

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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My Father's World

HIS is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and around me rings
The music of the spheres.

This is my Father's world.
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas,—
His hand the wonders wrought.

This is my Father's world.
The birds their carols raise,
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.

This is my Father's world.
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear him pass,
He speaks to me everywhere.

This is my Father's world.
O let me ne'er forget
That though the wrong seems oft so strong,
God is the ruler yet!

This is my Father's world.
The battle is not done.
Jesus, who died, shall be satisfied,
And earth and heaven be one.

— *Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*



"THERE is no corn in the crib where they shun corns on the hands."

THERE are more persons in prison in the United States than there are inhabitants in two of our Western States.

THE crops of Mexico are estimated to have been injured by recent frosts to the amount of eighteen million dollars.

"LIFE is too short, and of too great importance, to be spent in idle dreaming over books, whether fact or fiction, that have no higher purpose than to please the fancy and lull the soul into inaction."

THE world's best alcohol is now made from saw-dust. It is estimated that one half of every tree cut for lumbering purposes is wasted. One fifth of this waste is sawdust, which can be converted into alcohol at one fourth the cost of production from corn or molasses.

"DURING the period between 1878 and the present year, thirty-four West Indian hurricanes have been traced in September, and thirty-nine in October. These have wrought great damage, especially along the Gulf coast, the aggregate losses amounting to many millions of dollars."

"EIGHT million acres of rice are now under cultivation in Burma, states Consul Wakefield, of Rangoon, the world's greatest rice port. According to present estimates, it is probable that two million six hundred thousand tons, valued roughly at sixty-five million dollars, will be exported from that country to different ports of the world."

THE Secretary of the Treasury has been investigating the efficiency of the several bureaus of his department and has come to the conclusion that some method of pensioning the superannuated is necessary to make possible that businesslike administration which he desires. Other members of the cabinet are of the same opinion, and it is thought the recommendation securing to those who have grown old in the service of the government will receive President Taft's approval.

A True Incident

A NEIGHBOR, whose farm adjoins ours, owns a very large shepherd dog, noted throughout the neighborhood for his friendly greeting of strangers, and his entire devotion to his master's horses. He spends nearly all his time with them in stable and pasture.

One day one of the teams had been turned out for exercise in a small field close to the roadway from our fields to the barns. Just beyond the road lay a bundle of corn-stalks which had fallen from one of the loads brought up the day before. The horses saw it and wanted it, as was evidenced by their longing glances and the stretching of their heads over the fence in a vain endeavor to reach it.

Prince, who had gone down to the field to see his friends, stood watching them closely. Presently he trotted off down the field to where one of the fence boards had become loose and dropped down at one end. Slipping through, he went back to the bundle of stalks, seized it, and, dragging it along to the hole in the fence, pulled it through, having considerable trouble with it in so doing, and finally placed it before the horses, which at once began eating it. Prince stood by, panting, wagging his bushy tail, and evidently highly pleased with the whole performance.— *Selected.*

How Ships Dispose of Ashes

MANY steamships still employ the old method of hoisting the ashes from the boilers to the decks above and dumping them overboard; others mix the ashes with water and pump them up; but both methods are objectionable to passengers, especially when the wind is blowing in the wrong direction. The newest of the liners get rid of their ashes by forcing them through the bottom of the hull by means of compressed air. The ashes are received into a hopper along with the clinkers, and are passed along to a crusher, which grinds them up together. In a water-tight casing below is a revolving drum, open as it turns first to the crusher chamber and then to the discharging-pipe below. Of course, ordinarily the water pressure would force the ashes back through the discharge pipe and would flood the ship, but compressed air, about seventy pounds to the square inch, is applied to the drum, just before its opening comes over the discharge pipe, and the ashes are sent into the sea with such force that they sweep clear of the vessel's hull. This expeller can get rid of eight or ten tons of ashes, drawn from forty-eight furnaces, in an hour.— *The Pathfinder.*

Some of America's Expenditures

WE no longer live the simple life in America. The poor man to-day enjoys luxuries which royalty knew nothing about a century ago. The following table, compiled by Mr. C. F. Carter in the *Technical World*, shows the enormous sums of money we spend annually for luxuries which have become to many necessities:—

Item	Annual Cost
European trips	\$ 170,000,000
Railroad (pleasure trips) and Pullman fares	173,934,226
Theaters and other amusements.....	250,000,000
Yachts	28,451,114
Automobiles	110,000,000
Carriages	55,750,276
Pianos	48,000,000
Talking machines	16,000,000
Ammunition and fireworks	21,930,821
Liquors, mineral and soda-waters.....	605,921,000
Cigars, tobacco, and smokers' articles..	358,385,594
Candy	101,578,000
Eilliard tables	2,222,922
Perfumery and cosmetics	12,253,255
Jewelry	93,606,443
Imported millinery	15,607,502
Laces and embroideries (imported)....	33,611,010
Silks	197,850,000
Imported toys	7,206,423
Fancy articles "not specified" (domestic only)	11,961,513
Total	\$2,394,270,099

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A Study of Christian Science — No. 4

G. B. THOMPSON

LAST week we promised to show that "Christian Science," instead of being really Christian, is pantheism; and pantheism is the core of all Hinduism. The Hindu, like the Christian Scientist, believes in man's natural immortality; he believes, also, that the souls of the dead migrate into other animals. In a sense, the Hindu may be said to be a vegetarian. He refuses to eat any beef for fear that the soul of some of his ancestors may have gone into this particular animal, and in partaking of it he would devour a relative.

The Hindu believes, furthermore, that God is everywhere,—in the grass, in the trees, in all creation,—and that life is a manifestation of God. For this reason he worships the grass, the trees, the rivers, etc.

It is here that "Christian Science" comes in close touch with this pagan doctrine. In fact, it teaches the same things. In proof of this I will give a few extracts from the writings of its discoverer and founder:—

"It has been demonstrated to me that *Life is God*, and that the might of omnipotent Spirit shares not its strength with matter."—"*Science and Health*," page 89.

"The definitions of law, material law, as given by natural science, represent a kingdom necessarily divided against itself; because these definitions portray law as physical, not spiritual, and are therefore in contradiction to the divine decrees, and violate the law of love, *wherein nature and God are one.*" (Italics mine.)—"*Science and Health*," page 12.

"*In one sense God is identical with nature* [Italics mine]; but this nature is spiritual and not expressed in matter."—"*Science and Health*," page 13.

These quotations show clearly that that which in this age of light has taken a name from the vocabulary of heaven, and called itself "Christian Science," masquerading in saintly robes, is pure pantheism. The Hindu believes that "nature and God are one," so he worships nature as God. Believing that "God is identical with nature," as "Christian Science" teaches, he bows down to trees, worships rivers, etc. Changing the label on a bottle of poison, does not change its contents. No more does it here. Putting a label of "Christian Science" on a can of ancient pantheism, or on Hinduism, and displaying it in costly synagogues in the twentieth century, does not change the fact. And this is exactly what is done in this case, as the extracts given above will show.

The "Cyclopedia of Religious Knowledge," page 700, defines pantheism as follows: "The belief that God is everything, and everything God." Mrs. Eddy says, "In one sense God is identical with nature." The two are parallel.

In further confirmation of the foregoing position I give the following statement from Pandita Ramabai, one of the best educated and most prominent native Christian women in India. No one is able to speak more intelligently on this question than this devout

Christian woman, who for many years was a firm believer in Hindu philosophy and worshiped in its temples. She knows Hinduism when she sees it. She says: "On my arrival in New York, I was told that a new philosophy was being taught in the United States, and that it had won many disciples. The philosophy was called Christian Science, and when I asked what its teaching was, I recognized it as being the same philosophy that has been taught among my people four thousand years. It has wrecked millions of lives, caused immeasurable suffering and sorrow in my land; for it is based on selfishness, and knows no sympathy or compassion. It means just this, the philosophy of nothingness. You are to view the whole universe as nothing but falsehood. You are to think it does not exist. You do not exist. I do not exist. When you realize that you have no personality whatever, then you will have attained the highest perfection of what is called '*Yoga*,' and that gives you liberation, and you are liberated from your body, and you become like him, without any personality." (Taken from "Christian Science," page thirteen, by R. A. Underwood.)

