

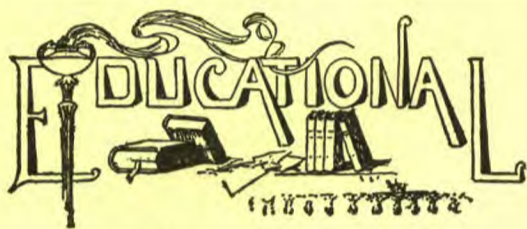
THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW! THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH.

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Facts About the Thyroid Gland

THE thyroid gland is an interesting structure, which in the last few years has been the object of much study among physicians, for the purpose of determining its function in the body. Formerly it was considered as one of the so-called ductless glands, the function of which was wholly a mystery.

These glands were experimentally removed from dogs by one physiologist, who reported that the dogs could not live without them; they all died in a short time. Another investigator operated in the same way upon a lot of rabbits, and reported that the other physiologist was entirely mistaken; nearly all his rabbits survived, and apparently got along just as well without the thyroid gland as they did with it. Many other physiologists repeated the experiment; the dogs operated upon died, the rabbits lived. At length one investigator discovered that if he fed his dogs on the diet that he gave the rabbits, the dogs did not die. When he fed his dogs on bread and milk, they survived; when he fed them on meat, they died.

These experiments are of great interest, showing as they do the significance of the use of meat. Why did the dogs deprived of the thyroid gland die when they ate meat?—Because the meat contained poison in combating which the thyroid gland was in a way concerned. But how? That was not at first understood, but within the last three years most interesting experiments have been worked out which have quite cleared up the mystery.

It has been found that the suprarenal capsules—two little glands that fit over the tips of the kidneys—or the adrenals, as they are sometimes called, produce a certain substance which, when circulated in the blood, helps to destroy the tissue wastes and poisons which are continually resulting from the work of the body. These poisons are destroyed by the liver, and eliminated through the kidneys and the skin. In order that they should be satisfactorily destroyed it is necessary that the adrenals should produce a certain substance, adrenalin, which was first separated in a pure state by a Japanese chemist, and is now used in medicine. It has a stimulating effect upon the blood-vessels, causing them to contract. This substance produced by the suprarenal capsules is necessary to enable the body to burn up its waste materials. It is a sort of smoke consumer of the body, we may say.

But it has been found that the thyroid gland is concerned in the production of this substance, adrenalin, by the suprarenal capsules. The thyroid gland produces a substance which, being conveyed to these capsules by the circulation of the blood, enables them to produce adrenalin. It is something as it is in the manufacture of

paper. In the north of Michigan, where there is plenty of spruce and sycamore, there are pulp factories, which convert the woody fiber into pulp, and then ship the pulp in various forms to the paper-mills. The paper-mills manufacture it into paper, which is circulated all over the world. This illustrates the process that goes on in the body. The thyroid gland makes a substance which is carried to the suprarenal capsules, where it is converted into adrenalin.

The dog whose thyroid glands were removed was no longer able to make adrenalin because the necessary material was not furnished to the suprarenal tissues. When, therefore, the dog added to the poisons produced in its own body those contained in the flesh of another animal, there was such an accumulation of poison as to kill the animal so crippled. But when the dog lived upon a non-flesh diet that was free from waste matters, it continued in health, and was able to live quite comfortably without the thyroid gland. From these facts we may draw a conclusive argument in favor of a non-flesh diet.—J. H. Kellogg, M. D., in *Good Health*.

Screw Up the Bulb!

A Little Light on a Dark Subject

You are all tired out. The world has gone wrong with you. Perhaps you can hardly place your finger on the sore spot, but you know that you have been hit. Everything is gloomy, and you want to give up. Why were you born, anyway? What's the use of it all, anyhow? Ugh! You have often felt that way. So have I.

And when we feel that way, I know what is to be done. *Screw up the bulb!*

Don't you know what I mean? Well, I'll tell you.

It doesn't take long to accustom one's self to a convenience, and it seems as if I had used incandescent electric lights all my life. But I haven't; indeed, I have been using them only a few years. And I well remember my first lesson in regard to an important point in the use of them.

I went to turn on my light one day, as it was growing dark. I turned the button, but no light flashed from the bulb; it was as dark as before. "Ah," I said to myself, "it's burned out;" and I went to the janitor for a new bulb.

"Why," said that functionary, in surprise, "I put a new bulb in your light only last week. Has a fuse blown out there?"

No, I didn't know that anything of that sort had happened. So he thought he would take a look at it.

The first thing the janitor did, on arriving in my room, was to feel of the bulb.

"Huh!" he grunted, and gave it a little twist. Instantly the room was flooded with light.

"Got loose," he muttered laconically, and went about his business. In cleaning the lamp the bulb had become unscrewed a trifle, the point of electrical contact was withdrawn, and a gap was made over which the illuminating wave could not pass into the bulb. That was all.

And that is all that happens in your life and

mine, my brother, when we have those dark spells I have just described. We are out of contact with the Source of light. We have got withdrawn, in some way, from touch with the only Joy and Peace and Power in the universe. And, having no light in ourselves, of course we are gloomy, and the world seems a dismal place.

Many matters may have brought this about. It is very easy, in this jostling life of ours, to jar loose that point of contact with the Unseen Force. However it came about, the result is always the same.

And the remedy is always the same: screw up the bulb! Put yourselves in contact once more with the Source of energy and cheer. Pause in your rush, get out of the turmoil, withdraw to some quiet place, or make a quiet spot in your heart if you can. Get in touch once more with God. And all life will be light again. —Caleb Cobweb, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Size of Chicago

Few of those who push through the streets of Chicago, or hang by a strap in its crowded cars, have any idea of its numerical vastness. A few simple comparisons may help us to understand it better. Before me lies a pile of foolscap paper. I find, by measurement, that two hundred and seventy-five sheets make one inch in thickness. Now take our estimated population, and let every sheet represent one. I begin to pile the sheets one upon another. I go up, up, up, until I overlap the sky-scrapers; the Masonic Temple is below me. I look down, hundreds of feet, to see the tallest church spires. Finally, at the dizzy height of six hundred and six feet, I cease, with two hundred leaves still in my hand. Now, I have an idea of the population of Chicago.

Again: I make a comparison in time. Let each life in the city be represented by one second of time. My watch is ticking off the seconds, day and night, and in ticking off the population of Chicago it has taken a little over twenty-three days.

A dollar bill measures eight inches in length. Suppose I start at the Northwestern Depot and begin laying down bills with the ends touching. I go west, and I go on, on, on, until the last bill is laid down, when I find that I am in Iowa, over thirty miles west of Cedar Rapids, and over two hundred and fifty miles west of Chicago, and yet each bill represented only one of its population.

Should we compare Chicago with other cities, they would suffer by the comparison. Ordinary cities shrink into villages when placed by the side of this giant of the West. In a center like this, where wickedness is so active, what great need there is of holding Christ up in all his beauty.

L. D. SANTEE.

"THINK not the days of beauty all have flown,
Although the trees have all their verdure lost,
And now against the sky their naked limbs
are tossed;
Know that the glistening snow will soon be down-
ward blown."

Excelsior

LET us not form the habit of self-pity, of imagining that the world is against us. The world is doubtless thinking very little about us, but will be ready enough to recognize us when we have done anything worthy of recognition. For whatever may be said of the evils of to-day,—and their name is Legion,—truly there was never a time when brains were at so high a premium as now.

My friend, does life seem to you to be scarcely worth the living? If your answer be in the affirmative, think of this: No man ever achieved any real success, or proved himself a benefactor of his race who believed this.

