

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW, THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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Why the Yoke Is Easy

"MARK GUY PEARSE had just finished a sermon on Christ's yoke, and why it is so light, when a man came up to him and added to the preacher's list of reasons the following better one: 'You see,' said he, 'when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen in my father's yoke, and the yoke was never made to balance, sir. Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then you see, we would put a weak bullock in alongside of a strong bullock, and the light end would come on the weak bullock because the stronger one had the heavier part of it on his shoulder.' Then the man's face lit up as he said: 'That is why the yoke is easy, and the burden is light—because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon his shoulder.'"

The Result of Forgetting God

THE world is a theater, and the actors, its inhabitants, are preparing to act their part in the last great drama. God is lost sight of. With the great masses of humanity, there is no unity, except as men confederate to accomplish their selfish purposes. God is looking on. His purposes in regard to his rebellious subjects will be fulfilled. The world has not been given into the hands of men, though God is permitting the elements of confusion and disorder to bear sway for a season. A power from beneath is working to bring about the last scenes in the drama,—Satan coming as Christ, and working with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in those who are binding themselves together in secret societies. Those who are yielding to the passion for confederation are working out the plans of the enemy. Cause will be followed by effect.

Transgression has almost reached its limit. Confusion fills the world, and a great terror is soon to come upon human beings. *The end is very near. God's people should be preparing for what is soon to break upon the world as an overwhelming surprise.*—Mrs. E. G. White.

The Will of God Concerning You

"IN everything give thanks: for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."

Do we not get this text turned around? We read it to ourselves that the *thanksgiving* is the will of God concerning us, do we not?

It is really the *everything* that is the will of God concerning us, whatever the thanksgiving may be. It is the escapes from peril, the great deliverances, the rich blessings and mercies, also the hard things we are called upon to bear, the common food, the humdrum life, the daily toil, or the daily waiting for service, the close figuring

upon the what we shall eat, and the wherewithal we are to be clothed, the slights of the enemies of the truth, all the hard things as well as the pleasant things,—these are the will of God concerning you and me. For these we should be thankful, for we are in God's school; and these things are given us to teach us his will. They are our examination questions by which he tests our progress. Thank God for *everything*, every experience, "for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you." E. L. PAULDING.

The Right Motive

WHO among the readers of these lines does not long to be as useful as possible in this brief life, to fulfil all the possibilities of usefulness, and to apprehend that for which Christ has apprehended him? But this can never be until all the powers of nature, which Christ has redeemed, are placed absolutely at his disposal, with this prayer:

Discipleship

Have you and I to-day

Stood silent as with Christ, apart from joy or fray

Of life, to see by faith his face;

To look, if but a moment, at its grace,

And grow, by brief companionship, more true,

More nerved to lead, to dare to do

For him at any cost? Have we to-day

Found time, in thought, our hand to lay

In his, and thus compare

His will with ours, and wear

The impress of his wish? Be sure

Such contact will endure

Throughout the day; will help us walk erect

Through storm and flood; detect

Within the hidden life, sin's dross, its stain;

Revive a thought of love for him again;

Steady the steps which waver; help us see

The footpath meant for you and me.

—Selected.

"Do with me, in me, to me, by me, as thou wilt; only make as much of me as can be made on this side of the gates of pearl!"

The maker of the organ can best develop the sweet and mighty tones which sleep within its compass. The inventor of an ingenious machine can best unfold its varied appliances; and He who knows what is in us, can best call forth our faculties, and use them, and manipulate them for his glory, and to our joy. O, what could not the Lord Jesus do by us, if we were only wholly yielded to him!

Legends tell that when the Emperor Justinian had built the Byzantine church with a view to his own aggrandizement and glory, on the day of dedication he looked in vain for his own name on the memorial stone. Angel hands had obliterated it, and substituted for it that of the widow Euphrasia, whose only merit was that out of pure devotion she had strewn a little straw in front of the beasts that drew the heavily laden trucks of marble from the quarry to the sacred pile. His

motive was so ignoble that heaven ignored his gift; hers was so pure and lovely that she received credit for the whole. Alas! how much of our work vanishes without note in heaven, because it springs from motives that heaven can not recognize.

Our motives must be pure. The root will affect the fruit. The stream can not rise higher than the source. We must get rid of the constant thought of self. We must become oblivious to the praise or blame of man. We must let the sun of divine love burn out the fires of selfish ambition and personal aims. We must bring our weak and weary hearts to the heart Physician, asking him to cleanse them, and fill us with his own sweet, ingenuous, and perfect love. May our hearts burn with the pure flame of devotion that trembles in the hearts of the seraphs. This our cry in life and in death: "Glory to God in the highest!"—F. B. Meyer.

The Book of Ezra — No. 2

THE record states that when Joshua and Zerubbabel rose up to build the house of the Lord in Jerusalem, "with them were the prophets of God helping them." Ezra 5:2.

Satan always seeks to hinder the work by weakening the influence of God's appointed leaders. There were those who were ready to suggest better men than Zerubbabel to superintend the building. The Lord silenced that by sending word through Zechariah that "the hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house; his hands shall also finish it" (Zech. 4:9); and in order to quiet all faultfinders, he states that the eyes of the Lord are with Zerubbabel. Zech. 4:10.

The following encouraging words sent to Zerubbabel at this time have been a strength to many a builder in the Lord's work who felt that the mountains of difficulties were greater than he could surmount: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts. Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain: and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it." Zech. 4:6, 7. In order to get the beauty out of this personal testimony to Zerubbabel, we need to read the record of this work in Ezra, Haggai, and Zechariah, and see some of the perplexities that faced Zerubbabel in his work.

The fourth chapter of Zechariah contains this wonderful personal testimony to Zerubbabel. It has lost none of its power, and it will just as effectively clear away difficulties that may pile up mountain high in our pathway. Any personal testimony given by a prophet has power to work in the lives of every one who will take it as a personal message to himself.

Through the combined efforts of the kings' decree and the messages of God through his prophets, Haggai and Zechariah, the people, under the direction of Joshua and Zerubbabel, built the house of the Lord and finished it in the sixth year of Darius. This was four years after Darius gave his portion of the decree.

But O, how blind we often are, failing to see the opening providences of God! Instead of the people's going forward and building up Jerusalem, they became satisfied, and ceased to work. Notwithstanding the fact that through his prophet Zechariah the Lord said he would build Jerusalem, and that he would be a wall of fire round about it (Zech. 2:4, 5), the people fell back, and instead of going forward, intermarried with the heathen round about them. Many thousands of Israelites in Babylon who heard Zechariah's stirring testimony to flee out of Babylon (Zech. 2:6, 7) settled on their lees in that city, and mingled with the heathen. Thus the Lord's work at Jerusalem was again hindered by the indifference and unfaithfulness of his own people when the way for victory had been prepared.

Darius finished his reign of thirty-six years; then the proud and haughty Xerxes took the throne and reigned for twenty-one years.

During the reign of Xerxes, the Israelites were shown the folly of remaining in Babylon when every provision was made for their return to Jerusalem. The book of Esther is the only Bible record we have of this period. Through the agency of Haman, Satan planned to utterly exterminate every believer in the true God. In those days of humiliation and prayer (Esther 4:1-17), how often the bitter fact must have been pressed home to the hearts of the Jews that if they had obeyed the voice of the prophet and fled from Babylon many years before, Jerusalem would have been "inhabited as towns without walls for the multitude of men and cattle herein" (Zech. 2:4), instead of being in desolation. In order to really understand the book of Esther, one needs to read Ezra, and the testimonies God sent his people through his prophets Haggai and Zechariah.

Again God was merciful and spared his people in Babylon. Read the record in the book of Esther from the fourth to the eighth chapter.