The foregoing is very much to the point, and shows clearly that instead of Christian Science being a new discovery, it is some ancient pagan philosophy, re-named, and adapted to the light of the land in which it has taken root.

This new philosophy, in the deceptive garb of "Christian," by means of its philosophical and allegorical interpolation of the plain statements of the Bible, robs the Scriptures of all that is helpful, and destroys the comfort and hope which its cheering promises bring to the believer's heart. To illustrate: The Bible teaches that there are real angels, who are "all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation." Heb. 1:14. It teaches that they are not the spirits of the departed dead, for they existed before death came into the universe. The "sons of God shouted for joy" when the world was created (Job 38:7), and one of a high order was sent to guard the way to the tree of life when Adam was driven from his paradise home. Gen. 3:22-24. Angels have ministered to God's children all through the ages. Jacob saw them. Gen. 32:1, 2. They appeared to Lot as real beings, and he talked with them. Gen. 19:1-3. An angel talked to Gideon. Judges 6:19. An angel came down and destroyed in one night in the Assyrian army "a hundred and fourscore and five thousand" warriors, and saved Jerusalem. Isa. 37:36.

Many other instances could be cited, and scriptures quoted, showing that angels are real beings, created by the Lord to do a work in administering the affairs of the universe.

But what does Christian Science teach that angels are? In the glossary of "Science and Health," page 572, angels are defined as "God's thoughts passing to man; spiritual intuitions, pure and perfect."

Again I quote from the same book: "Angels are not etherealized human beings, evolving animal qualities in their wings. . . . *They are pure thoughts from God.*" "My angels are exalted thoughts, appearing at the door of some sepulcher, when human belief has buried its fondest visible hopes."

Think of it! All the angels there are, according to Christian Science, are good thoughts. It was simply a thought that came down on the Assyrian battle-field and slew more than one hundred eighty thousand warriors. It was merely a good thought that came to Lot in Sodom, and smote the people with blindness, and in the morning destroyed the city of the plains!

On a certain occasion Herod made an oration unto the people. When they heard him, they blasphemously said, "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." Then we read, "And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory: and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost." Acts 12: 21-23. According to Christian Science it was only a good thought that came to Herod, and it killed him! What nonsense! Yet the conclusion is inevitable. And this is but a sample of this so-called Christian philosophy.

Crown of Rejoicing

In ancient times when nation warred with nation and kings strove with kings for the mastery, many times there were several kings and their armies on each contending side. When one army was victorious over the other, it was considered a great glory and honor to have subdued several kings.

It was the custom for the conquering general to return from the battle-field to the city of his king at the head of a triumphal procession, in which marched the captives, many of noble birth,—kings and princes. The soldiers were enriched with the spoil of the subdued country. The captives, bound with chains, unwillingly graced the return of their conqueror, no doubt with drooping heads and humbled hearts.

In the days of the decline of the Roman empire, when Aurelian was emperor, the prince of Palmyra (a Syrian city), noting the decay of the empire, aspired to build up a great kingdom to usurp the power of Rome.

Upon the death of the prince, his wife Zenobia, who was noted for her beauty, succeeded to his authority. On attempting to carry out her husband's projects, and defying the Roman power, her armies were defeated by Aurelian, and she was taken captive. Bound with golden chains, the beautiful Zenobia was led in Aurelian's triumphal procession to Italy. The remainder of her life was spent in a villa near the Tiber.

Those triumphs were earthly and short-lived, alloyed with suffering and sorrow. There is another warfare that has been going on since the fall of Lucifer in heaven. On one side is the Lord, our Saviour and King, and on the other, Satan, the usurper of Christ's dominions and the enemy of our peace.

The loyal followers of Christ are his soldiers, tried and true, serving not for temporal gain, but for the salvation of the oppressed of Satan, and for the glory of God. His generals are those who lead out in the great battles against the forces of darkness.

One of these generals was Paul, once a persecutor of the saints, but later one of the persecuted saints. His love for the Philippian church is marked, and he calls its members his "joy and crown."

Paul's offering to his King, after a spiritual battle

with the hosts of Satan, was not unwilling captives bound with chains, but free, loving followers drawn by cords of love.

In that great day when Christ comes to gather his fallen soldiers, Paul, among other leaders, will look with joy upon those who are saved as a result of his labor, and they will be his joy and crown. "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of our Lord Jesus Christ at his coming? For ye are our glory and joy." 1 Thess. 2: 19, 20.

Then while the battle is on and a greater conflict approaching, let us gird on our armor and help to defeat the army of Satan and to lessen its numbers by bringing the sinners to the side of the saints.

May we each have precious souls to present to our King and join in the rejoicing of the victorious army that will accompany Jesus to heaven. This army will not be laden with gold and silver as spoils from the scene of conflict, but character, pure, strong, and tested, will be the only trophy from this earth's battle-field.

HELEN M. STEELE.

Failure

WHAT is a failure? It's only a spur
To a man who receives it right,
And it makes the spirit within him stir
To go in once more and fight;
If you never have failed, it's an even guess
You never have won a high success.

What is a miss? It's a practise shot
Which we often must make to enter
The list of those who can hit the spot
Of the bull's-eye in the center.
If you never have sent your bullet wide,
You never have put the mark inside.

—Selected.

Our Words

FEW of us realize how many foolish idle words we speak. One word of ours may lead a person to accept or to reject Christ. The time spent in jesting and gossip, or in reading books of fiction, one might better use in preparing one's self for the Saviour's work.

Some may say we must have books of fiction to read in order to pass away the time, and that we may be able to converse with others. These are poor excuses. If the hours we spend over such books were spent in the study of the Bible or in ministering to suffering humanity, time would not drag heavily, and we should be able to converse acceptably. If one has been accustomed to reading such books, it may be hard to give up the habit, but there is One who will help us if we will permit him.

I have seen young people sit for hours poring over novels, while their Bible would lie untouched for a week, or if read at all, it would be for only a few minutes at a time.

There are quantities of books and papers which are helpful to better living, so that one need not be at a loss for something to read. By discarding the evil things, we may become unpopular with the world; but Christ was not popular. He suffered trials and persecutions while he was on this earth, and all for our sakes, that we through him might be saved. He came to redeem us. When we stop to think that Christ died for us, we should be willing to forsake all and follow him; but how few are!

CELINDA DUNBAR.

"WE never love to serve until we serve in love."

GOOD MANNERS

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy places we may build of beautiful thought — proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care can not disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us — houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.— *John Ruskin.*

A Home Suggestion

I do not often give direct commands to my children, remembering how my own childish sense of dignity was offended by them. I make requests and suggestions, avoiding always the manner of the superior officer. I respect their individuality and their pride. I should never dream of opening their letters or of examining their small possessions. I am as polite to them as to their father, which does not mean that our relations have the slightest touch of formality.

I avoid many little points of friction by instituting a system of self-government whenever it is possible. For instance, they send themselves to bed at the appointed hours. I have nothing to do with their going to bed, except to serve as a court of appeal for an occasional extension of time. Each of the three older children is monitor for a week at a time, a merely nominal function, as each of the children would much prefer to go to bed half an hour early rather than be sent by one of the other children. Any child who sits up beyond his bedtime without permission is required to go to bed so much the earlier the next night. A request for the extension of time must have a good reason back of it.— *Woman's Home Companion.*

An Excellent Rule

YEARS ago there lived in Arabia a gentleman named Lackman, who was known everywhere within his own country for his faultless manners and fascinating personality, which was equally delightful to high and low, rich and poor. Even the beggars shunned by ordinary passers-by received some courtesy from Lackman, who was never known to slight any human being. His fame reached the imperial ruler at Bagdad, who sent for him to gratify his curiosity, and that of his courtiers, all of whom were polished gentlemen, after the Arabian fashion of that day. Lackman, however, soon eclipsed them all in fascination and elegance of deportment. The caliph was puzzled and pleased.

"How is it," he asked of Lackman, "that you, who are not even of noble birth, have acquired manners that are the envy of princes?"

"It has always been my rule, O Excellence," answered Lackman, "to abstain from everything which I do not approve in others."