True, you may be fearfully handicapped in life's race. You may lack education. You may not enjoy the best of health. Poverty may hedge you about, so that your time is taken up in a struggle for daily bread. Even so. Such, more or less, was it with those whose memories the world delights to honor—with Julius Cæsar, an epileptic; Napoleon Bonaparte, born in poverty, and a lifelong sufferer from an incurable malady; Charles Bernadotte, ruler of the two kingdoms of Sweden and Norway, born the son of a poor notary in southern France; Benjamin Franklin, perhaps the greatest American, the youngest son in a poverty-stricken family, and so on *ad infinitum*.

But some one says, "Had I lived in Benjamin Franklin's time, or still further back, in the days of Cæsar, then I, too, might have achieved something." Possibly! But your opportunities would have been no better than now, for you would have been no wiser in your generation than those about you. In Franklin's youth, books were very high in price. To-day a few cents suffice to buy a book, and the poorest of us may own a library embracing the works of the most noted authors—a library such as the worthy Franklin never saw in his young manhood. Then, there are the free libraries in the cities, towns, and villages of our land. It was Franklin who gave us those—God reward him for it.

No man ever attained success without tasting the bitterness of failure. Of Charles Goodyear, the inventor of the process of vulcanizing rubber, it was one time said, "If you see a man with a rubber hat, a rubber coat, rubber shoes, and a rubber purse with nothing in it, that is Goodyear." Yet Goodyear achieved an astonishing success, and all mankind have profited by it.

Four centuries ago a man begged for bread at a convent in northern Spain. His hair was white, his shoulders stooped, for he had known nothing but defeat during almost a lifetime. The world deemed him a failure. Not many years after, a monument was erected in Havana, bearing this inscription:—

"To Castile and Leon
Columbus gave a new world."

O, Giant Despair is ever ready to seize upon us! How soon are we within the gates of Doubting Castle! Where is our courage? Remember those of yore whose deeds yet thrill the world like trumpet blasts. Let us make their courage ours. We may not attain unto the full measure of their success, but it will be well if we imitate them wherein they are worthy of imitation.

J. FRED SANTEE.

The Invention of the Wheelbarrow

It takes a great man to do a little thing sometimes. Who do you think invented that very simple thing called a wheelbarrow? Why, no less a man than Leonardo da Vinci. And who was he, do you ask?

He was a musician, poet, painter, architect,

sculptor, physiologist, engineer, natural historian, botanist, and inventor, all in one. He wasn't a "Jack of all trades, and master of none," either. He was a real master of many arts, and a practical worker besides. He lived about the time Columbus set sail for America, and was born in the beautiful city of Florence, in Italy.

Perhaps some of you may feel a little better acquainted with him when you are told that it was Leonardo da Vinci, who painted one of the grandest pictures in the world—"The Last Supper"—a picture that has been copied many times, and engraved in several styles, so that almost every one has an idea of the arrangement and position at the table of the figures of our Lord and his disciples.

And only to think how many of the thousands of hard-working Americans really own, in their wheelbarrow, an original "work" of the great Leonardo da Vinci!—*The Round Table*.

I Follow On

My Lord will guide my falt'ring steps aright,
His hand will lead me through the darksome night;

I follow on; I do not know the way,
Nor would I care to walk a single day
Unguided by the Man who long ago
Went on before in this sad vale of woe.

His weary feet have felt the sharpest stone,
He trod the weary way, and all alone;
In desert place he met the world's dread foe,
Endured more trials than I shall ever know,
Of thirst, and hunger, heat of burning sun,
And midnight prayer when weary day was done.

The fevered brow he touched with healing hand,
The lame and halt had strength to leap and stand,
The sightless eyes were opened to the light,
The dumb tongue shouted at the welcome sight
Of him who walked those streets and lanes of old,
Inviting sinners to the heavenly fold.

But taunts and jeers were his; that loving heart
Knew shame and sorrow's deepest, sharpest smart;

In mockery his form in purple dressed;
Upon his brow the cruel crown hard pressed;
In speechless agony and mental strife,
Nailed to the cross, my Saviour gave his life.

But victory crowned his lowly life of grief,
The resurrection morn made him the chief;
Death held him not; the grave had lost its power,
And Mary at the tomb at early hour
Found him, alive, victorious, and free
From sin and death for all eternity.

And all for me he gave his life, his all;
For me, so weak and sinful, prone to fall
When trials come and darkness hovers o'er
My path so compassed by temptations sore;
He knows and meets them all as day by day
I follow on; my Saviour knows the way.

MAX HILL.

Neglected Tools

FARMERS in this country spend annually large sums for various kinds of machinery and implements. As one looks about, especially in the West and in the more newly settled parts of the country, one sees many of these valuable implements shamefully neglected—standing out in sunshine and rain, rusting and decaying in the weather, rather than being worn out by service.

Again, in many of our homes useful articles of household or shop furnishings are by careless hands broken ruthlessly, or left out of doors to become almost useless.

These, then, are soon cast aside to be replaced by new; when, if properly cared for, they would have given many years of service. How much better it would be to keep tools, implements, furniture, etc., bright and in a state of repair! They would be much pleasanter to work with, and be more enduring, and the means thus saved could be used to the glory of God—the advancing of

his blessed cause in the earth so full of sin.

If we who profess to be Christians are not careful in caring for these inanimate things, how can we expect that our Master will account us worthy to look after and teach beings having life and reason? Children who fail to learn to be careful and saving, will they not grow up to be prodigal with their means and dissipating in their living?

S. H. CARNAHAN.

A Fox at Play

ONE of the prettiest and most unexpected incidents I have witnessed occurred one summer, in the month of August, on a sandy, open hillside, where the grass was short and dry, and the grasshoppers had taken to the huckleberry bushes.

A full-grown fox, not four feet from me, was playing with these grasshoppers as a kitten plays with white butterflies. He would leap straight up into the air, striking at a jumping grasshopper, curve over, and land with the insect between his forepaws. Sometimes he would eat the grasshopper, sometimes only pat it delicately and play with it until it escaped.

There I stood in plain view, not four feet away; and the fox gamboled and played for a quarter of an hour. The wind blew strongly from him to me; I stood perfectly quiet, trout-rod in hand. Had he seen me, he might have taken me for a tree, perhaps, but not once did he look toward me, until I stepped forward.

I never like to think that such a look in a wild creature's eyes could be inspired by terror of man—hatred, astonishment, and fear. So we went our ways—I thoughtful and somber, he a streak of ruddy color against the hill.—*Selected*.

Girolamo Savonarola

THE city of Ferrara, now hushed by the silence of the years which have passed, but then the scene and center of exuberant life, was honored, Sept. 21, 1452, by the birth of the greatest architect of the fate of Florence—Savonarola. At that time a hundred thousand citizens dwelt within the walls of that proud city, and a noble university drew to it students from every town of Italy. The luxury of the reigning family knew no bounds. The constant riot and revel of the court was noted by the studious lad, deep in the study of the Bible and Aquinas. In the palace, where all was gaiety and revelry, and the guests moved in the maze of the delirious dance, he knew that beneath, in dungeons deep and dark, the sobs of breaking hearts and the clang of iron fetters were the only sounds which broke the awful stillness of the prison-house. It was such contrasts as these that awoke within his warm, young heart the first strains of those protests for civil and religious freedom, which, as the years rolled on, swelled to trumpet tones. The scenes which were so attractive to the gay citizens of Ferrara held no fascination for the young and thoughtful student. As the days passed by, the same door was opening wider and wider to him, which, not many years hence, was to open to Martin Luther as the very gate of heaven—the door of the monastery.

As the prospect of leaving his home forever became more evident, the thought of parents and friends thronged his soul, and in his heart was waging a mighty conflict between the flesh and the spirit. The look of tender questioning which he detected in his mother's eye, he could not endure, for never before had he hidden from her a single joy or sorrow.

On April 24, 1475, Savonarola's life in the home of his boyhood came to an end. When his parents had left the house to attend the ceremonies of the festival of Saint George, he bade the place

a silent adieu, and departed for Bologna, where he found admission to the Dominican convent. Soon after his arrival, he wrote to his parents, attempting to console them, but nothing could melt the icy desolation of his father's heart.