MRS. S. N. HASKELL.

Shall I Invest?

ONE of the popular magazines of the day, *Success*, has been publishing a series of articles entitled, "Fools and Their Money." The writer of these articles is attempting to arouse public interest in the illegitimate schemes which are being foisted upon the people by unscrupulous men in order to make money. So many honest persons have been robbed of their scant savings, that the righteous indignation of many men has been brought to a white heat.

I speak of this in particular because there is danger that our young people, who are influenced more or less by the "money-mad" career of the multitude, be led to seek to increase their small capital by investing it in some of these "soap-bubble" concerns, and thus it be lost to the cause of God, which is so much in need of funds. God desires that the church should lead the world. He gives to his people information in advance, which will make them wise and protect them financially as well as spiritually.

With the publishing of these articles in a secular paper we realize more than ever the truthfulness of a warning given years ago through the spirit of prophecy. If we heed the warning, we shall not be drawn into this vortex which swallows men up in perdition. The words of Solomon, "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent," are painfully evident to-day. In this warning Satan is given credit for saying the following words: "Go, make the possessors of lands and money drunk with cares. . . . They may profess what they please, only make them care more for money than for the success of Christ's kingdom or the spread of the truths we hate. . . . Present every plausible excuse to those who have means, lest they hand it out. Control money matters if you can, and drive their ministers to want and distress."—*Early Writings*, page 128.

Let each one say, "Get behind me, Satan," and let us give ourselves and all we possess to the work of the Lord.

C. E. HOLMES.

Past

Out of the kingdom of cold, dark night
Into the light of day,
Out of the pit by the Saviour's might,
Shadows all blown away;
Out of the kingdom of hate and greed
Into the arms of peace,
Out of the hovel of want and need,
Jesus has brought release.

Present

Gone are the trials of yesterday,
Conquered the wily foe,
Gone are the stones that have clogged the way,
Smooth is the path I go.
Gone are the burdens so long I bore,
Burdens too great for me,
Gone are my worries, for on before
Jesus, my guide, I see.

Future

Onward I look on the shining way,
Never a glance behind,
Onward I'm pressing till that glad day
Heaven's wide gate I find,
Onward till then I will run the race,
Striving to conquer sin,
Onward, still trusting his saving grace,
Jesus will lead me in.

MAX HILL.



Heaven's Last Messages to Earth—No. 1

WE have a wonderful God, a righteous God, a merciful and loving God. Despite all the mistakes and rebellions of his people anciently, he was still their Saviour. "In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old." The One whom we serve changeth not. The event toward which the eyes of the whole universe has been turned, the time toward which all the prophets of old have looked forward, is the second coming of Christ, the deliverance from this long night of sin, and the establishment of the reign of peace and righteousness. Yet this glorious event has actually been postponed because Christ is "long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

We can not conceive of the Lord's bringing an end to earthly affairs without due warning to its inhabitants. Such an act would be contrary to his character; it would be out of harmony with every example of his dealings from the time of Noah to our own day; and it would directly contradict his promise which reads, "Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets." Amos 3:7.

The world is not left unwarned to-day. Three stirring messages are recorded in Rev. 14:6-12, by which the Lord in mercy outlines events, describes world conditions, and gives a final warning. These seven verses constitute the foundation of our belief in the soon coming of our blessed Saviour, and should therefore be very dear to all those who look forward to that glorious appearing. Every thought should be carefully pondered, yes, should become a part of the very being of those who accept these as truth for this time. To those who can not repeat the verses mentioned above, we would say, Delay not to place these gems of truth in memory's casket, not only that strength and blessing may come to you, but that their luster may be shed forth to illumine the lives of others.

The three angels' messages are due to the world in this generation, and in no other. To prove this, let us begin by a comparison of the first angel of Revelation 14 with the angel of the tenth chapter. First, the one was seen to fly "in the midst of heaven;" the other to "come down from heaven." Second, one has "the everlasting gospel to preach;" the other has the finishing work of the "mystery of God," which is the gospel. Col. 1:23-27. Third, the message of chapter fourteen is to go to "every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people;" the angel of chapter ten "set his right foot upon the sea, and his left foot on the earth," showing that his message is to go by land and sea. They are, therefore, alike world-wide. Fourth, both are given with a "loud voice." Fifth, one declares, "The hour of his judgment is come;" the other points to the finishing of the mystery, and proclaims "that there should be time no longer." Sixth, in the one message we are directed to "worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountains of waters;" in the other, the messenger testifies by him "who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein." Seventh, both are followed by another prophecy, or message. Chapter 10:11; 14:8. It is thus seen that these angels come in the same manner, at the same time, and do precisely the same work. We can therefore form but one conclusion,—these angels most certainly represent one work and the same message.

We then ask, When is this angel of chapter ten to do his work? By reading the two previous chapters, we find that to seven angels there were given seven trumpets, and that six of them have sounded. The blowing of the trumpet was the ancient signal for battle; and by a careful study of these trumpets it has been found that they foretell a series of great wars and changes that were to take place among the nations of earth.

It can clearly be shown that the sixth trumpet brings us down to Aug. 11, 1840, at which time the sultan of Turkey lost his power, and placed himself under the protection of the leading nations of Europe. The first angel's message then follows, as given in chapter ten, and the seventh trumpet is introduced a little later (Rev. 11:14-19), which announces the judgment, the coming of the Lord, and the eternal reign of Christ. Again, we find that the three angels' messages are directly followed by the glorious appearing of Christ, for the very next words of the prophet are these: "And I looked, and behold a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat like unto the Son of man, having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle. And another angel came out of the temple, crying with a loud voice to him that sat on the cloud, Thrust in thy sickle, and reap: for the time is come for thee to reap; for the harvest of the earth is ripe."

Thus it is evident that the three angels' messages are due to the world after Aug. 11, 1840, and before the close of human history.

When traveling about from place to place, we often hear the query, "Is the train on time?" Sometimes it is; frequently it is behind time. But not so with the handiwork of God. The mighty One who upholds the numberless shining orbs of heaven, who guides them in all their orderly courses, likewise presides in the affairs of mankind.

Upon the "selfsame day" which had been appointed four hundred years previously, the children of Israel went out of Egypt. God had made known to Daniel the very year when the Messiah would be revealed; and "when the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son." To this same Daniel was made known the time of the judgment; and when the great clock of the heavens pointed to that hour, the message was given upon earth, and Christ entered upon his closing work in the heavenly courts.

ROY F. COTTRELL.



THE HOME CIRCLE

A Wireless Telegraph

THE wireless telegraph called prayer
Needs neither ether, space, nor air
O'er which to speed fear's quivering waves
From us who need, to Him who saves;
Through vacuums of forgetfulness
Race forth the flashing messages;
No medium is too dense or hard;
Flesh, distance, time, in vain retard;
Prayer needs two instruments alone—
God's heart, and, tuned therewith, thine own;
These signal stations in accord,
Thou shalt hold converse with thy Lord
Through hills, o'er plains, beneath the sea—
For love's the electricity!
Who loveth, though the meanest clod,
Can telegraph each day to God!

—Frederic Lawrence Knowles.

An Angel Unawares

RACHEL sat on the door-step and looked out upon a world of buffalo-grass and sage brush. The pretty auburn hair was twisted into a careless knot behind, and her blue calico dress, turned down a little at the neck, showed a firm, white throat beneath the line of tan. Back of her was the little shack, where she and Jack and father lived. She could hear faintly from where she sat the sound of Jack's voice as he called the cattle.

Rachel buried her face in her hands. Its look of unhappiness and discontent was not good to see. There was plenty of work in the little house awaiting her, but there was no apparent energy in the listless young figure on the doorstep. The dishes stood just as they had been left at breakfast, flies buzzed about the cream pitcher, and the butter had not been put away.

