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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Greatest Works of a Great Man

WE are told that in the last days "knowledge shall be increased." We see a partial fulfilment of this in the marvelous development of labor-saving devices whereby to-day a single man, with only brain power and a touch of his hand, easily performs the work that it would have required a score of men to do fifty years ago. But it is even more interesting to note what God has helped men to discover in the battle against death-dealing germs and in the perfecting of methods for the relief of human suffering and the saving of human life.

It is only a generation ago that every hospital was almost a cesspool of pus infection. During the Civil War, in the military hospitals our poor soldier boys fairly swam in pus, while with the Japanese soldiers in the recent war such a thing as pus infection following wounds or surgical operations was almost unknown.

What has brought about such a great difference within the short space of half a lifetime? The answer is, Knowledge has increased; and almost all the credit from the human side must be given to Louis Pasteur, the noted Frenchman whose death occurred only a few years ago.

Recently ten million Frenchmen voted as to who was the most popular man France had ever produced, and Pasteur's name was written high above Napoleon's and many others whose names humanity has ordinarily written high on the book of fame.

Every schoolboy has heard of "Pasteurized" milk, but the majority of young people do not know all they should regarding this man who was more wonderfully used of God as far as relief of human suffering is concerned than any other man who had lived for a hundred years before his time.

He rose from the humblest walks of life, his father being a tanner. In his early youth he learned the matchless power of prayer, and he prayed that by his persevering labors he might be able to add a little to the knowledge of the mysteries of life and death.

He was a simple-minded man. The sight of a beautiful book, hearing of a great discovery or of some commendable exploit, or even of a humble act of kindness, would move him to tears. This man, who really laid the foundation for all that is valuable in modern medical science, strove for a religion that was free from controversy, a religion of peace, love, and devotion.

Early in life he became convinced that there

were no *vain* prayers. He said, "Blessed is the man who carries within his soul a divine ideal and obeys it." The virtues of the gospel were ever present with him.

What did this simple, trusting, prayerful man accomplish? Early in his life the whole silk-worm industry of France became almost entirely ruined by some infectious disease. Pasteur turned from his studies, and with his microscope began to investigate it. He soon discovered little microscopic corpuscles on the diseased moths and worms. He propagated only those that were free from it, and advised that the others be destroyed. Stations were established in different parts of the country for this purpose, and in a few years he had saved for France its entire silkworm industry, which brought millions and millions of dollars to her people.

Shortly after that time the sheep of France began to die of anthrax, a terrible, infectious disease, and it seemed as if it would be but a short time before the whole wool industry would be ruined. The government asked Pasteur, who had saved their silkworm business, if he could not devise some means for saving their sheep.

He discovered that if a culture of the anthrax germ which was destroying the sheep was heated to a certain temperature, and then injected into the sheep, the animal would have a mild form of the disease, and would not contract the deadly form. In other words, it had been successfully vaccinated.

The people generally made Pasteur's assertion that this disease could be successfully prevented, a subject of endless jest. But one of the agricultural societies determined to give the matter a test. So it was decided that twenty-five sheep should be vaccinated and twenty-five should not be vaccinated, and then all should be exposed to anthrax. Pasteur boldly predicted that the twenty-five vaccinated sheep would survive, and the twenty-five that were not vaccinated would all perish.

When the time came for the final test, it was found that the sheep that had not been vaccinated were getting worse and worse. Finally twenty-two of them lay side by side dead, and the three others were breathing their last, while *all* the vac-

inated sheep were in *perfect* physical condition.

Pasteur was now considered the immortal author of a magnificent discovery. The men who had before ridiculed him were the loudest in his praise. The whole of France burst out in an explosion of enthusiasm. Pasteur was accorded fame under its rarest and purest form. A whole nation rose up to do him honor.

But he was interested in a greater problem than that of saving the silk culture and the wool industry, and that was the saving of human life. The truth had begun to dawn on him that infectious diseases were due to germs, just as the anthrax in the sheep was.

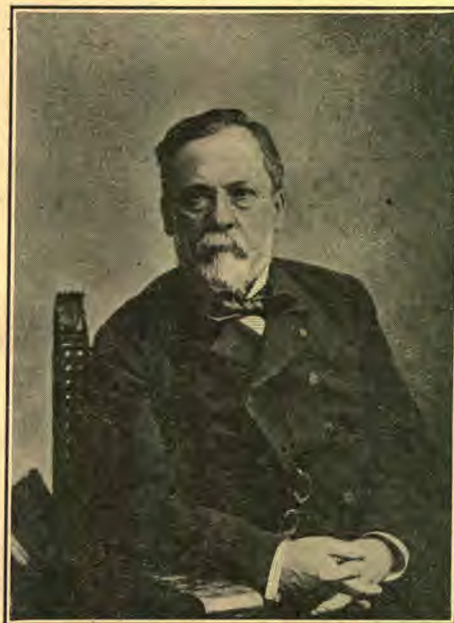
At that time a pin-prick in a hospital was almost an open door to death. Surgeons hesitated before even the slightest operations. The words "gangrene," "erysipelas," "septicemia," were household words in those days. A surgical operation was almost equivalent to signing a patient's death-warrant. Nearly one third of all the women who entered the maternity hospitals died of child-bed fever.

Pasteur studied this question, and finally announced that if the surgeon's hands

were disinfected, if his dressings were baked, if his instruments were soaked in carbolic acid, if the patients themselves were properly prepared, *there would be no pus*. The very French surgeons who were losing nearly all their patients from infection ridiculed Pasteur's idea; but Lister, an eminent surgeon over in England, adopted it, purified all his dressings as well as his hands, and even went so far as to have a carbolic spray over the wound. He then performed operation after operation without a single drop of pus developing.

Then the French surgeons were compelled to sit up and begin to think, and finally they had to accept from an Englishman what they had refused to accept from one of their own countrymen. How hard it has always been for truth to force its way through the crust of prejudice, error, and blind ignorance!

But Pasteur was inspired during this period by the certain conviction that his ideas meant the saving of thousands of human lives; and while others ridiculed, he worked on. He said, "I shall *force* them to see; they will have to see," referring to the doctors who tried to undermine con-



Courtesy of the McClure Co.

fidence in the stability of his experiments. To-day every hospital in the civilized world has been benefited by Pasteur's scientific work, and has adopted his methods.

Pasteur next turned his attention to the study of hydrophobia. Investigations soon convinced him that the seat of the awful disease was located in the brain and spinal cord. By extracting a part of the nervous system of the animal that had died of this terrible disease, and injecting some extract of it directly into the brain of another animal, it would be made to take the disease; and then by taking an extract of this second brain, and injecting it into another animal,—it was found that each time this was repeated, the disease came on a little sooner, until finally the time between the inoculation and the onset of the disease was reduced from thirty days to seven days.

It was then found, by taking out the diseased spinal cord and exposing it to the air, that it would lose its ability to give the disease in fourteen days' time. He then discovered, by inoculating an animal with a cord that had thus been exposed to the air fourteen days, then with one that had been exposed thirteen days, then twelve days, and so on, that the animal would gradually become accustomed to the increasing dose so that it could finally endure to have some juice from the fresh spinal cord injected, and yet it would not take the disease. It was evident that a form of vaccination had been discovered that could preserve animals from getting hydrophobia from mad-dog bites. Would it act the same way with a human being? That was the burning question.

Just about that time a nine-year-old boy who had been terribly bitten by a mad dog was brought into the laboratory by his mother. She pleaded to have the new treatment given him, and so the inoculations began. The boy developed absolutely no unpleasant symptoms; the dread time passed, and the disease did not set in.

Hydrophobia, that terrible disease for which nobody had been able to offer a single-suggestion of a cure, had at last found a remedy. The news of it spread, and people who had been bitten by mad dogs began to arrive from all sides. The success of it was cabled to this country, and the New York *Herald* raised a public subscription by which to send four children of working men's families, who had been bitten by a mad dog, to Paris to have the treatment tried upon them. It was successful, and on their return to New York a most enthusiastic welcome awaited them. Soon three hundred and fifty persons who had been bitten by mad dogs had been treated, and only one had died, while nearly one half of all who had been bitten and were not vaccinated, died.