He entered the monastery, hoping, like Luther, to find himself associated with only good and pure men. Could he have expected less? In vain did he seek at Bologna one such man as his imagination had pictured. In his simple manner of life he far surpassed his brethren. Hypocrisy could not be traced in his character, and he was absolutely true to the life he had chosen. He was so emaciated by constant fasts and vigils that as he passed through the cloisters, a shadow rather than a man seemed to have passed. His intervals of sleep were short, and but one meal a day sufficed to supply his wants. Only after long and painful vigils did his worn frame seek rest on a sack of straw and a blanket. Yet he was not an ascetic by nature, for he had a keen appreciation of the comforts of home, and of every manifestation of the beautiful; as a means to an end he had entered the monastery; and that end was closer communion with God. He was amazed at the laxness in religious matters, and he wept over it bitterly. He had hoped to be given the privilege of teaching the divine word, and was sorely distressed over his obligation to teach secular branches.

The special work outlined by the Dominican order was that of preaching the gospel. In accordance with their custom, three years after his reception at Bologna, he was elevated to the position of preacher, a position for which he was highly qualified, on account of his deep spirituality and rare knowledge of the Scriptures. Four years later he was sent by his brethren to Ferrara. While in his native city, he was seldom seen by the fireside of his boyhood home, and never in the company of his old associates. Savonarola vainly imagined that he might better preach the truth by sacrificing the pleasures of life.

While in Ferrara, long-concealed jealousy and rivalry between Venice and his own city, came to the surface, and the two engaged in a bitter warfare. Scarcely had the conflict begun, when he was summoned to Florence, the city in which he reached the height of a brilliant career, and which witnessed his martyrdom. He bade farewell to his parents and to Ferrara forever, crossed the Apennines, and upon reaching Florence, went directly to the convent of San Marco, the convent in which he spent the most active years of his life. It was here that the great reformer saw that the days were growing darker and darker in the experiences of the church, and he mourned, fasted, and prayed the more devoutly. He was standing on the very verge of despair, yet in spite of chagrin, disappointment, weariness of body, and sorrow of soul, he pressed forward, never turning back from the plow to which he had put his hand.

A missionary enterprise called the earnest monk to Lombardy in 1486, but in 1491 he was recalled by Lorenzo, and made the prior of St. Mark's. He was advised to pay his respects to Lorenzo for this office, but he replied, "Who elected me to be prior, God or Lorenzo? I will thank my Lord and no mortal man." The proud prelate was not angered; he only sought a closer acquaintance with the stern and austere monk.

Savonarola was now drawn in closer touch with the outside world, but this only made his heart the heavier. To the citizens of the bright city of Florence, the present was so full, and apparently so real, that the spiritual seemed but the far-away echo of a beautiful, but baseless dream. As the young Dominican looked about him, he saw a venal church, a corrupt priesthood, a dissolute prince, and a degraded pope; he saw behind him, trampled in the dust of oblivion, the memory of purer times, and before him, the dark

eclipse of impending doom. In Florence, in that dark hour, there was but one brave heart, one pure, white soul, and that his own. In the midst of confusion, he seemed a mere phantom, yet he was the one real figure in all the moving drama. He was called by the pope the "Troubler of Italy;" his answer was, "It is not I who have troubled Italy, but you, who have forgotten your God." The voice and words of the monk were so piercing that Lorenzo advised him to amend his style, if not his matter. Although the prince refused to accept and profit by the rebukes of Savonarola, the time came when that prelate was to seek peace at his hands. Lorenzo felt that he had nothing to fear, when, in the full vigor of his life, he could look from his palace window, and see lying in splendor at his feet the city of Florence, whose inhabitants in their every action said, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,"—words said gaily and lightly, though they embodied the very soul and essence of despair. But suddenly from the sunshine of life, Lorenzo was called to enter its gloom. In 1492 that most illustrious Medici passed away. When about to die, he realized that he had not laid up a single treasure in heaven, and that he would stand destitute on the eternal shore. He called for the prior of St. Mark's, but when he learned that he must right the wrongs of a wicked life, he turned his face to the wall and remained silent. He had been victorious all his days, but the battle was lost at last, and he died, leaving the deluge after him; while Savonarola returned to his cell, and to the pulpit from which he ruled over the city and over the spirits of men, in a reign more wonderful than any that Florence had ever seen.

Savonarola had preached that the doom of Florence was impending, but his words fell with no effect upon the ears of his hearers. Scarcely was Lorenzo dead, when it was whispered, with bated breath, that across the Alps and the fertile plains of Italy, was marching the well-disciplined soldiery of Charles of Valois. The first to quail with terror was the craven-hearted son of the dead Lorenzo.

On Nov. 17, 1494, Charles VIII entered Florence. As the Valois conqueror entered at one gate, the black pestilence came in at the other, and the cup of the city's doom was full. All eyes turned to the fearless and peerless preacher, who succeeded in averting the danger. He turned the gifts which flowed into the ecclesiastical exchequer, to feed the hungry, succor the sick, shelter the orphans, and bury the dead. At his request Charles abruptly departed from the city. Pietro de Medici fled in terror, leaving no one but the prior of St. Mark's to grasp the rudder of the ship of state and guide her safely into port. The confidence placed in him angered the pope, who was already his most bitter enemy. He was summoned to Rome, but he knew that should he obey the summons, never again would he see the city he loved. The war with the pope daily became more inevitable. Events hurried along with an ever-quickening momentum. In answer to his last sermon, on March 18, 1498, he received a bull of excommunication.

He had firmly meant to keep himself free from political interests, but when once he had entered the broad highway, he was compelled to go forward; and though he saw the stake in the distance, he journeyed on. Separated from the church, he still claimed to be her faithful child; while he uttered anathemas which shook her very foundations, he never doubted her institutions nor questioned her authority. It was finally decided, that, as a test of his faith, he should enter the ordeal of fire with a Franciscan monk. On the day appointed, the people gathered to witness the spectacle, but the Franciscans were seized with fear, and the ordeal was abandoned. As night fell, the rain descended, which extinguished the flames as well as the hopes of the disappointed

crowd. A few nights later the monastery was attacked, and he was taken prisoner. After a final hearing, he was condemned to die as a heretic, May 23, 1498.

In the stirring drama in which he had moved, when the last murmur of applause had died away in the darkness, Savonarola had dreamed the dream of martyrdom, and now that it was to be realized, the keenest pang which pierced his soul was the thought that he had fallen short of his ideal. On the appointed day, Florence witnessed his death. He had had bright prospects for her, but she realized them too late. She had been bound in chains, but because the links were golden, she failed to recognize their weight.

That "Flower of Cities" and "City of Flowers," that Old World city that casts its shadow into the Arno, filled though it may be with fascinating memories, holds none more fragrant, more picturesque, or more pathetic than that of Savonarola, that "Reformer before the Reformation," that marvelous, many-sided man, who so strangely blended in his life the mystical monk and the practical patriot. Florence and Savonarola are forever inseparable. The Tuscan capital, and the brave Dominican friar, around whose personality is circled so strong and strange a charm, are linked in closest of all possible bands. The story of his stormful life is still interesting; his influence still lives. He molded the moods of men of his times, and very troublous times were those in which his bitter lot was cast. He never withdrew himself from the Catholic Church, and for this reason his work of reform is practically unknown to the world, but the scepter which fell from his hand was grasped by the firm hand of Martin Luther. Although his light had gone out in martyrdom, yet it would loom up in another age, and burn with inextinguishable brightness. He looked upon his life as a failure, but it was not all failure; it was not all sorrow, for there had been joy in service. The sowing had been to the sad accompaniment of tears, but in the far-off days, new reapers should arise and gather in the sheaves with harvest songs of joy.

GLADYS E. SHUFELT.

Helpful Hints

SALT is invaluable for cleaning marble.