"I'm sick, sick of everything," thought Rachel, rebelliously. "Why—why should I, who love nice things and pretty clothes and people, and going about, be doomed to spend the best part of my life on a cattle ranch twenty miles from the post-office, and not a neighbor anywhere? What's the use of trying anyway? If I keep things clean, nobody knows or cares. I might just as well sit down in the dirt and give up."

"If people ever came in, I'd take more interest, but the only soul outside of father and Jack I've seen for three months was that cowboy from the 'Bax X' ranch, and he didn't come into the house. Other girls have what they want, but I must eat my heart out in the loneliness of these plains."

A covered wagon was coming slowly up the white alkali-sprinkled road.

"Another camping outfit," thought Rachel. "I don't see what people want to camp for. Give me civilization and its comforts. O for a refrigerator, and church bells, and dry goods stores."

She smiled a little sadly. "What a jumble of wishes," she whispered. "I dare not complain to father and Jack, struggling as they are to get a foothold, but O, how tired I am of it all! Why, if that wagon isn't stopping down at the road, and there's a woman getting out, and yes, she's coming this way. I hope she won't come in and see this house."

Rachel sat still. There was no use getting up and going to work now. Everything was too far behind for that. All she could do was to face the situation, now that it was upon her.

The woman came nearer and nearer. Rachel saw that she was a sweet-faced, slender woman of thirty-seven or eight. She wore a pretty dress of some light, washable material, and a

wide hat simply trimmed. Rachel noticed how white her hands were, for she wore no gloves. In one she carried a small pail.

She came toward Rachel, and as she came, she smiled. "Good morning," she said in a sweet, well-modulated voice that was good to hear, "I wonder if you would kindly let me have a little milk? The rest of the party are satisfied with the condensed, but the heat and the dust gave me a fancy for the real article, so I thought while the horses rested, I'd run up here and reconnoiter."

"Certainly you may have it," said Rachel, rising and flushing a little. In the presence of this sweet and gracious stranger she felt painfully conscious of her own disordered attire and the untidy house back of her.

"I'll pay you whatever you ask," said the newcomer, in the same sweet way.

"O, I could not take money," replied Rachel, quickly. "We have milk to throw away here. No one drinks it much but me, and though I make butter, I can't begin to use it all. I wish so many, many times that we could give those who go without some of ours."

"Another blessing of the country," smiled the woman.

Rachel's face shadowed. "I don't call it one," she returned. "I'd be willing never to see milk if I could only live where people do things and get to places."

The sweet face before her lost its smile, and Rachel noticed for the first time how pale it was.

She turned upon Rachel a pair of grave and thoughtful eyes. "And yet how well you look," she said, "and vigorous. Money and all the luxuries it buys can not bring relief to the pain-racked body. O the long, long nights and the weary days, seeing the strength fail just a little and facing the consciousness of never being better! No, my dear, always remember that 'health is the first blessing.' You see that wagon there? Well, we are all going to the mountains in search of health. I'm afraid [with a sad little smile] some of us will never find it. We're city born and bred, yet we are leaving all the things you would like to enjoy, leaving them gladly for the chance of gaining the boon you possess."

"I don't care," cried Rachel, recklessly, "I'd rather be sick in the city than well here."

"My dear," she replied, "I can read your story in your face. You have no mother?"

"No, she is dead. I can't remember her. There are only father, and Jack, and I. We've been here three years, and we may stay as many more. I was only sixteen when father moved here first—the best years of my life, too. O, I do feel rebellious when I think of it!—the pleasures and privileges I've missed that ought, by every right, to be mine; the friends I can not have; the places I can not see. Sometimes I think God has forgotten me."

"Dear," the elder woman spoke again, and with a note of pain, "He forgets nothing. I wish you could see life as I see it. Still you are young, and the perspective is different. But don't you see if you are placed here, this is where you ought to be. It's all for some good reason, and I would have you remember, too, that you can serve him here the same as somewhere else."

"How?" demanded Rachel.

"By pleasing him in the doing of small things; by accepting hard situations in a cheerful spirit, by being willing to wait, by being patient."

Rachel flushed a little. She seemed to hear

Jack's words of yesterday again. "Rachel, you're getting lazy," he had declared. "The house is covered with dust, and you haven't baked a cake or a pie for ages. What is the matter? I should think you'd know you'd worry father. He said to me only last night, 'Rachel is changed, Jack. I'm afraid ranch life doesn't suit her. She's a girl; perhaps I ought not to demand of her such a sacrifice.'" And she had replied, "I am tired, tired of waiting and waiting for what?"

"What?" Jack had answered. "Until father sells his cattle, of course. That's the way the feminine part of the family always look at things. They would rather have their fathers and brothers and husbands clerk in stores all their lives, than help them rough it a few years and be independent."

She was thinking of that conversation now. "I'm afraid I don't do my part," she replied, soberly, as she looked at the sweet, pale face opposite. "I get discouraged and disheartened because nobody comes and nothing happens. When I do clean up the house, nobody speaks of it, and so I've lately gotten into the habit of letting it go."

"I wouldn't," said the elder woman, quite gently. "We all go through hard places at times, but it doesn't last, and sometimes the habits we form during the period, do. We're very much, after all, the men and women we make ourselves, and it will be so much pleasanter to think of afterward if you are faithful. Now, while you get the milk, I'll run back to the wagon for a minute."

Rachel went down to the spring-house with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. "I wish the house had been clean," she thought. "Who ever would have dreamed I'd have a visitor this morning, and such a visitor. I may never meet her again, but I'll always love her."

The sweet-faced woman came back after a short time. She had two packages and a pile of magazines. She was quite breathless when she returned, and Rachel noticed again her extreme pallor.

"I've brought you some nectarines," she began, smilingly, "and some sweet chocolate. Girls, I know, are fond of chocolate, and here are some magazines."

"O, thank you!" cried Rachel, her face flushing with happiness. "Now, do sit down and rest."

"For only a moment," said the other. "We're nearly ready to start."

"I'm so ashamed my work wasn't done," added Rachel. "I'm afraid you will think I'm an idle girl, but, indeed, I was not always so. I used to take pride in keeping things up, then when month after month went by and I saw no one, I grew careless."

"I surprised you, didn't I?" returned the woman, smiling across at Rachel.

"Very much, and you don't know how sorry I feel about my undone tasks."

"Never mind," went on the other. "The interruption may do you good. Remember, too, that the unexpected is always happening, and bear in mind this, dear, that we can not get far enough from people to excuse ourselves for becoming careless and indifferent. It sometimes requires a courage and ambition to keep ourselves up, but we can do it."

"And I will," cried Rachel, decidedly. "I've been slighting things terribly of late, and I've been feeling hateful and rebellious toward every-

body, and only because I had to live where I did not want to."

"Dear child," the elder woman answered, almost tenderly, "I wish I could make you realize, as I do to-day, how our lives are planned. Every step of the way we that trust are led. All we have to do is to fit into our niche smoothly and cheerily, and do our little part. You may think the life hard, and so of course it is, but you can be gaining lessons all the time to make you braver and sweeter, and fit you for the good times coming."

"But suppose they never come?" asked Rachel, slowly.

"Ah, but they will. You have every prospect of a long life. Begin by making it pleasing and profitable with your Saviour."

"I will," cried Rachel.

"That is good. Now, indeed, I must go."

"And won't I see you again?" cried Rachel, impulsively.

"Perhaps. We return this way if nothing happens, and I'll look in again upon your struggles. I'm not afraid to leave you now." She held out her hand.

Rachel clasped it. "Life looks different from what it did this morning," she said.

