

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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

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No. 2



To Myself

LET nothing make thee sad or fretful,
Or too regretful,
Be still;
What God hath ordered must be right,
Then find in it thine own delight,
My will.

Why shouldst thou fill to-day with sorrow
About to-morrow,
My heart?
One watches all with care most true,
Doubt not that he will give thee, too,
Thy part.

Only be steadfast, never waver,
Nor seek earth's favor,
But rest;
Thou knowest what God wills must be
For all his creatures, so for thee,
The best.

— Paul Flemming.

Debauching the Artistic Sense

THE American prides himself upon his broad good humor. He thanks his stars that he is not grouchy like the Englishman, nor supercilious like the Frenchman, nor stupid like the Dutchman. But he seldom reflects that his humor may have a coarseness much more offensive to the culture of those to whom he assumes superiority. It is not difficult for a teacher to discover that the typical American's sense of humor is not very delicate. It is capable of digesting the dialectic wit of Uncle Remus and Br'er Rabbit, or the orthographical atrocities of Artemus Ward, but the subtle irony of Ruskin is tasteless, even the rather acrid satire of Carlyle scarcely bites, and the refined humor of the Bible (few know there is any) is locked in the closet of the reader's stupidity.

There are reasons for this. Some of them are too intricately entangled in the web of American life to be unraveled just now. But by its color we may easily trace one through the fabric it helps to weave. It is the love of the grotesque.

It smites us in childhood. "Children must be amused," says the American parent; "let us amuse them." And forthwith there come tumbling in amazing picture-books of brownies and clowns, and little giants and big dwarfs, and animals worse in their contorted shapes than Egyptian gods. The children stare at—

"Monsters of such hideous mein
That to be hated need but to be seen.
But, more familiar grown, they mark each face,
And first endure, then pity, then embrace."

Not long ago I read in a woman's popular magazine directions from a teacher of how to make a book to amuse children, by forming combinations of various misfitting heads and bodies. "The idea is," she said, "to make as many ridiculous combinations as possible." And she a teacher! An easy way of doing this, many

have discovered, is to purchase for the children the comic colored supplements of Sunday newspapers, whose caricatures are coupled with silly sayings that feed the already depraved humor of the child.

In the cities, bill-boards, in their hideous combinations of color and oftentimes grotesque figures, do a terrible work for the children. At the same time, in the city, and perhaps especially in the country, the spirit of real wit is outraged in the child's hearing by the coarse personal thrusts and jests of family and neighborhood wits. Joking almanacs and books "of wit and humor" are plentiful, and the child is trained to hold unconsciously the creed that wit consists of fun at some other body's expense. Valentine's day and April fool have been pressed into service to re-enforce the powers of Puck, and the revelry grows more bestial every year.

The grown-up (dare you not to say adult?), who has to take his mental stimulant, like his coffee, on the run, lunches at odd moments off the funny paragrapher, the cartoonist, and the professional humorist, nor does he disdain the puerile comic supplement. He can not appreciate true humor; or, at best, only the most obvious satire of good writers is within his comprehension. Nor does pictorial art receive any critical appreciation from him. It has become notorious that the average American appraises works of art solely by the prices they will bring.

One of the latest exhibitions* of this debauched artistic sense is seen in what we may hope is a passing fad, the colored post-card. Boys and girls—yes, even very old boys and girls—who think they are waiting and making ready for a pure, strong Saviour, will spend their nickels, and sometimes their dollars, for disgusting series of comic post-cards, to send to some one who they hope is as silly as they. There are, it is true, beautiful post-cards showing places and buildings of interest, and the purchase of these might not be condemned, though there is always the danger of extravagance. But there is a pity that is almost scorn for those who have had so poor an endowment and training as to find delight in a funny post-card. Self-respect and a desire for culture should create a disdain for its hideousness.

There lies the fault before us, a fault that does not end with itself, but threatens, as a cancer, the health of the whole spiritual body. What mind thus befouled in the gutters of thought can rise to the pure heights of the message of God? What fancy that revels in caricatures can delight in the wonders of heavenly forms? The blue sky is above us, with its stars and its fairy clouds; the green world is about us, voicing the thoughts of God; the domains of art and literature lie within reach. We have no excuse for low ideals, but every reason for beautiful ones.

There is a remedy. It is to gain a love for the beautiful, by daily association with it. If a technical artistic training is not possible, let us say it is not needed. Still we may learn. To most, perhaps, the first lessons will come through the eye. Cultivate a love for the beauties of nature, for beautiful works of art. One or the

other lies within the reach of everybody. If you can not get to an art gallery, make one. There are penny classic pictures—and better ones for little more—that will please children, especially if connected with stories, and which will give them lasting benefit.

Fix a determination to read only sensible literature. This does not greatly limit one: so far as it goes, it only keeps one out of the slums of thought. And while further rules may be necessary to direct to the best literature, if only our children and youth are kept from the silly and the grotesque, much will be gained.

The world of the beautiful is so near, its charms are so open, and yet so deep! Let us not miss it here on this old earth, that we may not miss it in the new. A. W. SPAULDING.

Open-Air Worship

My lips, that may forget Thee in the crowd,
Can not forget thee here, where thou hast built
For thine own glory, in the wilderness.

— Wordsworth.

Some Things in China Which Illustrate the Bible

IN passing along the wall from the east to the west gate of the city, one passes thousands of camels going to and from the mines of the western hills, loaded with, or going for, coal. They go in strings of six, with a man or a boy to attend to each string. Each camel has a hole punched through the nose, and a stick put through, to which a rope is tied. The boy or man rides the first one, and each of the others is tied behind, the last one having a bell upon it, the ringing of which keeps the rider or leader informed as to whether they are all coming. Along this wall the camels are often so thick that vehicles and foot-passengers can scarcely pass along. Like the camels of the Midianites, they are "without number," almost like "locusts for multitude." See Judges 6:5.

One often sees an ox, a mule, and a donkey hitched to the plow. This plow has but one handle, and is made of a forked stick, one fork of which is pointed with iron. With such a team and such an implement, the man who has put his hand to the plow has no time to look back. His attention must be directed to his team. See Luke 9:62.

A well in this plain is a boon. One often sees two or three men drawing water and turning it out in drains, which wind around through their gardens or fields, and thus they irrigate. Troughs are put beside the road, at which a man is on guard to see that the owner of each animal that is allowed to drink gives a cash, one fifth or one tenth of a cent, to the well-keeper. Only after we have seen the wells on these plains can we appreciate the use of Jacob's well. See John 4:6.

In the melon patches all over this eastern plain during the autumn we see small platforms raised a few feet above the ground, over which a matshed or covering is stretched to shelter the watcher by day and protect him from the damp-

ness of the night. In this shed a man, woman, or child stays both day and night, watching the melon patch. They are, no doubt, very much like Isaiah's "lodge in a garden of cucumbers." See Isa. 1:8.

The jinrikisha men are able to run almost any distance, pulling a man in a small vehicle not unlike a baby carriage, and without any perceptible weariness. From such running we may understand how the Biblical messengers could run as they did.—*I. T. Headland, in Sunday School Times.*

Favorite Texts

THE following letter was sent by the editor of the INSTRUCTOR a few weeks ago to a number of our ministers. A few responses have been received. We should be glad to have many send in answers to the two questions asked in the letter:—

DEAR BROTHER: Often the Lord sends home to one's heart a special text. The circumstances under which he does this sometimes reveal in a marked way our Father's personal love and interest; hence the text ever afterward is peculiarly precious to that person. The relating of such incidents encourages and strengthens others. Will you not, therefore, in a *paragraph*, tell our young people, through the INSTRUCTOR, what your favorite text is, and why? Relate any circumstance that has made this text of special help to you, or to others through you.