An excellent rule, indeed. If we should follow the example of this Arabian gentleman, our lives would be stripped of many cumbersome faults. We should, then, carefully avoid the selfish impulses that we are so quick to notice and deplore in our intimates; we should shun the many sordid little deceptions of which we so heartily disapprove in others, and vanities that mar the character of our friend would never find lodging in our own hearts. There would be no harsh criticisms of our friends' shortcomings, because we all disapprove of harshness of any kind; and we should never be guilty of the slanderous habits that we so detest in our acquaintances. In fine, if we should adopt Lackman's rule of conduct, we should all become better citizens — yes, and better Christians.— *The Visitor.*

Writing Home

"My boy," writes a white-haired mother to her son, a busy man in a distant State, "write home often. You do not realize what your letters are to me, and how long it is between them."

No, he had not realized it, and unhappily there are many absent sons and daughters who need a similar reminder. They would be indignant at the suggestion of waning filial devotion, but in the stress of business, in the society of new friends, in the happiness of a new home circle, how rarely they spare an hour for a good long letter to the aging mother in the old home — the loving mother whose heartache, as the passing days fail to bring the longed-for letter, is one of the most pathetic tragedies of old age.

The decline of the letter-writing habit of an earlier generation has often been deplored, but this feature of the decline can neither be excused nor defended. The post-card substitute for letters is little less than a mockery when the cards are sent to the mother who wants, and should have, so much more than that.

As youth lives in and for the future, so does old age always look back over the slope as it nears the summit. The parent is wrapped up in the son and daughter; but as the son grows to manhood and the daughter to womanhood, they are absorbed in the plans and the processes of building the structure of the coming years. Such is the law of life and the basis of all progress, but it is a pitiful thing when the son and daughter fail to keep in mind their obligation to the loyalty and love of their parents.

Blessed are the absent ones who write long and frequent letters to the old home. Soon, they can not know how soon, the precious privilege will no longer be theirs.— *Youth's Companion.*

"I SEE Thy light. I feel Thy wind;
The world is all a sign;
Each thing that wakes my heart and mind,
My life and hope, is Thine."



Look for the Comet

"Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!
Shred from the pall of glory riven,
That flashes in celestial gale,
Broad pennon of the King of heaven!"

JUST now, because of the reappearance of Halley's comet, new interest is awakened in the subject of comets in general. We will note a few points on these unique heavenly bodies from Howe's Astronomy:—

Comets in General

"The word 'comet' is derived from a Greek word, which means 'the long-haired one;' the designation evidently came from the resemblance of the tail to dishevelled tresses. These bodies are very different in behavior from the staid and trusty planets. They usually come unheralded, change their form and brightness from night to night, display all their antics in a few weeks or months, and are off again, perchance to whisk about some other world in like gay fashion."

"During the past three thousand years there have been recorded about seven hundred of these bodies. Before the invention of the telescope the rate of discovery was slow, because only a few comets were conspicuous to the naked eye. At present about half a dozen are found annually, the majority of them being merely telescopic; that is, too faint to be seen without a telescope.

"There may be thousands of comets which never come near enough to the earth to be discovered. Kepler thought comets to be as numerous in the heavens as fishes in the ocean.

"Comets especially noteworthy receive special names. The great comet of 1858 received the name of Donati's comet, Donati being its discoverer. Encke's comet was named for him, because he made some striking researches concerning its movements. The wonderful comet found by Finlay, at the Cape of Good Hope, in the fall of 1882, was so majestic that no man's name has been attached to it. It is known as 'The Great Comet of 1882.'"



HALLEY'S COMET

Parts of a Comet

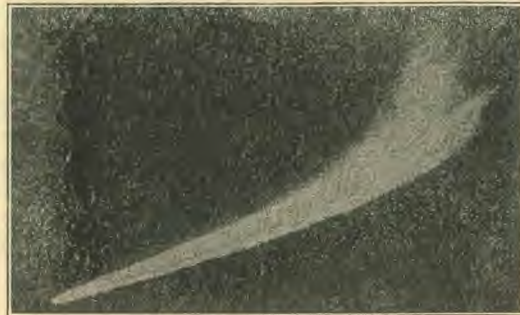
"Three parts of a comet are usually mentioned,—the head, the nucleus, and the tail. The head is a cloud-like form, which is the distinguishing part of a comet. Faint comets are frequently all head, no tail or nucleus being visible. The nucleus is a starlike or planetary point in the head, the most condensed portion of the comet. It is likewise the most brilliant part, and usually contains most of the comet's mass. The tail is the train of tenuous matter which, streaming from the head, is the chief glory, to the naked eye, of a large comet."

Tails: Their Dimensions and Varieties

"The tail is by far the bulkiest part of a comet. Tails long enough to reach from the earth to the sun, [91,000,000 miles] are not uncommon. The extremity of such a tail is millions of miles in thickness. The tail

of the comet of 1843 was estimated to be 581,000,000 miles long at one time. A tail a tenth as long as this is reckoned highly respectable. Some tails are narrow and straight, like prodigious spines. The forms of others are like half-opened fans. A comet occasionally has several tails, pointing in widely different directions."

"The tail of a comet is not to be regarded as the same to-day that it was yesterday. When one of these comets which dash through the corona goes from one side of the sun to the opposite side in a few hours, the tail, though millions of miles in length, appears also to be swung around, like a gigantic simitar brandished athwart the sky. No known force could cause the tail to swing around with such prodigious velocity. We therefore conclude that the tail resembles the cloud of



THE GREAT COMET OF 1882

smoke puffed out from the smoke-stack of a locomotive. Fresh material is driven off from the head each second, to form the tail. As the smoke of a locomotive does not return to it again, so the particles driven off from the comet in such profusion at

its perihelion passage are lost in space."

Halley's Comet

"Halley, who was a contemporary of Newton, having learned that, according to the recently propounded theory of gravitation, comets might move in elliptic orbits, and thus be visible at several returns; computed the orbits of twenty-four comets. On comparing the computations he observed that the orbits of the comets of 1531, 1607, and 1682 were strikingly similar; he reasoned from this that these three were one and the same body, revolving about the sun in about seventy-five years. He predicted its return about 1758; knowing that he would be in his grave before that time, he expressed a modest hope that if the comet should return then, 'posterity would not refuse to acknowledge that this was discovered by an Englishman.' In 1757 astronomers began to watch for it. For weary months the quest was vain, . . . but the comet was first seen on Christmas night, 1758, and arrived at perihelion on March 13, a month before the time set. Thus the Newtonian principle of gravitation received a striking verification."

Again in 1835 it made its appearance, and now that another seventy-five years have passed, astronomers are watching the heavens for its return. It is supposed to be visible to the naked eye in the early part of February, 1910, in the constellation Pisces. In April and May it will be visible shortly after sunrise.

On the eighteenth of May it will be only about 18,000,000 miles from us, or about one eighth of the distance between the sun and the earth, so it will doubtless be a very conspicuous object in the heavens. Look for the comet.

"WEALTH depends not on extent of possessions, but on powers of appreciation."

"PAINT the picture of Christian character worthily, and you will not need to worry about the frame."



Claims of the Papacy

"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." Dan. 7:25.

LESSON TEXTS: Dan. 7:8, 11, 20, 21, 24, 25. On verse 25 see also the Douay Version and the Revised Version.

Papal Assumptions

"In a sermon, preached when he was archbishop, Cardinal Manning put the following sentences in the mouth of the Pope: 'I acknowledge no civil power; I am the subject of no prince; and I claim more than this. I claim to be the supreme judge and director of the consciences of men; of the peasant that tills the field, and of the prince that sits upon the throne; of the household that lives in the shade of privacy, and the legislator that makes laws for kingdoms; I am the sole, last, supreme judge of what is right and wrong.' He also says: 'Moreover, we declare, affirm, define, and pronounce it to be necessary to salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff.'"—*"Our Country,"* page 53.

"He can dispense above law, and of wrong make right, by correcting and changing laws."

"The Pope has power to change times, to abrogate laws, and to dispense with all things, even the precepts of Christ."

