decorations glitter everywhere.

At each side of the altar a staircase descends to the caves below. There is quite a series of natural caverns here. In one St. Jerome lived; in another he is buried; and in a third is the tomb of St. Eusebius. In other chambers the monks point out the exact spot where Christ was laid in the manger, where the worshipping Magi stood, where a spring miraculously gushed forth from the rocks for the use of the holy family, where the angel appeared and commanded Joseph to go down into Egypt, and where Herod massacred a number of children who had been brought here for refuge. The largest cave is about forty feet long; and at one end there is let into the pavement a silver star, and the inscription, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus Natus Est.*"

If the inscription is true, this is one of the most sacred spots on earth. The star is in a tiny recess, and above it is an altar, very small, but very richly furnished. The floor of the cavern is of marble; over its walls are marble and rich tapestry, and priceless lamps swing here and there; yet, on coming from the bright transepts above, the first impression is one of deep gloom. The low ceiling can hardly be distinguished, and the back of the cave is lost in impenetrable darkness. The smoking lamps give to the atmosphere a heavy, reddish color. The chanting of the priests in the choir above is heard only as a dull murmur.

We are the only visitors to-day, except that in front of the little altar, there kneel four French nuns, great tears rolling down their pallid faces as they pray in a frightened whisper.

Our eyes are now growing accustomed to the subdued light, and off in one corner of the cave, where the gloom is deepest, a form is slowly coming into view. Dark, indistinct, immovable; it would be possible for a worshiper to come and go, and never see that shape at the end of the altar; but by day and by night it is always there—the Moslem guardian of the Silver Star. This is why there is a garrison in the church above. The soldier is half-fed and paid not at all, and his blue uniform is ragged and dirty; but a modern repeating rifle is in his hand as he stands there by the hour without moving a muscle, yet ready at the word of command to fight like a Spartan at Thermopylae.

He needs to be brave; for, when the Christmas season comes around, Bethlehem is thronged with worshipers. They rush down the narrow stairways that lead to the little cave, and there they crowd and curse and fight for a glimpse of the



A BETHLEHEM GIRL

Silver Star, so that sometimes the air grows foul, and the lamps burn even more dimly, while women faint, and strong men fall down, and are trampled to death in the horrible confusion.

And quiet does not come with the passing of Christmas-tide; but through all the year the priests from the convents above quarrel over the possession of the little shrine, and open warfare is not uncommon. Then the rival parties snarl and scratch; they seize heavy lamps and holy candlesticks from the altar, and priestly garments are torn, and priestly heads are broken, until the soldiers of the Turkish garrison come down and club the unruly ones into submission.

We turned in sadness of heart to shake the dust of Bethlehem from our feet. Up out of the cave and out of the transept we hastened; but then we took the wrong door, and found ourselves in the church of the Franciscans, which lies under the same roof. It was the time of the vesper service, and among the shadows of the unlighted nave there stretched long lines of kneeling women. They were all natives of Bethlehem, with the tall white head-dress whose spotless cleanness is in such contrast to the costumes of most Syrian villagers.

It was a service of song, and every woman seemed to be taking part. After the officiating priest had chanted the brief stanza, the loud chorus was taken up by the full volume of women's sweet voices. As the light died away, and the white-veiled forms of the kneeling women grew indistinct and dreamlike, the music of the oft-repeated chorus sank into our hearts; and we stayed on and on until our indignation against the sham and idolatry in the caves below had been driven away, and there remained only the Bethlehem calm.—*Lewis Gaston Leary.*

Suitable Gifts

It has become quite the fashion of late for various journals to publish lists of suitable Christmas gifts. One of the unsatisfactory things about most of these lists is that, while they set before us a tempting array of possible gifts, so many of them are likely to be beyond our reach. While it is true that no two persons will probably find that the same things suggested here will exactly meet their needs, the appended list has at least this merit, that nothing is here suggested that is not within the reach of the poorest giver.

Give Attention

No, this does not refer to the list we are about to furnish, but rather, give attention to the things that demand attention, and have not been receiving it. Let me give you an illustration. Lucy has been wishing that she might do something to make her Sabbath-school teacher happy, and yet she has neglected the very thing which would count for most of all. I am going to suggest to her that from this time on, at least through the holiday season, she make it a point to give careful and respectful attention to the lessons which her teacher so carefully prepares. Be interested, and let your interest show itself in a brightened face. It will cheer your teacher if you lean forward a little, and show her that you are really attentive to what she has to say. You have no idea of how pleased she will be with this gift. Then, here is a suggestion for Anna. Suppose the next time grandmother begins to repeat one of those old stories she has told so often, about the cold winters when she went to school, or when she and grandfather were married, instead of turning away with an air which says very plainly, "I have heard all that before," she give her undivided attention to the story. Perhaps Anna has not seen grandmother turn away with a crestfallen look when she found that no one was listening to her story. I assure you, my dear, that nothing which money could buy would cheer the heart of the dear old lady quite so much as a little attention. Suppose, again, that some

of us turn over a new leaf, and make it a point not to break in when some one of the family is talking, as much as to say, "All that you are telling is not worth listening to."

Give Beauty

What, you say, you have nothing to give? Let me tell you, for one thing, you can see to it that you make a pleasant appearance in the presence of others. A fresh collar and a bright ribbon will make more difference than you think in brightening up the circle which gathers around the breakfast table. Then, I have a suspicion that you have not made your home as beautiful as it might be. I know that you have no money to spend on fine pictures and rich decorations. I know the carpet is faded, and the wall-paper is old-fashioned. But what of those pretty cards you have tucked away in a drawer? Then, there are the autumn leaves that you pressed last fall. Why not bring them out and share their beauty with the rest of the family? Even though the curtains that drape the windows are exceedingly common in material, why not take away the air of stiffness by a little skilful draping? My word for it, you have a hundred ways of making things more beautiful, especially to the eyes of those who are nearest and dearest to you. Do not be above giving beauty at all times, simply because it has not what one might call a money value.