To stop a baby from choking, raise its left arm perpendicularly.

Olive-oil is a preventive of appendicitis, also of pulmonary diseases.

Gilt frames can be cleaned by wiping them with a small sponge moistened with oil of turpentine.

A little salt and vinegar together is an excellent mixture for cleansing the inside of water bottles.

New brooms dipped in hot soap-suds will last much longer than if not thus treated.

An ink eraser is not always at hand. Apply moistened finger to word, then use an ordinary pencil eraser.

Tansy is a sure preventive of moths. If the leaves are sprinkled freely about woolens and furs, they will never be moth eaten.

A white kitchen floor is obtained only by the use of cold water and common soap. Hot water and washing powders tend to make it yellow.

To remove axle-grease from cotton cloth, rub a little stale butter on the spot and lay away overnight. Rinse out next morning with cold water and any good laundry soap.—*National Magazine*.

**"The Christ must come to men in what we say, in what we do,
Till they discern his beauty, and obey and love him, too."**



Lesson for Young People's Society

OPENING EXERCISES.

BIBLE TOPIC: Healing of the Soul.

BIBLE READING:—

For what purpose are the miracles of our Saviour recorded? John 20: 30, 31.

Why did he heal the paralytic who was brought to him? Luke 5: 24. How quickly was he healed? What did he do? Verse 25.

What question did the Saviour ask the man who lay at the pool? John 5: 6.

How long had he been in this helpless condition? Verse 5.

What reply did the man make? Verse 7.

What did the Saviour bid him do? Verse 8.

What was the result? Verse 9. On what day of the week was this?

What lesson does this contain for us?

What wonderful promise has the Lord given to all? Luke 9: 1; 10: 17-19.

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 73-94.

Topics and Questions

HEALING THE SOUL:—

Did the Lord refuse healing to any? Page 73, first paragraph.

Who was brought to Jesus on a certain occasion? Second paragraph.

Describe his condition. Next three paragraphs.

How was the Saviour's discourse interrupted? Relate what was done. Page 75, last two paragraphs; page 76.

What rejoicing was in his home? Page 79, first paragraph.

WILT THOU BE MADE WHOLE?—

What did the angel do to the pool of Bethesda? Page 81, second paragraph.

As the Saviour passed, what case of suffering especially appealed to him? Last paragraph.

What did the Saviour command him to do? Page 84, first paragraph.

In what sense are we all like this palsied sufferer? Last paragraph.

When tempted, what are we to do? Page 85, first paragraph.

GO AND SIN NO MORE:—

Who was brought to Jesus on one occasion? Page 87, first paragraph.

What did the Saviour do? Page 88, second paragraph.

What did he say to her accusers? What to the woman? Page 89, first paragraph.

What was the result? Second paragraph.

What does Jesus not desire? Page 90, first paragraph.

THE PREY SHALL BE DELIVERED:—

Who interrupted the Saviour in the synagogue? Page 91, second paragraph.

What had caused this man's affliction? Fourth paragraph.

What lesson may we gather from this?

What deliverance came to him? Page 92, first paragraph.

Are any in a similar condition to-day? Last paragraph.

Is there hope for all such? Page 93, last two paragraphs.

POWER OVER THE ENEMY:—

How are Christ's followers to look upon Satan? Page 94, second paragraph.

What is the Christian's defense? Third paragraph.

Of what is the rainbow around the throne a testimony? Last paragraph. G. B. T.

Word from Marion, Indiana

WE held our Ingathering service here the third of November, which was later than we expected; for several reasons it had been deferred. Everything passed off very nicely indeed; recitations and songs were well learned, and the kindergarten class, numbering four, did exceedingly well. It was interesting to hear of the different ways the children had earned the money for their offerings,—tending a neighbor's baby, carrying coal for papa, washing dishes one week without breaking any, going on errands, and doing many other things that gave them a few cents. There are about ten children in our Sabbath-school, ranging from four to fourteen years. After the exercises, while the song "Hear the Pennies Dropping" was being sung, the children passed by a small stand and laid their offerings upon it, which amounted to \$4.09. An absent member sent us fifty cents, which made our offering \$4.59. We hope this small amount may help send the message to those in darkness, and that the children may become missionaries indeed for the Master. CLARA B. TURNER.

Work for Jesus

ARE YOU winning souls for Jesus?
Are you working day by day
To point some weary wand'rer
To the straight and narrow way?

Is your soul e'er growing warmer
From a study of his Word?
Do you find the strength and sweetness
Of abiding in the Lord?

Has your heart grown warm and tender
From beholding others' woe,
And to lift their heavy burdens
Do most willingly you go?

If you have not found this sweetness,
If you do not love the lost,
If you do not stop to tell them
What their souls to Christ has cost,

Are you following the Master?
Do you think he will approve?
Do you think he will be pleased with
All your spoken words of love?

No! ah, no! The Lord can never
From his shining throne look down
And award you life eternal,
For he has no starless crown.

MRS. F. L. SMITH.

Rock Hall Harvest Ingathering Service

A MOST profitable and interesting Harvest Ingathering service was held in the church at Rock Hall, Maryland.

Early in the spring I gave the children of the church-school a little bag of different kinds of seed. The children took much pleasure in planting the seed in their missionary gardens. If the vegetables or fruits which they raised had to be used early in the summer, they were sold, and the money placed in the little bags to wait for the Harvest Ingathering service. But when the vegetables would keep, such as potatoes and pumpkins, they were brought to decorate the church. One little boy only seven years old was the proud possessor of seven very large pumpkins, which he had raised himself from the seed given him in the spring.

The Friday afternoon before our exercises, we all went to the woods for autumn leaves, holly, and anything else pretty that nature had to offer. The church was beautifully decorated with holly, autumn leaves, potted plants, roses, chrysanthemums, fruits, and vegetables.

The fifty boys and girls who took part, besides the twenty voices in the choir, rendered a very pleasing program, and the church was crowded with interested hearers. The offerings amounted to over seventeen dollars.

These yearly services can but remind us of

the great day of final ingathering, when the Lord of the harvest shall send forth his reapers to gather the tares together in bundles for the fire, and to gather the wheat into his garner.

LULA I. TARBELL.

Poy Sippi (Wisconsin) Society

WE are not an organized Young People's Society, as we all live so far from our church, and on Sabbaths we have the Danish and English meetings besides our Sabbath-school, so there seems to be no time for a Society; but as our fall and winter term of school has begun, we decided to have a small missionary society. On November 21 we organized our Society, and gave it the name of the Sunny Missionary Society. Each Wednesday morning we have half an hour for our exercises. There are thirteen pupils in our school, and all seem interested, and willing to do what they can. We have singing, speaking, also Bible readings, and some weeks have missionary study. Many of the pupils bring our papers to school during the week, such as the *Little Friend* and *YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR*. On Wednesday we wrap them, and send them away. Our weekly collection pays for the postage.

Our teacher, Miss Jennie Nelson, stands ready at any time to help us, and we hope that whatever we do, we may do all to the glory of God, and grow up to be a help in the spreading of the last warning message to a lost and sinful world.

ALLEN CHATFIELD, Vice-President.

Young People's Work

CONNECTED with the Sabbath-school Department is that which has come to be known as the young people's work of our denomination. This movement is a growing factor in the general work. Its influence is being felt. Its development has not been so much by any molding influence working from without as by the growth of an idea from within. Implanted within the hearts of the youth of this denomination is the deepening conviction that there is a definite work for the young people to do in ushering in the glorious coming of our Lord. We believe that the young people's work truly is of God at this time, and to meet the call of the hour. In response to the call our young people are lining up for service. The avowed aim of the young people's organization is declared to be, "The advent message to all the world in this generation."