A great wave of enthusiasm and generosity swept over the nation, and money was sent in from every quarter to build an institute for Pasteur to carry on all this grand work.

A great entertainment was planned in Paris, in which the noted artists of the day took part. Pasteur was present, and admitted that night that he had never spent even ten evenings of his whole life for personal entertainment. Soon two and one-half million francs had been raised, the French government adding two hundred thousand more, so that it could be a permanent endowment.

Meanwhile Pasteur had had stroke after stroke of paralysis, so that when the Pasteur Institute was dedicated in the presence of the greatest men of Europe, Pasteur himself was not strong enough even to read his own paper. In it he stated, pathetically, "Alas, mine is the bitter grief that I enter it a man vanquished by time, deprived of my masters, and even of my companions in the struggle. . . . I have at least the consolation of believing that all we have struggled for together will not perish. The pupils who are now here share our scientific faith." He then advised them, "Never advance anything which can not be proved in a simple and decisive fashion."

His words were almost prophetic; for it is from the Pasteur Institute that men went forth into the heart of China, and discovered the real cause of the bubonic plague; others pressed into the heart of Africa to rid some of its death-dealing diseases of their terrors. Roux, another of Pasteur's pupils, with Von Behring, discovered the antitoxin for diphtheria. Two of these students went over to Egypt to learn the real cause of cholera; one of them took the disease and died. The very man who now presides over the Pasteur Institute, Metchnikoff, is proclaiming some of the greatest physical truths of our time.

Pasteur never placed his discoveries on a commercial basis. He said that he would run the risk of paralyzing his inventive faculties if he should endeavor to make money out of his discoveries. In a speech to some of his students he said that it was through diligent work, with no special gift but that of perseverance joined to an attraction toward all that is good and great, that had been the secret of his success.

Dear reader, the God that inspired Joseph to become what he was, the God that gave Daniel that exalted place in the affairs of men,—that same God that inspired this humble, prayerful Frenchman to bring out truths that have blessed millions of lives,—that same God has more places like that to fill by some of you who are reading these very words. Do you believe it? or do these words seem like idle tales to you?

DAVID PAULSON, M. D.



Satan's Masterpiece — No. 11

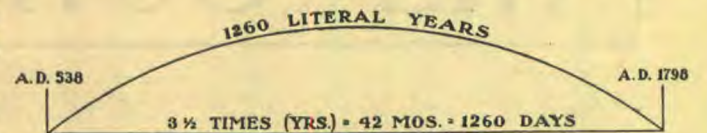
"AND the third angel followed them, saying with a loud voice, If any man worship the beast and his image, and receive his mark in his forehead, or in his hand, the same shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is poured out without mixture into the cup of his indignation." Rev. 14:9, 10. This is the opening thought of the third angel's message; and since the warning is uttered against the worship of the beast and his image, we shall now consider what is meant by these symbols.

Before Christ began his public ministry upon earth, he was led of the Spirit into the wilderness, where he was tempted by the great deceiver. In the third and greatest temptation, Satan spoke to Christ, in substance as follows: "You have come down from heaven to redeem this world from my control. Your path from this day onward to your execution will be a most thorny one. Let me suggest an easier method; simply fall down and worship at my feet, and I will deliver into your hands the glory and honor of all the kingdoms of this world. Simply do this—you need not die." But the reply of our Saviour was commanding and decided: "Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."

Christ was loyal to his mission, as were also his immediate disciples; but within a century the mystery of iniquity gradually began its subtle workings in the new-born church. Pride took the place of humility; self-exaltation, the place of sacrifice; human thought, the place of the mind of Christ. The church realized that it was losing its real power; but power it must have. Although Satan did not present himself personally before the leaders of the church with his arts and devices, nevertheless the offer was made with a voice no less distinct than that which Christ heard, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." The church

paid the price, and received the power and glory; and in so doing, she that started forth on her glorious gospel mission, became popular, worldly, apostate.

Her character is outlined by the leopard beast of Revelation 13, which has "seven heads and ten horns," "a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies;" "and it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them;" "and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months." There is but one power in all this world that has exactly fulfilled every part of this prophecy, and that is the Church of Rome. She has blasphemed the name of the Lord by taking to herself names and titles that belong alone to the King of kings. Her persecutions, continuing century after century, brought death in various ways to no less than fifty millions who would not bow to her decrees.



It will be seen that this description is the same as that given of the little horn in Dan. 7:25, which reads: "And he shall speak great words against the Most High, and shall wear out the saints of the Most High, and think to change times and laws: and they shall be given into his hand until a time and times and the dividing of time." The time of duration is also the same as the figures given herewith indicate. Her career of unlimited power began in the year A. D. 538, when the Ostrogoths, who stood in her way, were uprooted, and the decree of Emperor Justinian went into effect, which made the pope "the corrector of heretics and the head of all the churches."

Then began that period of time known as the Dark Ages. For hundreds of years no progress was made in learning, civilization, or science. Kings and emperors bowed submissively to the commands of the pope of Rome. "The noon-tide of the papacy was the world's moral midnight."

But a brighter day at last dawned. Such men as Wycliffe, Huss, Luther, Zwingli, and Calvin arose, giving an open Bible to the world, and clearly denouncing the errors of the papal system. It was in this way that in all northern Europe the papal spell was broken, and from the sixteenth century onward, Protestantism continued to gain in power.

1 time	360 days	42	1000 days
2 times	3 1/2	30 days	200 days
1/2 time			60 days
	180	1260 days	
3 1/2 times	1080		1260 days
	1260 days		

The year 1798, when the pope was taken prisoner by the French general Berthier, marks the termination of the 1260 years of papal sway. At that time the pope was taken to France, where he died the following year. This was indeed a deadly wound to the papacy, but the prophet saw that the wound would be healed. In the year 1800 another pope was elected, but since that time they have never been able to exercise their power with unlimited sway.

Nevertheless her character is unaltered. It is her boast that she "never erred, and never can err." The conditions that to-day exist in papal countries are almost incredible. In many ways she has been gathering strength, and mustering her forces preparatory to the final conflict; and the third angel's message is God's last great protest against this power and the errors she has brought into our world. R. F. COTTRELL.

BOLIVIA is the only country in South America that has not suffered from earthquakes.



"Slow of Heart to Believe"

I WOULD rather be slow of wit than of heart. Some persons do not comprehend an argument until the question is a dead issue. Some do not see a joke until others have had their laugh and forgotten it. Sorry for them? Of course! But it's not a thousandth part as bad as to have a snail-moving heart, slow to respond to love, slow to perceive goodness, slow to accept the divine. Some people's sympathies move like molasses. I like to see them explode like powder. I like to see them catch hold of evidences of God's love and goodness just as burrs seize upon sheep's wool.—Charles Frederick Goss.

There's a Difference

A MISSION church in Korea had become too small to accommodate the converts to Christianity, and the missionaries planned for a larger building that would cost about one thousand yen (a yen is about ninety-eight cents). "We asked them what they could do. After considerable discussion our hearts were very much cheered when the natives told us they had raised a little over twenty yen. We thought the little handful had done well, and the missionaries took steps toward raising the rest of the money for the new building among themselves. A site was secured, and we were getting ready to begin work, when one day, at a little prayer-meeting, our deacon, Yi Chun Ho, startled the Koreans, as well as the missionaries, with the suggestion that the natives should put up the new church without foreign aid. I said, 'You have raised twenty yen, and believed that you had done all that you could; it will take almost one thousand yen to put up the church. Can you do it?' I felt strongly rebuked by his quiet reply: '*We ask such questions as, Can you do it? about men's work, but not about God's work.*'" This was a very great undertaking for them, for the average wage-earner gets but twenty to fifty cents a day.—Selected.

The Cost of a Line

IN the famous little town of Plymouth, Massachusetts, they are having trouble as I write. They have been voting on the question of license or no license, as every Massachusetts town must vote, once a year.