Give Carefulness

Perhaps it is Dick who needs this injunction more than any of the rest. Not long ago I heard him express the wish that he might give his mother a great easy-chair in which to rest when she was tired. He knew at the time that this would be impossible, and yet I am sure that if he would only heed the injunction at the head of this paragraph, he might give her rest in another way. Suppose he should try to be careful about wiping the mud from his shoes before he comes into the house. Suppose that he should begin to be careful and hang his belongings on the hooks provided for them instead of leaving them on the floor for the tired mother to pick up. Suppose, when he assists his invalid uncle to the table, he should not wheel the chair as if it were a bag of potatoes, but should be gentle and careful in his movements. I am sure it would make a great deal of difference all round. Then, there are some of the rest of us who might be a little bit more careful in our daily work. Suppose that we start out and from this time on have a care to cause less trouble to those who work with us in the store or office. Suppose you decide to be more careful of the interests of your employer. Suppose, when you go into the store to make your small purchases, you have a thought for the tired young man or woman behind the counter. There are a multitude of acceptable gifts that you may bestow by simply being careful.

Give Encouragement

One does not have to hunt for some suitable person upon whom to bestow this gift. Why, my dear, there is not a soul with whom you come in contact to whom this gift, in some form, would not be exceedingly acceptable. Just run over the list of your acquaintances. There is the preacher, the teacher, the editor, and on down to the milkman who comes to your door, or the woman who scrubs up the floor in your office. You have taken it for granted, perhaps, that all these have been receiving gifts of this kind from others. Look into your own experience for a while, and tell me whether or not this is likely to be true. Ah, the pity of it, that we are so chary in dispensing the words of encouragement which we really know are deserved! It is a gift that one need never be afraid will go amiss.

Give Fun

Yes, that is exactly what I mean. There is a delicious and wholesome bit of humor which came into your possession the other day. Suppose that you select some one who seems to be particularly glum and down-hearted, and repeat

it to him. Do not save these things merely for your bosom friend whom you know has a keen sense of humor. Tell them in the family circle. They will drive care away, and relax mouths that have taken altogether too much toward downward curves. What does it matter if the passers-by do wonder what is going on inside? Pure, wholesome fun is a delightful thing when taken in moderation; and even the most serious of us ought to furnish our share of it for the world. [And yet we must never forget the command, "Be sober, be vigilant." This soberness does not preclude the evidences of good nature and cheer to which the author refers; but there is much that is called fun that will make one frivolous instead of thoughtfully sober and watchful.—*Ed.*]

Give Kindness

When you begin the day, ask God to help you to be kind to every one you meet. This will mean many things. Possibly it will mean a different tone of voice from that you have used. It might mean that you will stop to open the door for some one, or pick up a package, or give up a seat on the street-car. It will mean that you will give a pleasant look or a kind word to those who serve you in public places. It may mean comforting the crying child, or even speaking kindly to some dumb animal. While kindness has its dwelling-place in the heart, too many of us give the impulse such little exercise that we forget to be kind. There is no gift more beautiful than kindness. There is no gift which is within more universal reach than this one.

Give Love

This is the greatest of them all. It is true that no one can bestow love unless it is already in the heart. We would love more if we would think more. The most expensive gifts which have not this accompaniment can bring little satisfaction to those who receive them. O friend, since we have it in our power to bestow this most precious gift, let us be generous in our measure of giving.

Give Peace

The Christian is not merely a peacemaker, he must be a peace-giver. That is, he not only carries an atmosphere of peace with him, but it is his to make an effort in behalf of peace. Do you know of two friends who have become estranged? Would it not be a beautiful service if at this time of the year you would seek to bring them once more into fellowship? Can you not think of some way in which you might help to harmonize the discordant elements? Those of you who have read Mrs. Whitney's "Golden Gossip" will remember how one woman brought peace into a neighborhood that was torn by quarrels and dissensions by simply repeating from house to house the kind things which she had heard one person say of another. Indeed, this woman went so far as to actually solicit compliments for her neighbors in order that she might carry them to the ones to whom they belonged. Suppose you try to do a little of this sort of gossiping on your own account. You will be surprised to see how soon peace will take the place of strife.

Give — Give

But the list is already too long, and the alphabet has not yet been exhausted. There are some things that we have not mentioned. Begin to give attention, give a smile, a hand-shake, a song—whatever you have in your hand. But there is one thing I came nearly forgetting. Have you ever had the experience of feeling exceedingly poor after Christmas? Perhaps some of the beauty and enjoyment was taken from your holidays by the fact that you had gone beyond your means in the matter of bestowing Christmas gifts. Let me tell you, my friend, that there is not a single gift in all of this list that has been set before you which will leave you poorer after you have bestowed it. On the other hand, it is the sort of giving that will make you rich. Strange, isn't it? But you may depend upon it that it is true.—*The Lookout.*

The Man Who Died For Me

You have heard the old, sweet story
Of the Child of Bethlehem;
How he grew in strength and wisdom,
Favored both by God and man;
How he bore our sins and sorrows,—
Humble Man of Galilee!
And this Man—O, wondrous story!—
Is the Man who died for me.

Died for me, so weak and sinful,
Poor, unworthy though I be?
Yes, for me this Man of Sorrows
Bore the cross of Calvary.
O, the depths of love unbounded,
Love so deep, so full, so free,
Earthly minds can not conceive it!
O, thou Man who died for me!

When shall dawn the golden morning
Of the resurrection day,
All the saints of God, now sleeping,
Shall be clothed in white array.
O, I long to see the dear ones,
But the best of all will be
Just to look upon the glory
Of the Man who died for me!

L. FRANCES AYERS.



Our Field—The World Latin Union Mission Fields

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.
Scripture Reading.
Prayer.