"He [the Pope] ought not to be judged by any man. The Roman Church never erred, and never will err, according to the testimony of Scripture."—*The Dictatus of Pope Gregory VII, cited in Baronius' Annals of A. D. 1076, Vol. II, column 506. Also cited in Gieseler's Ecclesiastical History, third division, first chapter, section 47, note 3.*

Change of the Sabbath

"A rule of faith, or a competent guide to heaven, must be able to instruct in all the truths necessary for salvation. Now the Scriptures alone do not contain all the truths which the Christian is bound to believe, nor do they explicitly enjoin all the duties which he is obliged to practise. Not to mention other examples, is not every Christian obliged to sanctify Sunday, and to abstain on that day from unnecessary servile work? Is not the observance of this law among the most prominent of our sacred duties? But you may read the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, and you will not find a single line authorizing the sanctification of Sunday. The Scriptures enforce the religious observance of Saturday, a day which we never sanctify."—*"Faith of Our Fathers,"* by James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, page 111.

"Sunday, as a day of the week set apart for the obligatory public worship of Almighty God, . . . is purely a creation of the Catholic Church."—*American Catholic Quarterly Review, January, 1883.*

"Question.—Have you any other way of proving that the church has power to institute festivals of precept?"

"Answer.—Had she not such power, . . . she could not have substituted the observance of Sunday, the first day of the week, for Saturday, the seventh day, a change for which there is no Scriptural authority."—*"Doctrinal Catechism,"* page 174.

Father Enright, a Catholic priest, in a lecture at Hartford, Kan., said:—

"Sunday is not the Sabbath day; no man dare assert that it is. . . . I will give \$1,000 to any man who will prove by the Bible alone that Sunday is the day we are bound to keep. . . . The observance of Sunday is solely a law of the Catholic Church. . . . The church changed the Sabbath to Sunday, and all the world bows down and worships upon that day in silent obedience to the mandates of the Catholic Church."—*Hartford Weekly Call, Feb. 22, 1884.*

"It is worth its while to remember that this observance of the Sabbath—in which, after all, the only Protestant worship consists—not only has no foundation in the Bible, but it is in flagrant contradiction with its letter, which commands rest on the Sabbath, which is Saturday. It was the Catholic Church which, by the authority of Jesus Christ, has transferred this rest to the Sunday in remembrance of the resurrection of our Lord. Thus the observance of Sunday by the Protestant is an homage they pay, in spite of themselves, to the authority of the church."—*"Plain Talk About the Protestantism of To-day,"* page 213. From the French of Mgr. Segur. Publishers, Thomas B. Noonan and Co. (Roman Catholic), Boston. Imprimatur, Johannes Josephus, Episcopus, Boston.

O. F. BUTCHER.

How Wolves Catch Wild Horses

It is when we are not afraid of sin that the dangers of sin become fourfold. Travelers tell us that the wolves of Mexico have a strange way of catching the wild horses. These horses have a great speed. It is almost impossible for a single cowboy to catch one. The cowboys, when they wish to run them down, have relays of pursuers. First one set of cowboys will chase the horses, then another, and another, until at last the horses are caught by the lasso. But it is only when they are completely tired that they are caught; therefore it would be impossible for the wolves to catch them unless they used strategy, for the wolves' flight is not so swift as the horses'.

This is the way the wolves kill the wild horses of the Mexican plains: First two wolves come out of the woods and begin to play together like two kittens. They gambol about each other and run backward and forward. Then the herd of horses lift their startled heads and get ready to stampede. But the wolves seem to be so playful that the horses, after watching them for a while, forget their fears, and continue to graze. Then the wolves in their play come nearer and nearer, while other wolves slowly and stealthily creep after them.

Then suddenly the enemies surround the herd and make one plunge, and the horses are struggling with the fangs of the relentless foes gripped in their throats.

In a similar way our old sins cunningly attack us. They play about us and keep playing around us, and they look so harmless, and we feel so strong. But suddenly they make a plunge, and the old wounds are reopened and we are helpless in the grasp of the monsters of sin. Beware of that relapse into sin, "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee."—*Selected.*

The Farmer



" HE IS MY STORK, YOU SHALL NOT KILL HIM "



THE BIRD OF PLUMES — THE OSTRICH



THE HUMMING-BIRD

THE farmer needs an efficient corps of assistants to preserve his crops from being destroyed by various insects. Mr. C. I. Marlatt, assistant entomologist of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, says that "in no country in the world do insects impose a heavier tax on farm products than in the United States." The losses resulting to the farmer from the depredations of insects, Mr. Marlatt says, "exceed the entire expenditures of the national government, including the pension roll and the maintenance of the army and the navy."

The grain crops have been injured to the amount of \$200,000,000; hay, cotton, tobacco, vegetables, sugars, fruits, etc., to the amount of \$500,000,000; and products in storage to the amount of \$100,000,000.

Sometimes one species of insect alone exacts a yearly tribute of millions of dollars. The cotton-leaf worm will damage one season's crops to the amount of five or ten million dollars. The chinch-bug, in a half century, has destroyed grain to the value of \$330,000,000.

A Billion Policemen

Is there no way to prevent this great loss? — Yes, by increasing the police force. There are now about 1,414,000,000 policemen, or crop wardens, which have been appointed to care for the 842,000,000 acres of farm land. But this number is wholly inadequate to the great task. The number would have been much greater, and the service therefore more efficient, if the wives of the farmers and their city lady friends had not been the means of killing off these bird policemen for hat ornamentation.

It is an established fact that the destruction of the birds of our country causes a "loss to the farmer nearly equal to the total capitalization of all the national banks in the United States."

Mr. Reginald Kaufman, in a recent article in *Hampton's Magazine*, said: "As a matter of fact, birds are the instinctive enemies of the destroying insects which are, indeed, their ordained food, and their policing of the crops can not be replaced — can, at most, be but supplemented — by such human devices as the arsenic spray. One pair of rose-breasted grosbeaks can, in a week, destroy all of the potato-bugs on an acre of potato-vines and then keep the vines clean for the entire season, whereas two boys with a bucket of Paris green, at the traditional salary of one cent for every hundred



THE SNOWY OWL —



THE MUCH-HUNTED BIRD OF PARADISE



THE WOODCOCK

Police Force

ain bugs, can not even approx-
imate that record.

"In Nevada and Nebraska
out a year ago, the meadow
ice were actually undermining
the soil and threatening the ut-
ter destruction of the alfalfa
fields, when swarms of hawks
and crows appeared, and with
locks of gulls and herons,—which had never been known to have a
taste of this sort,—swept down and, among them, reduced the
trouble before the national Department of Agriculture could lend its



THE AMERICAN ROBIN

aid. Like instances might be supplied
of the various hawks and the sandpiper
as the inveterate foes of the grasshop-
per, and of the herring, or harbor gull,
which constitutes itself the health offi-
cer of the sea beach, gleaning refuse
from shore and vessels, and devouring
the disgorged loads of the cities' sea-
going garbage scows.

"The sparrow-hawk, a quill-bearer,
attacks grasshoppers. The barn owl,
almost the entire bodies of which from
time to time become fashionable for
autumn 'trimming,' rids the barn of
mice; the goldfinch, whose feathers you
value, under the name of the upland
plover — or, in the West, the prairie
pigeon — lives on noxious thistles, and
has ended more than a single locust
plague; while the scarlet tanager and
the Baltimore oriole, working on the
tree tops, befriend the forester by de-
stroying many an insect which other
birds entirely overlook."

The robin, night-hawk, meadow-lark,
marsh-hawk, and killdeer are also ex-
cellent crop wardens.

It may be that you may think the
number of birds sacrificed to fashion
and sport is insignificant. But not so.
Mr. Kaufman says that in Louisiana
alone, from a quarter of a million to a
million robins are killed every year, and
that one little village in Tennessee usu-
ally fills a yearly order for
one hundred twenty-five
thousand robins. Fifty thou-
sand pheasants were slaughtered in one day in one of the
Western States. The millinery establishments of the
world use more than 300,000,000 birds every year.

Everybody admires the humming-bird. The great bird
lover, Audubon, calls it "a glit-
tering fragment of a rainbow,"
and some one else speaks of it
"as a gem or blossom on pinions."
Florence Merriam, in "Birds
Through an Opera-Glass,"
speaks of the humming-bird as
something too dainty and airy to
have even three inches of actual
length. "It seems like the
winged spirit of color as it comes
humming through the air to
hover over the flowers on the
piazza, its body like green beryl,
and its throat glancing fire." But

(Concluded on page fifteen)



THE SAUCY BUT INTERESTING WREN



THE ROSE-BREADED GROSBEAK (MALE)



IC WINTER FIGURE

and pheasants were slaughtered in one day in one of the
Western States. The millinery establishments of the
world use more than 300,000,000 birds every year.