But this year the balloting must be done over again. This is because 638 ballots were cast in the affirmative, 637 in the negative, and 36 were blank. That was so close that a more careful scrutiny was made, and it was discovered that one man had marked his ballot at that place with a mere diagonal, instead of the cross which he had properly used elsewhere in the ballot. This ballot was thrown out by the Supreme Court of the State, and as it was an affirmative, the vote was thus reduced to a tie, and the work must all be done over again.

Here are 1,311 men who must vote over again. It will take them, on an average, at least half an hour each to do it. That will use up eighty-two eight-hour days, or more than a quarter of a year of working time. If the time of the average citizen of Plymouth is worth, as it certainly is, two dollars a day, the cost will be \$164 for that item alone, while election expenses proper will certainly increase the sum to \$300.

And all this waste of time and strength and money just because one careless fellow did not put another diagonal on his cross!

The moral sticks out so far that there is no need of pushing it further.—Caleb Cobweb, in *Christian Endeavor World*.

The Yield of the Ash Pile

THE bright sunshine revealed a potato-vine growing in an unexpected place. Between it and its natural home, the bosom of Mother Earth, several feet of coal ashes intervened. Its roots could not reach the earth. Yet the vine seemed to thrive all summer. The luxuriant growth, in soil so uncongenial, was a continual surprise. Its appearance gave promise of an abundant yield.

With considerable interest, therefore, the vine was dug in the fall. But no amount of digging could bring to light more than two or three miserably small, utterly worthless potatoes. The meager life of the vine, which had tried to grow where it was never intended that any plant should grow, was shown in leaves. It made a good appearance without any worthy fruitage.

The memory of that ash-pile vine, with its leaves of promise and its barren roots, does not fade. It explains the barren, fruitless lives of many who call themselves Christians. Rooted in the world, apart from the "body of Christ," in desire and in effort they lack the fructifying effect of oneness with the people of God. Of course the soil which nourishes the life must affect its yield. The ash pile can not produce the crop of the garden.

Still they tell us that one can just as well live a Christian life outside the church as to come into membership with it. One may adopt Christian deportment, one may use Christian speech, one may practise Christian acts; in appearance one may be a genuine disciple, and not unite with any church.

But what about the fruitage of such a life? "By their fruits ye shall know them."—J. Van Kirk Wells, Jr.

Why It Would Not Run

ON arising one morning, I found that my watch had stopped in the night. I shook it, but it would not go; and again vehemently, and examined the works, and tried to start the wheels. It was all in vain; the watch would not go. It was impossible for me to take it to the watchmaker for several days, and I felt greatly troubled that it had failed me. Finally, I resigned myself to the inevitable, carrying with me that which had been a most helpful companion, but now silent and apparently dead. A few times, forgetting that my watch had stopped, I looked to see the time, and suddenly remembered with regret that it had stopped.

The watch was a keyless one, wound by the stem. After carrying it for some time in this way, almost unconsciously I began to wind it, when it suddenly dawned on me that my watch was all right, only I had forgotten to wind it.

With the smile at my own forgetfulness, there came the thought, How often we ourselves feel run down because we have forgotten that which is our motive power. When the watch is wound, power is placed in it. What is the secret of our power?—It is prayer. We rise in the morning, perhaps so hurried that we forget our secret prayer, our consecration prayer, at our very first awakening. Everything during that day seems a blank failure. We have not received the motive power, the power of the divine life.

Let us not so foolishly forget that the day's success is wholly dependent upon prayer, and that we can no more do without daily prayer than can the watch without being wound each day. Never let the day open without the consecration prayer just as soon as you awake. It will help you all the day; you can not live right without it.

J. S. WASHBURN.

With Full Purpose of Heart

To carry out his purpose not to defile himself with the king's food, Daniel made request of the prince of the eunuchs for a simpler diet. "Now God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love with the prince of the eunuchs." This officer saw in Daniel good traits of character. He saw that he was striving to be kind and helpful, that his words were respectful and courteous, and his manner possessed the grace of modesty and meekness. It was the good behavior of the youth that gained for him the favor and love of the prince.

But the prince of the eunuchs hesitated to grant the request of Daniel, fearing that such rigid abstinence as he proposed would cause the Hebrews to become less ruddy in health than those who ate of the king's dainties. He said to Daniel, "I fear my lord the king, who hath appointed your meat and your drink: for why should he see your faces worse liking than the children which are of your sort? then shall ye make me endanger my head to the king."

But it was not the luxuries of the king that would give to these youth a clear countenance and bright eye. It was the consciousness of having the approval of God. And Daniel knew that if he and his companions were permitted to adopt a simple diet, by the time they were called to appear before the king, the advantages of health reform would be apparent in their physical health.

Daniel pleaded for a ten days' trial. "Prove thy servants, I beseech thee, ten days," he said; "and let them give us pulse to eat, and water to drink. Then let our countenances be looked upon before thee, and the countenance of the children that eat of the portion of the king's meat: and as thou seest, deal with thy servants. So he consented to them in this matter, and proved them ten days."

When they preferred their request, the Hebrew youth knew the seriousness of their position, and by earnest prayer they braced themselves for duty and for trial. Severe criticism was passed upon them by their companions; they had to meet ridicule and abuse; but sneers could not weaken their piety. With watchfulness and prayer they guarded every avenue of temptation. They had learned the principles of true service. They were captives, lonely, and in peril; but they were in possession of a treasure of priceless worth,—unbending integrity. They feared to do wrong.

"And at the end of the ten days their countenances appeared fairer and fatter in flesh than all the children which did eat the portion of the king's meat. Thus Melzar took away the portion of their meat, and of the wine that they should drink; and gave them pulse." The simple pulse and water, which they at first requested, was thereafter the food of Daniel and his companions.

From the experience of these Hebrew children, we can learn the precious lesson that the Lord watches over those who place themselves in right relation to him and to his requirements. God regarded with approval the firmness and self-denial of these youth, and his blessing attended them. In Daniel and his companions we have an instance of the triumph of principles over temptation and indulgence of appetite. It shows us that through religious principles young men may triumph over the lusts of the flesh, and remain true to God's requirements, even though it costs them great sacrifice.

What young men and women need is Christian heroism. God's Word declares that he that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city. To rule the spirit means to keep self under discipline. The youth must not suppose that they can go on living careless and indulgent lives, seeking no preparation for the kingdom of God, and yet in time of trial be able to stand firm for the truth. They need to seek earnestly to bring into their lives the perfection that is seen in the life of the Saviour, so that when Christ shall come,

they will be prepared to enter in through the gates into the city of God. God's abounding love and presence in the heart will give the power of self-control, and will mold and fashion the mind and character. The grace of Christ in the life will direct the aims and purposes and capabilities into channels that will give moral and spiritual power—power which the youth will not have to leave in this world, but which they can carry with them into the future life and retain through the eternal ages. MRS. E. G. WHITE.



Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

M. E. KERN — — — — — Chairman
MATILDA ERICKSON — — — — — Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society Program

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Song.

Prayer.

Scripture Drill: Texts bearing on the subject.

BOOK STUDY: "Ministry of Healing," pages 318-336.

Topics of Study

EXTREMES IN DIET:—

Give three reasons why a thorough knowledge of health reform is essential. Page 318; see also page 321, last paragraph.

What purpose should guide one in the choice of diet? Why? Page 319.

What care should be taken in the use of milk and eggs? Page 320.

Discuss time of eating, and influence of mental condition upon digestion. Page 321.

Give four rules of diet. Page 323.

Mention several conditions that impede the progress of health reform. Pages 323, 324.

STIMULANTS AND NARCOTICS:—

Give five good reasons for using neither stimulants nor narcotics. Page 325.

What are condiments? Why injurious? Page 325.

TEA AND COFFEE:—

Make at least eight comparisons of the evils of tea and coffee with those of alcohol. (Base results of the use of alcohol on previous knowledge.)