LESSON STUDY: Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, Tripoli.

General Description.
Our Work.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

General Description

The provinces of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, in the north of Africa, and once known as the Barbary States, are considered mission fields of the Latin Union Conference. Morocco is an absolute monarchy, in name at least, governed by a sultan, but Algeria and Tunis belong to France, and Tripoli is under the government of Turkey. These countries are developing rapidly, and are considered valuable possessions.

Agriculture, the raising of cattle, sheep, and goats are the chief industries. Morocco is noted for its manufacture of the morocco leather, so much used in book binding. Wool, goat skins, cattle, eggs, cereals, coral, olive-oil, wine, metals, and beans are the principal exports.

The foreign commerce is considerable, and there is a large coasting trade, also an extensive caravan trade with the Sudan countries.

Mr. Morris, in speaking of these countries in his history says: "Here stood the great city of Carthage, the rich Phœnician colony which was utterly destroyed by Rome. After the fall of Rome this region was held in succession by the Vandals, the Greeks, the Saracens, and the Turks. For a long time the mercantile nations of Europe paid tribute to the rulers of these pirate States. To save their ships from being robbed and their sailors from being sold as slaves.

"In 1785 the merchant ships of the United States began to enter the Mediterranean, and were treated in the same way. For a time that country paid tribute also, but it soon grew tired of this, and sent strong fleets to those waters, which took and sank some of the pirate ships, and threatened with bombardment the cities of Algiers and Tripoli. This so frightened their rulers that they were glad to make treaties in which they agreed

to let American vessels alone. Since 1815 there have been no pirates in those seas.

"In 1830 the French sent armies into Algeria, and after some hard fighting conquered the country. In 1881 they also took possession of Tunis."

Both Germany and France have large mercantile interests in Morocco. There are thirty-six German firms with a capital of \$2,000,000 doing business there. The French investments are not so large, but the near-by possessions of France made her anxious not to have any other European power gain too strong a foothold in Morocco. The German emperor made a visit there about a year ago, and was so favorably received that France feared her "sphere of influence" was being trespassed upon, and so became quite disturbed over the matter. The policing and financing of the country were also questions that were interesting both Germany and France.

Since the Moroccan government had failed to protect efficiently the life and property of her large foreign population, it seemed necessary that some European nation should be responsible for the policing of the Moroccan ports. Germany was willing to have any nation except France perform this office. France thought the right belonged to her. This with other questions was settled at the conference held at Algeciras, Spain, the past summer. Germany, Spain, Italy, Russia, France, England, and the United States each were requested to send a delegate. The conference granted the policing of two of the eight ports to Spanish police, while a Franco-Spanish force was to be put in charge of two others, and a French force in charge of the other four. France will have three shares in the bank, and each of the other powers one. It may be interesting to note that the suggestions of the American delegate to the conference did much toward an amicable and satisfactory settlement of the questions at issue.

These countries are largely inhabited by Mohammedans; but almost every nation has representatives in them. In Algeria there are the Berbers, Arabs, Moors, Jews, Turks, Kolougis (descendants of the Turks and natives), negroes, Mozabites, and the whites, among which there are thousands of French, Germans, Spaniards, Maltese, Italians, Swiss, and other Europeans. The other three countries have a population almost as varied as that of Algeria. The combined population of these four mission fields is about twenty million.

Algeria and Tunis have an area larger than France itself, and a population of 8,242,990, which is considerably larger than the combined population of the Pacific and Northern Union Conferences.

Our Work

In 1886 a man in Oran, Algeria, a Spanish Protestant, accepted the Sabbath through reading our French paper. Through his influence a number joined him in Sabbath-keeping, and a worker from Switzerland organized a church in Oran, in 1889. The leader, however, a baker, lost all his business in the bitter opposition encountered, and soon moved from the place. Eleven members moved to South America, and the company in Oran was scattered and lost sight of, no worker being available to enter the field at that time.

Brother Wilkinson, in writing of these fields, once said: "Here is an opportunity to reach the great Arabic race, which stretches across Algeria, Tunis, Egypt, and into the great Mohammedan lands of Asia. Starting in the south of Africa, God has gradually drawn the truth northward, until all that is needed in order that the messengers of the third angel may clasp hands from Cape Town to the blue Mediterranean is the entering of the countries of the north."

And now we have two workers in Algeria, Brother and Sister Jespersson, but there are none

in Morocco, Tunis, or Tripoli. Should not they too be given the news of a soon-coming Saviour?

Sister Jespersson last summer went over to Vemours, a place of about three thousand inhabitants near the border line of Morocco and Algeria, to visit a family that was interested in the truth. While living in France a canvasser had taken their subscription for the French *Signs of the Times*, and for twelve years it has been the only religious influence or help they have had. Sister Jespersson held meetings with the people, and they seemed to appreciate her work very much. Sacred music and religious services seem to be rare here. In one family where she visited there was a harmonium, and as she played and sang some of our gospel hymns, a large crowd gathered on the street. Such places ought to be supplied with our own gospel workers now.

One of our missionaries in writing of this country says: "France, with all its favorable openings, is not usually considered so favorable as its dependencies on the northern coast of Africa. Missionaries who have preached in Algeria report that this people respond quickly to loving effort to bring them heaven's truth."

F. D. C.

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Baptism—No. 2

1. What should always precede baptism?

"Repent and be baptized." Acts 2:38. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved."

2. What was the experience of the eunuch?

"And as they went on their way, they came unto a certain water: and the eunuch said, See, here is water: what doth hinder me to be baptized? And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Acts 8:36, 37.

3. How was he baptized?

"And they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he baptized him. And when they were come up out of the water, the Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip." Verses 38, 39.

4. Where did John baptize, and why?

"John also was baptizing in Enon near to Salim, because there was much water there." John 3:23.