One thing more: If asked for just one sentence of counsel to a young person who knows this truth and professes to be a Christian, but who seems to be without any definite aim for the future, what would you say by way of enlisting his interest and co-operation in the progress of this message? Possibly an answer to the question, "What brought you in touch with this work?" might be the best answer that could be given.

Some Responses

The words found in Rom. 6:23 made a deep, lasting impression on my mind when present truth first came to me. From childhood I had been taught that all men would live eternally. By this text I learned that eternal life was a gift; that man does not possess eternal life by nature, but must obtain it through Jesus Christ; that those who die in their sins must die the second death; that in Christ only can we be saved from sin; and he came that we might have life eternal.

Thank God, we do not have to pay for it in our poverty. It is a gracious gift.

R. M. KILGORE.

If I were asked to give just one word of counsel to a young person who knows this truth and professes to be a Christian, but who seems to be without any definite aim, in order to enlist him in the giving of the message I would say, "Charlie, you're an honest boy. Do you remember the time you got in debt fifty dollars to Mr. Jackson, and how you worked tooth and nail until you paid it up? An honest man in debt feels miserable unless he is doing his utmost to pay off that debt. Now I want you to read the first three words of Rom. 1:14, and think about them. You're in debt,—in debt to God,—and by his transference of a part of the obligation, you are in debt to every man, woman, and child you know who does not know the truth. It's no great virtue for you to go into the work of giving the message; it's just dishonest to stay out. And if you're honest, you'll be straining every muscle and nerve to pay your debt."

A. W. SPAULDING.

In the early days of my public ministry I was called upon to speak to a people, some of whom did not understand English. I resorted to the mountainside to plead with God for aid, for I felt that I did not know what to say or how to say it. I did not even have a text to speak from, and could find none. As I ceased praying and opened my Bible, through my tears I saw as it seemed to me then in letters of gold, Isa. 50:4: "The Lord hath given me the tongue of the

learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary: he wakeneth morning by morning, he wakeneth mine ear to hear as the learned." I do not remember having seen it before. Since then it has ever been a precious text to me.

That which brought me into this cause as a worker, more than anything else that I can remember, was the personal influence of Elder W. S. Hyatt, who, taking an interest in me, gave me no rest till he got me into the work, and then assisted me till I had made a success of it. I find this my strongest means of helping other young people.

W. W. EASTMAN.

"Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same" (Heb. 2:14), is one of my favorite texts. This verse reveals Jesus to me as a blood relative. He consented to be my brother. He was born my brother. In answer to the second question, I would say: Adopt and maintain high ideals. "Hitch your wagon to a star."

T. H. JEYS.

You are asking me for a heart-to-heart text. The one that has done me the most good is found in the ninety-first Psalm: "Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee." I should like to suggest first of all that this text presents three best things in the world: first, the word of the Lord; the word of the Lord is the best thing in the world, because, if obeyed, it will usher us into the eternal world; and, second, this text suggests the best way to make sure that we have the word of the Lord,—by hiding it in our heart; and third, it gives the best reason there is in the world for hiding it in the heart—that we might not sin against God. So, then, the conclusion is easy, that the best thing in the world is God's word, and the best place to put it is in our own hearts, and the best reason in the world for putting it there is that we might not sin against God. This is the surest way to happiness. And as there is power in the word to keep us from sinning, we can all be free and happy if we hide it in our hearts.

W. H. COVELL.

I began to read the Bible when quite young. I read the New Testament through when about thirteen years of age. The part that made the deepest impression on my young mind, was the third angel's message of Rev. 14:9-12. That impression has never faded from my mind. Not having heard preaching upon that subject, and knowing nothing of what was meant by "the beast and his image," nor what the mark and worship were, I became alarmed, fearing I might be subject to the unmingled wrath of God. I seldom speak upon that message in a new place without mentioning my feeling when I first read that scripture. I am thankful to say that when, in the providence of God, I had the privilege of listening to discourses upon that subject, I was ready to embrace the message. Forty-one years have passed since I first learned to love this truth, and it seems as good to-day as when I first heard it preached.

In answer to the second question, I would say, Encourage him to pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit to impress his heart with the importance of this message, and to study the Bible for himself. Then he will have a desire that others may know the truth also. This is what brought me in touch with this work. I would read the Bible on my knees, praying that God would give me an understanding of his Word.

S. J. HERSUM.

"MEN always sit down before they backslide."

"Stand in Your Place"

THE train was speeding eastward, steadily, surely, and as quickly as schedule allowed. Soon whistles were blown, others followed, whistle answering whistle, signal answering signal—all unintelligible to the uninitiated; but the man at the throttle knew; and the wheels began to turn less quickly, the train moving more and more slowly, until it stood motionless, and a loud, sharp blast cut the air. All was still where but a moment before had been intense activity. The passengers waited in wonder. The trainmen were at their posts of duty.

Soon from the east came the Atlantic express, swift, sudden, with whistles blowing; but it passed safely, on the next track. Another long whistle, and here was a heavy freight on the left—car after car loaded with necessary

articles for waiting hands and brains. It passed safely. Another whistle, sharp and clear, and here was the delayed "mail," flying along to pass both freight and passenger at a switch farther on. Then, when we had hardly taken breath, came the westbound mail, on time, passing like a flash and steaming ahead in our rear, with whistle answering whistle, to tell that each train was in place, track clear, and away we went, the far East coming nearer with every turn of the wheels.

In all the noise, in all the haste, in all the seeming danger, the "Overland Limited" was safe, perfectly safe. It stood in its place.

How like our lives! It may be ours sometimes to move quickly, under orders, but also, under orders, it may be ours to stand still.

Listen for the whistle, study the signal-code. Obey, and be safe.

AUGUSTA C. BAINBRIDGE.

The March of Life

PLAY me a march, O bugler,
A march that is wild and grand,
For numberless feet are marching
On to the silent land:
Some rosy lips are smiling,
Some cheeks are wet with tears;
Sing to the heart, O singer,
And lighten the coming years.

Play me a march, O bugler,
A march that is grand, sublime,
For hearts will throb to your music;
And feet are keeping time,
And the hosts that are moving onward,
From birth to the grave they stand,
Ever and aye they're marching
On to the silent land.

Your music is slower, bugler,
And a sadness seems to be,
For the dirge is heard in the music,
As well as the reveille;
Many the feet that are faltering
And failing to keep in line,
For eyes with age are darkened,
And heads are like the rime.

Tell in your strains, O bugler,
Of the dear ones earth has hid,
Of hands at rest and folded
Beneath a coffin lid,
Of saddened homes, and faces,
Of the silence on the floor,
Of the empty, empty places,
Whence loved ones come no more.

But a sweeter tone, O bugler,
Is to your music given,
For your notes are leaving cares of earth,
And breathing joys of heaven;
Its cadence soothes the weary
That wait on a barren strand,
For it breathes of loved ones greeting,
At home, in the better land.

L. D. SANTEE.





THE HOME CIRCLE

Home, Sweet Home

LIFE changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
Of gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight.
But in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place;
A home unhurt by sigh or tears,
Where dwelleth many a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day;
Not strange or cold, but very dear —
The glad home land not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own.
And as we think of all we knew
Whom there we'll meet, to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.

—Selected.

Learning to See

"THERE goes that poor blind broom maker again," remarked Agnes, looking out of the window. "And his little daughter is leading him. Aren't you glad we are not blind, Lida?" she said, turning to her seven-year-old sister.

"Are you sure that you really have good eyes, Agnes?" asked her father.

"Why, father, of course I have. I never had any trouble with my eyes."