G OF GAME-BIRDS



THE SPOTTED SANDPIPER, OR "TEETER"

CHILDREN'S PAGE



A Long Time Coming

[This selection is from one of the Reading Course books.]

THERE is an old story that caught fire in my heart the first time it came to me, and burns anew at each memory of it. It told of a time in the southern part of our country when the sanitary regulations were not so good as of late. A city was being scourged by a disease that seemed quite beyond control. The city's carts were ever rolling over the cobblestones, carrying away those whom the plague had slain.

Into one very poor home, a laboring man's home, the plague had come. Father and children had been carried out, until on the day of this story there remained but two, the mother and her baby boy of perhaps five years. The boy crept up into his mother's lap, put his arms about her neck, and with his baby eyes so close, said, "Mother, father's dead, and brothers and sister are dead; if *you* die, what'll I do?"

The poor mother had thought of it, of course. What could she say? Quieting her voice as much as possible, she said, "If I die, Jesus will come for you." That was quite satisfactory to the boy. He had been taught about Jesus, and felt quite safe with him, and so went about his play on the floor. And the boy's question proved only too prophetic. Quick work was done by the dread disease. Soon the mother was being laid away by strange hands.

It is not difficult to understand that in the sore distress of the time the boy was forgotten. When night came, he crept into bed, but could not sleep. Late in the night he got up, found his way out along the street, down the road, in to where he had seen the men put her. And throwing himself down on the freshly shoveled earth, he sobbed until nature kindly stole consciousness away for a time.

Very early the next morning, a gentleman coming down the road from some errand of mercy, looked over the fence, and saw the little fellow lying there. Quickly suspecting some sad story, he called him, "My boy, what are you doing there? My boy, wake up! what are you doing there all alone?" The boy waked up, rubbed his baby eyes, and said, "Father's dead, and brothers and sister are dead, and now,—*mother's*—dead—too. And she said, if she did die, Jesus would come for me. And he hasn't come. And I'm so tired waiting." And the man swallowed something in his throat, and in a voice not very clear, said, "Well, my boy, I've come for you." And the little fellow waking up, with his baby eyes so big, said, "I think you've been a long time coming."

Whenever I read the last words of Jesus, or think of them, there comes up a vision that floods out every other thing. It is of Jesus himself standing on that hilltop. His face is all scarred and marred, thorn-torn and thong-cut. But it is beautiful, passing all beauty of earth, with its wondrous beauty light. Those great eyes are looking out so yearningly, *out* as if they were seeing men, the ones nearest and those farthest. His arm is outstretched, with the hand pointing out. And you can not miss the rough jagged hole in the

palm. And he is saying, "*Go ye.*" The attitude, the scars, the eyes looking, the hand pointing, the voice speaking, all are saying so intently, "*Go ye.*"

And as I follow the line of those eyes, and the hand, there comes up an answering vision,—a great sea of faces that no man ever yet has numbered, with answering eyes and outstretching hands. From hoary old China, from our blood-brothers in India, from Africa, where sin's tar stick seems to have blackened blackest, from Romanized South America, from the islands of the sea, aye from the slums, and frontiers, and mountains in the home land, and from those near by, from over the alley next to your house maybe, they seem to come. And they are rubbing their eyes, and speaking. With lives so pitifully barren, with lips mutely eloquent, with the soreness of their hunger, they are saying, "You're a long time coming."

Shall we go? Shall we *not* go? But how shall we best go? By keeping in such close touch with Jesus that the warm throbbing of his heart is ever against our own. Then will come a new purity into our lives as we go out irresistibly attracted by the attraction of Jesus toward our fellows. And then, too, shall go out of ourselves and out of our lives and service, a new, supernatural power touching men. It is Jesus within reaching men through us.—"*Quiet Talks on Service,*" pages 50-53.

The Oak Tree's October Diary

OCTOBER 1.—Certainly not a cheerful beginning for another month, especially this supposedly most beautiful of the beautiful autumn season. How the rain did pour this morning, but the clouds cleared away in time to give us a bright and sunny afternoon. There is a decidedly autumnal feeling in the air,—a drowsy feeling.

OCT. 2.—A summer day, strayed away and lost. It would make me feel almost like growing again if I did not know that it is not the proper season. I have not even a single acorn to show for the work I've done all summer, but along my twigs are healthy plump brown buds in which are hidden plenty of material for a brave showing next spring. This summer's work will count *then*, so I am content to wait.

OCT. 3.—Drizzle, drizzle! I'm soaked and forlorn-looking. There has been no frost yet to turn me brown; nevertheless, one whole side of me is covered with brown leaves, killed, they say, by the locusts, who made me a favorite resting-place during July and August. When the wind blows hard, many of the locust-killed leaves let go their hold and whirl away, just as the real autumn leaves will do later.

OCT. 4, 5, 6.—A trio of balmy days and mild nights in which it has been a delight to live. I see touches of brown and yellow in the forest over the hill. I wonder if, over there, they have felt frost which I have escaped. There is still plenty of vivid green, at any rate.

OCT. 7.—A gay gale came down from the northwest this morning, and all day has been filling the



A DEAD TREE IN THE BEAUTIFUL FOREST

Oct. 8.—There must be plenty of nuts over yonder in the woods, judging by the boys who go by so frequently with well-filled sacks on their shoulders. Then some of the porch roofs in the neighborhood of the Terrace are well covered with freshly gathered beauties spread out to dry in this warm sunshine, which is so effective for such a purpose. On a roof across the street I have a good chance to admire a fine lot of nice shining white hickory-nuts and a larger quantity of fat brown walnuts, basking in their sun-bath. I like to dream about the place where they grew. The perfection of their woodsy, autumnal beauty makes me imagine it could have been produced only in a home equally woodsy and beautiful.

Oct. 9.—In the Terrace neighborhood, boys and men are kicking footballs almost from morning till night. Thud, thud, goes the kicking, till one get heartily sick of it. Why is it, I wonder, men enjoy working so hard and enduring so much for something that is so profitless, when there are so many useful and equally enjoyable pursuits to be found on every hand? Such sports seem a wicked waste of God-given time, strength, and energy — idle toil that accomplishes nothing but harm. How much more I admire the boys who go tramping through the October woods with their nut sacks on their shoulders, than those who spend these delightful days kicking about that leathern ball beyond that other terrace north of me. I wonder, too, why the football season is placed in the autumn. Was it mere accident? or does the football's undoubted resemblance to a great ripe pecan make it seem most appropriate to the nutting season?

Oct. 10.—I believe I am lonely. All the birds seem already to have left for the South, and I don't know how long it has been since I saw a bluebird or a robin. Even the sparrows seem scarce, and when they visit me, their stay is short and almost silent. I miss their lively summer-time chatter, and could almost overlook their scolding and quarreling if I could only hear their voices more frequently.

Oct. 11.—There's a winter-like quality in the stiff

street with clouds of dust, and sending my brown leaves from their stems to go scurrying over the Terrace. Consequently, to-night my locust-killed side is almost bare, while the other is still well clothed with green leaves, giving me a curious and rather comical appearance, much like a man with but half his beard cut off. There is no crime in the outdoor world to which I belong, or I might be taken for a sort of fresh-air convict, with my half-naked crown.

breeze to-day, although the sun shines very bright.

Oct. 12.—There was a heavy frost last night, although its traces disappeared very early this morning. Everything looked cold and wintry in the moonlight. I shivered all night, and have felt drowsy to-day in consequence.

Oct. 13.—Another cold night, another heavy frost, and another chilly day. I am more drowsy than ever.

Oct. 14.—If it were not for the autumnal coloring to be seen on every hand, one could almost have fancied this an April day, with its mild air and frequent gentle showers. It has not deceived me, however, and I shall go right on making my preparations for the cold weather I know is so soon to come. I am tired with this long summer's work, much of which seems to have gone so ill, and I shall welcome the time of my winter rest in company with the ferns, the clover, and other outdoor things at the Terrace.

Oct. 15.—There is a stalk of rose-pink cosmos growing beside a veranda opposite the Terrace. The frosts haven't harmed it in the least, and the great blossoms sway about on their threadlike stems almost as if floating alone like pink butterflies. Flowers are so scarce in October, one appreciates the few there are.