5. In refusing to be baptized what did the Pharisees reject?

"But the Pharisees and lawyers rejected the counsel of God against themselves, being not baptized of him." Luke 7:30.

6. How many baptisms are there?

"One Lord, one faith, one baptism." Eph. 4:5.

7. To how many should the doctrine of baptism be carried?

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 28:19.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.

"WHEN one who has never sailed out upon the ocean stands on its shore and watches the trembling waves as they surge and break upon the sands, how little does one know of the majesty and grandeur of the great deep, of its storms, of its power, of its secrets, of its unfathomable chambers, of its unweighed treasures. He sees only the little silver edge that breaks upon the shore of our world. We see only the silver edge of the great divine ocean. We feel the splash of its waves upon our hearts. But of its infinite reaches and outgoings beyond our shores we know almost nothing. Yet blessed are they who even stand by the shore and lave their hearts in even the shallowest eddies of this divine ocean."



• CHILDREN'S PAGE •



Bethlehem's Gift

WHEN Jesus came to Bethlehem,
 All in the rose of dawn,
 The music quivered like a flame
 From heaven's own glory drawn,
 And sky and earth were blended in
 A symphony of love
 What time there came to Mary's arms
 The Child from heaven above.



"Jesus bids us shine with a clear, pure light,
 Like a little candle burning in the night."

A lowly place the stable was,
 Yet never palace halls
 Enshrined such brightness as was framed
 Within its glimmering walls,
 When Mary held her little one,
 And looked upon his face,
 And knew that God had given her
 The Child, to save the race.

The little Christ-child was so sweet,
 Had you been there, or I,
 We would have kissed those tiny feet,
 Have hushed that Baby's cry;
 We might have knelt, and offered gifts,
 Our gold, our spice, our myrrh;
 We might have wreathed the manger with
 Our cedar, pine, and fir.

One day those little feet should tread
 The toilsome ways of men.
 One day those little hands be pierced —
 Did Mary dream it then?
 Ah, no, she knew alone that heaven
 Had filled her soul with joy;
 She bent in mother blessedness
 Above her first-born Boy.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

When God Makes Presents

JUST why Julius Adler's parents saw fit to name him after a Roman conqueror would be hard for me to tell. Perhaps they admired Cæsar's genius, and thought his very name would one day inspire their young son to mighty deeds. However that may be, the boy was "Julius," and never in the wide world did heroic name rest so ill on boyish shoulders.

I don't deny that Julius's brain was "miserable," the way he used it,—any brain would be,—and for a fact it was small. But at the same time it was fair of quality, and he need not have

worried. A vest-pocket chronometer often keeps far better time than the great steeple clocks — if you treat it right.

But Julius didn't see the philosophy of that. He simply clung to the one morbid idea that because he didn't have a steeple-clock brain, therefore he was doomed to failure.

He was getting worse and worse, too. The doctor at last began to warn Mr. Adler: "If that boy doesn't quit his worrying, he'll lose his mind, sir! You'd better see to it that he has something to take his attention off himself."

So, as the holidays were coming on, the lad was sent on a visit to his brother Fred in Boston.

Fred was not named after any conqueror; but he had striven with circumstances, and become a successful artist—the pride of the family and of many friends. Of course he and his wife did their best to entertain Julius. But everything bored him. Nature hadn't given him a good brain! and, poor boy, that was all he could think of.

The entertainers soon saw there was no virtue in perseverance with him; so Fred went back to his work on a new painting, leaving the brother to shift for himself.

Now, Julius liked the studio. He enjoyed watching his brother paint, and, moreover, in the studio he was out of the way of "visitors;" so it came to pass that he spent a good part of his time there. Pictures, as nothing else, seemed to draw him out of himself; for like his brother, he had a strong artistic temperament.

And there the new painting began to interest him. In it a young man was sitting at a study-table covered with books. Across it a learned old professor sat in the attitude of listening intently to some question of the youth. In the face of the young man was perplexity; in the face of the old, encouragement, wisdom, and love. It was called, "The Training of the Prince."

Julius learned that in countries where kings live, the princes and princesses are provided with teachers to accompany them, and study with them at all times, so to help and guide them continually, that they may become great men and women.

"Ah!" thought Julius, "perhaps if I could have such a training,—if I could have some one always on hand to help me that way, answer my questions, and show me just what to do,—I could be something, even yet." So he went on with his dream, painting bright pictures of what he could do and what he could be, till he was all aglow with enthusiasm. But soon again came the thought, "You can't have the teachers, you know," and back he was thrown on his old despair. He was again a victim of nature's spite, feeling worse than before, utterly forsaken and wretched!

"I'm going home in the morning," he burst out. "I just can't stay here any longer."

"Why, Jule!" said Fred, "going to leave us on Christmas day! Surely you'll stay to-morrow?"

But Julius could not be persuaded. He packed his things, and prepared to take an early train for Willowby.

That night being Christmas eve, the little fam-

ily, Fred and his wife and child, gathered around the fireplace, played some simple games, and told stories, while the sad-faced brother sat back in a cozy corner, looking on gloomily, but not caring to join them. By and by the hour of retiring came, and Fred took down the old Bible to read the "chapter,"—this time the fourteenth of John. By the flickering light he read those familiar words where Jesus comforts his disciples. "Let not your heart be troubled," and all down the page till he came to the promise of the Teacher, the Comforter, which Christ would send to teach all things, and abide forever, that men's joy might be full.

"What!" thought Julius, listening intently, "what is that about a Teacher to teach you all things? Why, that fits the painting to a T, surely." And all at once the parallel of the chapter and the picture burst in on his mind with irresistible force. Was it possible that his air-castles could be real! Was it possible there was a Teacher for him? Eagerly he asked Fred to read the chapter again. The brother and his wife were surprised at the interest of his tone. What could it mean?

