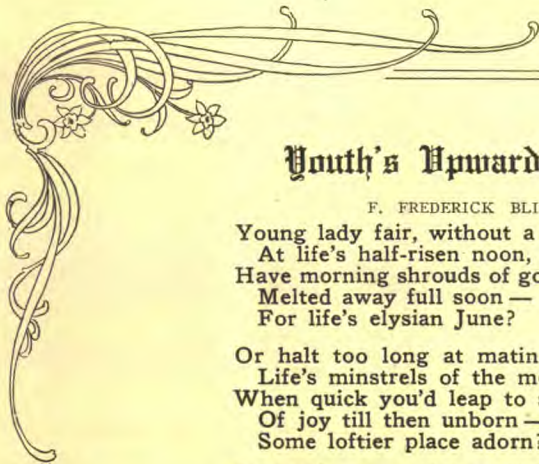


The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 49



Youth's Upward Look

F. FREDERICK BLISS

Young lady fair, without a care
At life's half-risen noon,
Have morning shrouds of gold-flecked clouds
Melted away full soon —
For life's elysian June?

Or halt too long at matin song
Life's minstrels of the morn,
When quick you'd leap to some far steep
Of joy till then unborn —
Some loftier place adorn?

Step soft, sweet girl, in life's mad whirl,
Lest slip your unshod feet.
The gleam that lights some fatuous heights
Would scarce for you be meet —
Would prove no safe retreat.

Trust not the glare of lights that flare
But oft go out in gloom.
They may but lure till they secure
A victim and a doom —
Despair and death and tomb.

Come sit you down where angels crown
The thoughtful and the pure.
Con well the Word by seraphs heard,
Whose treasures will endure —
And e'er to life allure.

Lift hope aloft to azure soft
And see how swift it glides
The homeward way, by night, by day,
In heaven's returning tides —
And there for aye abides.



What Is "Election"?

A COLORED divine was once asked to explain the doctrine of election. Said he, "Brethren, it is this way: The Lord he is always voting for a man, and the devil he is always voting against him; then the man himself votes, and that breaks the tie!"—*Josephine W. Page.*

A Student's Elevated Desk

It is told of a famous scholar of another generation that in his youth he was too poor to afford light by which to study. He hit upon the expedient of climbing a lamp-post, and in that uncomfortable position, his book held close to the lamp, he studied the truths for which his spirit thirsted. How much he learned in this manner is outside the question, for he showed the spirit which never recognizes defeat. The boy who will climb a lamp-post to obtain the light he needs for study, will find a way to overcome any and every obstacle between him and success.—*Selected.*

The Doxology

WHEN the great cotton famine was raging in Lancashire some years ago, the mills were idle for months, and there was awful distress among the people. But one day there came the first load of cotton, which meant the opportunity to earn their daily bread was returning again. The people met the wagon and formed a triumphant procession in front of it. O, how glad the people were! They hugged the bales of cotton, and seemed almost frenzied with joy. Then, as if moved by a common impulse, they broke into singing, "Praise God, From Whom All Blessings Flow." That was grand! Cultivate that feeling about every blessing and comfort you enjoy. Do not nurse and count the disagreeable things. Thus there will grow up in your hearts a constant doxology of praise and a benediction of peace.—*Selected.*

All-the-Year Harvest

"OUR Thanksgiving celebrates the garnering of the harvest," said a clergyman, "and a fine, poetic festival it is. But did it ever occur to you how various are the harvest-times of the different nations?"

"January is the harvest month of the Chileans, of the Australians, the Argentine folk, and the New Zealanders.

"February is the harvest-time of India — February and a part of March.

"The Egyptians, the Persians, and the Syrians harvest in April, while the Chinese, the Japanese, the Moroccans, and the Algerians harvest in May.

"The Spanish, Greek, and Italian harvest-time is June; the Russian and Austrian is July; that of the English, German, Dutch, and Canadian is August. In Scandinavia, Scotland, and Wales the harvest-time comes in September; while the people of northernmost Russia, Norway, and Sweden do not gather their crops till October."—*Selected.*

The Surprised King

"Death and life are in the power of the tongue." Prov. 18:21.

ÆSOP, the author of many fables, was a slave, and was ordered by his master, Xanthus, to get the best things he could find in the market for a guest whom he expected. When the feast was ready, every course was tongue, each course being dressed in a different way. The master was angry, and said, "Did I not tell you to bring the best you could find in the market?"

"And have I not obeyed your orders? Is there anything better than tongue? Is not the tongue the bond of society, the organ of truth and reason, and the instrument by which we praise God?"