"That may all be true, but I could not help thinking you were a little blind this morning when your mother came down-stairs with that flushed look on her face. I knew it meant a severe headache, but I supposed you didn't see it, for you made no effort to relieve her. This evening she is much the worse for the exertion, whereas if she had been relieved at the right time, she might have been well."

While Agnes listened to her father, a shamed look crossed her face. "Don't say anything more, please," she said, as he was about to speak. "I see in what way you mean I am blind. I know there are many things that I pretend not to see, but which really troubles my conscience. I am going to try to cultivate my sight a little better, father, see if I don't!" And the first thing she did was to run to her mother's room to see if she could relieve her illness in any way. She told her mother of her resolve. "That is better than medicine, daughter," she said, kissing her.

The next morning Agnes descended to the kitchen at an early hour, and when her mother came to take charge of the breakfast, Agnes waved her back. "You go and sit with papa," she said. "He loves to talk to you about his plans for the day, for I heard him say so one day, but I didn't allow myself to think much about it. You see I was a little deaf, too, mama."

That evening when father came home, he found his slippers warming by the fire, his chair drawn close to the clean-swept hearth, and a little table beside it, on which lay the evening paper, a late magazine, and the book that he had been reading. Supper was ready at the appointed minute, and during the meal it was Agnes who served and looked after the wants of the family instead of her mother, who had always occupied that place before. And instead of the worried look that mother so often wore on her face at tea time because of her multiplied duties, she had a sweet, contented smile.

Supper over, the father lingered a moment in the dining-room to speak a word of approval and encouragement to Agnes.

"You are doing nobly, my child," he said. "You will find it always true, Agnes, that there is no joy like the joy of service. I have no more cherished wish for your future womanhood than that you should grow more thoughtful each day of those around you. Loving consideration for the happiness of others is one of the rarest and sweetest virtues."—Selected.

The Hearing Ear

MR. KENNETH led his old friend, Judge Forrest, out on the porch, where a group of young folk sat chatting and laughing, and said: "I want all you young people to meet Judge Forrest. You have all heard a great deal about him, but he knows nothing about you, so you have a decided advantage."

"Yes. I do know a great deal about them, for I have been listening to their conversation while I waited for you," said the judge, shaking hands all round. "In fact, I think I could tell them a great many facts about their lives just as they know something about mine."

"Would you mind telling us how you find out things so quickly?" asked Grace Kenneth, modestly. "I think we have been on the porch only half an hour."

"How do you know anything about my life?" asked Judge Forrest.

"Why, by what we have heard and what the newspapers say of you," said Grace, promptly. "You are so different, for you are in the public, while we are only young people."

"You are a part of the great public, nevertheless," said Judge Forrest. "I think I can make it plain to you how I made a few discoveries. This young man spoke of the noise from the billiard hall as you sat here in the half darkness, and from his words and tone I gathered that he enjoys spending his time in places like that. Am I right?"

Ben blushed a deep red, and said, hastily, "A fellow has to have some amusement."

"And this young lady," turning to a pretty girl by his side, "heard only the beautiful, sacred music stealing softly through the air from a neighboring church. I take it that she is interested in the finer, higher things in life, to be able to choose the music out of the medley of sounds all about her."

Every one smiled at his perception, for Rose Burton was a beautiful, happy, wholesome girl, the delight of her home and of the circle of friends in which she moved. Some of the young people stirred uneasily and wondered what they had said, while others were eager to have the gentleman go on with his character reading.

"I don't know which one complained of a crying child, for I could not see all the faces, nor which felt sorry for the tired mother who must have spent a busy, wearisome day. The evening is a good time to hear everything, for sound carries better than at any other time."

Every one on the porch knew it was selfish Pauline who complained about the sick child and wondered why the mother did not keep it from disturbing the neighbors, but no one said a word. They did not know that Agnes had been trying to help the discouraged mother during her leisure time that day, but the young girl felt a glow of gratitude in her heart for the man who could so quickly recognize the difference between people.

"You see it makes all the difference what we hear in life," went on Judge Forrest, and a si-

lence fell upon the little group. "I suppose you have wondered what is meant by 'a hearing ear.' That used to puzzle me when I was a boy, but I believe it means that some ears hear certain things others do not. In short, a hearing ear is an educated ear. In the little town where I grew up, there was an old lady who knew every bit of gossip that was going, and people wondered how she found out so many unkind things. You might start any subject under the sun, but this old lady would neatly swing the conversation round to something she heard about one or the other of her neighbors. She heard nothing else in life, because she did not want to know anything else."

"And do we always tell on ourselves whether we want to or not?" asked the young man who had spoken of the billiard hall. "Don't you think you might have been mistaken about me this evening? I might have happened into the place for the first time and watched the game I spoke of."

"Yes, you might; but where would you have learned the game, and where would you have met and known all the people you mentioned?"

"There wasn't anything wrong about it," said the boy, evading the questions. "There isn't a bit of gambling carried on in the place, and many men who are counted all right go there."

"You see?" said the gentleman with a little sigh. "Now is it hard to tell what is in your mind? You are all the time defending your position, and arguing for an amusement you think questionable, instead of really enjoying yourself. Why not absolutely avoid all questionable games?"

"It frightens me to think people can look right through one like that," said Maude, with a little shiver. "I am glad there are very few who have such insight."

"It isn't insight, my child. Do you ever make up your mind about people from hearing them talk?"

"Yes, indeed. My small brother talks about football from morning till night, and I know he is crazy about the game. Do you mean that whatever we are thinking about we talk about?"

"Just that. Whether we want to or not, we tell our inner history every day, and people can not avoid reading our lives. You say you have read things about me in the papers, but some one had to see those things in my life before printing them. I always like to watch people read newspapers. Some hunt up the murders and scandals, some the sporting news, some the important events of life, and others financial happenings. It is the old story of the hearing ear. The eye, the ear, the tongue, seek out only the things that are enjoyed, no matter how much we may try to disguise this fact. Some things we reject, and some we cherish. We are always listening through all the noises and music of life for the things we want to hear, and in time we learn to exclude the other sounds. There are times when the noise and clashing of strife and sorrows and tumult rise above everything else, but through it all, and finally rising above the warring of sounds, comes the music of God's love to the soul trained to catch those harmonious strains. The saddest sight in life is to see a man or woman with no ear for the heavenly music."

Just then Mr. Kenneth came to take his guest for a drive, and the young people were left alone. —Hilda Richmond, in *The Wellspring*.



Our Field—The World Turkey

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Scripture Reading: Dan. 11:45; 12:1-4.

Prayer.

LESSON STUDY:—

Turkish History.

Turkey in Prophecy.

Our Work in Turkey.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Turkish History

The principal Asiatic nations which influenced history during the Middle Ages were the Mongols and the Turks. These races had their home on the vast plateau of Central Asia. One division was called the Seljukian Turks, in distinction from the Ottoman Turks, so named from Othman, the founder of their empire.

In 1076 the Seljukian Turks captured Jerusalem. At that time a pilgrimage to the holy city was the most popular of penances. Devout Catholics believed that to bathe in the River Jordan, to spend a night on Calvary, or to worship before the Tomb of Tombs, would atone for the greatest sin; hence the paths of Asia Minor were thronged with those who were going to and fro on pilgrimages. These pilgrims were made welcome until the ferocious Turks conquered Palestine. They were then treated with every indignity that fanaticism could invent. In defense, all Europe seemed to rise as if by a common impulse, and there followed the period of The Crusades. Though these vast military expeditions failed of their direct object, the obnoxious Turk being still left in possession of the holy land, doubtless the tide of Mohammedan conquest was checked.