In the fire Julius's imagination traced over the "Training of the Prince," glorified and real. He himself the prince—a prince of the house of David, an heir together with Christ! Across the table, with a look on his face of ineffable love, wisdom, and kingly might, sat the greatest Teacher the universe knows, the Spirit of God—the Comforter. Ah, now he saw it all! Like the kings of the earth, the King of kings has provided for the training of the princes and princesses who one day will wear the crowns. It mattered not about the small brain now, the King would make up for it. With its healing balm, the reality of Christianity swept in over his mind, filling it with peace and content.

"Fred," he said, in a voice that was strained to keep back the joy he felt, "Fred, if you don't mind, I think I won't go home in the morning!"

"Why, God bless you, brother!" exclaimed Fred, "nothing can make me happier than to know that you will stay." The others added their heartfelt thankfulness to Fred's, and then wishing him good night, they left the boy sitting by the fire.

"I think," said Fred, as they mounted the stairs, "I think Julius has received a gift from

God to-night." And Julius had. Often since then I have seen the lad go to the hardest kind of study, and work with the confident air of one who is sure of success. He worked just as if he felt the presence of the Great Teacher by his side, ready to help him do that for which his natural powers are inadequate. And he



WHY UP SO EARLY, LITTLE MISCHIEF?

succeeds, as he only can to whom God gives success. He doesn't claim success on his merits, either, but says plainly that God gave him a Christmas present once, and he has it yet.—Edison Driver, in the *Caribbean Watchman*.

"I CAN not do great things for Him
 Who did so much for me;
 But I should like to show my love,
 Dear Jesus, unto thee;
 Faithful in very little things,
 O Saviour, may I be."

A Bible Alphabet

A is for an Angel who descended to the earth,
To tell the Princess Mary about the Saviour's birth.
"Hail, Mary," said the angel, "for thou a Son shalt have;
And thou shalt call him Jesus, because he comes to save."

B is for the Baby who was born within a stall,
Before whose manger-cradle the wondering shepherds fall;
While wise men from the distant East followed the wondrous star,
And brought their gifts of frankincense and myrrh and gold from far.

C is for the Children who died in Bethlehem (Dear little unnamed martyrs! God will remember them),
While to the land of Egypt, led by an angel bright, Jesus safely journeyed in the darkness of the night.

D is for the welcome Dream that, after Herod's death,
Brought Joseph and his household home to dwell in Nazareth,
Where, 'mid the hills and valleys, Christ spent his early days,
While gentle Mary led his feet in wisdom's pleasant ways.

E is for Elizabeth, who had a son named John; Unfearing, day by day he stood the Jordan's banks upon;
With hand and voice uplifted he preached the warning word—
"Repent, and be baptized. Prepare the way before the Lord."

F is for the Fording-place where John baptizing stood,
And saw his Lord and Master advance into the flood.
"Not so," he cried, "'twere better I were baptized of thee;"
But Jesus answered gently, "Suffer it so to be."

G is for the Glory descending from above,
When on the praying Saviour came down the Holy Dove;
And from the open heaven was heard a mighty voice:
"Thou art my Son beloved. In thee do I rejoice."

H is for the Hunger which taxed our Saviour dear,
While wandering in the desert, beset by doubt and fear.
Temptations there befell him more than all men befall;
And yet, though weak and weary, he overcame them all.

I is for the Innocence that shone upon his face,
When John beheld him coming, full of truth and grace.
And pointing to the Saviour, as Jordan's bank he trod,
John said to his disciples, "Behold the Lamb of God."

J—John and James, two fishermen, who heard the Saviour's call;
They left their nets, they left their boats, they left their worldly all,
To follow at his bidding, wherever he should go;
To listen to his teaching, to share his weal or woe.

K is for his Kindred who would not him believe,
Whose pride of heart forbade them his teaching to receive.
But he declares his kindred are those whose faith depends
Upon his word, and counts them as his beloved friends.

L is for the Leper, who knelt before the Lord,
And when the Saviour touched him, with reassuring word,
He felt his life-blood coursing, free from the fever-flame,
And all about that country he praised the Healer's name.

M is for the Multitudes that followed where he went,—
The deaf, the dumb, the lame, the blind, with care and sorrow bent,—

And on them all he laid his hand with love and tenderness,
The sick, the lame, and blind to heal, the sad and lone to bless.

N is for Nain, a city from out whose gates a throng
Of weeping mourners followed a young man's bier along.
But, O, what joy and thankfulness his loving mother had
When Jesus, passing by, restored to life and health the lad!

O is the Mount of Olives, where Jesus went to pray;
And thither came a rabble, while Judas led the way.
Then to the arch-betrayer he gently answered this:
"Is't thus thou dost betray me, friend Judas, with a kiss?"

P is for Priests, and Pilate, who sat in judgment then,
Taking the testimony of false and wicked men.
Because they hated Jesus, they sentenced him to die,—
Upon the malefactor's cross to be uplifted high.

Q is for the Questions they asked of Christ, the Lord;
He stood before them meekly and answered not a word.
Fainting for food, and covered with sorrow like a pall,
Although they mocked and scourged him, silent he bore it all.

R is for the purple Robe they gave in mockery,
The while the rabble shouted about him, "Bow the knee."
While, painted on a sign that hung above his head,
"This is the King of the Jews," the passing people read.

S is the guarding Soldiers who stood his cross beneath,
To watch the guiltless Saviour for them go down to death.
Did he then cry for vengeance upon the murderous crew?
He prayed, "Forgive them, Father; they know not what they do."

T is the Tomb of Joseph within a garden fair;
They took the dear Lord's body, and, sorrowing laid him there:
And there their hopes they buried: how were their hearts cast down
To see their Master vanquished, whom they had hoped to crown.

U is for the Unseen band that watched the Sleeper lie,
The while they tuned their harps to sing a sweeter song on high.
For him they saw in Joseph's tomb, detained in death's dark prison
For just a little while, by faith they saw already risen.