"I'm glad," replied the other simply. She looked at Rachel longingly, almost lovingly at the tall, straight figure, rich in its fresh, bright coloring of youth and health. "Remember all things are yours," she said, softly, and then she drew Rachel near her and kissed her on her round, young cheek.

"I'll not forget," answered Rachel, huskily.

She looked after the fragile figure until it reached the wagon. It started up, and was soon lost to view at a turn of the mountain road. Rachel drew her hand across her eyes. "Is it a dream or a miracle," she whispered, "this blessed visit?"

In two hours' time the little cabin shone. Everything within was fresh and bright.

"I smell pie," said Jack, as he came in to dinner. "Say, Rachel, what's come over you? You're really looking cheerful. Why," his eyes falling on the table, "where did those nectarines come from, the sky?"

"Very nearly," smiled Rachel. She was looking at her father, who had followed Jack.

"Father, forgive me," was what she thought, but aloud she only said, "I've been entertaining an angel unawares."—*Susan Hubbard Martin, in The Ram's Horn.*



Our Field — The World

Syria and Palestine

Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Music.

Scripture Reading: Each member recite a Scripture promise.

LESSON STUDY:—

The Holy Land.

The Syrian Villagers.

Founder of a Pagan Faith.

Our Work.

The Holy Land

Under the name of Syria is comprised a narrow strip of country bordered by the Mediterranean Sea on the west. The southern portion of Syria is known as Palestine. To many the "Holy Land" is by far the most interesting por-

tion of Turkey in Asia. No portion of the world has so great historical associations. Here is Jerusalem, the sacred city of the Jews. Here is Damascus, said to be the oldest city in the world. The rivers, the mountains, the valleys, the seas, are all closely associated with Bible history and Bible characters. It was in Palestine that the Saviour was born; here was the scene of his earthly ministry, here the place of Calvary. One likes to think of these places as the imagination pictures them in reading the marvelous record, and it is an effort to appreciate present conditions. The cities of Syria and Palestine are described by tourists as having narrow, crooked, filthy, beggar-filled streets; misery and poverty abound, and it is difficult to discover in what manner the greater number of inhabitants manage to subsist. Jerusalem is described as the "deadest and dirtiest of Turkish cities." What modern "improvements" there are in the cities seem out of place. Referring to the street railway lines, one writer says, "To jangle down 'the street called Straight' for 'one piastre all the way' is a proof of material prosperity which could have been spared."

The Syrian Villagers

Elder W. H. Wakeham visited Syria and Palestine in the winter of 1905, and he thus describes conditions as he found them:—

The people in most of these Syrian villages are poor, and live under wretched conditions, especially in winter. Many are in financial bondage to their religious leaders. It has been the policy of these men to lend the people money or rent them land under easy conditions, which makes them seem benefactors. But let one of these poor people begin to keep the Sabbath, and immediately these overlords begin to draw the cords, so that their very existence seems threatened.

The houses are dark and dismal in winter, as few of them have any windows. Fires are built in one corner of the room, and the smoke gets out where it can. Men, women, and children live together under one roof with horses, cows, donkeys, chickens, and many of the houses have but one room. Such articles of furniture as tables, chairs, bedsteads, to say nothing of bureaus and wash-stands, are usually conspicuous by their absence, to use a hackneyed phrase. Knives, forks, and spoons for eating purposes are considered superfluous. When eating, one must sit *à la Turk* on a mat or cushion. One or two dishes are placed before you on a small tray or mat, and bread in the form of immense griddle-cakes, eighteen or twenty inches in diameter and as thin as brown wrapping paper, is placed on the floor beside you. You tear off a piece of the paper-bread, wrap up a portion of the food from the dish before you, and put it into your mouth. If the food is liquid or semi-liquid, as soup, milk, or kumiss, you form a piece of the bread into a small scoop and convey the food to your mouth, eating the improvised spoon, and then forming a new one for the next mouthful. If one were alone, it would not be so bad, but when one knows that a dozen curious eyes are watching every move one makes, ready to laugh at the least slip, one longs for a good English spoon with which to defy the gaping, impertinent crowd.

Founder of a Pagan Faith

As such a large proportion of the inhabitants of this country are Moslems, a brief sketch of the founder of this pagan religion will be in place. Mohammed, or Mahomet, was born at Mecca about 569 A. D. Left an orphan at an early age, he became a camel-driver. He afterward married a very rich lady, and so had abundant time to indulge his fancy for meditation. At the age of forty, while musing at the mouth of a favorite cave, he claimed that the angel Gabriel visited him, and announced to him that he was the chosen prophet of God, and commissioned him to preach a new faith. Mohammed then renounced idol worship, and proclaimed his message. He was fiercely persecuted, and had to flee for his life. The new faith spread rapidly, and the leader soon found himself at the head of an army. His followers were fanatically de-

voted, and the wars they waged displayed the greatest enthusiasm and bravery. Mohammed made known his doctrines in fragments, and these were written by his followers upon sheep bones and palm-leaves. Abou Baker, the successor of Mohammed, collected these pretended revelations into the Koran, the sacred book of the Mohammedans. In a recent carefully classified list of the number of adherents of the various religions of the world to-day, the number to Mohammedanism is given as 122,400,000.

Our Work

Various Protestant missions have been opened in Syria, the Presbyterians leading. The fruit of these missions has been mostly Armenians and Greek Catholics. Little has been done among Mohammedans.

Our first work was done in the spring of 1898, when Elder H. P. Holser visited four German colonies in Palestine. After his return to Hamburg he made a call at a general meeting for a volunteer to go to Palestine. Elder J. S. Krum and his wife responded. This brother came from Pennsylvania, and had for several years been working in Germany. He began work in Palestine by canvassing among the German colonies at Jaffa (formerly Joppa), and on the plains of Sharon, by Mt. Carmel, and near Jerusalem. Later he established a medical mission at Jerusalem, operating it himself by the aid of helpers who had accepted the truth. At the General Conference of 1901, Elder L. R. Conradi read the following letter from Brother Krum: "We have had the pasha of Jerusalem and many other high officials as patients here, besides missionaries belonging to many denominations. We can also say that two lame persons now walk, one deaf girl now hears, the sick of all descriptions are being healed; besides, I have more openings for Bible work than formerly. Many are beginning to inquire about our faith."

In 1900 a brother from the Basel Sanitarium established a medical mission at Jaffa. There is now a similar mission at Beirut.

Elder Wakeham writes thus of the work of a sister living about an hour's drive from Beirut:—

This sister embraced the Sabbath truth while visiting New York about five years ago, as a result of hearing a discourse on that subject by Elder E. E. Franke; but she did not at that time see all the truths of the third angel's message. She has now fully identified herself with our people, and I had the pleasure of baptizing her in the beautiful waters of the Mediterranean Sea, near Beirut, into the full faith of this closing message. This sister, who is a competent teacher in both the Arabic and English languages, has been for years carrying on what is really a Sabbatarian mission school at her own expense, and earning a meager support for herself, a widowed sister-in-law, and several orphan children. The seeds of truth are being sown here, and must bring forth fruit in due time.

In Malaka, a little village, two families are keeping the Sabbath. The place is a Roman Catholic stronghold, and these are the only converts from that faith. One of these brethren has lost about three hundred dollars on account of unjust charges against him. As the judges are always Catholics, the decision is always against him. It is said of him that he seems to take joyfully the spoiling of his goods, and shows no disposition to surrender his faith on account of persecution.