In 1356 a body of the Ottoman Turks crossed the Hellespont, and gained a foothold on European soil. Fifty years later an army of two hundred and fifty thousand Turks besieged Constantinople, and battered its walls for fifty-three days, finally bursting through them; and the flag of the crescent, emblem of Turkish power, waved over the city.

At one time "Turkey in Europe" comprised a vast territory in southern Europe, but the tendency of all later movements in the East has been in the same direction—a restriction of Turkish power—the expulsion of the Turk from European soil. The position of Constantinople is strategic, commanding the sea pathways from east to west and the land routes from north to south. All Europe covets the territory. No nation is willing that any other shall obtain the prize. "What is the 'Eastern question'?" It is not easy to give a definition; for to Russia it may mean one thing, to France another, and to Austria still another; but sifted of every side issue, it may be reduced to this,—the driving of the Turk into Asia, and a scramble for his territory."

Turkey in Prophecy

"And he shall plant the tabernacles of his palace between the seas in the glorious holy mountain; yet he shall come to his end, and none shall help him." These words apply to the Turkish power, the "king of the north" referred to in Dan. 11:40-45. The time will surely come when Turkey will be forced to make the move here outlined. In Palestine is the "glorious holy mountain," the mountain upon which stands

Jerusalem, "between the seas," the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean. It is a Turkish province. On retiring from Europe, temporary headquarters, appropriately described as "the tabernacles of his palace," may easily be established at the most notable point in Turkey in Asia—Jerusalem.

"And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people: and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book."

Connecting the events of prophecy not yet fulfilled, we have the following order:—

1. Further pressure by the nations upon the Turkish power.
2. The retirement of that power from Europe.
3. The final stand at Jerusalem.
4. The standing up of Michael, or the beginning of Christ's reign, and his coming in the clouds of heaven.

It is an interesting fact that the belief of the Turks themselves concerning the future destiny of their empire is almost in harmony with the prophetic word. One of our missionaries visiting Constantinople relates the following:—

"I met a reliable Christian man, who told me that in a conversation which he had with a Turkish judge, the judge told him that they expected as the outcome of the dealings of the powers that they would be dispossessed of Constantinople; that after that their capital would be Jerusalem, that against them there at last they expected the 'Christian nations' to come to fight; and then Messiah and Mahomet would come."

Our Work in Turkey

A Greek shoemaker, born on the shores of the Black Sea, came to this country and attended one of our camp-meetings in California. His heart was so filled with love for the newly found truth that he promised the Lord that if he would send him a purchaser for his shoe shop, he would return to his own country to give the message to his people. Returning to his home from the meeting, among the first whom he met was a man who wanted to buy his business. He sold, and started at once for his native country, stopping a short time in Constantinople. Thinking that all Christians would receive the message as gladly as he did, he went to the Protestant churches and began to proclaim it. They closed their doors to him, and reported him to the authorities as a disturber of the peace. He was kept imprisoned until his money was exhausted, then released. He found work, but in all his leisure moments talked the truth. One who thus received it is Brother Z. G. Baharian, an Armenian, and since that time one of our most faithful workers.

The spirit and courage of the Greek shoemaker is revealed by his report to the chief of police who arrested and imprisoned him. When he was commanded to cease preaching, he said: "I can not do so. I am not my own. I gave myself to the Lord, and he commands me to preach, and I must preach. If you imprison me, I will preach there; if you banish me, I will preach there. As long as there is breath in my body, I will preach. I can do nothing else than what the Lord commands me."

Soon after Brother Baharian heard the message, he went, in 1890, to Basel, Switzerland, to gain further instruction. Returning to Constantinople, he began work. In a report given to the General Conference in 1895, Elder H. P. Holser said: "Among the first to attend Brother Baharian's meetings in Constantinople was a Greek, a zealous member of the Greek Catholic Church. He said but little, which is a rare exception, for the Greeks are great disputers, as they were in Paul's day. This young Greek was quiet all the time, and when he heard the subject of the sanc-

tuary, he embraced the truth. Hereupon he asked the brethren if they had ever heard him dispute. They told him they had not. He then explained why: 'The first time I came into your meeting, a voice said to me, That young man [the speaker] has the truth. Listen to him; do not dispute. And I followed the instructions of that voice; that is the reason I have not disputed.' He believes and we believe that it was the Spirit of the Lord leading him."

We have space for but a single instance illustrating the care of God for his faithful messengers. One Sabbath when a company of believers had assembled for worship in Ovajuk, a large rabble surrounded the house, throwing dust and stoning the house, hooting and yelling, demanding that Brother Baharian be given up to them. The brethren in the house barricaded the door, and then the mob began to make a hole in the wall of the house. The brethren within told Brother Baharian they had better go. They went out at the door and passed through the crowd who were pushing and fighting to get at him, but no one laid a hand upon him. They passed on quietly and attained a place of safety.

The earliest development of our work in Turkey is an unbroken series of arrests, imprisonments, stonings, deliverances. By these trying experiences our work has become well known throughout the country. In 1897 the superintendent of that field said, "We are chiefly known as Sabbatarians; and when the fact is established that a man is a Sabbatarian, he is soon set at liberty. Thus the Sabbath becomes to us a sign in Turkey."

A little eight-page tract started the work in Macedonia, a Turkish province. Honest-hearted men and women read it, and soon came the old Macedonian call for the living preacher. Eight had begun to keep the Sabbath. Elder Conradi reports meeting a Macedonian in Constantinople, another in Rumania, and another in Bulgaria—all Sabbath-keepers from reading the little tract. They had come hundreds of miles, working their way because of their poverty, personally to plead that a minister be sent into Macedonia.

The later history of our work in Turkey is similar to its earlier history in the matter of arrests and imprisonments. In 1903 the government absolutely refused to allow Brother Baharian to visit the churches, and in 1904 he was sent to his home, near Tarsus, and with two other laborers imprisoned for a time. In 1904-05 he and three workers were imprisoned for a year. After the final trial, the council of judges gave the following verdict: "Though Mr. Baharian and his three companions have been arrested and accused as insurgents, in their trial it has been found that all their printed papers were printed by special permission from the government, and that their letters contained nothing against the government, all being in harmony with the Bible. Therefore, we declare them not guilty."

In one of the very latest reports from Elder Conradi he gives an interesting report of a visit to Bardizag, an Armenian town. During his visit the youth—children of believers—were especially interested, and a number of them were baptized. They walked up the mountains, following a small stream until they reached a place where there was sufficient water. After Elder Conradi had gone, the government sent out spies to learn of his whereabouts, and the details of his work.

In 1903 Dr. A. W. George was sent to establish medical work in Constantinople. He successfully passed the Turkish examinations in French, so that he is given full recognition as a physician. He writes as follows of a missionary trip which he and his wife and a native worker made to Brusa, which is famous for many mosques and tombs of the sultans: "We had the opportunity of visiting several of these

(Concluded on page six)



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Be Kind to Mother

Be kind to her who gave thee birth;
Thou'lt find no friend of truer worth.
Whose love is tinged with less of earth.
Be kind to mother!

Be kind to her whose holy love
Will never false nor fickle prove;
Its source is in the heavens above.
Be kind to mother!

Be kind to her whose tender heart,
So skilled in sympathetic art,
Has felt with thee pain's cruel dart.
Be kind to mother!

Be kind to her whose faithful care,
Whose watchful eye and daily prayer,
Oft shielded thee from tempter's snare.
Be kind to mother!

Be kind to her whose ev'ry deed
To life of truth and virtue lead,
For such the world has greatest need.
Be kind to mother!

Be kind to her — she's growing old,
And soon her years will all be told;
She needs thy love far more than gold.
Be kind to mother!