THE TOBACCO HABIT:—

Discuss the evils of tobacco on the mental, moral, and physical nature of the user. Pages 327, 328; and page 329, paragraph 1.

Who suffer from this curse besides the user? page 328.

How would you answer the questions at the beginning and close of the second paragraph on page 329?

INTOXICATING DRINKS:—

Name some of the terrible results of intemperance. Page 331.

Show that the only reliable fortification against intemperance is total abstinence. Pages 331-333, also page 330.

Give Bible examples of total abstainers. Page 333. Give Bible references.

THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS:—

To what extent are parents responsible for the curse of intemperance? Page 334.

How may the youth assist them in meeting this responsibility?

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY:—

Where should the temperance work begin?

What should be our relation to other temperance workers? Page 335, paragraph 1.

How does the indulgence of appetite influence the character and lead to intemperance? Paragraph 2. "If you pursue a wrong course, and indulge in wrong habits of eating, and thereby weaken the intellectual powers, you will not place that high estimate upon salvation and eternal life which will inspire you to conform your life to the life of Christ; you will not make those earnest, self-sacrificing efforts for entire conformity to the will of God which his Word requires, and which are necessary to give you a moral fitness for the finishing touch of immortality."—"Healthful Living," page 39.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course—No. 7

"EARLY WRITINGS," pages 181-209, new edition.

1. In studying the chapter on the resurrection, try to see clearly the work of the heavenly angels, and the experiences of the Roman guard, Pilate, Herod, the disciples, and Mary. What attempt was made to cover up the fact of the resurrection? How was it published? Explain the importance of the resurrection of Christ. 1 Cor. 15:14.

2. In connection with the chapter on the Ascension, read Psalm 24. What precious promise given at that time, is now about to be fulfilled? How strenuously is Satan working to overcome Christ's followers?

3. What evidence is given that Christ has entrusted the disciples with his power? Note the great change that has come into their lives since the night of Jesus' arrest and trial. Notice especially Peter's transformation. Show how the attitude of the priests to Christ led them on in sin. See also paragraph one, of the chapter on the "Conversion of Paul."

4. Outline Stephen's apology, as given in Acts 7:1-53. What practical lesson may be learned from his acquaintance with the Scriptures? What defeat did Satan meet in the killing of Stephen?

5. Compare the Bible story of Paul's conversion with the chapter in "Early Writings" on that subject. How does Paul's conversion show the importance of personal work? Observe the steps taken by the new convert.

6. What attempts were made to kill Paul? Why? See also last part of the next chapter. What do you think led the jailer to repentance?

7. Write a paragraph on "Paul as a Missionary." How did he preach Christ during his trials? Find Bible reference to one sermon preached in prison. On the map in your Bible notice the extent of his three missionary tours. Make a list of Paul's writings which we have.

Autumn Soul-Winning Work

IN the rural districts the busy harvest-time is nearly past. The evenings are becoming longer. Will you not determine to undertake some aggressive soul-winning work? Seek to come in contact with your neighbors in a social way, praying God every moment that he may open a way for you to drop a word that shall turn the mind toward heavenly things.

Whenever opportunity offers itself, hand out soul-winning literature. "He that winneth souls is wise." Prov. 11:30. You may have been graduated from the highest schools of the land, and others may have complimented you upon your high intellectual attainments; but if you are *not* winning souls to Christ, in God's sight you are *foolish*. It is only those who have the soul-winning instinct in their hearts that will finally go into the kingdom of God.

Is there not in your community some poor widow who is making a desperate struggle to make both ends meet? Take half a day off and look after her winter's supply of fuel. Interest others in her necessities. It was Job that caused

the widow's heart to sing for joy. Job 29:13. If you have never had this experience, you have missed a wonderful singing school.

Is there some poverty-stricken individual in your neighborhood who is lying on his death-bed, but who can not afford the ministrations of a trained nurse? Will you sacrifice a little sleep and sit up with the sick one, allowing the tired friends to sleep? Job did that, and the blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him. Verse 13. It will also come upon you.

Do not aspire to have all these blessings yourself. Talk this matter up with several of your acquaintances. Meet together to plan and pray, and then resolve to act. You will soon have more blessed and wonderful experiences than you could have secured any other way; for it is when you give some of *your* bread to the hungry, and when you bring some of the outcast poor to your house, even when it crowds you a great deal, and you help to clothe the naked, that your light breaks forth as the morning. If you have poor health, this may be the way God is going to bring about an improvement; for he says, "Thine health shall spring forth *speedily*." Isa. 58:7, 8.

You had better make a few mistakes trying to *do* something than to make the *greatest* mistake of all, which is to do nothing. Work; for "the night cometh, when no man can work." Opportunities for soul-winning work will probably never be so good again as they are at present. —David Paulson, M. D.

A Lost Opportunity

ONE bright morning in June, there came a rap on a half-open door. As Miss Green stepped toward the door in response to the rap, an elderly man bade her "Good morning," and without waiting for a reply began to inquire about the condition of the family's umbrellas.

Miss Green replied that she had one that had been repaired, but that it very soon broke in the same place.

"Yes," he said, "I knew that old man who used to fix umbrellas. He's dead. He's in heaven now."

Then looking up from the umbrella he was examining with his only eye, he said, as if to correct his own statement, "I hope he's in heaven."

Miss Green smiled, and said, "No, he is not in heaven yet —"

He interrupted her here by exclaiming: "O, he's already dead!"

"Yes, but he will not be in heaven before we are," said Miss Green.

"Well, he is some place," he answered.

"He is only dead, awaiting the resurrection," explained Miss Green.

The old man sat on the porch, busily engaged in repairing the broken umbrella, and Miss Green stood silently watching the work.

Suddenly looking up, he inquired: "What denomination believes that the dead remain dead until the resurrection?"

"The Bible teaches it. The New Testament says that the patriarchs of the Bible will not receive the promise before the resurrection, when all the righteous will receive their reward."

He expressed surprise that he had never thought of that before, and said it looked reasonable.

He went away with his interest aroused in the subject, but with nothing to satisfy his mind in regard to it, for Miss Green did not have a suitable tract to give him. Because of a little neglect she must turn away empty-handed a man who was asking for the bread of life.

Dear young people, the giving of a tract is a very little thing, yet it may mean a soul lost or saved for the kingdom of our Lord. Let us earnestly guard the little things in life, and try to plan for these blessed opportunities, and God will entrust more to us. ORA FADDIS.

Childrens

... Page.

Letters from Maine and Africa

DEAR INSTRUCTOR: I am a little girl that is having the whooping-cough. I get so tired staying at home that I try to write stories. I ask mama if they are good enough to print, and she shakes her head—not much, because she likes me. But she said she would take this one off on



her typewriter if I would draw a pony's head to go with it. I can't draw very well with ink. This is the story:—

Joseph and Mike were friends. They lived apart. They had ponies, and they used to go riding all alone.

They kept their ponies in the same pasture. One night some men came and took their ponies away, and the boys came the next morning and could not find them. They searched the pasture over, and then they came and looked again. They went home and told their parents. They hunted and hunted everywhere, and they never found them, and they *never will*. VIOLET IONE WEBBER.

CLAREMONT, SOUTH AFRICA.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS OF THE LONG BEACH SCHOOL: I have just read an interesting account in the last YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR [August 6] of your missionary garden, the proceeds of which you have so kindly given to the work here in Africa; and I thought that you might be glad to receive a letter in return from one who lives here.

I came here with my parents when I was but a little boy nearly ten years ago. Most of this time I have been in our school here in Claremont, but I have spent nearly three years at our missions in Matabeleland. I enjoyed this very much, and I came back to school with a hope that I might some day be a worker in that part of the Lord's vineyard.

I had previously thought of the natives as cold, distant people; but I found the boys very sociable, and so glad when I learned to talk with them in their own language.

If you could hear these native boys and girls express their thankfulness for the light of the gospel, you would be well paid for all your efforts. Before they came to the mission, they worshiped snakes and stones, but now many of them know Jesus as their Saviour.