We are glad to report that some magnificent work has been done by our Young People's Societies. Their efforts have extended into almost every line of missionary endeavor. The system of reporting recommended has not been well carried out, yet we have an actual record of 277 Societies with a membership of 6,184. During the time this work has been organized, there has been reported 31,305 missionary visits, 7,500 Bible readings held, 350,000 papers distributed, 6,800 books sold, and as many more loaned, over 1,000,000 pages of tracts distributed, \$1,350 has been contributed for home missionary work, and \$3,500 has been given to foreign missions. Most of this latter item has been given directly to the support of workers in mission fields.

We can all rejoice because of what has been done, and in our rejoicing we do not lose sight of the difficulties attending this work. We know that Societies have been formed that were afterward discontinued from lack of interest. We know that some have been conducted in a way to bring reproach upon the work. Nevertheless, the movement is advancing, and is gaining in strength and power.

In the closing work of this message we believe that our beloved young people, the flower of our flock, will stand as a great army, strong in faith, strong in purpose, ready for every service.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.



CHILDREN'S PAGE



Saying Grace

WHEN we're at grandpa's house to dine,
He looks about with sober face,
Then clasps his hands and shuts his eyes,
And sister says he's "saying grace."
He says big words that I don't know,—
I'm only four years old,—but then
I know two words he always says,
And one is "Thanks," and one "Amen."

While walking in my grandpa's woods,
We saw a squirrel, big and gray.
He held a nut between his paws,
But did not eat it right away.
He closed his little shining eyes,
His hands raised just like grandpa's. Then
I said, "O sister, keep real still,
He's saying 'Thank you' and 'Amen.'"
—Laura F. Armitage.

A Carrier-Pigeon

A REMARKABLE story of the sagacity and physical endurance of a carrier-pigeon is told in Nansen's story of his arctic explorations. One day the pigeon tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's home in Christiania. It was immediately opened, and the little messenger was covered with kisses and caresses by the explorer's wife. After an absence of thirty months from the cottage the pigeon had brought a note from the explorer over a thousand miles of frozen waste and another thousand of ocean, plain, and forest.
—Dumb Animals.

A Generous Horse

THE following incident, given by a writer in the *St. Louis Republican*, indicates that it is possible for a horse to be "a perfect gentleman." Two fine-looking horses attached to single buggies were hitched near the entrance to the St. Louis Merchants' Exchange. They were hitched several feet apart, but the hitching straps allowed them sufficient liberty of movement to get their heads together if they so desired.

The owner of one of them had taken the opportunity of a prolonged stop to give the horse a feed of oats, which was placed on the edge of the sidewalk in a bag.

He was contentedly munching his oats when his attention was attracted by the actions of the other horse, which was evidently very hungry. He eyed the plentiful supply of oats wistfully and neighed in an insinuating manner.

The horse with the feed pricked up his ears politely and replied with a neigh, which must have been, in horse language, an invitation to the other fellow to help himself.

Evidently he accepted it, for he moved along in the direction of the bag as far as the hitching strap would permit. But the strap was not long enough, and his hungry mouth fell about a yard short of the bag.

The host noticed and seemed to appreciate this difficulty. Fortunately there was some leeway to his strap. So he moved slowly along the curb, pushing the bag with his nose until his guest was able to reach it. Then, after a friendly nose-rub of salutation, the two horses contentedly finished the oats together.—Selected.

A Parrot's Memory

MANY years ago, when our navy had a station on the African coast, the natives were in the habit of bringing off parrots for sale. They were very pretty birds, of a soft gray color, enlivened by touches of red, and their price was a bit of tobacco, a piece of soap, or half a dozen brass rings—any trifle, in fact. The sailors

bought a lot of them, and taught them nautical terms.

On morning inspections, while the men were at the guns, the parrots in their cages were on the gun-deck. The captain had a habit of clearing his throat before he gave an order, "Ahem! Starboard, fire!—Port, fire!"

Before he could fairly deliver it, the parrots would call out: "Ahem! Starboard, fire!—Port, fire!"

And so it went on with other orders; the birds took them up instantly, to the great amusement of the captain, officers, and men.

I was one day performing some duty on deck when one of the parrots lighted on my hand. Intent on my affairs, I threw it off more roughly than I was aware, and it fell rather heavily on the deck. The owner picked it up and caressed it, saying: "The *Master* doesn't like parrots, does he?" After that the bird always called me "Master" whenever he saw me.

We brought the ship into Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on our return home. Not long after I was walking down Tremont Street, Boston, at an hour when it was filled with people, and heard a cry, "Master! Master!" and turning in the direction of the voice, I found myself opposite a bird shop, in the doorway of which hung an African parrot. I went over and asked the proprietor where he found it. He told me he had bought it about three months before of a sailor just returned from the coast of Africa. By this I recognized my old acquaintance, and stopped some time, going over the "talk-talk" it had been familiar with on board ship, and apparently making it very happy. The bird had known me from the thousands passing the door.—*Naval Officer.*

Rogonath: From Hinduism to Christ

It was a rainy day—so many things that must be done; and yet one of those days when one seems to accomplish nothing.

"Mem sahib!" (Lady.)

"Who is there?"

The gatekeeper answers: "Solomon Babu has come."

"There's old Solomon; another interruption; I wonder what he wants," we say under our breath; and to the man outside, "Let him come in."

Soon appeared the old man with long white hair, a Christian teacher in the high school. Following closely behind him was a nice-looking, open-faced boy of sixteen.

"This boy," said Solomon, "I have brought to you. His name is Rogonath. Hear his story. Here, my boy, is the missionary. Tell her what you want."

After the usual Bengali salutation, he said, a little hesitatingly, "I want an education."

"Where are you from?" I asked.

"My native village is many miles from here. My mother died several years ago; and now nearly two years have passed since my father passed away. I can't read; there is no school in our village. I came all this way to find some one who would send me to school. My father gave me fifty rupees [about seventeen dollars] when he was dying. I have saved fifteen rupees of that, which I will give to any one who will educate me."

We were impressed with the businesslike manner of the boy, and said, "You are a Hindu, are you not?"

"Yes, I am a Kiasta" (one of the higher castes).

"Did you ever hear of Christ?"

"No."

"Are there no missionaries in your country?"

"No; the first time I ever heard a missionary preach was yesterday, on a square in this city."

"Do you not know that we are Christians, and if we were to put you into the boarding-school, you would break caste, and then your friends would never own you, nor even eat with you again?"

"I do not care for caste, if I can only learn to read and write."

"Then you can't worship idols, if you come to us."

"If it is wrong to worship idols, I will not worship them any more."

"You will have to give up the 'hooka' [pipe]. No boy is allowed to use tobacco in our schools."

"That will not be hard for me, for I never used tobacco."

"You will have to be careful not to quarrel nor to use bad language among us."

"I do not wish to do any of these things. I will try to please you always."

Then, to test him further, I said: "O, your story very likely is false! You have had a quarrel with your father, and he has beaten you, and you have run away. Some of them will be after you to take you home."

"My story is true. Look here," jerking off his coat, and exposing his bare back, "you can't find a mark! I have not been beaten. No one will ever come to take me away. Now, if you will be a mother to me, I will be to you a true son."

I could not help believing him, and said: "All right; come, and we will send you over to the boarding-school."

"Let me first go," he said, "and bring you the money, and get my other clothes."

I looked disappointed, but he said: "You think I will not come back. Here," taking his shawl from about him, and handing it to me, "and here," unbuttoning his coat.

"No, the shawl will do," I said. "This is your pledge. I will lay it on Mr. Lee's desk until you come and claim it."

We warned him about keeping silent in the Hindu house where he had stayed the night before and had left his things. He went away; and, although he did not return that night, and we feared he had been hindered, next morning when the door was unlocked, Rogonath was standing outside, and, coming with a bound up the steps, said, smiling: "Did you think I was not coming? Here is my money. I was afraid to come last night through the streets, lest some one would steal it."