In a village near Sidon, a Catholic priest has recently embraced the truth. Brother Wakeham writes thus of his visit to him:—

For some time he had been convinced that the Protestants had the best of the argument in every way, but not till the mighty truths of the third angel's message took hold of him did he receive strength to come out of mystic Babylon. As he seemed thoroughly in earnest, and intelligently converted, I gladly acceded to his earnest request for baptism into the faith of the third

(Concluded on page six)



Ned's Twenty-six Servants

"I wish I had somebody," sighed doleful Ned,
 "To spell my hard lesson for me;
 I try and I try,—but the words are so long
 I never can learn them," said he.

"Why, call on your servants," laughed big sister Nan;
 "They'll do all your spelling for you.
 Just tell them to take their right places, and then
 The spelling is done,—it is true!"

"My servants!" and Ned's two blue eyes opened wide.

"I—I've never had even one."

"You have twenty-six," said his sister, "in all;"
 And she just bubbled over with fun.

"All you've got to do (as I told you before,
 And I am quite sure that you heard)
 Is to tell each wee servant, 'Run quick to your place,'
 And presto! they've spelled you the word.

"The servants are a, b, c, d, e, and f,
 And all of the rest down to z;
 They not only help you, they do all the work
 In spelling the word,—don't you see?"

—Adelbert F. Caldwell.

What Are Little Girls Made Of?—No. 2

ONE reason why all girls should know something about chemistry is that so many interesting things happen about the house, in cooking and cleaning, that are explained by chemistry. Indeed, life is made interesting and wonderful in this way, so that no tasks are dull; for all those little atoms of the various elements are constantly performing wonders, like so many elves, and it is the greatest fun in the world to keep track of their doings, and try to help them out if they are doing something useful, and to hinder them if they are doing something mischievous. I should like you to understand something of the wonderful way they work in combining with one another. You might compare them to boys and girls making friendships and combining into groups among themselves in the school, with this difference, that when the boys and girls combine, they do not lose their identity, but Jack is Jack, no matter how closely he is mixed up with Ned and Tom and Kate and Susan, while when the elements combine, the identity and very nature of each one is generally lost, and an entirely new substance is formed. But, keeping this difference in mind, we can make some comparisons.

You may have seen two girls, or a boy and a girl, close to each other every day, walking to school together, sitting beside each other at lessons, and yet never becoming really good friends, until at last some great event happens, like a fire or something, and finds them together, and in the stress of the moment they become friends, and ever after are inseparable. This is like carbon and oxygen. Carbon is a dull kind of fellow, rather fond of being by himself, and not caring very much to combine with oxygen, which lies around the carbon all day in the air without anything happening. But bring the two together in a fire, and see how quickly they combine as CO_2 and go off together, invisible and insepa-

table. This is what happens when coal is burned in the stove; the black carbon disappears and goes off as CO_2 if there is enough oxygen present. If not, there will be smoke and soot, another form of carbon. This is why you open the drafts at the bottom of the stove, when the fire is not burning up to please you, so that more oxygen may come in to combine with the carbon. It is the same in burning wood, for there is carbon in the wood, as in everything that grows, only it is in combination with other elements, and has lost its identity for the time. When you begin to burn the wood, the other elements go off, either by themselves or in new combinations, and leave carbon visible in all his blackness; until, as the burning continues, oxygen combines with it, the blackness disappears, and they go off together as I have described. A good test for the presence of carbon in anything, is to burn or scorch it, when the other elements will be driven off, and carbon will remain. In laundering your apron there will be a brown or black scorch if the iron is too hot; that is the carbon in the cotton cloth. The meat or bread will burn if the oven is too hot, and will be all black on the outside—carbon again.

Now there is another element called chlorin, which is very different from carbon. This is like the girl who will never remain alone a moment if she can help it, but is always making friends with whoever is next to hand. Chlorin is in the bleaching powder that is used for washing soiled clothes, but if you put your pretty blue or pink cotton dress into this water, the chlorin will combine with the color, or the chemical elements that made it, breaking up the group and destroying the color—just as if a number of boys and girls were having a good time together until some girl came along and insisted on one or two members of the group going with her, and so broke up the game. Then there is another element, nitrogen, which is like the very laziest boy you ever knew, one who does not want either to work or to play, but just lie around doing nothing. It takes a fire indeed, to make him work. Have you ever heard your father speak of soil being "nitrogen-poor"? This is what happens when the nitrogen in the soil has been used up by growing plants, for plants will not grow well without it. Perhaps your father has sometimes to buy "nitrates" to enrich the soil. Well, all this time there are loads and loads of nitrogen in the air all around us, only it can not be got to work.

I could go on for a year telling you about the doings of these elements, for I have not told you half there is to tell about any one of them. I will speak to-day of just one thing more, that is, of the way oxygen combines with copper. This is as if two girls were together a great deal, and every day—by such slight degrees, they did not notice it—were becoming better and better friends, combining better with one another. Take a new, bright copper cent, and just stand it on a shelf for some months and see how it loses its first brightness. Oxygen, and perhaps some other elements, have been combining with it and forming a new substance that is blacker and duller than copper. Or take the

copper bottom of the wash-boiler, and rub it hard with a cloth dipped first in vinegar and then in salt. This will scour off the black, and the copper will shine. Only, how long will this last?—Just until oxygen and copper are ready to combine with one another again, for all day and all night copper will keep on combining with other elements until the dark substance has formed once more. So the only way to keep bright articles which are made of copper or brass is to rub them a little every day. In shops there is something called "lacquer" applied to copper and brass lamps and other articles, which shuts out the other elements as if by a glass door, and prevents their combining with the copper.

Now, I'll finish by telling you a puzzle story, which is really about chemical elements and the way they behave.

The Circumlocutions of Charley

Once upon a time a little boy and two little girls met in some one of the rooms or halls of a beautiful and wonderful house. Indeed so marvelous and wonderful was this house that many persons think the word "house" is not good enough for it, but that it should be called a palace, where a king reigns; or a temple, a place for worship, and sacrifice, and praise. But however this may be, the little boy and the little girls met there. The little boy's name was Charley, and the little girls' Olivia and Olivie. Charley was a shy little fellow, slow in his movements, and dark complexioned. The little girls were very active and bright. "Come," they said to the little boy, "let us join hands and get out of here, and see what's outside." It was warm and pleasant in the house, and gradually the little boy's backwardness was overcome, and all three joined hands tight, tight,—you'd think they never would unclasp again. So they mounted up and up in the House Wonderful, and at last escaped by a door very close to the top, and got out into the green world. How beautiful everything was, and how much they enjoyed themselves. They could go anywhere they liked without being seen, for together they were invisible. After some happy days spent in this way, they came to an apple orchard. The little green apples, as yet quite small, looked so odd in the sunshine that the children said, "Let's come and visit those apple-trees awhile." On approaching they found all over the leaves and fruit the dearest little green tents, or huts. "Oh, we must go in and live in one of those pretty green houses!" they cried all together. Indeed such friends were they that they had only one voice between them. But on applying for admittance at one of the pretty green tents, they were told that little girls were not wanted there, and only the little boy would be let in. It did not seem as if Charley had much choice given him either, for he was forcibly pulled away from the little girls and shut up in the green house, while Olivia and Olivie were left by themselves in the wide, wide world.

Months afterward, when the apples were ripe, Charley got back into the House Wonderful, and again met the little girls, and they too got out again, and so the story goes continually repeating itself, with some slight variations.

Questions

What was Charley? What were the little girls? What was the house? and how did they happen to meet there? What were the little green tents? If there were only apple blossoms on the trees, what might have happened? How came Charley to get back into the House Wonderful?—*Mary D. Chambers, in Boys and Girls.*

[Who will be the first to correctly solve the puzzle Miss Chambers has given, answering all her questions? The best solution sent in by little people will be given in the INSTRUCTOR.—ED.]

Our Field—The World

(Concluded from page four)

angel's message. We hope that in due time the Lord will call him to have an active part in this closing work of the gospel.