We are glad that so many of the young people in America are interested in the work here, and are doing what they can to spread the third angel's message. May the Lord bless the missionary gardens. WILLIS HYATT.

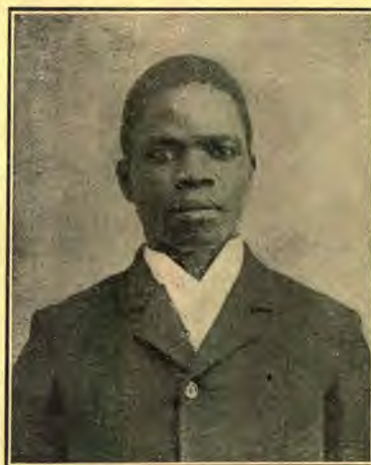
Samuel Morris — Prince Kaboo

If the subject of this little sketch were alive and should be made acquainted with my purpose to publish to the world the simple story of his life, he would stare in blank amazement at the announcement. He would turn his honest, black face to mine, and after a few moments of thoughtful silence, he would slowly shake his head, and, rolling his great eyes upward, he would say: "No, no, Mr. Reade; tell them not about poor Sammy Morris; tell them about Jesus. Tell them about the Holy Ghost."

Well, in telling about Sammy Morris, I shall tell about Jesus, I shall tell about the Holy Ghost,

for had it not been for Jesus Christ, revealed by the Holy Spirit, Sammy Morris would never have been a student in a Christian college in our happy America, but instead, would have died a slave in the jungles of Africa. All glory to him who saves, without respect to country or color, all who call upon him! For the early life of Sammy Morris I am wholly dependent on what he has told me. It could not be learned from any other person. No one else knew of the pangs of his violent separation from mother and home; no one else knew of the stripes that were laid upon his poor, quivering back by his cruel master; no one else knew of his marvelous escape, and the way God led him through the wilderness till he reached the coast and was free. All this I heard him relate several times, and in view of his subsequent history, it fixed itself indelibly on my memory. To me this simple black boy was a daily wonder, a visible miracle of the utmost grace of God. I learned to love him as a brother, and from him I learned lessons of faith and consecration to which I had been an utter stranger before. I trust that in the story of his life he may prove a blessing to thousands of others as he has been to me and hundreds more while living. Do not despise him because he was a poor, black boy; Christ loved him and saved him, and in the pure light of heaven he is white, and his blood-washed robes will be white as no fuller on earth could make them. Do not despise that poor, black body, for the Holy Spirit made it his temple.

Samuel Morris was the son of a king. This does not mean, of course, that his father was a powerful potentate, for to be a king in the country from which he came, it is only necessary that a man be able to build a town and rule over such people as resort to him for companionship and protection. Sometimes these petty kings, or chiefs, rule over only a few scores or hundreds of people, and, I suppose, are themselves subject to the greater rulers of their nation or people. The father of Samuel Morris was one of these petty rulers among what are known as the Kru people, who inhabit Western Africa, back from the coast, parallel with Cape Palmas. He was taken prisoner in an engagement with another African tribe when Sammy was a small child, and the little tribe over which he ruled was almost broken up. Sammy was sold into slavery, or rather, as he more appropriately worded it, was put into pawn. It was understood that his captors had no use for him, but only held him in hope that his people would be able to redeem him. This he supposes they did, for he was restored to his own tribe, and remained with them till he was about eleven years of age, when he was kidnapped and again put into pawn. Of this second bondage he had a very distinct recollection. Once, he says, his father came to redeem him, but was not able to pay a sufficient price. The



money he offered consisted of ivory, the kernels of palm nuts, and india-rubber. This he said, was the principal currency of the country. Besides these the father offered to give Sammy's sister, who was younger than he, and being a girl, she was, according to the notion of these heathen, of little consequence compared with a boy. Sammy begged his father not to make the bargain, saying he was older and could bear the hardships better than his little sister. The two chiefs, or kings, did not come to terms, and Sammy was left in pawn.

From this time onward his life became a scene of constant, intense suffering. The chief who held him was determined that his father should redeem him at the price he had fixed, and so began to punish the boy every day, taking care that the father should be kept posted as to what was taking place. Sammy said to me: "This cruel man whipped me every day; he whipped me without any cause, and every day the whipping got harder and harder." "What did he whip you with?" I asked, "O, with a vine like a rope." "And did he make you take off your coat?" I asked. "O, Mr. Reade," he said, laughingly, "take off my coat? We had no coat, no vest, no shirt, no pants, in my country." So the stripes were laid upon this poor boy's naked

back by the strong hand of a savage who knew no mercy and cared for only one thing—that he might secure the price he had put upon his captive. At last, Sammy said, the whipping got so hard that he could not endure it any longer, and he started from under the lash and ran with all his might into the woods, not knowing whither he was going. But God, who cared for Ishmael when his mother cast him upon the sand and turned away that she might not see him die, cared for him also. There was work for him to do. Like Abraham, he was blessed of God, and in turn was to prove a blessing to others. So, his path was chosen for him. The Lord led him through the wilderness, from place to place, till he reached the coast. I do not know the distance he had to travel; he did not know; but it occupied many days, and yielded an experience greatly varied and full of danger. He was a heathen boy; he knew nothing of God; but the Providence that feeds the sparrow fed him, and the Power that led the magi to Bethlehem led this poor boy to the coast and to Christ.

After reaching the coast he went to work on a coffee plantation, and for his services received his board and such simple articles of clothing as are worn by the natives in that region. It was here that he found Christ and entered upon that religious life which, though it proved very brief, was, in the simple yet sublime development of its consecration and faith, the most wonderful I have ever known. It seems that a boy from his own nation worked on the coffee plantation with Sammy, and this boy had become a Christian. He told Sammy of Jesus, and one day took him to church. Sammy could not then understand a word of English; he could not comprehend the significance of the church, the Bible, the preacher, and other things that met his staring eyes, but he says that he felt that God was in that place, and that, in the presence of the pure and awful

Being who filled that house, he was sinful and undone. He went from that first service with an aching heart and an inquiring mind. He was groping his way like the Ethiopian eunuch, and needed a Philip to guide him. Hearing his companion pray, he asked what he was doing. He told him he was talking to God. "Who is God?" asked Sammy. "He is my Father," answered the other boy. "Then," said Sammy, in his plain and practical way of putting things, "you are talking to your Father."

Ever after that Sammy called praying "talking to his Father." As soon as he was brought under conviction by attending church, that day, he, too, began to "talk to his Father." His conviction was not of that mild and evanescent type that is becoming so popular in these days. It was the conviction of the old-time revivals. It was not remittent, and hence it led him to talk to his Father at some very unseasonable hours, and it was so deep that it led him to talk with a very loud voice. His agonizing cries sometimes broke the stillness of the midnight hour. At last his fellow workmen declared him a nuisance, and notified him that if he "couldn't keep still, he must leave the quarters." He then transferred his prayer-meeting to the woods, and there he wrestled with the Angel night after night, as did Jacob at Peniel. One night he tarried in the woods praying till after midnight, and then came to his humble quarters, weary and heavy-hearted, and lay down to sleep; but he could not sleep. He said his tongue was still, but his heart went on praying. All at once his room appeared to grow light. He thought at first the sun was rising, but every one was sound asleep around him, and the room grew lighter till it was full of glory. At the same time his burden disappeared, and his heart was full of joy, and his body seemed light as a feather. He said he thought he could fly. He began to shout and leap and praise God like the lame man who was healed at the beautiful gate of the temple. He soon waked everybody up in the quarters, and there was no more sleeping that night. Some thought he had gone crazy, and some, remembering their old heathen superstition, thought a devil had gotten into him. This was his conversion—plain, positive, powerful. He could not doubt, and, with his limited knowledge, he could never have been satisfied with anything less. Ordinarily Sammy was not demonstrative. He was unusually quiet for one of his race; but whenever he spoke of his conversion, his eyes flashed fire and his whole frame quivered with emotion.