He handed me the fifteen rupees, and entered school, and began with his letters among little boys of five or six years of age. But it was not long until he had pushed his way up into the higher classes. His honest, straightforward, manly ways soon won teachers and classmates, and he was beloved and honored by all.

As soon as he was able to read, he began to study the Bible, and to attend our church services regularly. In one of our meetings he sought the Saviour, and soon after asked for baptism, and joined the church. He never disappointed us; but his strength of character and habits of life have convinced us that there is many a noble boy hid away in Hinduism, who would be useful and good, if he only had a chance.

After getting a good common education, he asked to be allowed to learn a trade, that he might earn his own way. He entered the dental office of our American dentist, where he is trusted with the most valuable treasures necessary to

that work, and has never betrayed his trust. He asked to live in a small outhouse connected with our place, saying he never would leave me. And he often said: "I never could bear the thought of causing you a sorrow; for if I were your own son, I could not love you more."

And he has a mother's love in return, and this relation now covers eight years.

A few months ago a young man came to us, a Hindu, and asked for baptism. We questioned him as to his reasons for forsaking idolatry. We asked him if he read the Bible; he said, No. Had he heard of Christ? He answered: "I work in the same office with Rogonath, and I know only what he has taught me of Christ. But what has impressed me is his life. I have never known him to tell a lie nor take anything that does not belong to him. He is kind and good to all; and I believe in the kind of religion he has. It must be the true God that he worships."

And we found Rogonath was preaching Christ by his daily life. He never was known to use tobacco; and his life has often been, in this respect, a rebuke to American and English young men who come from Christian lands. His habit of saving his earnings, and the care of his clothes, and his bodily cleanliness were traits of character which greatly pleased us. His conscientiousness in the matter of marriage and other relations in life would be worthy of imitation by many born in Christian lands. The one he chose for his wife, and whom we gladly gave him in marriage, was a girl born of heathen parents, as he, but brought up in a mission school; taken in a motherless babe. She is a lovely woman, and delights in helping others. She has been trained as a nurse, and cares for our sick, and proves a devoted wife.

Rogonath often testifies to his faith in Jesus, and of the peace of God that fills his heart. India's greatest need is the light of just such a life, and the influence of such a home as he has established. We thank God that he ever sent him to us, and that we have had the honor of filling a mother's place to him, and rejoice to know that these are to be among the jewels gathered from India.

So we press on to find and save others, and as many as God permits. It will be added joy in heaven to meet our India girls and boys and men and women whom God has helped us to lead to him. Would that more of our friends at home knew the privilege of aiding in such a service! — *Ada Lee, in Christian Worker.*

Southern Training-School

The Southern Training-school opened September 19, with an enrolment of eighty in the intermediate and training-school departments. The course had been enlarged somewhat this year, and the faculty at present numbers seven.

An intelligent group of students assembled the opening morning for registration, and a large company of the friends of the school were also present. Speeches were made by members of the faculty and school board and by patrons of the school. The school has now been in session for two months, and its enrolment has increased to one hundred. The work being done by the students is creditable on the whole. Many earnest, faithful, and thoughtful young men and women assemble daily in the class rooms of the school for the purpose of obtaining an educational training. It is the purpose of the faculty to keep the minds of the students directed toward the mission field and the gospel work for this generation.

The school buildings have been renovated and made pleasant by the use of paint and paper. Plans are being made by which the library will be thoroughly catalogued and put in the best usable condition. The business department is filled. Mr. C. L. Kilgore, in charge of this department, is well pleased with the progress students are making.

This school is the only one of its kind in this great union conference, and students come from nearly every State represented in the conference. We are informed that a number of students of this institution are doing acceptable work in the various departments of this cause, and that others are making heroic efforts to fit themselves for active work.

On the evening of November 13 the students of the training-school gave an entertainment at the church in commemoration of the seventy-third anniversary of the falling of the stars. The entertainment consisted of short talks and papers upon different phases of the falling of the stars and its connection with the gospel work. Several beautiful songs were rendered by individuals and quartets. The house was well filled by brethren and sisters and friends. We believe the entertainment was both profitable and enjoyable.

Arrangements are in progress so that students who are desirous of aiding in the missionary work will be allowed to go out with papers and books and spend a portion of their time in actual field labor.

M. B. VAN KIRK.

Winter Term at Union College

The fall term at Union College is closing. The enrolment is three hundred and sixty-nine, only six less than the entire enrolment of last year. The discipline has been good, and the spiritual condition encouraging. Two baptisms have been held, with sixteen candidates.

The winter term opens Wednesday, December 5. There is yet room for several ladies and gentlemen in the college homes. All will be provided for, either in the homes or in near-by rooms. Let no one stay away under the impression that the college can accommodate no more.

New classes will be formed in civil government, physiology, physics, teaching, and logic. Our regular classes cover so wide a range of subjects, in so many grades, that any one will be able to find profitable work, no matter when he may enter.

For calendar or further particulars, write to the president, C. C. Lewis, College View, Neb.

Healdsburg College

For the last twenty-five years there has been a denominational school at Healdsburg, California. It is now expected that within the next year or two the school will be located somewhere in the country. Looking forward to this change,

it was decided last summer to give the school the new name of Pacific Union College.

California is a wonderful State, and there is great opportunity for a school within its borders. It has a wide variety of climate; for example, in the month of August in the inland valleys one is almost suffocated by the heat, while far up on the mountains there is cold and snow, and between the two are the various gradations of climate that would naturally intervene. The inland valleys in summer are warm, or even hot; the coast is cool, at times even chilly; while the coast valleys have a climate that is wonderful for its beauty and moderation.

Healdsburg is situated in one of the coast valleys, and is favored with as fine a climate as one might hope to find. During the summer, possibly from the first of June to the first of November or even December, very little rain falls, if any. Day after day of clear sunlight follows in happy monotony. In the winter we have our rain. Sometimes it will rain for a week, sometimes for a day, and then the sun shines clear and bright, and all nature sparkles in its cleansed purity. We never have cold weather here as we have it in the East. Once in a while in the winter water out of doors is found in the morning with a thin scum of ice, but when the sun is up, it soon melts; and now and then we find the ground in the morning white with frost. Once in a number of years there has been such a thing as a snow-storm, but it is of very short duration; the greater portion of the snow melts as soon as it falls.

In such a climate we are conducting our school. During the past twenty-five years it has had its share of prosperity and adversity. During the past few years, through earnest efforts to enlarge the facilities of the school, many of which were misdirected, the institution has received quite a burden of debt. The present year witnesses an exceptional effort to reverse this financial condition. We have planned this year not to run in debt. The financial estimate just made out for three months' conduct of the school, during which time many repairs of the earthquake damages were necessary, our financial agent reports that we are making some gain above our running expenses.

Our second semester, or the last one half of the school year, begins Jan. 23, 1907. At this time many new classes will be formed, and we hope also to enrol a large number of new students with an earnest purpose,—students of consecrated endeavor. We invite all such that are in our territory to join us not later than the twenty-third of January.

Our school has been conducted now for three months of this year, or one third of its time, and yet our attendance has been large enough so that the enrolment up to date in all departments of the college, not including the training-school, is already greater than the total enrolment for the same departments of the school during all the last school year. We have now passed the one hundred mark.

There has been an unexampled good spirit among the students of the school, and among those who are living in the Home. There has been a hearty co-operation, and with a very few exceptions students are making records that are a delight to those who are working with them.

We intend to keep up unceasing effort for the very best things that a school like this ought to achieve, and we ask for the prayers and co-operation of our people who are interested in the school at Healdsburg.

L. A. REED, *President.*

Our Training-Schools

THE readers of the INSTRUCTOR would be glad to hear from our various training-schools from time to time. If there is any missionary work of special interest done by the students, why not send a report of it to the INSTRUCTOR, and let our young people who are not in our schools receive inspiration from it? If there are students who are working their way through school, report that. It may give new hope and resolution to some one who is almost ready to despair of ever being able to get a training in one of our higher schools. Brief reports from some of our schools are given below.