O cherish her! 'tis sacred debt;
The by-gone days do not forget,
And nothing do thou'lt e'er regret.
Be kind to mother!

The Lord bestows approving smile
On those who honor mother, while
They banish care with wisdom's wile
From precious mother.

—Mrs. Alma Lamberton Case, in the *Barre Daily Times*.

Rover and Uno

True Stories from the South

"AND so you want to hear about my dog Uno," said Aunt Mary, in answer to Charlie's wish for a story.

"Well, Uno was a small Scotch terrier given to me about nineteen years ago, when we lived at the Cumberland Furnaces, in Tennessee, in that great mining and smelting region. There were two little Irish boys living there who were orphans, and were cared for by their uncle. He decided to send them back to Ireland to some of their relatives. They owned the dog, and when told that they would not be allowed to take him with them, they came to me with tears in their eyes, and begged me to keep their little doggie and be kind to him. For their sakes, I took Uno, though I thought at the time I had no use for him, but the future proved me to be wrong.

"Before I tell you any more about Uno, however, let me speak of another dog, named Rover, that followed your Uncle Dan home one dark, stormy night, when we lived at Pine Wood, in Hickman Co., Tennessee.

"Your uncle did not take kindly to dogs, and at first, when Rover began to follow him into the woods where he worked, he would stone him and drive him back, but the dog could not be kept away by any abuse shown him, and hours afterward, perhaps, your uncle would find him sitting patiently beside his coat and dinner pail.

"Uncle Dan soon found that Rover was a faithful watch-dog, and that no one could touch an article left in his care. If Uncle Dan hung his coat in a tree, or placed his ax beside one, Rover at once took up his post as watchman by that tree, and no inducement, even the offer of food, could coax him away until Uncle Dan came again to claim his property.

"One evening your uncle forgot his coat and ax, leaving both in the woods. After supper I went out in the yard to feed Rover, but he was

not there. I called, 'Here, Rover. Here, Rover,' again and again, but he did not answer as usual with his short sharp bark, nor did he return home that night. Your uncle had always claimed that Rover was a 'tramp' dog, and so when he did not come home, he thought Rover had gone off on another tramp, and that we would not see him again. However, when he went to the woods the next morning, he found Rover sitting beside his coat and ax, where he had been all night on guard over them. I tell you, children, it meant something for a dog to stay all night in the woods those days, when there were so many wild animals around. After that night money could not have bought Rover from Uncle Dan.

"When summer came, your uncle received an offer from Kentucky, and left us. For several days Rover did not seem to understand why he did not appear. He would go to the gate and look up and down the road and whine, and then turn and come to me, looking up in my face as much as if asking, 'Where is he?' and then trot back to the gate and stand listening and whining.

"To comfort him, and keep him quiet, I gave him an old coat that belonged to Uncle Dan, and for a while he lay on it contentedly; but as the days went by, he became more and more restless, and spent hours running over the country and the roads, with his nose to the ground, as if trying to find his master by scenting him. I tried to feed him, so did the neighbors, but he would eat but little, and grew so gaunt that people feared he was going mad, and one day some one shot him.

"Little Uno came to me when Walter was a baby just crawling about, and that, of course, was some time before either of you children was born. The dog and the baby were soon fast friends, and romped together all day long. That little dog saved me much care and trouble with the baby, I assure you.

"We lived in a log house. There were very few frame dwellings in that part of the country at the time. Our chimney was built of logs up to as high as your shoulders, and then of sticks, crossed, and daubed over with mud. This is called a 'stick chimney.'

"In front of the house we had a veranda roofed over, and puncheons were laid down for a floor. Puncheons are small second-growth trees split in two lengthwise and laid side by side with the flat side up. This was the kind of flooring commonly used in those days.

"I must tell you right here an incident not connected with our dogs; but it comes to my mind just now. The country was infested with venomous snakes, which abounded everywhere — rattlesnakes, huge blacksnakes, copperheads, and others. The warmth of the chimney fires often drew them round our house. One day some children were playing all the morning at the base of our chimney, and they noticed a round brown colored object on the top log, but supposed it was a stick your father used for some purpose, and so paid no attention to it. When I went out to call them to dinner, I saw it was an enormous copperhead snake, and the children had been playing all the morning with their heads on a level with his, yet for some reason he had never moved.

"Now for the rest of my dog story. One day Walter and Uno were playing together on the floor. The door was open, and occasionally the baby would creep out onto the puncheon floor of the veranda. Each time he did so, the little dog would seize him by the dress and tug and pull until he got him back again in the room. The baby thought this was great sport, so would try to break away from the dog's hold and go out

again, but Uno would hold on until the baby was otherwise attracted.

"When I noticed the dog pulling the baby indoors, I supposed he was doing it to save the little one from a possible fall over the side of the puncheon; but as soon as your father came home, Uno ran out to the end of the veranda and began barking furiously. Your father looked under the puncheon, and there lay a great copperhead snake. Uno had not only saved the baby from being struck by him, but kept the creature a prisoner all day until your father returned in the evening and killed it. Just think how much I loved that little dog after that!

"But the day came when I had to part with Uno. He learned to break and eat eggs, and would rob the nests of my neighbors until many threatened to shoot him, so I finally sent him off to a friend in Kentucky. I can not tell how much I missed him. When Walter found the dog had been sent away, he cried himself sick."

W. S. CHAPMAN.

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Bible Questions

Give Scripture References

1. WHAT two chapters in different books of the Bible are almost identical, word for word?
2. What brook had a name which means "a bunch of grapes"?
3. What was the name of the city of palm trees?
4. Of what king did the Lord say that he would put his hook in his nose? Why did the Lord say so?
5. What king was smitten with leprosy because of his presumption?
6. What recipe, or prescription, is given in the Bible for the relief of a boil?
7. What king was hidden for the first six years of his life in the house of God?
8. What king did the Lord declare was "a man of war"?
9. What man in the time of ancient Israel was smitten with leprosy as a punishment for covetousness?
10. Who built an additional chamber to their house, furnished it, and dedicated it to the use of the prophet of God? and who was the prophet?
11. Of what king is it written that in every work that he began, he did it with all his heart and prospered?
12. Who were made hewers of wood and drawers of water as a punishment for false witness?
13. Of what king is it written that in a certain matter of importance, "God left him, to try him, that he might know all that was in his heart"?
14. Whom did the Lord command to fell every good tree, stop all wells of water, and throw stones on every good piece of land?
15. Who was told to borrow many vessels of the neighbors? and for what were they to be used?
16. Who was the handsomest man "in all Israel"?
17. Who said, "Let me go, for the day breaketh"?
18. What two men dreamed each a dream in the same night which were fulfilled at the same time?
19. Who said to his sons, "Then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave"?

20. Who said, "This is none other but the house of God"? and when and where?

21. Who wept when he first met his future wife?

22. Of whom was it said, He "is a lion's whelp"?

23. What was the curse pronounced upon Amalek? and why?

24. Whom did the Lord say he would drive out with hornets? When and why?

25. To whom was the command given, "Loose thy shoe from off thy foot," and under what circumstances?

G. C. ROBINSON.

For Young People's Day

The Levant Mission Field Compiled from Reports

THE countries of the Levant are properly those that lie upon, and stretch away from, the eastern shores of the Mediterranean,—the lands of the sunrise." The Levant Mission comprises Egypt, including Sudan and Abyssinia; Syria, including Mesopotamia and Arabia; Turkey, including Asia Minor and Armenia; Greece, Persia, and the island of Crete,—with an aggregate population of sixty millions.