How long he remained on this coffee plantation I do not know, but it was long enough to enable him to learn to speak English and to read and to write a very little. It was long enough for him to acquire a new name. His heathen name was Kaboo, but this was now changed to Samuel Morris by a lady missionary, who gave him some instruction in reading and writing, and taught him the sweet, simple lessons of the gospel. Leaving the coffee plantation, he came to a town on the coast, and there learned to paint houses, and it seems that he worked at that trade for two years. All this time he was a constant attendant on the religious services conducted by the missionaries at that place, and all this time he felt profoundly convicted that it was his duty to preach to his people the blessed Christ who had so gloriously saved him. One day he went to the missionary, Mr. C. E. Smirl, and told him all that was in his heart on this subject. The missionary told him that to preach to his people he must be educated; to be educated he must go to America, and to go to America would cost him one hundred dollars. With these three facts clearly fixed in his mind, Sammy hastened to the woods, his usual place of prayer, to "talk to his Father" about it. "Now, Father," said he, "you have called me to preach to my people, but the missionary says I can't preach without an education,

and that to be educated I must go to America, and that it will take one hundred dollars to carry me to America; and, Father, you know I have not a single cent. Please make a way for me to go." When he told me this incident, he added, in a simple, matter-of-fact way, "I knew he would." From the day he offered that simple prayer, he looked upon it as settled that he was coming to America, and was on a constant lookout for the ship that was to carry him over. It was at this time that he met with a young lady who had but recently gone as a missionary to that country, and who told him of the Holy Spirit and of Stephen Merritt, one of our anointed, local preachers of New York. What followed has been told by Brother Merritt in a very interesting article in *The King's Messenger*, which I take the liberty of copying here:—

A Consecrated Life

"Samuel Morris was a Kru boy. He was an African of the Africans, a pure negro. When I first knew him, he was probably twenty years old. He was a resident of Liberia, where he was employed among English-speaking people as a house painter, and where he first found the Lord. A missionary girl came from the far West to go out under Bishop Taylor, and, as I was secretary for the Bishop, I received her.

"I talked from the abundance of my heart to her, of the work of the Holy Ghost. I told her that if she would receive the Spirit in its fulness, she would be a success in Africa, and would not be sick, nor lonesome, nor wearied. He would be her strength, wisdom, and comfort, and her life would be a continual psalm of praise in that dark continent. She hearkened—desired—consented—asked, and received—an abiding presence. She departed, filled with the Spirit.

"The Kru boy, Samuel Morris, heard of her arrival, and walked miles to see her and talk about Jesus. She was filled with the Holy Spirit, and was glad to pour out of him on Samuel. He became interested, and was determined to know the divine Comforter. Journey after journey was made; hour after hour was spent in conversation on the darling theme; when she, wearied with a constant repetition, said, 'If you want to know any more, you must go to Stephen Merritt, of New York; he told me all I know of the Holy Spirit.' 'I am going; where is he?' She laughingly answered, 'In New York.' She missed him; he had started. Weary miles he traversed before he reached the ocean. As he arrived on the shore, a sailing vessel dropped her anchor in the offing, and a small boat put ashore. Samuel stepped up and asked the captain to take him to New York. He was refused with curses and a kick, but he answered, 'O, yes, you will.' He slept on the sand that night, and was again refused. The next morning, nothing daunted, he made the request the third time, and was asked by the captain, 'What can you do?' and he answered, 'Anything.' Thinking he was an able-bodied seaman, and as two men had deserted and he was short handed, he asked, 'What do you want?' meaning pay. Samuel said, 'I want to see Stephen Merritt.' He said to the men in the boat, 'Take this boy aboard.'

"He reached the ship, but knew nothing of a vessel or of the sea. The anchor was raised, and he was off. His ignorance brought much trouble; cuffs, curses, and kicks were his in abundance; but his peace was as a river, his confidence unbounded, and his assurance sweet. He went into the cabin to clean up—and the captain was convicted and converted; the fire ran through the ship, and half or more of the crew were saved. The ship became a Bethel; songs and shouts of praise resounded, and nothing was too good for the uncouth and ungainly Kru boy.

"They landed at the foot of Pike Street, E. R., and after the farewells were said, Samuel, with a bag of clothing furnished by the crew (for he went aboard with only a jumper and overalls,

with no shoes), stepped on the dock, and stepping up to the first man he met, said, 'Where's Stephen Merritt?' It was three or four miles away from my place, in a part of the city where I would be utterly unknown, but the Holy Spirit arranged that. One of the Travelers' Club was the man accosted, and he said: 'I know him; he lives away over on Eighth Avenue—on the other side of town. I'll take you to him for a dollar.' 'All right,' said Samuel, though he had not one cent. They reached the store just as I was leaving for prayer-meeting, and the tramp said, 'There he is!' Samuel stepped up and said, 'Stephen Merritt?' 'Yes.' 'I am Samuel Morris; I've just come from Africa to talk with you about the Holy Spirit.' 'Have you any letters of introduction?' 'No—had no time to wait.' 'Well, all right; I am going to Jane Street prayer-meeting. Will you go into the mission, next door? On my return I will see about your entertainment.' 'All right.' 'Say, young fellow,' said the tramp, 'where is my dollar?' 'O, Stephen Merritt pays all my bills now,' said Samuel. 'O, certainly,' I said, as I passed the dollar over.

"I went to the prayer-meeting—he to the mission. I forgot him until just as I put my key in the door, about 10:30, when Samuel Morris flashed upon my remembrance. I hastened over, found him on the platform with seventeen men on their faces around him; he had just pointed them to Jesus, and they were rejoicing in his pardoning favor. I had never seen just such a sight. The Holy Ghost in this figure of ebony, with all its strange surroundings, was indeed a picture.

"Think, an uncultured, uncouth, uncultivated, but endowed, imbued, and infilled African, under the power of the Holy Spirit, the first night in America, winning souls for Immanuel—nearly a score. No trouble now to take care of him. He was one of God's anointed ones. This was Friday. Saturday he stayed around. Sunday I said, 'Samuel, I would like you to accompany me to Sunday-school. I am the superintendent, and may ask you to speak.' He answered, 'I never was in Sunday-school, but all right.' I smilingly introduced him as one Samuel Morris, who had come from Africa to talk to their superintendent about the Holy Spirit. I know not what he said. The school laughed; and as he began, my attention was called, and I turned aside for a few moments, when I looked, and lo, the altar was full of our young people, weeping and sobbing. I never could find out what he said, but the presence and manifesting power of the Holy Spirit were so sensible that the entire place was filled with its glory.

"The young people formed a 'Samuel Morris Missionary Society,' and secured money, clothes, and everything requisite to send him off to the Bishop William Taylor University at Fort Wayne, Ind. The days that passed while waiting to go were wonderful days. I took him in a coach with a prancing team of horses, as I was going to Harlem to officiate at a funeral. I said, 'Samuel, I would like to show you something of our city and Central Park.' He had never been behind horses nor in a coach, and the effect was laughable to me. I said, 'Samuel, this is the Grand Opera-House,' and began to explain, when he said, 'Stephen Merritt, do you ever pray in a coach?' I answered, 'O, yes; I very frequently have blessed times while riding about.' He placed his great, black hand on mine, and, turning me around on my knees, said, 'We will pray,' and, for the first time I knelt in a coach to pray. He told the Holy Spirit he had come from Africa to talk to me about him, and I talked about everything else, and wanted to show him the church, and the city, and the people, when he was so desirous of hearing and knowing about him; and he asked him if he would not take cut of my heart things, and so fill me with himself that I would never speak or write or preach only of him.

There were three of us in that coach that day. Never had I known such a day. We were filled with the Holy Ghost, and He made him the channel by which I became instructed and then ended as never before.

"Bishops have placed their hands on my head, once and again, and joined with elders of the church in ordaining services, but no power came in comparison. James Caughey placed his hands on my head and on the head of dear Thomas Harrison as he prayed that the mantle of Elijah might fall upon the Elishas—and the fire fell, and the power came, but the abiding Comforter was received in the coach with Samuel Morris; for since then I have not sought to write a line, or to speak a word, or to preach a sermon only for or in the Holy Spirit's power."—*F. C. Reade.*

(To be concluded)

THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII — Death of Jacob and Joseph

(November 23)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Gen. 49:29-33; 50.