Walla Walla College

Prof. M. E. Cady, president of Walla Walla College, in writing of his school says: "Our school is prospering quite well, and we are of good courage in the work. At the present time we have an enrolment of two hundred and sixteen, which is thirteen more than the entire enrolment last year. We expect to have an increase of about fifty students over last year's enrolment, which was fifty more than that of the previous year."

A MAN, by way of excusing his doubtful method of conducting business, said to Talleyrand, "Why, you know I must live!" "I don't see that at all," was the worthy gentleman's reply. "Better not live than be untrue."

BIBLE READERS COURSE

The Millennium — No. 1

1. To what does the word "millennium" refer? It is a word used to denote the thousand years mentioned in the twentieth chapter of Revelation.—*Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.*

2. What did John see at the beginning of the thousand years?

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshiped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads, or in their hands." Rev. 20:4.

3. How long do these saints live and reign with Christ?

"And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Verse 4, last clause.

4. Where do the saints meet Jesus when he comes?

"Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." 1 Thess. 4:17.

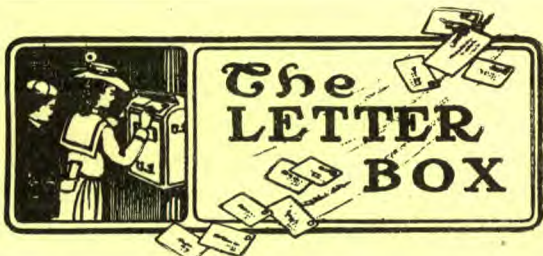
5. Whom will the saints judge during these years?

"Do ye not know that the saints shall judge the world? . . . Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" 1 Cor. 6:2, 3.

6. Where are the wicked during this time?

"But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." Rev. 20:5.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



WOODSTOCK, VT., Sept. 16, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: As I have not seen any letters from this State lately, I thought I would write one. I have the privilege of attending church-school, the only one in Vermont. It has been running for six years. We have thirteen pupils. Miss Rice, from New Jersey, is our teacher. I live about a half mile from church. My brother is taking the paper, so we have it together.

EDITH WOOD.

MANCHESTER, IOWA, Dec. 8, 1906.

DEAR EDITOR: About three months ago mama sent in her name for me to get this good paper, and I like it more and more. We are the only Sabbath-keepers in this town of about three thousand. I am twelve years old, and have a brother six. My father is dead, my mother goes out nursing, and my grandma keeps house. When we get through reading our papers, *Signs of the Times* and the *Review and Herald*, I take them down town on Sabbath afternoon and slip them into buggies, because many persons come in on that day for trading.

Please put more Bible questions into the paper. My grandma likes them, too, and helps me find the answers. I belong to the Loyal Temperance Legion, and I am in the fifth grade in public school; I will be in the sixth Christmas, if I pass in my examination.

ARTHUR WHEELLESS.

I am glad you are enjoying the INSTRUCTOR, Master Arthur, and I hope you and it will be much stronger friends by the close of 1907. Your plan for distributing papers is a good one. I believe angels watch with interest every such effort to get the truth to others. After you and grandma have answered some of the Bible questions, why don't you send in the list to me? It is a good thing to join the Temperance Legion early, and let others know where one stands on the temperance question.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

IV — The Sabbath

(January 26)

MEMORY VERSE: "Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Mark 2:28.

REVIEW.—When the Lord finished the work of creation he —. The Sabbath was made by —. It was for —. The Lord gave Israel — to eat. He taught them which day is the Sabbath by —. He wrought — miracles each — to teach the people —. Only one of the commandments begins with the word —. The Lord has given us — days for our own work. The Sabbath belongs to —. He commands — to rest upon it.

Questions

1. As Jesus journeyed to Galilee, to what city did he come? In what place did he spend his early life? What was his habit, or custom, when he was a boy? What may we know from this? Luke 4:16.

2. Give the name of an apostle who kept the Sabbath. Where did he go on the Sabbath day? Acts 13:14-16.

3. How do we know that he spent more than one Sabbath in that place? Verses 42, 44.

4. Where did Paul go "every Sabbath" while he was in Corinth? Acts 18:4.

5. How long did he remain in that city? How many Sabbaths did he keep in that place? Verse 11.

6. Upon what day was Jesus laid in the tomb? What day was "drawing on"? Luke 23:52-54.

7. After the women who followed him saw where he was laid, what did they do the same day? Verses 55, 56.

8. What does the Bible call the next day? What did these Christian women do that Sabbath day? Verse 56.

9. What is the day called which came after "the Sabbath according to the commandment"? Luke 24:1. Then between what two days does the Sabbath come which God has commanded us to keep?

10. How many things were made by Christ in the beginning? John 1:3.

11. For whom was the Sabbath made? For how many was it made? For this reason how is Jesus related to the Sabbath? Mark 2:27, 28.

12. Which day did he make the Sabbath? Ex. 20:8-11.

Lesson Story

"And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee: and there went out a fame of him through all the region round about. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all. And he came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up: and, as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read."

Paul was a Sabbath-keeper, for when he and Barnabas came to the city of Antioch, they "went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and sat down." "And when the Jews were gone out of the synagogue, the Gentiles besought that these words might be preached to them the next Sabbath."

In Corinth Paul "reasoned in the synagogue every Sabbath, and persuaded the Jews and the Greeks." "And he continued there a year and six months, teaching the word of God among them."

When Jesus was crucified "that day was the preparation, and the Sabbath drew on. And the women also, which came with him from Galilee, followed after, and beheld the sepulcher, and how his body was laid. And they returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment. Now

upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulcher, bringing the spices which they had prepared, and certain others with them." The preparation day was Friday. The holy women who followed Jesus made preparation to embalm his body, but before their work was finished, "the Sabbath according to the commandment" began, and they rested till it was past, and the first day of the week came. This shows that the Sabbath God commands us to keep comes between Friday and Sunday.

Jesus made the Sabbath, for "all things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath: therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

IV — The First Protest Against the Work

(January 26)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 4.

MEMORY VERSE: "Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way, because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass." Ps. 37:7.

Questions

1. What news was carried to the adversaries of Judah and Benjamin? Ezra 4:1.

2. As soon as they heard this, what request did they make? What reason did they give for asking this? Verse 2.

3. What reply did Zerubbabel and the rest of the chief men make? Under whose command did they say they were building? Verse 3.

4. How did these people show their true character? Verses 4, 5; note 1.

5. How long did they continue their evil work? Verse 5.

6. When they could not move Cyrus, what did they do in the beginning of the reign of Ahasuerus? Verse 6.

7. Who followed Ahasuerus on the throne? Verse 7; note 2.

8. What course did these enemies now pursue? How many were represented in this letter? Verses 7-10.

9. How did they address the king? Verse 11.

10. What accusation did they bring against the Jews? Verse 12.

11. What did they say would follow if the Jews were permitted to continue their work? Verse 13.

12. What reason did they give for interfering? Verses 14, 16.

13. What did they ask the king to do in order to verify their statements? Verse 15.

14. What reply did the king make? Verses 17-20.

15. What did he authorize the Samaritans to do? Verse 21. How urgent was his message? Verse 22.

16. What was the result? Verse 23. How long was the work discontinued? Verse 24.

Notes

1. The Samaritans did not love nor hear the Lord; they wished to help build because they thought if Jerusalem were rebuilt, it would be a wise policy for them to have a part in it. Such helpers always hinder the work of the Lord. 2 Kings 17:24-34 gives the origin of the Samaritans.

2. From the Bible record we have the names of Ahasuerus and Artaxerxes as kings reigning between Cyrus and Darius the Persian. According to profane history Cambyses and Smerdis the Imposter reigned during this time. It has been thought probable that the latter names refer to the same kings mentioned in the Bible record.