V is for the Victory that pealed through heaven's dome,
When Jesus from the tomb arose, and, joyful, hastened home
To lay the offering he had made before his Father's feet,—
To see his smile, and hear his words of approbation sweet.

W is for the Women who hastened to the tomb
Before the dawn of morning had yet dispelled the gloom.
They found his grave-clothes empty,— for them he had no need,—
And sped to tell the tidings, "The Lord is risen indeed."

X is for the 'Xcellence of glory and of light,
That on the Mount of Olives received him from their sight.
A while, their hearts were lonely, a while they wept, and then
Two angels, comforting them, said, "He will return again."

Y is for the Yearning we have to see his face,
When those who died in Jesus each from his sleeping-place
Shall rise to life and glory, no more to pine and die,

And mount with our Redeemer to "mansions in the sky."

Z is for Mount Zion, where we shall reign with him,
Where harps shall ne'er be silent, and crowns shall ne'er grow dim;
Where sorrow, pain, nor sickness, nor death shall ever come
Through all the years eternal in that celestial home.

ELIZABETH ROSSER.

Foreign Nations and States Will Take Part in the Jamestown Exposition in 1907

It is impossible to estimate the value of tangible results that will accrue to States, municipalities, and foreign countries following participation in the Jamestown Ter-Centennial, at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1907. Many reasons and advantages combine to make this statement a patent fact, when the importance of the celebration, its geographical location, and its unique character are remembered. A slight conception of the favor with which the exposition has met may be formed, when it is pointed out that more than four fifths of the available exhibit space has been applied for, seven months before the opening date. The applicants represent every line of domestic and foreign manufacturers and producers, who realize that a similar opportunity for improving commerce and trade conditions generally throughout the United States and European and South American countries has never before been offered.

The plan of combining municipal exhibits with manufactures of cities has struck a popular chord. Commercial organizations are exerting efforts in this direction that promise to result in many cities being represented along this line. It has been satisfactorily shown that the Jamestown Exposition will have an attendance never before equaled, with the possible exception of the great world's fairs; and the advantages of displaying the varied resources, raw materials, manufactured products, and exploiting inducements to capital-seeking investment, will bring results that could never be accomplished through any other business channel.

In response to President Roosevelt's invitation to participate, these nations have accepted, and will be represented either by war-ships, detachments of troops, or civil delegations, while some will make industrial and technical exhibits: Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Italy, France, Belgium, Mexico, Venezuela, Denmark, Japan, Costa Rica, Argentine Republic, Chile, Guatemala, Switzerland, Hayti.

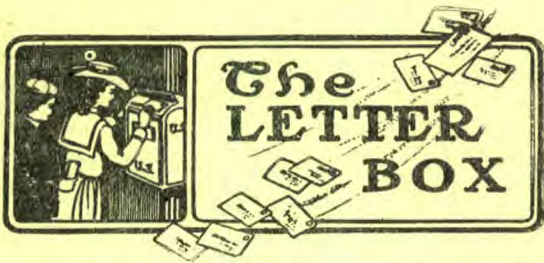
Many of the States of the Union have erected buildings, including Virginia, New York, New Jersey, Missouri, Ohio, Massachusetts, Connecticut, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Kentucky, Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island, and several others are expected, while each State will contribute to the great historical, commercial, and industrial exhibits. Cities that will participate independent of the States in which they are situated will embrace Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Hartford, Syracuse, Milwaukee, Richmond, all of which will make extensive displays, combining municipal, commercial, and industrial features.

The Jamestown Ter-Centennial is a new and distinct departure in expositions. Former exhibitions have invariably been held in inland cities, and were all of one general character, while this celebration is situated on the shores of the finest and most historic body of water in America, large enough to float the navies of the world, and upon which will be held the greatest naval rendezvous in the world's history.

It is within a few hours' travel of more than twenty-one million persons, and twenty-four hours of two thirds of the entire population of the United States, easily reached by seven great trunk lines of railways and twenty-six lines of

steamships, which center at the tide-water cities of Norfolk, Portsmouth, and Newport News.

World's fairs have been the timekeepers of progress, but the Jamestown Exposition is the advance agent of higher civilization, which the managers hope will create an era of increased prosperity and advancement, and at the same time will more than realize the prediction to be the greatest, most gorgeous and novel celebration ever undertaken in the United States or any foreign country.



CANTON, S. D., Nov. 10, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have never written to the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, I thought I would write. I like to read our Sabbath-school paper, and to study our lessons. I am thirteen years old. I have two brothers, but no sister. We all keep the Sabbath. I hope the readers of this paper will pray for me.

CLARA KING.

OMEGA, OKLA., Nov. 18, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my first letter to the INSTRUCTOR. I enjoy it very much, also the letters of the INSTRUCTOR readers. I am twelve years old. I have four brothers and five sisters. We go to Sabbath-school. Brother William Bainer is my teacher, and my sister Leta is secretary. I have some cotton for missionary money. I love to work for Jesus. Pray for me that I may be faithful. Love to all.

NELLIE F. HOLDER.

OMEGA, OKLA., Nov. 24, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: This is my second letter to the INSTRUCTOR. You wanted to know what kind of missionary garden I had, and how much it brought. I had a spot of cotton, which brought me nine dollars. We go to Sabbath-school. I am teacher of the primary class, and like to teach the little children about God's wonderful truths. I would like to have Lola Adams write to me. I will close with love to all.

LETA E. HOLDER.

Surely the success of Miss Leta ought to inspire many others to follow her example next spring, and plant a missionary garden.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

I—The Ten Commandments

(January 5)

MEMORY VERSE: "Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12:13.

REVIEW.—Our lesson last week was about —. The word "millennium" means —. The millennium begins when —. During this time the righteous will be in —. Satan will be — during the millennium. At the end of the thousand years — will come to earth. The — will be raised. Their number will be as —. Satan will deceive the wicked by —. They will be destroyed by —. The righteous will be in — while the earth is flooded with —. At that time the earth will —, and the things in it will —. Our memory verse last week was —.