This brother has also had a taste of persecution. He knows the true spirit of the papacy as few Americans do. That church in the United States is, in its outward aspects, quite a different thing from Rome in the Orient. A short time after he left the church, the bishop sent some Mohammedan "toughs" to kill him, but God delivered him out of their hands. Since then he has suffered numerous petty persecutions from both Catholics and so-called Protestants, so that it was not difficult for him to see the dragon-spirit in the "daughters" as well as in the "mother."

A few years ago this was an intensely Romish town. At one time the bigoted adherents of Catholicism gathered all the Bibles and tracts that had been put in circulation by Protestant missionaries in the place, and publicly burned them, together with the building in which they were. To-day on that very spot stands a Protestant house of worship. Thus do temples to the Lord arise out of the ashes of Romish hate and intolerance.

Our priest brother is something of a humorist, as a little incident will serve to show, as well as to illustrate the Oriental methods of teaching truth. A Turkish official said to him, on one occasion, that sometimes he smoked as many as a hundred cigarettes in a day. "Well," said the priest, "some good will come out of that. If you continue so to do, three benefits will come to you: no robber will rob you at night, no dog will ever bite you, and you will never have a gray hair." Being asked to explain, he replied in substance as follows: "First, smoking will cause you to cough so much at night that the robber, hearing you, will think that you are awake, and will not attempt to enter your house; second, you will grow so weak that when you walk out, you will need for support a very large staff, seeing which the dogs will flee from you in fear; and, third, you will die before you are old enough to have a gray hair." We pass this arraignment of the cigarette along for what it is worth.

The Holy Land is a difficult field, but here and there, "one of a city, and two of a family," are being gathered out from the Babylon of warring faiths, having their feet planted firmly upon the foundation of eternal truth.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

Good for Evil

A VERY interesting fact has come to light from the East African Mission field in regard to the son of a former bishop of Uganda. Many will recall with deep regret that nineteen years ago Bishop Hannington and his small band of workers were ruthlessly murdered by the natives at the instigation of King Mwanga himself. The person who carried out the chief's order was Luba, of Busoga, a man still living and of considerable influence in his territory. Very few would have dared to prophesy at the time of the atrocity which made the outlook so hopeless, that Mwanga himself would eventually become a Christian, that his son would rule as a Christian, and that the murderer of Bishop Hannington would give every indication of being amenable to Christian influence. But an even stranger fact has come to pass than any of these, and that is that Luba's son has been baptized by the Rev. J. Hannington, who is the son of the murdered

missionary. No more striking indication could possibly be given of the ameliorating power of the church than in this continuance by Mr. Hannington, of his father's work, and his readiness to extend all possible benefits to those who wrought the painful tragedy of nineteen years ago.—*The Quiver.*

A Land of Discomforts

THE chief obstacles which the missionaries of Central Africa have to overcome are connected rather with the land than with the people. A somewhat racy account is given of the animal marauders, from elephants to pestilent insects, which the European finds particularly embarrassing. Dr. Cook says that from the river camp he and his friends nightly hear the trumpeting of elephants, the roar of lions, the growl of leopards, the cry of hyenas, the grunt of hippopotami, and the barking of the bush-buck, all of which combine to make an ever-changing concert. The venturesome bather in the river finds crocodiles adding to the excitement of the occasion. The mosquito dominates the arrangements of the day, and the scorpion adds peril to the morning walk. It is gratifying to find that Dr. Cook takes a light and even cheerful view of these incidents. For example, he remarks that "snakes serve to keep life interesting," and then proceeds to record that one missionary stepped out of bed in the dark into the middle of a six-foot python, and on moving to a respectful distance, found another snake cozily curled up inside his slippers. These events do not have a disheartening effect. Under the care of Archdeacon Gwynne, a band of young men left England a year ago to engage in the strenuous labors which are necessitated in this new field for missionary enterprise, and the reports which so far have come to hand are of the most encouraging and hopeful description.—*The Quiver.*

Antisepsis of the Mouth

So long as the mouth is swarming with microbes, which is always the case when the tongue is coated and the teeth are uncleanly and presenting unfilled cavities, thousands of germs are carried down into the stomach with every mouthful of food or drink swallowed. The first step toward asepsis of the stomach, and a most essential thing in the treatment of indigestion, is mouth cleanliness. Modern researches have shown that nearly all diseases of the mouth, as well as a large share of the diseases of the stomach, are due to the action of germs which find a lodgment there. The mouth is peculiarly exposed to the attack of germs, as it is located at the very entrance of the body, and a portion at least of the respired air passes through it, and the germ readily finds lodgment about the tongue, cheeks, between the teeth, and elsewhere.

The mucus secreted by the glands of the mucous membrane lining the mouth is to some degree antiseptic in character, and possesses to some extent germicidal and germ-destroying properties. When the mouth is kept clean, this disinfecting mucus is capable of thoroughly protecting this portion of the body against the attacks of microbes, but when particles are left to lodge between the teeth, the germs, finding abundant soil in which to grow and multiply, become so numerous that the poisonous substances which they produce, neutralize the antiseptic mucus so that it becomes powerless for protection. Meat, more than all other foods, is injurious in this respect, for the reason that its fibers lodge between the teeth and are not easily removed, and for the further reason that it furnishes a kind of soil in which germs grow with the greatest rapidity and develop the most virulent properties. It is thus apparent that thorough cleanliness of the teeth and mouth is one of the most hygienic measures. This fact becomes still more apparent

when we remember that the act of eating or drinking, and the frequently repeated act of swallowing to clear the throat from mucus, a practice which can not be too much deprecated, are the means of carrying down into the stomach any microbes which may be present in the mouth.

There are certain microbes, also, which seem to have their habitat in the mouth, particularly those of diphtheria, pneumonia, and consumption. It is not known that these germs propagate outside the human body, except under artificial conditions; but they find ready lodgment in the mouth, and are often present there in persons apparently enjoying perfect health, waiting the opportunity when a severe cold or some other depressing agent shall, by reducing the resistance of the body, enable them to obtain a stronger foothold, and to manifest their presence by the characteristic symptoms of diphtheria, pneumonia, or some form of tubercular disease.—*J. H. Kellogg, M. D.*

A New Method of Teaching Reading

THE rational method of teaching reading is being introduced in the most progressive schools of this country. It successfully combines the virtues and avoids the faults of the old methods. The new readers that were recommended by the educational convention held at College View last summer, and now being published by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, were prepared in the light of this method.

Brother O. J. Graf, educational secretary of the Northern Union Conference, has prepared an outline of instruction on this method, which should be a great help to every teacher of reading. The outline comes in pamphlet form. Prices, post-paid: Single copy, 5 cents; twenty-five copies, \$1; one hundred copies, \$3.50. Order of the Educational Department of the Northern Union Conference, Box 989, Minneapolis, Minn.

BIBLE READERS COURSE

Origin of Satan—No. 1

1. *By what name was our adversary called in heaven before his fall?*

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations." Isa. 14:12.

2. *What was his position there?*

"Thou art the anointed cherub that covereth; and I have set thee so: thou wast upon the holy mountain of God; thou hast walked up and down in the midst of the stones of fire." Eze. 28:14.

3. *What is said of his ways?*

"Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee." Verse 15.

4. *What caused his downfall?*

"By the multitude of thy merchandise they have filled the midst of thee with violence, and thou hast sinned. . . . Thine heart was lifted up because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness." Eze. 28:16, 17.

5. *How beautiful was he?*

"Thus saith the Lord God: Thou sealest up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty." Verse 12.

6. *How did he manifest his pride?*

"For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation in the sides of the north: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the Most High." Isa. 14:13, 14.