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Reading Circle for 1907

ONE hundred members are wanted. Join the circle for the sake of inspiring some one else to join who otherwise might not do so. One hundred members means five hundred books read; but the inspiration, the good obtained by the reading can not be calculated. Those who read and gain new thoughts and inspiration by reading pass them on to others both by word and by act, so there is no estimating the good accomplished by reading.

You have time to read *one* book every *ten* weeks, surely. Begin the Bible first, if you haven't already read it. It will bear many readings. Read our denominational books, read lives of missionaries, read good histories and science books. Who will join the Reading Circle for 1907? Two names have already been sent in.

Work for the Jews

OUR Jewish work in Boston is prospering. A convention and conference in the interests of Christian work among the Jews was held in the Park Street church, Boston, in the early part of December. While this conference was under the auspices of our mission, ministers from other denominations participated in the convention, and a deep interest was awakened in this phase of gospel work.

Elder Gilbert, in writing of the work of the mission, says: "Though it has cost us nearly five thousand dollars to run the work this year, thank the Lord, we have met every expense, have no debts, and neither the cruse nor barrel are empty." Still more means is needed if the work is as effective as it may and should be. A call for fifteen hundred dollars to be used in the circulation of Jewish literature has been made. It is hoped that nearly every rabbi in the civilized world may be reached the present winter by correspondence and distribution of Christian literature.

A plan has been devised by Elder Gilbert which I think will interest our Young People's Societies and church-schools,—a plan whereby one can help the mission and one's self at the same time. Such double-service plans usually enlist interest readily, and we hope this offer of Elder Gilbert's will be responded to by many. The book-marks that are being sold to help the mission are pieces of ribbon with an appropriate poem printed on them. The ribbon is fringed at the ends. These may be had in various colors, and make a neat, pretty book-mark. They sell for fifteen cents each. To any Young People's Society, church-school, or person, that will sell twenty-five of these, and forward the money received for them to the mission, he will give a copy of his book, entitled "Practical Lessons," the price of which is one dollar. Then if twenty-five more are sold, he will give a copy of "Story of Daniel," by Elder Haskell. Those who sell the third twenty-

five are presented with a copy of "Seer of Patmos."

This is a simple proposition to a live Young People's Society or church-school, and presents an excellent plan for starting a library of our denominational books. Such a library would be of service not only to the members, but could be used for missionary purposes.

Try it, young people. Send all money to The Good Tidings of the Messiah Mission, 105-107 Staniford St., Boston, Mass.

"Lo, Earth to Heaven is wedded!
The nuptial train is nigh;
Behold, the bridegroom cometh!"

Biographies of Missionaries

If you have not read the life of Carey, Judson, Hudson Taylor, Robert Moffat, Livingstone, John Paton, William Duncan, David Brainerd, and Alexander Duff, don't let 1907 go by without doing so. The life of William Miller, Joseph Bates, and Elder and Mrs. James White are inspiring, and should be read by every Seventh-day Adventist. Dr. Creegan, in an article published in the *Medical Missionary*, cites several cases where men received the inspiration for their life of service through reading the biography of some consecrated missionary. He says:—

Most of you recall the fact that when the Puritan Pilgrims came over, there was a peculiar man among them whom they could not understand at the time. His name was John Elliott. He was peculiar in this respect: He preferred to preach to the red brethren of his out in the forests rather than to his own people. They could not understand it. But he kept on doing it for fifty long years, and he made a translation of the whole Bible into the tongue of his Indian brethren, and he built up a dozen or more religious communities among the Indians. And it happened after one hundred years had passed by that some one thought it worth while to write the story of John Elliott and put it in book form. A pious young man down in Connecticut read that book, he felt the missionary fires burning on the altar of his own heart, and he said, "If it please God, I will go to Yale, get an education, and I will go as John Elliott did and preach to the Indians;" and you know the story of David Brainerd.

He went, and he preached as perhaps no other man has ever preached on the American continent to the red men. Then tuberculosis overtook him, and he found himself in the closing days of his life in the home of the great American scholar, Jonathan Edwards, who was then writing his great classic on "The Will." When he saw this pious young man, saw how he was meeting death, he turned away from his classical book, noted the words that fell from the lips of the dying man, and published a book after the death of David Brainerd. Pretty soon a copy of that book fell into the hands of Henry Martyn, and when he read the story, he felt the missionary fire burning on the altar of his heart, and he said, "If it please God, when I have finished my studies, I will go forth to preach to the heathen as David Brainerd preached to the Indians." He found his way to India, and gave the people the Bible in their own tongue. When he had almost completed the same task there, he died, as David Brainerd had died. Many of his old-time friends said he had thrown his life away.

A few years ago a young friend of mine was in the university and picked up the story of Henry Martyn and read it, and he felt the missionary fires burning on the altar of his heart as he thought of this fine scholar giving his life to the work of preaching and teaching those people of India. His name was Horace Tracy Pitkin. He asked my Board if he might go to China. We sent him out there to work. He toiled for four years and a half, until the Boxers came with their awful swords, and took his life. When he saw they were coming, and that probably his last hour was approaching, he hurriedly wrote a letter to his wife, who was in this country with their infant child, their only child, and in this hurried letter which he put in the hands of one of the natives, hoping it might reach her, which it did, he said, "Tell my boy Horace that when he grows up and receives the proper training, it is the request of his dying father that

he come out here and take up the work which I must now lay down."

Is not that heroic? Isn't that religious enthusiasm at its best? John Elliott firing David Brainerd, sending him to the Indians as a missionary, David Brainerd firing Henry Martyn, sending him to translate the Word of God into the language of two great nations, Henry Martyn firing my young friend, Horace Tracy Pitkin, to go forth and die like a hero, as he was, in China. And after his death Robert Speer thought it worth while to turn aside for a little time and write the story of Horace Tracy Pitkin, which is now being read by college and university students.



MR. JAMES BRICE takes the place of Sir Mortimer Durand as British ambassador to the United States.

SUPPOSE the sun's heat to be valued at \$25,000,000; the sum of two cents would settle the earth's annual bill for solar heat.

"A PHYSICIAN in Spain gets five cents a visit from a workingman and twenty cents a visit from an aristocrat, and is supposed to attend the poor for nothing."

ALASKA, through its furs, fish, gold and other minerals, has already returned to the United States nearly \$250,000,000. The country cost the government only \$7,200,000.

STEEL of the best quality can now be made from ordinary scrap-iron rubbish, melted, and then subjected to an electric oven, in which the necessary carbon and other substances are added to the liquid metal.

SIXTY million dollars' worth of automobiles were manufactured in this country the past year. This fact has led to the expression of the thought that soon everybody will be speeding about in motor-cars, and nobody will be left to be run over.

TWELVE hundred years ago the Parsees, or fire worshipers, on their arrival in India from Persia, consecrated a fire in commemoration of the event; and this fire has never been allowed to go out. It is fed five times every twenty-four hours with sandalwood and other fragrant materials.

THE government last year collected \$262,000,000 from customs, and \$233,000,000 from internal taxes, \$7,000,000 from the sale of public lands, besides the profit on coinage, taxes from the District of Columbia, interest from money loaned to railroads, sales from Indian lands, tax on national bank circulation, and an income tax from the patent office. Even with this great annual income, Uncle Sam sometimes has to say of proposed expenditures, "No, I can't afford it."

THE report of Mr. Shaw, Secretary of the Treasury, showed a surplus of \$25,669,322, and an estimated surplus for the current year of \$58,000,000. This unparalleled prosperity is, in the opinion of Mr. Shaw, a menace to the good of the country. But the queries have been raised by some whether a nation is too prosperous when half of all its schoolboys are taken from school and put to work before they are twelve years old, and when millions of children are working in mines and mills and factories, and losing their chance in life. Whether the nation is too prosperous or not, it is evident that where such conditions prevail, the government is reaping unlawful revenues.