MEMORY VERSE: "Ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good." Gen. 50:20.

Review

Who met Jacob at Beersheba? What did the Lord say to him? Describe the meeting between Joseph and his father. Give rest of last lesson.

Lesson Story

1. Before Jacob's death, he called all his sons together that he might tell them what would befall them in the last days. When he had blessed them all, including Joseph's sons, he said unto them, "I am to be gathered unto my people: bury me with my fathers . . . in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah, which is before Mamre, in the land of Canaan." "There they buried Abraham and Sarah his wife; there they buried Isaac and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

2. And when Jacob had made an end of commanding his sons, he died. "And Joseph fell upon his father's face, and wept upon him, and kissed him. And Joseph commanded his servants the physicians to embalm his father: and the physicians embalmed Israel. . . . And the Egyptians mourned for him threescore and ten days."

3. "And when the days of his mourning were past, Joseph spake unto the house of Pharaoh, saying, If now I have found grace in your eyes, speak, I pray you, in the ears of Pharaoh, saying, My father made me swear, saying, Lo, I die: in my grave which I have digged for me in the land of Canaan, there shalt thou bury me. Now therefore let me go up, I pray thee, and bury my father, and I will come again."

4. "And Pharaoh said, Go up, and bury thy father, according as he made thee swear. And Joseph went up to bury his father: and with him went up all the servants of Pharaoh, the elders of his house, and all the elders of the land of Egypt, and all the house of Joseph, and his brethren, and his father's house: only their little ones, and their flocks, and their herds, they left in the land of Goshen."

5. "And there went up with him both chariots and horsemen: and it was a very great company." And Jacob's "sons did according as he commanded them: for his sons carried him into the land of Canaan, and buried him in the cave of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought with the field for a possession of a burying-place." "And Joseph returned into Egypt, he, and his brethren, and all that went up with him to bury his father."

6. After Joseph's father was dead, his brethren feared that he might hate them and do evil to them as they had to him when he was a boy. So "they sent a messenger unto Joseph, saying, Thy father did command before he died, saying, So

shall ye say unto Joseph, Forgive, I pray thee now, the trespass of thy brethren, and their sin; for they did unto thee evil: and now, we pray thee, forgive the trespass of the servants of the God of thy father."

7. "And Joseph wept when they spake unto him. And his brethren also went and fell down before his face; and they said, Behold, we be thy servants. And Joseph said unto them, Fear not; for am I in the place of God? But as for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good, to bring to pass, as it is this day, to save much people alive. Now therefore fear ye not: I will nourish you, and your little ones. And he comforted them, and spake kindly unto them."

8. "And Joseph dwelt in Egypt, he, and his father's house: and Joseph lived an hundred and ten years." When the time came that Joseph must die, he said to his brethren, "I die: and God will surely visit you, and bring you out of this land unto the land which she sware to Abraham, to Isaac, and to Jacob."

9. "And Joseph took an oath of the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you and ye shall carry up my bones from hence. So Joseph died, being an hundred and ten years old: and they embalmed him, and he was put in a coffin in Egypt."

Questions

1. Why did Jacob call all his sons to him before his death? What did he do for them? What did he charge them to do? In what country was this burying-place located? Who were buried there?

2. What did Joseph do when his father died? What command did he give to the physicians? How long did the Egyptians mourn for Jacob?

3. When the days of mourning were past, what message did Joseph send to Pharaoh? What request did he make of Pharaoh? What promise did he make at the same time?

4. Give Pharaoh's reply. Who from among the Egyptians accompanied Joseph to bury his father? Who of Jacob's family? What only did they leave in the land of Goshen?

5. What is said of the company that went up to Canaan to bury Jacob? In carrying Jacob's body to Canaan, what were his sons doing? Who had purchased this burying-place? After Jacob was buried, what did Joseph and those who had gone with him do?

6. Now that Jacob was dead, what did Joseph's brethren fear? What reason had they for fearing Joseph? What did they do? What did they say in this message? Who had commanded them to do this? What did they call themselves?

7. How did this affect Joseph? What did his brethren do to show that they were in earnest? What did they say? What was Joseph's reply? What had his brethren intended to do in selling him? But what had they really done? Who had permitted it? For what purpose? What did Joseph promise his brethren? What did he do?

8. How old was Joseph when he died? What did he say to his brethren before his death?

9. What promise did he make his brethren give him? Where did he want to be buried? What did they do with Joseph's body after his death?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VIII — The Cleansing of the Sanctuary

(November 23)

MEMORY VERSE: "For in that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." Heb. 2:18.

Questions

1. What service took place in the earthly sanctuary once every year? Heb. 9:7.

2. What was the object of this service? Verse 23, first part.

3. From what was the sanctuary to be purified, or cleansed? Lev. 16:16.

4. What other word is used as an equivalent for "cleansing"? Lev. 16:33, 34; note 1.

5. When was the work of cleansing the sanctuary performed? Verses 29, 30; note 2.

6. Describe the service on the day of atonement. Lev. 16:5, 14.

7. What disposition was made of the two goats which were chosen? Verses 7-10.

8. What was done with the Lord's goat? Verses 15, 16.

9. What did the scapegoat bear away from the sanctuary? Where did he go? Verse 22; note 3.

10. When all the service was completed, what had been done for the sanctuary? Where were the sins of the people that had been confessed during the entire year?

11. How do we know that it is necessary to cleanse the heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 9:23.

12. When is this to take place? Dan. 8:14.

13. What offering alone will suffice for this service? Heb. 9:11-14.

14. How freely may we accept of the atonement which Christ is making for us in the heavenly sanctuary? Heb. 4:15, 16; note 4.

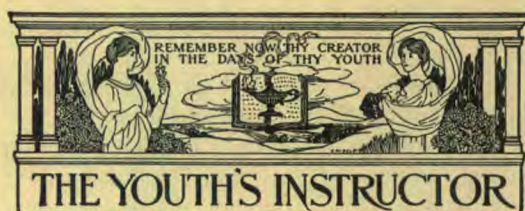
Notes

1. To cleanse from sin was in the type to make an atonement for sin. The word "atonement" signifies at-one-ment. The person whose sins are atoned for is "at one" with the Lord.

2. The people brought their offerings to the sanctuary during the entire year till the day of atonement, or the tenth day of the seventh month. Those making offerings day after day confessed their sins upon the head of the sacrifice. The offering thus consecrated was then slain, and the priest did with it according to prescribed rites in each case. In some instances the blood was taken into the sanctuary, and the body was "burned without the camp." In other cases some of the blood was sprinkled on the horns of the altar of burnt offering, and the remainder poured out at the bottom of the same altar. The sins thus confessed are represented as defiling the sanctuary. They were lodged there until the day of atonement, when the sanctuary was cleansed.

3. The goat chosen by lot as the Lord's goat, represents Christ. The scapegoat represents Satan. See Lev. 16:8, margin, Azazel. This is an ancient name for Satan among Eastern peoples. As the Lord's goat was slain, and its blood offered in the typical sanctuary for the sins of the people, so was Christ slain, and his blood is offered in the true sanctuary for the sins of the people. All the sins which had been confessed in connection with the sanctuary service during the entire year, were, at the close of the typical day of atonement, laid upon the head of the scapegoat, which was sent by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness to perish. This also meets its fulfilment in the antitype. Christ is our High Priest. Through the merits of his blood those who confess their sins are redeemed and washed from all sin. As the closing act in his work of cleansing the sanctuary, he will lay these sins for which he has atoned, upon the head of their originator—Satan. He will carry them, not as a savior, but as a scapegoat, from the sanctuary into the wilderness—the earth is in its chaotic condition—to be destroyed when the Lord cleanses the earth by fire from all sin.