Oct. 16.—How silent everything is! The oaks at the rear of the Terrace had better success than I with their acorn crop, and, every now and then, drop an acorn upon the brick walks with a sharp whack. The murmur of voices in the street also is heard at times, but the general silence is so deep such slight sounds do not seem to destroy it.

Oct. 17.—One can scarcely believe that snowflakes will soon be flying. Fancy snowflakes from this blue sky and through this golden sunshine!

Oct. 18.—Those late frosts certainly affected my few remaining green leaves, and they are rapidly becoming the proper shade and texture to match those killed by the locusts. I am so nearly bare, however, that what leaves I have left look out of place and rather ashamed of themselves for lingering after all the rest are gone.

Oct. 19.—Most of this week, Indian summer has reigned at the Terrace. It is so beautiful and balmy one could almost wish it would last forever. The woods are gorgeous now, and the blue haze that hovers over them makes their brilliancy the more brilliant

and striking by contrast.

Oct. 20.—It is hard to believe, but every one of my recently frost-bitten leaves has fallen, leaving that side of me wholly naked, while a scattered remnant of my locust-killed foliage yet remains. It is not always the thing first begun that is first finished.

Oct. 21.—What beautiful lessons the autumn teaches! One is of preparation. Humanity is admonished, "Prepare to meet thy God;" and the same solemn admonition the trees seem obeying when they close up their cells, and meet him cheerfully in the purifying gales of winter, when they open their hearts to accept his revivifying power in the spring, when they strengthen their foliage and respond to his calls upon them for summer duties, and, lastly, when, those duties done, they throw away their gala robes in obedience to his beckoning hand and unhesitatingly compose themselves to rest.

(Concluded next week)



"THEY WERE SO MEEK AND QUIET"



M. E. KERN
MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Personal Work

Program

SONG: "Christ in Song" (new edition), page 566.

SCRIPTURE READING: Acts 8:26-40.

SENTENCE PRAYERS.

SPECIAL MUSIC.

STUDY ON PERSONAL WORK.

SONG: "Christ in Song" (new edition), page 485.

SELECTIONS ON PERSONAL WORK.

READING: "A LONG TIME COMING," page 10.

NOTE.—Some one has truly said that there is no work within the power of man to be compared with personal work. Therefore a lesson on this subject needs not to be prefaced with an apology. Every one of us should be a personal worker. What about the camp-meetings which have so recently passed? Are the results of those meetings permanent? Are the young people who attended saturating their home churches with the earnest spirit of those good meetings? Do you not think, dear friend, that if we were diligent personal workers, we would save ourselves and others from the bitter experience of back-sliding now and then? Another thing. It will be only a short time till the annual week of prayer returns. We need a special outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and I believe that our Missionary Volunteers can do much to bring it if they will. Let not our indifference or carelessness rob ourselves and others of this blessing. Will you not, by prayer and personal effort, do what you can to bring others in touch with the Source of spiritual power? It would seem very appropriate to close this meeting on personal work with a short consecration service.

Study on Personal Work

NOTE.—This is a suggestive study. If thought best, the topics can be assigned to different individuals, who should make thorough preparation, and conduct five-minute studies with the society.

The Work of Christians

Matt. 5:14; Isa. 43:10.

John 17:18; Mark 16:15.

Mark 1:17.

Are there any Christians upon whom this obligation does not rest?

The First Requirement for This Work

Compare John 9:5 with Matt. 5:14.

Compare John 17:17 with verse 18.

2 Cor. 3:2.

Character first; "character before career."

What you are speaks so loudly I can not hear what you say.—*Emerson*.

All true service begins in personal contact with Jesus.—*S. D. Gordon*.

Henry M. Stanley said that it was the beauty of holiness in the life of David Livingstone that won him to Christ.

What the cause of Christ needs is not so much more of us as a better brand of us.—*Henry Drummond*.

Duty to Do Personal Work

Mark 1:17. What does this suggest as to method?

Isa. 50:4. May we have this experience?

"Christ's Object Lessons," page 229: "To a great degree this [work of the gospel] must be accompanied by personal labor. This was Christ's method. His work was largely made up of personal interviews. He had a faithful regard for the one-soul audience."

"Christ's Object Lessons," page 343: "Every moment is freighted with eternal consequences. We are to stand as minutemen, ready for service at a moment's notice. The opportunity that is now ours to speak to some needy soul the word of life may never offer again."

"Desire of Ages," page 141: "Many have gone down to ruin who might have been saved, if their neighbors, common men and women, had put forth personal effort for them. Many are waiting to be personally addressed. In the very family, the neighborhood, the town where we live, there is work for us to do as missionaries for Christ."

See also "Christ's Object Lessons," page 57; "Ministry of Healing," pages 143, 158, and many other references in the Testimonies.

And it is a serious matter to disobey when the still, small voice sends you to some lost soul. You may be sure He is preparing that one for the message.—*E. F. Hallenbeck*.

If we should hear of a new convert to Christianity in China, who never said anything to his friends about Christ, nor did any positive witnessing for him, what would you think of the quality of his Christianity? How about the same thing in America?

Motive Power for Personal Work

2 Cor. 5:14.

What is the meaning of constraineth?

Constrained, not merely by a sense of duty, nor a desire for man's approval, nor to make a success, but by the love of Christ.

A Necessity in Personal Work

"Christ's Object Lessons," page 149: "Personal effort for others should be preceded by much secret prayer; for it requires great wisdom to understand the science of saving souls. Before communicating with man, commune with Christ. At the throne of heavenly grace, obtain a preparation for ministering to the people."

The victory is gained, not while talking with people, but in the secret chamber.

The noble souls whose names are written among the soul winners of the centuries without exception have saturated their lives with prayer.—*E. F. Hallenbeck*.

The Reward for Service

John 4:36; Dan. 12:3.

One of the greatest present rewards is the ability acquired to do more service.

Practical Application

How many will by the grace of God, pray for some one every day, and make a direct personal effort for some soul at least once a week?

"To know God and to make him known, is our business here." Will he expect less of us than is suggested in this study?

Selections on Personal Work

[These might be read by different individuals.]

JESUS plans that these lost ones may be saved. He knew that friend would come into your office while you were enjoying a moment of leisure. He sent that neighbor to your home last week, then whispered in your ear, "Point her to Christ." He directed you to sit by the side of that business associate the other day. We marvel at what we call strange combinations of circumstances; but the fact is, there are no

happenings in this world; below the surface are the plans of God for the salvation of men.—“*Passion for Souls*,” page 93.

THERE came to my mind one day an impression that I should go to a certain man with the word of life. He was a most unpromising case. Others had labored with him in vain. I tried to reason the impression away, but it would not go. I said, “Lord, you know how full this week is. There is only one evening in which it would be possible for me to see him, and the chances are he would not be at home.” Thus I tried to escape the plain, clear call of God. Shame on us that we are so slow to do his bidding! I went reluctantly to the man’s home. He responded to my ring, ushered me into the reception-room, and closed the door. Without delay I told him of my interest in his spiritual welfare, and asked him to accept Christ. “I will,” was the prompt reply. He was waiting for my invitation. God had prepared his heart. We knelt together, and a soul was born into the fold of grace. O friend, be quick to obey when God speaks! —“*Passion for Souls*,” pages 105, 106.

A NUMBER of years ago, when my home was on the bank of the Hudson River, I sat one Monday morning in my study. Suddenly the door-bell rang with that sharp, quick sound which calls for immediate response. I opened the door. There was a woman, a member of my church. Her face was pale as death. She was trembling from head to foot. She told me they had taken the body of a boy out of the river just across the road from my home. I hastened to the place. There was the little form upon the grass. No effort was being made to save him. I took the body in my hands, and with the help of those who stood by tried to encourage respiration. My fingers became numb. It seemed to me I must let go. But I dared not; for perhaps something I might do would help to save the precious life. After a while the doctor came to give his skill to the task, and just behind him was the father of the boy. I shall never forget how he cried, “O, doctor! for God’s sake can’t you save him?” But it was too late. The spark of life was gone. They told me I must bear these tidings of death to the mother of the boy. I never have had a task from which I shrank more. As I walked up the street, I wondered what I could say to make the burden of grief easier to bear. God spared me the pain of making the first announcement of her sorrow. But O, that bitterness of heart! I can see her now as she wrung her hands, and sobbed, “My boy is dead! My boy is dead!” We do not condemn the mother for her grief, nor do we think it strange that the father’s heart should be broken. But here is something that is strange: you and I come in contact day after day with souls that are dead in trespasses and sins, and we make no effort to bring them into fellowship with him who can speak the word of life.—“*Passion for Souls*,” pages 122-124.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3

Outline No. 6—“*Quiet Talks on Service*,” Pages 133-157

Money: The Golden Channel of Service

1. WHAT two kinds of service enables us to reach a limitless circle?
2. What determines the real value of money?

3. What does the author mean by saying, “Money is not riches,” “Exchange your gold into *lives*,” and “Money will be bankrupt some day”?