There is something inspiring in the thought that the last message of mercy is now being preached in that portion of the earth where the Saviour walked and taught, where his disciples eighteen hundred years ago preached the truth of the first advent of the Messiah "with all boldness." Believers in this last message are now located in Constantinople, Nicomedia, and in the provinces of Bithynia, Galatia, Pontus, Iconium, and Cilicia, where Paul once labored. Elder J. S. Crum and his wife, in 1898, canvassed the German colonies at Joppa and on the plain of Sharon, by Mt. Carmel, and near Jerusalem. Later medical missions were established in Joppa and in Jerusalem. Speaking of the work in Syria and Palestine, one of our brethren writes: "This is a difficult field, a land of warring faiths, whose members fight over the 'holy places,' while most of the population is Arabic speaking, and of the Mohammedan religion."

The history of our work in Turkey furnishes most interesting and profitable experiences. The first seeds were sown by a brother, a Greek shoemaker, in California, who returned to his home in Constantinople in 1899. Through him a young Armenian student, Z. G. Baharian, now well known to all readers of the *Review*, found the Sabbath truth, and in 1890 came to Basel, Switzerland, to study. After a time he returned and began work by translating and duplicating sets of Bible readings, and visiting among his people. At once converts were found. Brother Baharian and his associates were several times imprisoned, and forbidden to preach, and believers were often persecuted. In 1903 the government refused absolutely to allow Brother Baharian to go about among the churches, and in 1904 he was sent to his home province, near Tarsus, and imprisoned with two other laborers. In 1903 Dr. A. W. George was sent to Turkey to take charge of the field and to open medical work in Constantinople. In 1904 and 1905 Brother Baharian and three workers were imprisoned for a year. A very recent letter from Brother Baharian says:—

"I spent one month in Ourfa. My work was specially among the Assyrians. Satan hindered, stirring up notable ones against us. One brother was baptized. We did not perform the service publicly, but it was witnessed by a few Assyrians. It created a good interest. I was able to see that the good influence of our former testimony before the court still remains in the hearts of some of the officials. The Protestant journal has lately published many false reports against our religion, to ruin our influence among the Christians. These reports were given them by former brethren who have fallen away from the

truth, as if we had secret doctrines. In all Turkey the people are talking about us."

Brother Baharian writes also of the very successful visits by two native workers to various small companies of believers. Of one of these he says:—

Brother —, while working in Hadjin, baptized a believer. The people stirred up the police against Brother —. One day while he was talking to some persons in a shop, the police saw him, caught him, and put him in prison, stating that he was disobedient to the government in preaching as he did. The police sent him to Sis, and from Sis he was sent to Adana, where he was delivered to the legal court to be tried. After his preliminary trial, he has been set free until the time appointed for his final trial, which will come off in a few months. We do not know what the end will be.

I am glad the work is going. Brother — brought two souls into the truth at Alexandretta. This so enraged the Protestants that they delivered him into the hands of the government. He was put in jail, and was soon sent to Belan (his home, about two hours' distant from Alexandretta), chained, and on foot. Here he was also cast into prison. He has been asked to give bond that he will not preach nor leave Belan. He refused to do this, and after a few days was freed, provided he would promise to show himself to the police twice a day. Thus he is confined to Belan. That happened last week. I am glad he is free. He is a devoted worker.

Satan has also begun to speak in dragon tones here at Aintab, this week, because of a new convert to the message. Now and then my wife and I attended the Sunday-school classes in one of the Protestant churches. Seeing that the people are influenced by our words, the pastor took counsel with the church board, and has written us a letter, forbidding us to attend the church at all. They say we are stealing their members, and if we dare go, the pastor will deliver us over to the police. He has thought to do this before, but feared to do so, as the people love us, and we have relatives. We do not know what step to take, but God will direct. But if you hear that we are suddenly imprisoned, do not be surprised. We do not wish to make trouble, but they can not stand it if their members accept the message for this time.

Our new Brother — has written a letter to his former church, stating why he has accepted the truth for this time, and referring to the pitiable state of the so-called Christian church, that teaches higher criticism and the abrogation of the fourth commandment. This letter brought sorrow to their hearts, and they invited him to their church council, to have a last talk with him. He went joyfully, taking with him the Word of God. For about three hours he testified for present truth. This brother is a poor man, a weaver, and can hardly read, but he stood bravely for the faith, and no one could prove to him from the Scriptures that he was in error. Before parting, he prayed earnestly to God for himself and for them. They asked him to wait two months before leaving their numbers, hoping he might return. He replied that there was no use in waiting, for even if he should leave the third angel's message, he could not return to them; he would be compelled to become an unbeliever in the Bible, an infidel. He told them he was anxious to know for what sin he was to be cut off. This man was an active member with them, and now he is so with us. I am glad that a good beginning has been made in Aintab, the stronghold of higher criticism in Turkey.

From the time when Dr. Ribton and two Italian brethren were slain in the Alexandria riots of 1882, no efforts were made by us for Egypt until Elder H. P. Holser's visit in 1898. Several Armenian brethren, from Turkey, had moved to Egypt, and were doing what they could in Cairo and Alexandria. An Italian brother, J. Lenzinger, was sent as a ship missionary to Port Said at this time, and in 1899 Louis Passebois and his wife and Sister Schlegel, nurses, located in Cairo. Brother Passebois opened a health home and restaurant, combining Bible work with their effort. A native minister, a Copt, working for the Presbyterians in Upper Egypt, near ancient Thebes and Luxor, found the tract, "Is the End Near?" He thanked God upon his knees for the light, sent to Cairo for more tracts, was visited, and accepted the Sabbath, and since then has labored for us. On Elder Conradi's visit in

1901, the first church was organized in Cairo, baptism being administered in the Nile. In 1902 Elder W. H. Wakeham was sent to take oversight of the work, and Miss Ella McIntyre, nurse, and Dr. J. M. Keichline were also added to the force. Our Coptic minister has command of the Arabic, so that, altogether, work has been done in English, French, German, Armenian, and Arabic. A small book on the prophecies of Daniel has been published in Arabic, and sells readily. Our tracts have made the name "Sabtaeen," as the natives call us, familiar in many villages from Alexandria to Assuan. A company at Alexandria is in charge of an Armenian brother. Our mission headquarters is in Cairo.

Brother Wakeham left this field last spring on account of the illness of his wife. She died at sea, as he was nearing England. The new workers are Jay Nethery and his brother, who go out as self-supporting missionaries, and C. D. AcMoody. According to the last quarterly report our membership in the whole Levant field is as follows: Egyptian Mission, 27; Syrian Mission, 21; Turkish Mission, 240. This gives a total of 288 members.

Now is the opportune time to press the work throughout the Orient. Workers are needed, and money is needed for the support of the workers. Our hearts should rejoice as we see souls set free in the ancient land of Pharaoh, and to hear the Macedonian call from old Macedonia itself. May the response be liberal in answer to the call.

Choice Danish-Norwegian Tracts Second Coming of Christ

	EACH	PER 100
Earthquake, Illustrated (San Francisco)	\$.20	
His Glorious Appearing, Illustrated ..	.15	
Marshaling of Nations, Illustrated ..	.10	
Alarm of War04	\$3.20
Daniel VII04	3.20
Great Threefold Message02	1.60
Heavenly Meeting00½	.40

Immortality Question

Life and Immortality10	
Bible Questions and Answers Concerning Man02	1.60
Is Man Immortal?01	.80
Day After Death01	.80

Spiritualism

Gospel Remedy02	1.60
Spiritualism02	1.60

The Law

Bible or Tradition15	
Law and Gospel02	1.60
Two Laws02	1.60

The Sabbath

Hill's Bible Class15	
Christ and the Sabbath05	4.00
How Was the Sabbath Changed? ..	.01	.80
New Testament Sabbath02	1.60
Rome's Challenge04	3.20
Saints' Inheritance01	

Millennium

Millennium02	1.60
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Temperance

Cause and Cure of Intemperance ..	.01	.80
Effects of Tea and Coffee01	.80
The Name01	.80
Wine and the Bible02	1.60

Our Field—The World

(Concluded from page four)

tombs, the most interesting to us being that of Othman, the first king of Turkey and founder of the Ottoman empire, doubtless the one referred to in Rev. 9:1. In one of these tombs we saw one of the horse's tails mentioned in Rev. 9:19. The tail was attached around the end of a round stick, in the end of which our attendant said was originally a spear-head. These curious things were carried as ensigns in the army."