4. Christ in his sacrifice, died for all. He is as a lamb slain from the foundation of the world; therefore every offering made by faith, from the beginning of the world until the death of Christ, was made as an expression of faith in the one great offering for sin. That offering is the offering of Christ, made without the gate. Heb. 13:11, 12. He is now making the true atonement in the real sanctuary in heaven by virtue of his own blood. He makes the atonement for the transgressions of all believers under both the old and the new covenant.



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THE thrilling sketch of the life of Samuel Morris, found on the Children's Page, will interest the old as well as the young people.

DR. PAULSON's article in this number of the INSTRUCTOR, entitled "The Greatest Works of a Great Man," is intensely interesting. All will be instructed and entertained by reading it.

Our Truth Number — The Special The Price

THIS number will bear the date of Dec. 3, 1907, and will sell for five cents a copy. Orders for less than twenty-five copies will be supplied at the rate of 2½ cents a copy; twenty-five or more copies at 2 cents a copy.

Mr. Crafts, the National Reform leader, made a tour of the West in the interest of Sunday laws and temperance reform. He said, when speaking in Colorado, "We are going to sow Colorado knee-deep with literature."

Does not this promised generous effort on the part of the leader of the National Reform movement of our country, inspire every lover of truth with a new determination to place in the hands of the people everywhere papers and tracts setting forth the gospel message for this time? Let us sow Colorado and every other State "knee-deep," as it were, with suitable literature. This special number of the INSTRUCTOR surely will be worthy of a place in the campaign. Send in your orders soon.

Enlisting

THE war has long gone on, but the crisis has been reached. The greatest battle is about to be fought. Both sides are needing recruits, and the recruiting officers are out.

"Recruits wanted for the service! Who will enlist? Good pay; big bounties; great prospects!" Thus they cry. They are taking in soldiers for immediate service and sending them to the front; and where they can not get minute-men, they are taking men for future service. No one who is old enough to know what he is doing is missed. You yourself are enlisting. Do you know how? You may not reach the great battle-field to-morrow; but if not, you have at least made yourself a partizan, and when called on, you will fight for your flag. How is this? What is the war? Where is the great battle-field?

The war is the great controversy between Christ and Satan. The great battle is the last terrific struggle between the papacy (under which will be every force of the devil) and the remnant people, God's last legion. You and I will be found on that battle-field, under one or the other of the two standards.

Yet the foe we meet day by day now is exactly the same as we shall meet then. The temptations which assail us to-day are from the same hand that will strike at God's people then. Your experience now is a promise of what your experience will be then.

So every time you meet a temptation — of pride, of appetite, of ambition — and fail, you are before a recruiting officer of the devil, and he is taking your promise to be with his people on the great day. And when in the face of the temptation, be it slight or terrible, by Christ's grace you triumph, you have given your pledge to God's recruiting officer that you will stand under the banner of Prince Emmanuel. You are enlisting. Where? A. W. SPAULDING.

The Set of the Sail

"I STOOD on the beach," said T. De Witt Talmage, "looking off over the sea, and there was a strong wind blowing; and noticing that some vessels were going one way, and other vessels were going another way, I said to myself, 'How is it that the same wind sends one vessel in one direction and another vessel in another direction?' And I found out, by looking, that it was the difference in the way they had their sails set. And so does trouble come in this world. Some men it drives into the harbor of heaven, and other men it drives on the rocks. It depends on the way they have their sails set. All the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans of surging sorrow can not sink a soul that has asked for God's pilotage." — Selected.

"HIGH endeavors are an inward light
That makes the path of duty always bright."

ONE of the old Jewish rabbis wrote: "Do God's will as if it were thy will, that he may do thy will as if it were his will."

"MAN never saw a duty beyond his strength."

Interesting Personal Incidents

The History of a Stolen Tract

EARLY in 1877 I set out on horseback from New Market, Virginia, on a trip up the great Shenandoah Valley, to look for a neighborhood in which the people desired to hear the message. Arriving at the little village of Dayton, I was entertained at the home of a Mr. Miller, the keeper of a general store. That evening the story was industriously circulated that I was a Mormon, and deserved to be ducked in the mill-pond. I was, however, protected by my host and his friends. The next morning, upon going to visit near-by hamlets, I left my saddle-bags, containing much reading-matter, lying on the floor of the room I had occupied. After the demonstration of the evening before, Mr. Miller became curious to learn more of me, and wondering if my saddle-bags contained any compromising documents, proceeded to investigate.

The result of his curious prying is thus summed up, from his confession to me at nightfall, on my return from my day's ride. The first thing meeting his eye upon opening one bag, was a tract entitled "Seven Reasons for Sunday-keeping Examined." Struck with the strange head-line, he sat down and read the tract through. So impressed was he with its contents, that he immediately carried it into the store, which was well filled with customers, and called their attention to the reading of the document. The crowd agreeing to this, he mounted a nail cask, and read the matter to them. All agreed that what they had heard was wholly true. Mr. Miller, however, was the only one of the number who had courage to obey. Selling out his business soon after, he went to Washington, D. C., and began a systematic canvass for readers of the truth.

Following Brother Miller's labors, Elder W. H. Saxby and wife took up work in that city, and later I was called there. Public hall meetings were held on Fourteenth Street, N. W., followed by the organization of the church with thirty or forty members. How little one knows of the possibilities bound up in a single tract, placed in the hands of the right person. J. O. CORLISS.

A Canvasser's Reward

I WAS canvassing in Memphis, Tenn., about nine years ago, working with "Prophecies of Jesus." I kept the address of each one to whom I delivered a book. Several months afterward I mailed tracts to many of these persons. One afternoon a little later, I was passing by one of these houses and felt very much impressed to stop. As the door was opened, the lady of the house and a friend exclaimed, "O, this is the man who sold us the book and sent us those tracts, is it not?" The truth had found its way into honest hearts. Many questions were asked upon present truth, and a Bible study and prayer followed. Two precious souls began there to keep all the commandments of God.

About one year later, in the same city an intelligent, God-fearing colored woman bought from me a copy of the same book. The result was that she, too, soon saw the light of present truth, and with a little personal work by Mrs. Cole and myself, she, with two of her daughters, began to keep the Sabbath. These were the first colored persons to accept the truth in that city. A Sabbath-school was organized in their house, and from this small beginning the work among the colored people has grown there, until now they have a church of about twenty members.

In another part of the same city I sold a copy of "Daniel and the Revelation" to the wife of a steamboat captain. I was then called to take charge of the canvassing work in another conference. Five years after this I was passing through Memphis on my way to the Oklahoma Conference, and remained there over the Sabbath. I led in the meeting that day, and at the close of the exercises a lady, with tears in her eyes, and with an outstretched hand, stepped forward, saying, "Brother Cole, I want to thank you for bringing the truth to me;" and then, seeing that I did not remember her, she said, "I am Mrs. Patton, the steamboat captain's wife to whom you sold a copy of 'Daniel and the Revelation' about five years ago. I can recall the exact words you said to me when you delivered the book. You said, 'This is a wonderful book, full of precious truth,' and you requested me to dig for it as for hidden treasures. I have tried to do this, and now you can see the result."

At another time, when we were living in Jackson, Tenn., Mrs. Cole was taken very sick while I was away from home. A neighbor, who was the daughter of an ex-judge of the State supreme court, heard of it, and called to see her. She was at our home when I arrived; and when she left, I gave her a copy of the *Signs of the Times* which contained an article from Mrs. White on the Seal of God. This she read with much interest, and for several weeks afterward she was a daily visitor at our home. "Desire of Ages" and other books were lent her, and a few Bible studies were given her. Again the truth lodged in an honest heart, and she soon began to keep all the commandments of God. She went to Battle Creek to get a fitting up for the medical missionary work, but after being there one year her health gave way, so she returned to Tennessee, and began selling our good books. She had remarkable success from the very beginning. The conference committee saw her worth as a worker, and an invitation was given her to engage in the Bible work. Since that time she has been following that line of work, and the Lord has blessed her with many precious souls for her hire.

V. O. COLE.