4. How does Mr. Gordon illustrate the privilege of giving to missions?

5. How will those who invest their means in the salvation of souls be rewarded?

6. What lesson may we get from Aaron’s excuse for the golden calf?

7. How does money make it possible to transfer personality? to duplicate it?

Notes

“God entrusts men with means. He gives them power to get wealth. He waters the earth with the dews of heaven, and with the showers of refreshing rain. He gives the sunlight, which warms the earth, awakening to life the things of nature, and causing them to flourish and bear fruit. And he asks for a return of his own.

“Our money has not been given us that we might honor and glorify ourselves. As faithful stewards we are to use it for the honor and glory of God. Some think that only a portion of their means is the Lord’s. When they have set apart a portion for religious and charitable purposes, they regard the remainder as their own, to be used as they see fit. But in this they mistake. All we possess is the Lord’s, and we are accountable to him for the use we make of it. In the use of every penny it will be seen whether we love God supremely and our neighbor as ourselves.

“Money has great value, because it can do great good. In the hands of God’s children it is food for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, and clothing for the naked. It is a defense for the oppressed, and a means of help to the sick. But money is of no more value than sand, only as it is put to use in providing for the necessities of life, in blessing others, and advancing the cause of Christ.

“Hoarded wealth is not merely useless, it is a curse. In this life it is a snare to the soul, drawing the affections away from the heavenly treasure. In the great day of God its witness to unused talents and neglected opportunities will condemn its possessor. Read James 5: 1-4.

“The more means we expend in display and self-indulgence, the less we can have to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. Every penny used unnecessarily deprives the spender of a precious opportunity of doing good. It is robbing God of the honor and glory which should flow back to him through the improvement of his entrusted talents.”—“*Christ’s Object Lessons*,” pages 351, 352.

Junior Reading Course No. 2

Outline No. 6—“*Letters From the Holy Land*,” Chapters 16-18

Notes and Suggestions

WHAT lesson may we learn from the water-seller in chapter 16? After reading Isa. 55: 1, turn and read Rev. 22: 17. How may we drink of the water of life? How do the people in Palestine make their skin bottles? Where is Mount Carmel? Where is Tiberias? Read the story about the “ninety and nine” in Luke 15. After you read Mr. Harper’s story of “The Stray Sheep,” read Isa. 53: 3-6. What a good shepherd we have! The wilderness of Engedi, which Mr. Harper visited, is not given on the map in the book, but try
(Concluded on page sixteen)



THE INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VIII — Healing the People; Four Thousand Fed; Seeking a Sign (November 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 15:29 to 16:4; Mark 7:31 to 8:12.

MEMORY VERSE: "Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake." Matt. 5:11.

The Lesson Story

1. "And again, departing from the coasts of Tyre and Sidon, he [Jesus] came unto the sea of Galilee, through the midst of the coasts of Decapolis." "And great multitudes came unto him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and he healed them: insomuch that the multitude wondered, when they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see: and they glorified the God of Israel."

2. "And they bring unto him one that was deaf, and had an impediment in his speech; and they beseech him to put his hand upon him. And he took him aside from the multitude, and put his fingers into his ears, and he spit, and touched his tongue; and looking up to heaven, he sighed, and saith unto him, Ephphatha, that is, Be opened. And straightway his ears were opened and the string of his tongue was loosed, and he spake plain.

3. "And he charged them that they should tell no man, but the more he charged them, so much the more a great deal they published it; and were beyond measure astonished, saying, He hath done all things well: he maketh both the deaf to hear, and the dumb to speak.

4. "In those days the multitude being very great, and having nothing to eat, Jesus called his disciples unto him, and saith unto them, I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat: and if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way: for divers of them came from far. And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness?"

5. "And Jesus saith unto them, How many loaves have ye? And they said, Seven, and a few little fishes. And he commanded the multitude to sit down on the ground. And he took the seven loaves and the fishes, and gave thanks, and brake them, and gave to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude.

6. "And they did all eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets full. And they that did eat were four thousand men, beside women and children. And he sent away the multitude, and took ship, and came into the coasts of Magdala.

7. "The Pharisees also with the Sadducees came, and tempting desired him that he would show them a sign from heaven. He answered and said unto them, When it is evening, ye say, It will be fair weather: for the sky is red. And in the morning, It will be foul weather to-day: for the sky is red and lowering. O ye hypocrites, ye can discern the face of the sky; but can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

8. It grieved Jesus to have the Pharisees and others ask for a sign from heaven that they might know that he was the Son of God. Had they not seen evidences of the wonderful power of God in all that he did? By studying the sky they could understand what the weather would be, but they had seen plainer and more convincing signs of his power, yet they refused to believe.

9. Jesus said to them: "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign; and there shall no sign be given unto it, but the sign of the prophet Jonas. And he left them, and departed."

Questions

1. After healing the daughter of the woman of Syrophenicia, where did Jesus go? Mark 7:31. What miracle had he once performed in that region? — *Ans.*— It was there that he cast the demons out of the wild man from the tombs. When it became known that Jesus was again in that country, who were brought to him? With what result? Matt. 15:30, 31.

2. In what condition was one poor man who was brought to Jesus? What did the man's friends ask of Jesus? What did Jesus do? What was the result? Mark 7:32-35.

3. What request did Christ then make? How did the people treat his request? What did they say about all that he did? Verses 36, 37.

4. What is said of the multitude in those days? How long did Jesus teach and heal at that place? What proves that the people were much interested in what he said and did? Why did Jesus not send them away to get food? How did his disciples answer him? Mark 8:1-4.

5. What question did Jesus then ask? How much food had the disciples? On receiving this food, what did Jesus do? What did he have the disciples do? Matt. 15:34-36.

6. How many persons ate of the bread and fishes that the Saviour blessed? What amount remained? Matt. 15:37, 38. What promise has been given us by the One who has power to provide whatever is needed? Matt. 6:33. After sending the people away, where did Jesus go? Verse 39.

7. Who now came to him? What did these men ask of him? While they understood the weather signs, what signs had they failed to discern? Matt. 16:1-3.

8. How did this request make Jesus feel? What signs had they already seen? What did they refuse to do?

9. What further reply did Jesus make? Matt. 16:4. What sign did Jesus say they would yet have? See Matt. 12:40.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON



VIII — Healing the People; Four Thousand Fed; Seeking a Sign

(November 20)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Mark 7:31 to 8:12.

PARALLEL SCRIPTURE: Matt. 15:29 to 16:4.

LESSON HELP: "Desire of Ages," chapter 44.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 5:11.

Questions

Healing the People

1. On returning from Tyre and Sidon, to what

place did Jesus go? As he went up into a mountain near the sea, who came unto him? What did the people bring to him? What did he do for those afflicted ones? Mark 7:31; Matt. 15:29, 30.

2. With what was one of those brought unto Jesus afflicted? What did the friends of the man beseech the Lord to do? Mark 7:32.

3. Describe the manner in which Christ proceeded to relieve his infirmities. Verses 33, 34.

4. What immediate change took place? After the miracle, what charge did Jesus give? How were his directions obeyed? Verses 35, 36.

5. What did the people say about Jesus' work at this time? Verse 37.

Feeding the Four Thousand

6. What is said of the size of the multitude gathered about Jesus? How did Jesus regard the people? How long had they remained with him listening to his teaching? Mark 8:1, 2.