We have believers now located in Constantinople, Nicomedia, and in the provinces of Bithynia, Galatia, Pontus, Iconium, and Cilicia, where Paul once labored. The total number of Sabbath-keepers is about two hundred.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



DEAR READERS OF THE INSTRUCTOR: I have often thought I would like to tell you about a bird we once owned. We called him Jack. He was a tame turtle-dove which was given to my sister and me when he was young. At first we had two; but one ate some poison that had been put out for rats, and soon died. The remaining one was so lonely he would not utter a note for a long time; then he began to appear more cheerful, and soon was laughing and crowing as before. But as his mate was gone, he would amuse himself by teasing the members of the family, the cats and the dog, and even the hens and chickens. He had a very pretty way of bowing and crowing, or cooing with each bow. Every time he bowed, he would step a little nearer the animal to which he was courtesying, and would end with an attack from which he sometimes got the worst of it.

Sometimes when kitty saw him thus paying attention to her, she would put out her paw and cuff him just as he was about to hop on her head. When he went to drive the hens off the nests or the chickens from the porch, he sometimes came back with ugly, bleeding wounds in his breast, which would make him very sober for a while. We would then think he would learn to let the hens alone; but when he got well again, he would be as bad as ever. Sometimes he would fly upon our heads, shoulders, or hands, or on the back of the chair, and dance, or pull hair with his bill or peep around in our faces, watching for a chance to peck us.

We would sometimes put the mirror on the floor for him to look in. He would look, and then begin his bowing and crowing, stepping nearer and nearer till he would get up to it, and then he would run around to find the other bird. Then he would walk back and repeat the performance again and again. He was a real tease, and we often tired of him, and yet he was company for us.

But one day he was outdoors playing, and when night came, he did not return as usual to his cage on the porch, and we never saw him any more. We concluded some hawk carried him off.

W. E. WEST.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

III—The Sabbath

(January 19)

MEMORY VERSE: "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." Ex. 20:8-10.

REVIEW.—While Jesus was on earth, he — God's law. He said the people should not think —. He came not to —, but to —. It was — that caused the Saviour to —. Sin is —. Jesus delighted to do —. God's law was in his —. We may know we love God when —. The memory verse last week was —. It is found in —.

Questions

1. How many days did the Lord use in creating the heavens and the earth? Gen. 1:31; 2:1.
2. What did he do on the seventh day? Gen. 2:2.
3. What more did he do? Why did God bless and sanctify the seventh day? Verse 3.

What does "sanctify" mean? *Ans.*—To set apart as holy or for holy purposes.

4. For whom was the Sabbath made? Mark 2:27.

5. What food did the Lord provide for his people in the wilderness? Ex. 16:12.

6. How did the manna look? Verses 14, 15. How did it taste? Verse 31.

7. How much did each one gather every day? Verses 16-18.

8. How many miracles did the Lord work each week to teach his people to keep the Sabbath? What was the first? Verse 22.

9. What did Moses command the people to do with the manna they gathered on Friday? Verse 23.

10. What was the second miracle? Verse 24. What was the third? Verses 25-27.

11. How long did these miracles continue?

12. Did all the people keep the Sabbath when God taught them by miracles each week when it came? What did the Lord say of those who disobeyed him? Verses 27, 28.

13. After this what commandment did the Lord give on Mount Sinai concerning the Sabbath? How many of the commandments begin with "Remember"? Why do you think the fourth begins with that word? How many days has God given us for our own work? To whom does the Sabbath belong? Who does he say should rest upon it? Ex. 20:8-11.

Lesson Story

"And God saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them.

"And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made."

"The Sabbath was made for man."

The children of Israel murmured because they thought they would starve in the wilderness. "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, I have heard the murmurings of the children of Israel: speak unto them, saying, At even ye shall eat flesh, and in the morning ye shall be filled with bread; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God. And it came to pass, that at even the quails came up, and covered the camp: and in the morning the dew lay round about the host. And when the dew that lay was gone up, behold, upon the face of the wilderness there lay a small round thing, as small as the hoar frost on the ground. And when the children of Israel saw it, they said one to another, It is manna: for they wist not what it was. And Moses said unto them, This is the bread which the Lord hath given you to eat. This is the thing which the Lord hath commanded, Gather of it every man according to his eating, an omer for every man, according to the number of your persons. . . . And they gathered it every morning, every man according to his eating; and when the sun waxed hot, it melted."

"And it came to pass, that on the sixth day they gathered twice as much bread, two omers for one man: and all the rulers of the congregation came and told Moses. And he said unto them, This is that which the Lord hath said, Tomorrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord: bake that which ye will bake to-day, and seethe [boil] that ye will seethe; and that which remaineth over lay up for you to be kept until the morning. And they laid it up till the morning, as Moses bade: and it did not stink, neither was there any worm therein. And Moses said, Eat that to-day; for to-day is a Sabbath unto the Lord: to-day ye shall not find it in the field. Six days ye shall gather it; but on the seventh day, which is the Sabbath, in it there

shall be none. . . . And the children of Israel did eat manna forty years, until they came to a land inhabited; they did eat manna, until they came unto the borders of the land of Canaan."

The Lord worked three miracles every week for forty years to teach the Israelites to keep the Sabbath. The first miracle was that twice as much manna fell on Friday as on the other working days. The second miracle was that manna gathered the sixth day would keep over the Sabbath. The third miracle was that no manna fell on the Sabbath, though it fell on all other days of the week.

"And it came to pass, that there went out some of the people on the seventh day for to gather [manna], and they found none. And the Lord said unto Moses, How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws? See, for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore he giveth you on the sixth day the bread of two days; abide ye every man in his place, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day. So the people rested on the seventh day."

Soon after this the Lord gave the Sabbath commandment from Mount Sinai, found in Ex. 20:8-11.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

III—The Foundation of the Temple Laid

(January 19)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 3.

MEMORY VERSE: "And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because he is good, for his mercy endureth forever toward Israel." Ezra 3:11.

Questions

1. When the seventh month came, in which city did the people gather? Ezra 3:1. Why? Note 1.
2. Who led out in this gathering? What was the first work done by these brethren? Verse 2.
3. Why were the people fearful? What offerings did they make on the altar which had been set up? Verse 3.
4. What feast did they keep? Verse 4.
5. How was this feast celebrated? Lev. 23:34, 39, 40.
6. What other offerings did they make? Ezra 3:5.
7. When did they begin to make these offerings? What was the condition of the temple at this time? Verse 6.
8. What preparations were being made to rebuild the temple? By whose authority was this being done? Verse 7.
9. When did the work on the temple actually begin? Mention some who were connected with this work in its beginning. Verse 8.
10. What is said especially of the work of Zerubbabel? Zech. 4:9.
11. Who was given the oversight of the workmen? Ezra 3:9.
12. Describe the service which was held at the laying of the foundation. Why did the people rejoice? Verses 10, 11.
13. What did some of the older men do? Verse 12. Why? Haggai 2:3.
14. What did the Lord say of this temple? Haggai 2:9. What did he mean?
15. What encouraging word did he send to Zerubbabel and those who worked with him? Verses 4-7.