EMMA S. NEWCOMER.



THE letters this week are all from the church-school at Frankfort, Michigan. We like to hear from those who are together climbing the educational ladder. We hope these boys are making earnest work of it, and are getting a world of pleasure out of their school work. Learning new things is almost the best part of one's life.

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I go to church-school. There are eleven pupils in our school. I am in the fourth grade. I go two miles to school. I am twelve years old. I slide down hill and go skating on the ice. WALTER GETTINGS.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I live three-quarters of a mile from school. I have one brother, and he is five years old, and I have one sister. It is cold here now, and we have snow. I will close, hoping to see all the little readers in the kingdom. CLARENCE ARDIE SAMUELS.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: There are eleven pupils that attend our church-school. They are all boys but one. I live a third of a mile from school. The school is built onto the church. I live a mile and a quarter from Lake Michigan. In summer I go in swimming in the lake. I live a mile and a half from Crystal Lake. We have a cow and a horse and a colt and one hundred chickens. I have no brothers or sisters. I am eleven years old, and in the fourth grade. HUDSON WAGNER.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have four brothers and one sister. We have quite cold weather. We go skating, but there isn't enough snow here to slide down hill on. I have three blocks to walk to school. I bought a pair of skates the other day. We haven't any pets. We will have two weeks' vacation.

I live a mile and a quarter from Lake Michigan. I live three miles from Crystal Lake. I work on a farm in the summer. We go boat riding on Lake Michigan. We skate in the harbor. There are large boats that run here. I am glad that I can go to church-school. EARL PARSONS.

DEAR YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR: I have never seen a letter from Frankfort in the INSTRUCTOR, so I thought I would write a few lines. I am at school now. I have two sisters and two brothers. We all keep the Sabbath with papa and mama, except my oldest sister, and she is married. We live in Frankfort just six blocks from Lake Michigan. The church is eleven blocks from the lake, and the schoolhouse is built on the back end of it. I am sixteen years old, and in the sixth grade. School is going to close tomorrow for two weeks for Christmas vacation. We have Sabbath-school and meeting every Sabbath. We go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and stay to the meeting. We have been having young people's meetings also. Well, I believe I will close, with love to all the INSTRUCTOR readers. OTIS E. WINTON.

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—The Sabbath

(February 9)

MEMORY VERSE: "Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." Matt. 12:12.

REVIEW.—The Lord's day is —. Most people keep — as the Sabbath. One reason given for keeping the first day is —. The Lord has said that a power should arise which should —. That power is —. It has tried to change God's law by —. It has tried to change God's time by —. It says — about the change it has tried to make. The memory verse last week was —.

Questions

1. When does the Bible say the Sabbath begins? When does it end? Lev. 23:32.
2. When is it "even"? Then when does the Sabbath begin and end? Mark 1:21, 29, 32.
3. What is the sixth day called in the Bible? Why? Mark 15:42.
4. What should be done on the preparation day? Ex. 16:22, 23. If we neglect to get ready for the Sabbath, can we keep it aright?
5. How should we keep the Sabbath? How should we use God's time? To whom do its hours belong? How much of our own work may we do? Who besides ourselves should be allowed to rest? Why does the Lord give us the Sabbath? Ex. 20:8-11.
6. In what special seasons does the Lord say the Sabbath should be kept? Ex. 34:21.
7. What should we not seek on the Sabbath? What should we call God's holy day? Whom do we honor when we keep the Sabbath? What does he say about our doing our own ways in his time? What about doing our own pleasure? What kind of words should not be spoken on the Sabbath day? What kind of day should the Sabbath be to us? Isa. 58:13.
8. What did Jesus do on the Sabbath? Luke 4:16.
9. What did he say it was lawful to do? Matt. 12:12. What may we do on the Sabbath?

Lesson Story

The Lord has not only told us which day is the Sabbath, but he has also told us when it begins and ends, and how we should keep it. He says, "From even unto even, shall ye celebrate your Sabbath."

In Mark 1:32, we learn that even begins "when the sun did set." The sun is God's clock, and it tells us when the day begins and ends. We should keep the Sabbath from sunset on Friday, the sixth day, until sunset on Saturday, the seventh day.

In the Bible, Friday is called "the preparation day." It is given that name because that day was given us to prepare, or get ready, for the Sabbath. The Lord told his people to bake and boil their food on the sixth day, and to prepare enough so they could eat what was left over on the Sabbath. God does not want us to use his day to bake and boil food, to mend our clothes, to take our baths, or to do any kind of our own work. This should be done in the six working days.

The commandment bids us, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." It is God's day, it is his time, and it is given us to use for him.

The Lord knew there would be times when we would have so much to do that we would be tempted to break the Sabbath, so he said: "Six days thou shalt work, but on the seventh day thou shalt rest: in eaving time and in harvest thou shalt rest."

The Sabbath should be a day of joy, but in it we are not to seek our own pleasure. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." It dishonors God when we have our own way and do our own pleasure and speak our own words on the Sabbath. We should greet the Sabbath as a dear friend, as a delight, a glad and good day, the happiest and best of all the seven.

When Jesus lived on this earth, it was his custom to go to the synagogue, or Jewish church, on the Sabbath. He did many miracles of healing on that day. He said, "It is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." While we

are forbidden to do our own work, it is right to do the Lord's work, to spend the Sabbath hours in his service, and in studying his works, and his Word. In this way we shall become acquainted with our Heavenly Father.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI—Difficulties Arise

(February 9)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Ezra 5; 6:1-5.

MEMORY VERSE: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Prov. 16:7.

Questions

1. Who came with messages to the Jews? Ezra 5:1. What was the result? Verse 2.
2. Who else came to them at this time? What question did the governor ask? Verse 3; note 1.
3. What reply was made to him? Verse 4, A. R. V.; note 2.
4. What special protection was granted to the Jews? Verse 5. Why? Ps. 33:18.
5. Was Tatnai able to stop the work? To whom did he have to appeal? Ezra 5:5.
6. Who was the king of Persia at this time? Verse 6; note 3.
7. What did the governor say in his letter to Darius about the work which he found in progress in Jerusalem? Verse 8.
8. What questions did he say he had asked the elders? Verses 9, 10.
9. Whose servants did the Jews say they were in reply to his question? Verse 11; note 4.
10. What reason did they give for the fact that the temple had once been destroyed and the people carried into Babylon? Verse 12.
11. By whose decree had they begun to rebuild the temple? Verse 13.
12. What did they tell Tatnai that Cyrus did for them? Verses 14, 15.
13. In obedience to his command what had they been doing since that time? Verse 16; note 5.
14. What suggestion did Tatnai make to Darius in view of these facts? Verse 17.
15. What did Darius do? Ezra 6:1.
16. What was the result? Verses 2-5.

Notes

1. The Jews were building in direct opposition to a royal command not to build. Ezra 4:23, 24. This required much faith.

2. "Then we told them after this manner, what the names of the men were that were making this building." Ezra 5:4, A. R. V.

3. Darius the Persian was known in history as Darius Hystaspes. He came to the throne after Smerdis the Impostor.

4. Their power lay in their recognizing God alone as their master. The work of the Lord will always go forward with power when the workers know of a surety in their hearts that they are "servants of the God of heaven," and not men-servers.

5. The foundation of the temple was laid in the second year of Cyrus. Cyrus reigned five years after the work began. Cambyses reigned seven and one-half years, Smerdis six months, and this was the second year of Darius (Ezra 4:24), making fifteen years since they had begun building the temple.

AN experiment tried on a farm in England recently shows that fields can be so illuminated by acetylene gas that harvesting may be easily carried on at night. In the test made, two mowers, each cutting a six-foot swath, were employed in a field of fifteen acres, which was mowed in three hours and thirty-five minutes. The power was furnished by a gasoline traction-engine.