7. What did he say would result should he send them away hungry? Why? Verse 3.

8. What question arose in the minds of the disciples? Verse 4; note 1.

9. What question did Jesus ask his disciples? What was their reply? Verse 5.

10. What did Christ then command? What did he do? To whom did Jesus give the food? What did the disciples do with it? Verses 6, 7.

11. What is said regarding the sufficiency of the food provided by Jesus? Verse 8. How many fragments remained? Verse 8.

12. How many were present on this occasion? Verse 9. Compare Matt. 15:38.

Seeking a Sign

13. After feeding the multitude, where did Jesus go? Mark 8:10; Matt. 15:39; note 2.

14. Who came to him? What did these Pharisees want? Mark 8:11. What answer did Jesus give them? Matt. 16:1-3.

15. What did Jesus say of that generation that required a sign? To the preaching of what prophet did the Lord refer as furnishing a profitable lesson for his own generation? What definite answer did Christ give regarding a sign? Matt. 16:4; Mark 8:12; note 3.

Notes

1. See third paragraph of chapter forty-four in "Desire of Ages."

2. Magdala was on the west side of the sea, in Galilee itself. In this country Jesus had performed his most remarkable miracles, and he was well known. He again meets the cold unbelief of the scribes and Pharisees, in marked contrast to his welcome among the heathen people about Gadara and in the coasts of Tyre and Sidon. And he remained only a short time in this place.

3. See second paragraph on page 406 of "Desire of Ages." A most profitable lesson is furnished the last generation in the answer Christ gave the unbelieving Pharisees. That generation lived in the blazing light of truth taught by the divine Son of God himself, and thus enjoyed what kings and prophets of former generations had longed to see and hear, but had not. Through hardness of heart, these glorious truths were rejected. So now, through the third angel's message, light is shining from God's Word in almost dazzling brightness. When men turn *from truth*, there is nothing more that heaven can do for them. "When the message of truth is presented in our day, there are many who, like the Jews, cry, 'Show us a sign. Work

us a miracle.'" To such is applicable what Jesus said to the Pharisees in the parable of the rich man and Lazarus: "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead." Luke 16:31.

The Farmer's Police Force

(Concluded from page nine)

this dainty bird, too, is a victim to the demands of the thoughtless woman of fashion. "The United States alone sends annually to the British Isles four hundred thousand humming-birds, and in one year a single Chicago dealer has been known to handle thirty-two thousand of these birds in one consignment."

The number of birds of all kinds required for our home consumption is estimated to be one hundred fifty million.

Something Ought to Be Done

to save the birds from such a fate. Something ought to be done to save many species from extinction. Already the passenger-pigeon has succumbed to ruthless slaughter. "They used to be butchered in their breeding-places by the wagon-load; the trees in which they rested were



EGRET FROM HERON

felled; the squabs were bagged and slain; sulphur was burned under the branches, and the stupefied victims, falling to earth, were clubbed or shot to death. It afforded plumage and made rare sport!"

"The pied duck disappeared years ago. The heron marshes of Southern California have been wiped clean." "Twenty-three kinds of birds in the British Isles alone have been exterminated during the past century! The bird of Paradise has been practically exterminated from its habitat by an exportation of thousands every year. The snowy heron slain for the beautiful feathers known as egrets is fast losing ground.

Our pretty spring harbinger, the bluebird, "the bird with the earth on its breast and the sky on its back," is in danger also. In fact, scarcely any bird, save the English sparrow and the



THE NIGHTHAWK

vulture, escape the fearful wholesale slaughter demanded by fashion's decree, and the postman's pleasure.

F. D. C.

A RECENT Methodist revival held at Pennington Gap, Virginia, resulted in the conversion of many who had long been under the influence of Robert G. Ingersoll's works. It was suggested that a fitting conclusion to the revival would be the public burning of the offending books. A day and hour were therefore appointed, and amid song and prayer the books were torn apart and cast into the blaze one by one.

The Youth's Instructor

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Moving-Picture Shows

Two grave crimes were recently committed by two children. Though the crimes differed, yet each child in court acknowledged his guilt, and explained that he got his inspiration from a moving-picture show.

It is said that one hundred million dollars is invested in these shows in this country, New York alone having five hundred fifty of them, with an average daily attendance of one hundred fifty thousand. What proportion of these is wholly unfit for boys and girls to see may not be absolutely known, but the proportion is acknowledged to be large enough to cause parents to guard well their children. The editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal* sounds a warning note to parents:—

"But it so happens that there are thousands of impressionable children in our homes who are allowed by their parents to go to these five-and-ten-cent moving-picture shows, and who accept what they see there as chapters from real life, because the actors in them are made real and have a being. Parents do not seem to realize the vicious influence of the pictures shown in the average moving-picture show, but it is high time that they did not permit their children to attend these shows."

Effect of Old-Age Pensions in Ireland

ONE result of the passing of the old-age pension bill by the English Parliament—"the most tremendous measure of alleviation passed in Great Britain for fifty years," as an English statesman has put it—is the pacification of Ireland. The aged Irish are grateful for this staff for their declining years; and their relatives, many of whom are sadly unable to bear the burden of their support, are grateful as well. Therefore, there are at last some good words for the government from many who, through the years, have done nothing but denounce it. What eloquent harangues and even bloodshed have failed to accomplish, the humanitarian measure referred to bids fair to bring about,—a degree, at least, of peace and good feeling. It all reminds one irresistibly of the argument between the wind and the sun as to which could make a traveler take off his cloak. It will be remembered that the wind blew a hurricane, with the result that the traveler only wrapped his cloak more tightly about him—throwing it off when the sun sent forth his genial rays.

The moral in both cases is the same. Gentle means will often succeed where harsh ones fail.—*Young People*.

A Turkish Cripple

IN the city Adana, in Central Turkey, there lives a young Christian convert named Hovhannes. He is a helpless cripple, and can neither walk nor move his body without help. But he still has the use of his hands. When he became a disciple of Christ, it seemed as if he could do nothing in the way of Christian work. But he has accomplished a wonderful amount of work.

In the first place, with a Braille typewriter, he has printed all of the New Testament, except the Gospel of John, in Braille text for the blind. The Gospel of John had already been printed in Braille, so it was not needed. He has also put into Braille, with his typewriter, six books of the Old Testament. All this has been long, slow work for him, in his helplessness, taking a whole year to accomplish. But now he has bound the various books thus translated into the language of the blind, and he keeps them as a sort of circulating library for blind people who have learned to read. Of course, not many of the blind in Adana can yet read; so, besides this, he has started a class of sixteen blind pupils, whom he is fast teaching to read and to write. Helpless as he is, he is thus becoming a center of Christian influence, and a loving helper of others.—*New Guide*.

The Analysis of the Silent Hour

A PIOUS and venerable father had a vain and profligate son. Through the influence of bad associates he had become reckless. The father had often reasoned with him, mingling tenderness with advice and tears with remonstrance; but like many a young man "sowing his wild oats," he was deaf to parental instruction. At last a fatal disorder had seized the aged parent, and when nearing the end, he called his son to his bedside, and said: "I wish to make one small request of you. Will you promise to spend half an hour each day in quiet meditation?" Thinking to alleviate the pangs of dissolving nature, the son promised that he would do so. At first it was difficult for him to spend the half-hour alone, but not forgetting the father's request, he perseveringly kept his promise. The result was that he came to be a Christian.

In the analysis of this half-hour in quiet retirement we find the world is withdrawn; reflection takes place,—thoughts of the Judgment and eternity; conscience is awakened; self-renunciation takes the place of slights and disobedience; resolves are renewed; reform and changes are effected; conviction is strengthened. The result—Christian life. I. C. COLCORD.

Outline No. 6—"Letters From the Holy Land," Chapters 16-18

(Concluded from page thirteen)

to find it on a map in one of the Oxford Bibles.

"The shepherd of Palestine still wears the ancient garb, and carries the same things that the shepherds used in olden times. He has his great cloak of sheepskin or cloth, which forms a coat by day and a blanket by night; he carries scrip, gourd, rod, and staff; his scrip is a large bag, made of the skin of a kid. In this he stores his simple food. His gourd contains water or milk. Hanging at his side or thrust through his girdle is a stout club, the 'rod' of the Bible. This is his weapon of defense. The staff is a plain, straight oaken stick, some six feet in length, used by the shepherd in clambering over rocks."