Questions

1. While Israel encamped near Mount Sinai, what did the Lord tell Moses to do? At what time were the people to be ready? Who was to come down on Mount Sinai? Ex. 19:10, 11.
2. At what time in the day did the Lord come to the mount? What did the people see and hear? How did this make them feel? Ex. 19:16.
3. To what place did Moses lead them? Verse 17.

4. How did the mountain appear? Verse 18.
5. Whose voice did the people hear? Verse 19.
6. Who spoke to the people out of the fiery cloud? Ex. 20:1.
7. Repeat the first commandment; the second; third; fourth; fifth; sixth; seventh; eighth; ninth; tenth. Ex. 20:3-17.
8. As the people saw God's glory and heard his voice, what did they do? Verse 18.
9. What did they say? Verse 19.
10. What did the Lord afterward give Moses? Who wrote the commandments on them? Ex. 31:18.
11. By obeying the first four commandments, what do we show? Matt. 22:37, 38.
12. How do we love our neighbor if we keep the last six? Verse 39.

Lesson Story

While the children of Israel encamped near Mount Sinai, the Lord said unto Moses: "Go unto the people, and sanctify them to-day and to-morrow, and let them wash their clothes, and be ready against the third day: for the third day the Lord will come down in the sight of all the people upon Mount Sinai."

"And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that was in the camp trembled. And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount. And Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice." Ex. 19:16-19.

"And God spake all these words, saying, I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

"1. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.
 "2. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

"3. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

"4. Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it.

"5. Honor thy father and thy mother; that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

"6. Thou shalt not kill.

"7. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

"8. Thou shalt not steal.

"9. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

"10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

"And all the people saw the thunders, and

the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God speak with us, lest we die."

"And he gave unto Moses, . . . two tables of testimony, tables of stone, written with the finger of God."

By obeying the first four commandments we show that we love God. By keeping the last six we show that we love our neighbor as ourselves.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

I—Going Out of Babylon

(January 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 1:1-11.

MEMORY VERSE: "O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever." Ps. 136:1.

Questions

1. By whom were the children of Israel carried away from Jerusalem? 2 Chron. 36:6, 20.
2. What, besides the people, was carried into Babylon? Verses 7, 18.
3. How long were the people servants to Nebuchadnezzar? Verse 20.
4. What kingdom was in power when the experience recorded by Ezra began? Ezra 1:1.
5. What had one of the prophets said of this king? What was he to do? Isa. 44:28; 45:13.
6. What led Cyrus to make the decree recorded in the first chapter of Ezra? Ezra 1:1.
7. Of what prophecy was this a fulfilment? Jer. 29:10; note 2.
8. How extensively was this proclamation announced? Ezra 1:1.
9. From whom did Cyrus say he had received his kingdom? What did he say the Lord had charged him to do? Verse 2.
10. What call did he make? Where did he send those who claimed to be God's people? Verse 3; note 2.
11. What help was to be given those who did not go immediately in response to the call? Verse 4.
12. Mention some who responded to the call of Cyrus. Verse 5.
13. How did their neighbors assist them? What spirit did they manifest in this? Verse 6.
14. What did Cyrus give them? Verse 7.
15. How many vessels were there? Verses 9-11.
16. What use had been made of these vessels during the captivity? Dan. 5:1, 2.
17. What occurred at that time showing God's displeasure? Verses 5, 26-28; note 3.

Notes

1. Daniel was a prominent man in the Persian court, and no doubt had instructed Cyrus in regard to the prophecy of Jeremiah, as we find Daniel earnestly studying these prophecies three years before Cyrus issued his decree. Dan. 9:1, 2.

2. The call was to all of God's people, and if all had heeded the call, the work would have gone forward rapidly.

3. While they were drinking wine from these sacred vessels, a hand appeared writing upon the wall. Consternation and confusion followed, and while they were in this condition, the army of Cyrus entered the city and slew the king and the princes. Dan. 5:30, 31; Jer. 51:57. The sacred vessels must have been scattered throughout the banquet hall. Who was there with power to gather them? The last kingly act of Belshazzar was to publicly proclaim Daniel the third ruler in the kingdom. Dan. 5:29. This gave Daniel power to command the servants to search carefully for all the sacred vessels and restore them to a place of safety.



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THOUGH Christ was not born on the twenty-fifth of December, he did come to earth as a babe, and was laid in Bethlehem's manger. This fact, believed and cherished in the heart, with all that it promises, holds the secret of true giving and living.

A CUSTOM prevailed among the old Romans of holding the face of every new-born child toward the heavens, signifying that it was to look above the world into celestial glories. It was only a vain superstition with them, but the thought is one that should be early impressed upon the mind of every child, and one that should influence the life of every person.

The Bible Problem

THE first person to send in a correct solution of Miss Tichenor's Bible problem is Master Sam Brown. His solution is as follows: $969 \times 66 \times 6 \div 12 \times 4 + 11,500 + 5,000 - 300 - 110 + 2 = 144,000$.

Miss Ethel May Simonds has also sent in a correct solution. More such problems are desired by the Bible students.

Receive and Give

A BEGGAR lay at the king's gate. Day by day he received alms from his sovereign. One day as the king came out to the gate, he found he had forgotten something. He said to the beggar, "Run me this errand." But the beggar looked up haughtily to his master, and said, "Sire, I do not run errands."

Every one of us receives untold blessings from heaven's King every day. He asks of us a ministry. Shall we refuse him, or shall we by willing service gratefully acknowledge our obligation to him and our love for his goodness?