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THE *Bulletin* is an attractive publication issued bimonthly by the Young Men's Literary Society of Takoma Park, Washington, D. C. It contains excellent articles, and is creditably gotten up. Subscription price for the year is twenty-five cents. It sells for five cents a copy.

In the building of a house, a nail is as important as a rafter. You may think what you can do in the cause of God is so small compared with what another can do that it hardly seems worth while to attempt anything. But remember, God has given to every one his place in his great temple, and it is not for you or me to say that our part is insignificant. An all-wise God offers us the place. Therefore let us make haste to find our work, and with true Christian zeal set about the accomplishment of it.

HONORABLE JOSEPH FOLK, governor of Missouri, in a recent article in the *Youth's Companion*, relates an incident that illustrates how by faithfully performing the near-by duty one may really accomplish a greater service than he could have done had he been given the opportunity upon which his heart was set: —

One day in the Revolutionary War a blacksmith's lame boy was disconsolate because he could not go to fight the Hessians, as many of his companions had done. Some soldiers rode up to the shop in great haste and wanted to know if there was any one there who could shoe a horse. The boy replied, "I think I can."

When the horse was shod, one of the men said, "Boy, no ten men who have left you to-day have served their country as you have."

If Luke Varnum, the lame boy, had not been in the blacksmith's shop that day, Colonel Warner's horse could not have carried him so swiftly as to arrive just in time to save the Battle of Bennington. The boy was denied the privilege of fighting in battle, but in doing the duty that was nearest he performed a greater service.

A Word to All Interested in the Sabbath-School

A FEW anecdotal illustrations of some text are desired for every Sabbath-school lesson of the quarter beginning in April. The *Sunday School Times* offers one dollar for every such illustration, and responses are sent in from all parts of the country. This plan makes an exceedingly interesting commentary on the lesson. While the *INSTRUCTOR* would be more than glad to make such an offer, it can not do so; but I believe there are many persons sufficiently interested in the Sabbath-school work and in our children and young people to enter into the work of sending in appropriate illustrations without the prospect of financial remuneration. Just a paragraph is all that is wanted.

In a recent number of the *Sunday School Times* the following apt comment on the thought of creation in Christian experience was given: *The*

earth was waste and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light, and there was light. Gen. 1:2, 3. "A man was before a committee for examination as to his fitness for church-membership. He was asked for his Christian experience, and he repeated in response the verses just quoted. No further question was asked; nothing more was needed."

If one will take pains to look over the ground to be covered by the quarter's lessons, one will be surprised to find how many good illustrations one will chance upon in reading or study. Let these be clipped or copied and sent to the editor, and then all the readers of the *INSTRUCTOR* can share in the lesson taught. It will be necessary to send in the illustrations about *four weeks* before the date of the lesson. Generous responses are desired and confidently hoped for.

Lesson Calendar for Quarter Beginning

April 6, 1907

1. The Story of Creation. Gen. 1:1-19.
2. The Story of Creation. Gen. 1:20-31.
3. The Sabbath. Gen. 2:1-3; John 1:3; Mark 2:27.
4. The Story of Eden. Gen. 2:8-17.
5. The Fall—A Saviour Promised. Gen. 2:16, 17; 3:1-24.
6. Cain and Abel. Gen. 4:1-15.
7. From Adam to Noah: Enoch. Genesis 5.
8. Building the Ark. Genesis 6.
9. The Flood. Genesis 7.
10. Coming Out of the Ark. Gen. 8:1-19.
11. The Rainbow. Gen. 8:20-22; 9:1-16.
12. The Tower of Babel. Gen. 11:1-19.
13. Review.

Memory Text

"The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly." Zeph. 1:14.

Short Memory in Daylight

"A SMALL, curly head turned so restlessly and ceaselessly on its pillow that, after a time, it awakened the mother's solicitude. 'What is the trouble, dear? what is it you want?' she asked, bending over the little bed. 'Oh, the uncomfortable isn't here; it's at school!' mourned poor Dollie. 'It's something I want rubbed out. When Grace didn't want to play jack-straws to-day, I didn't like her, and I wrote "Crosspatch" on her slate right where she'll get it first thing in the morning. But I forgot about her lending me her pencil, and giving me her apple, and—a whole lot of things. My memory is so short in the daylight. I wish that word was rubbed out.'"

Like little Dollie, many of us, when some unexpected trial or affliction comes, quickly forget the manifold blessings we daily receive from the Lord, and murmur because he suffered this trouble to come to us, not knowing but it may prove to be his chief blessing in disguise. But unlike the little repentant, we often fail to sense the injustice and unkindness of our judgments against our best Friend.

A Chinaman's New Name

DR. FRANK A. KELLER, the man chosen of God to open up the great province of Honan, China, to Christian missionary effort, relates the following incident in regard to the first convert of that province: "On the second morning after we opened preaching services, a man came in. He was ragged, dirty, and filthy, a drunkard—something one rarely sees in China. But the man's face showed that he had been a person of refinement.

"We confess to our shame, that we were troubled over this man's persistent attendance upon our services, fearing he would ruin our work. We therefore gave him no friendly word,

though he sometimes tarried after the service. But one morning he plucked up courage and went to Mr. Li's door, and said, 'Mr. Li, I want to ask you a favor. I want you to pray for me. I have come to believe in the power of prayer.'

"Perhaps you can imagine how we ministers both felt. Mr. Li prayed with him, wrote out a little prayer for him, and sent him home to pray. He continued to attend the meetings. A few mornings after that I was speaking on the third chapter of John, on the new birth, and after the meeting was over, he said, 'O now I understand the dream I had last night. As I was dreaming, a man in white clothing came into the room, woke me from my sleep, and said that I must change my name.' It is a common thing for the Chinese to change their Christian name. They frequently have a name given to them by a friend. He said, 'This man in white raiment told me to change my name to Fu-seng,' which name means born again. He changed his name to Li Fu-seng, and though he had heard the gospel only two weeks, he had been born again," and without doubt he will receive the white stone with the new name written in it that our Father has promised to all who overcome.

The Speaker's Mirror

MR. AMOS WELLS, in his book, "Studies in the Art of Illustration," gives the following experience: "Not long ago I happened to attend a lecture given in a small room. Back of the speaker there hung a large mirror,—so large that every one in the audience, looking in it, could see every one else. I had taken a seat near the front, but I had thus an opportunity to see as many new spring hats as if I had been sitting on a rear seat. The advantages of the arrangement are obvious. But there was another advantage, which was on the lecturer's side. No one could yawn without every one else seeing him. No one could whisper without letting every one in the room into the secret. No one could permit his eyes to wander from the lecturer without encountering other eyes in the telltale mirror. I know, for I tried it!"

Mr. Wells suggests that this arrangement, if used in a church, would cure the back-seat nuisance, for it abolishes the back seat. It would cure the whispering nuisance, the giggling nuisance, the looking-at-watch nuisance. I wonder what the effect would be if such a mirror were placed behind the teacher's desk in every school-room.

A Boy's Invention

AN English boy, Evelyn Wrench, it is said, issued the first souvenir post-card, and he has amassed a fortune from his happy thought. Now almost every store and home in our land testifies to their popularity. Although they have become a burden to the postal department, they will not give way until something more pleasing to the people's fancy is originated.

Recently a boy's father was about to leave for an extended tour around the world; so the boy counted the days the father was expected to be away, and finding the time to be but *two hundred and ten days*, modestly demanded a souvenir post-card for every day of the journey. Such a collection of well-selected post-cards from the various countries of the world, one could make a means of securing valuable information.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?

Discharge aright

The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might.

—Schiller.