Notes

1. The seventh month was an important month in the religious service. The first day of the seventh month was the day of blowing of trumpets; the tenth day was the day of atonement, while the feast of tabernacles began on the fifteenth day of this same month.



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DON'T fail to read Mr. Spaulding's article entitled "Debauching the Artistic Sense."

"WHY have watering-carts in the streets? A German town is about to make an experiment in the direction of running perforated pipes along the streets by the side of the curbstones. Whenever there is need for it, the water will be turned on for a few minutes, and a beautiful spray will be thrown from each side of the street into the roadway."

THE Nobel peace prize, of forty thousand dollars, was recently awarded to President Roosevelt by the Norwegian Parliament for his influence in securing peace between Japan and Russia. Mr. Roosevelt values highly the honor thus awarded him, and purposes to use the money in an effort to secure better and more equitable relations in this country between capital and labor.

THOSE who live where the persimmon grows will be interested to learn that a "non-puckerable" persimmon is one of the latest discoveries of the Agricultural Department. Dr. Fairchild, of the Plant and Seed Bureau, while in Japan on experimental work for the department, made the discovery that if the fruit, when ripe and before the frost has touched it, is sweated in "saki" barrels, its puckering qualities will be removed. Saki is a kind of Japanese fermented liquor, made usually from rice.

MR. HENRY HOLT, the senior member of the publishing house of Henry Holt & Co., is a strong advocate of the reformed spelling. From statistics and calculations, he estimates the waste of time, energy, and money in the writing of useless letters in our language to amount to a loss of sixty million dollars. But however great the loss, the country is not quite ready to set aside the old for the new. Congress has voted to retain the old method; so the President stands quite alone among government officials in his enthusiasm for the reformed spelling.

THE following letter from Mr. Forrest Washburn, of Nashville, Tenn., will interest all the members of the Reading Circle:—

During the past year as a member of the Reading Society, I have read the following five books: "Prophetic Lights," "Empires of the Bible," "Education," "Great Empires of Prophecy," and "Ecclesiastical Empire." It will be seen from the above titles that I have studied largely in history and prophecy, although I have spent considerable time with the book "Education." I know I have got a great deal of blessing from studying these valuable volumes. I have read them closely in connection with the Bible. I expect to read five more books in the following year.

A New Tax

THE President urges in his message to Congress that our national government should impose a graduated inheritance tax, also a graduated income tax. "The man of great wealth," says Mr. Roosevelt, "owes a peculiar obligation to the state, because he derives special advantages from the mere existence of government; and he should recognize this by paying a special tax." If a man's wealth received by inheritance amounts to a given sum, a certain tax is required; if to a larger sum, more is required. It is the same with the income tax, the amount being graduated to the income. He also advises that a person shall be prohibited by law from settling upon heirs an amount larger than a sum fixed by law. The purpose of this regulation, as is evident, is to distribute the wealth of the country among a larger number of its citizens, or, in other words, to prevent one man from controlling immensely large sums of money.

Abandoned

THERE is always something pathetic about anything that is abandoned; an abandoned farm, where the fields used to be filled with busy workers in the spring-time, but where a growth of rank weeds has now taken the place of waving grain; an orchard that was once well kept, and where the ripened fruit bowed low the boughs of the trees, where children played and birds sang; the garden near by, that once was the object of so much care, now desolate; the house where dwelt happy hearts, a home made sacred by love's devotion, by births, marriages, and deaths,—all these mar the world's beauty and harmony.

An abandoned ship is also a sad picture. It started out, perhaps, with a precious cargo. It carried passengers full of hope and joy. But when in mid-ocean it yielded to the storm's rage, and grounded on a sand-bar, it was abandoned. Now a derelict, it is the worst of all enemies to living ships.

But infinitely sad is an abandoned man or an abandoned woman—the soul made in the image of God, created for the pleasure of the infinite One, fitted for a high and lofty destiny, given over to lust, and every evil work. Abandoned souls—angels weep over wrecked lives, the saddest of all pictures. Through us heaven proffers them aid. Shall we seek their rescue? There is but one answer. We must.

*"If you and I—just you and I—
Should laugh instead of worry;
If we should grow—just you and I—
Kinder and sweeter hearted,
Perhaps in some near by and by
A good time might get started;
Then what a happy world 't would be
For you and me—for you and me!
Speak gently! 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell."*

Leave Everything as Found

IT is a mark of courtesy for one to exercise extreme care, when calling upon another, to leave everything in the room as it was when one entered. If the door is slightly ajar, one should leave it so on passing out; or if a caller finds the door closed, he should make sure it is closed as he leaves the room. Great annoyance is sometimes caused by a thoughtless disregard of these courtesies. This habit, rigidly adhered to, may keep one from committing some great error when very important interests are concerned.

Recently the papers all through the country contained notices of the death of twelve prisoners in the Bilbid jail at Manila, who had been, as was supposed, inoculated with cholera serum for

the prevention of cholera. Last year with only good results eight hundred prisoners were inoculated with the serum, also the physician and his assistants who administered it. The surprise and astonishment of the doctor can therefore well be conjectured when he found that twelve out of twenty-four patients recently died after inoculation. On looking about for some possible cause of the calamity, he found that the substance used for inoculation was not the cholera antitoxin, but a liquid in which germs of the dreaded bubonic plague were being grown. Tubes containing both of these were standing in racks in the laboratory, one rack the doctor had always reserved for cholera serum, and another for the bubonic plague germs. It seems that a visiting scientist examined both, and that while the physician was out of the room for only a moment, the scientist inadvertently put the tube of germs in the rack with the cholera serum, thus causing the death of the prisoners. No further comment need be made as to the importance of heeding the suggestion to leave everything undisturbed when one calls upon another.

What to Do with the Winter Evenings

OUR beautiful summer is in the past; Indian summer has gone; the frost, assisted by the cold fall rains, has stripped the trees of their lovely covering. The mornings and evenings bring a feeling of chilliness, and overcoats and gloves are necessary for comfort. What does this change mean to us? We must say good-by to the pleasant rides and walks in the moonlight; the visits to the lake and seashore; the evening chats on veranda and lawn; the tent must be stored away, to await with all these other things the return of another spring, and we must adjourn to the house, where there is a cheerful fire.

You ask, "What has this to do with the subject in hand?" I will tell you. The autumn and winter bring long evenings that must be spent indoors. Now, what are *you* going to do with this time? Are parties, games, and other amusements to have the larger share? I hope not. A social gathering, well conducted, and closed at a reasonable hour, is all right; games are permissible at times; a sleigh-ride is good for mind and body; but do not let these gain sway; do not let them take up many of your evenings this coming winter.

What better can you do than to take up some definite line of study, or begin the reading of some of our denominational books? The special points of our faith should be known to all. "Great Controversy" is a good book to study now. The last few chapters are especially applicable to our times, as they portray the events that are just before us as a people and as individuals. In this way your mind will be stronger for the study, and you will know something that will be a help to you at all times.

I know that many do not have much time during the vacation months for pleasure and recreation; yet by a little planning most of us can find time for some study and reading—the most profitable of pleasures and recreations—during a part of the day.

Students must prepare their school lessons in the evenings; but, generally speaking, they could devote more time to reading and studying, aside from their school work, than they do, if the purpose to do so were sufficiently strong.

It may be inconvenient for a time to act upon this suggestion; but in a short time the hour set apart for this general reading will be looked forward to with pleasure; and if taken up as it should be, I believe it will bring a better, more helpful and tender spirit into the home. In taking hold of this work, I am certain all will receive therefrom great good.

"THE OPTOMIST."