A Prince's Loyalty to Truth

THE famous Prince William of Orange said to Sonoy, the governor, "You ask if I have entered into a treaty or made a contract for assistance with any powerful king? I answer that before I ever took up the cause of the oppressed Christians in the provinces, I had entered into a close alliance with the King of kings, and I am firmly convinced that all who put their trust in him will be saved by his almighty hand." Afterward when offered every personal and family favor by the Catholic power if he would relinquish his endeavor to secure religious freedom to the oppressed people of the Netherlands, he replied, "I regard the welfare and security of the public before my own, having already placed my particular interests under my foot, and I am resolved to, so long as life shall endure;" and to this determination he remained true till his death.

In the year 1580 Philip of Spain, the Catholic tyrant, offered 25,000 crowns in gold and a patent

of nobility to any one "sufficiently generous of heart," he said, "to rid us of this pest, delivering him to us, alive or dead, or taking his life." Under the influence of the promised reward, the good prince was assassinated July 10, 1584; but his work for religious freedom did not die then.

One Clear Ray

THERE is but one ray of light that pierces through the gloom of this dark earth and reaches heaven above, and that is the clear-shining ray of truth as reflected from the loyal people of God. If the work of sanctification of individual lives is keeping pace with the progress of the third angel's message, then there must be rays of light from all over the world focusing at the throne of heaven.

Last year fifty-eight new missionaries were sent to foreign lands, and the truth received converts from four new peoples, the Eskimos, Haakas of China, Karens of Burma, and the old Assyrians. A million dollars of tithe was paid into the treasury of God, and nearly a score of new sanitariums were established, and many thousands more of dollars' worth of books were sold than during any previous year.

The Years

THEY are floating away, these swift sweet years,
Adown the river of Time,
Bearing their burdens of smiles and tears,
In a monody sublime.
With never a break in their rapid flow,
They drift to the peaceful past,
With smiling summers or drifted snow,
Like leaves in the current cast.

Those beautiful years are gliding fast,
Like the flying thread of a dream;
They were ours while passing, but soon were past,
And we catch but their fading gleam;
Soundless is ever their solemn tread
Down the dim-lighted past
In the steps of the seasons long since dead,
Too beautiful to last.

They are floating away, these swift sweet years,
Like the seasons gone before;
They bear on their bosoms our hopes and fears,
But return to us nevermore.
Each after each, do they come and go,
With their burdens of joy and pain,
And the stream of Time, in its ceaseless flow,
Brings them never back again.

They are floating away, these swift sweet years;
But we look for the life above,
With no bleak winter, or blur of tears,
In the beautiful realm of love;
For when in the clouds is the King sublime,
To the raptured soul will be given,
In place of the fleeting years of time,
The numberless years of heaven.

L. D. SANTEE.

Chicago.

Drop, Boy!

A BOY at sea, who was very fond of climbing to the masthead, one day climbed to the main-truck, and could not get down again. The sea was very rough, and it was seen that in a little while the boy would fall on the deck, and be dashed to pieces. His father saw but one way of saving his life. Seizing a speaking-trumpet, he cried out, "Boy, the next time the ship lurches, you fall into the sea." The next time the ship lunched, the little fellow looked down, and, not liking the idea of throwing himself into the sea, still held to the mast. The father, who saw that the boy's strength would soon fail him, took a gun in his hand, and cried out, "Boy, if you do not drop into the sea the next time the ship lurches, I'll shoot you!" The lad knew his father meant it, and so when the ship lunched, he dropped into the sea. It seemed like certain destruction, but out went a dozen brawny arms, and he was saved.

The sinner, in the midst of storm, thinks he must cling to the mast of his good works, and so be saved. But the gospel says, "Let go your

good works, and drop into the ocean of God's love." "No," says the sinner, "it is a long way between me and God's love; I must perish if I trust to that; I must have some other reliance." "If you have any other reliance than that, you are lost." Then comes the thundering law, and declares to the sinner that unless he gives up every dependence, he will be lost. And then comes the happy moment when the sinner says, "Dear Lord, I give up all my dependence, and cast myself on thee; I take thee, Jesus, to be my one object in life, my only trust, the refuge, the only refuge I have, for my soul"—and he is saved.—C. H. Spurgeon.

A Mother's Prayer

SOME years ago a company of Indians was captured on a Western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent through the region inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own. A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of a little boy and girl. With mingled hope and fear she came with throbbing heart. She approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love she peered into their faces, one after another. But there was nothing in any she could claim, nor was there anything in her to light up those cold faces.

With a dull pain of despair at her heart, she was turning away when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft, clear notes began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and heaven. Before a line was completed, a boy and a girl left the group and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mama, mama," and she folded her lost darlings to her bosom, and took them home rejoicing. So lives a mother's early influence in the hearts of her children.—From *Katie Shidler's Scrap Book*.

Words of Truth

IT is during the hours of our severest trials that the joy of deliverance is sweetest.

It is not so much how fast we are moving as it is the direction in which we are going.

It is a man's attitude toward truth, rather than his intellectual capacity or ability, that makes him truly great.

The bacillus, or germ, of tuberculosis is a very tiny thing, yet by its tenacity of life and its persistent effort it causes the death of one seventh of the human race. Let us beware of little deeds and acts which by multiplying will cause the loss of our spiritual life.

The following testimony was given concerning the Waldenses by one of their enemies who lived in the days of their severest persecution: "You can scarcely find a boy among them who can not give you an intelligent account of the faith which he professes."

Everything needed to make the plan of salvation complete has been given to man. The poor as well as the rich may drink of the water of life freely, without money and without price. It is poured out as unstintingly as the sunshine which bathes the earth with its warmth, and causes the flowers to bloom.

It is said that the spelling of the English language wastes about fifteen per cent of all books and papers because of its silent and arbitrary letters. Millions of dollars are uselessly expended annually in writing them, setting up the type, and reading them, together with the waste of ink, paper, and type. Two years of every child's life might be saved for useful work if English were written as it is pronounced.

C. E. HOLMES.