The next day Xanthus ordered the worst things Æsop could find in the market, and again there was nothing but tongue on the table. "What! tongue again?" said Xanthus. "Certainly," answered Æsop; "the tongue is surely the worst thing in the world. It is the instrument of strife and contention, the source of divisions and wars; it is the organ of error, of lies, of calamity, and of blasphemies."—*Youth's Evangelist.*

Spelling and Pronunciation Bees

IN a progressive Vermont village last winter, spelling bees and spelling contests were of frequent occurrence, old and young having a part in them. The merchants of the village expressed their interest by offering prizes for the best spellers, or to all who spelled correctly a given list of words. The following are a part of one list presented



to the contestants:—

Sequacity	rabies	chandelier
clemency	chrysalis	bombardier
colossal	consanguinity	bandana
ellipsis	chastisement	briquet
hawser	giaour	jardiniere
poniard	guillotine	butyraceous
tyrannous	crotcheteer	assassination
veille	cetaceous	enchirion
reservoir	galleried	eschscholtzia

Drills in spelling are an excellent thing, but one should give equal attention to the correct pronunciation of words, and the foregoing list would make an interesting pronunciation test. How many of these can you pronounce correctly? As a misspelled word never fails to cast an unpleasant reflection upon the writer, so does a mispronounced word upon the speaker; and it seems that a speaker more often discredits himself than a writer. Pronunciation bees and pronunciation contests are excellent accompaniments or supplements of spelling drills. "The Speaker's Manual," published by the Review and Herald, is well adapted to such work, since it contains the correct pronunciation of nearly two thousand words commonly mispronounced. Twenty-five cents will secure the book bound in cloth; fifty cents in leather.

"A MAN in debt is caught in a net."

"STOP, Tommy, don't feed that pickle to the dog. It will make him sick. Eat it yourself."

The Youth's Instructor

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No. 49

A Study of Christian Science — No. 8

G. B. THOMPSON

CHRISTIAN Science puts forth great claims as a healing power. It has "raised up thousands from helplessness to strength," and "from the couch of pain the helpless invalid" has gone forth strong and well, we are told.

But we are also told that "*man is never sick*" ("Science and Health," page 392); that "tumors, ulcers, tubercles, inflammation, pain, deformed spines, are all dream-shadows, dark images of morbid thought, which will flee before the light" ("Science and Health," page 417); that "hemorrhage and decomposition are beliefs" ("Science and Health," page 422). But if none are sick, how can they be healed? How could thousands be raised up from "helplessness" if none are really helpless? How have "helpless invalids" been raised from their "couch" if "man is never sick"? and how could they be suffering "pain" when there is no such thing? Why accept a gift for healing a person of a disease he never had except in "mortal thought"? On one page of her book Mrs. Eddy tells us that none are sick, and on the next that she has healed many of "hopeless disease," that even "the perusal of the author's publications heals sickness constantly" ("Science and Health," page 443). But how, if none are sick? I think it safe to say that such silly statements and inconsistencies can be found in no publications outside of Christian Science. That such inanity can strike a responsive chord in any intelligent mind seems incredible.

Thomas Carlyle is reported to have once said that "Great Britain contained forty millions of people, mostly fools." What conclusion he might have arrived at had he read "Science and Health," the text-book of Christian Science, and taken it as a sample of American literature, one shudders to think.

But who heals according to Christian Science? This is a vital point. It takes the same power to heal the sick that it took to create man in the beginning, or to heal him of sin. Luke 5:18-25. There is no human power that can heal the body of a single ailment. None but God can heal the sick, and for a mortal, subject himself to infirmities and death, to claim to heal is to put a human being in the place of God.

Does Mrs. Eddy give God the glory for the claim of healing the thousands of sufferers?—Not by any means. *She claims to do the healing.* The I is ever prominent. Notice the following:—

"A case of convulsions, produced by indigestion, came under my observation. . . . I cured her in a few minutes."—"Science and Health," page 388. Nothing is said about prayer, seeking God for healing, the presence of the Holy Spirit, or a recognition of Jesus Christ; simply, "I cured her."

Again: "The author has healed hopeless disease, and raised the dying to life and health, through the understanding of God as the only life."—"Science and Health," page 426.

She, by understanding that all life is from God, has "healed hopeless disease," she says. I, not God, did the healing, is the claim.

"However, it is but just to say that the author has already in her possession well-authenticated records of the cure, by herself and *her students*, through mental surgery alone, of dislocated joints and spinal vertebrae."—"Science and Health," page 400.

No glory is given to a God of love and tender compassion, who in answer to prayer healed the sufferers. No, indeed! It is *I and my students*. It is the ever-present *I*. In the front of the book, "Science and Health," in what may be called the dedicatory page, the following is inserted:—

"I, I, I, I myself, I,
The inside and the outside, the what and the why,
The when and the where, the low and the high,
All I, I, I, I myself, I."—Anonymous.

That is, this book is dedicated to *I*, to the *Ego*, all *I*. One can not read this without being reminded of the great boast of Lucifer, the arch-rebel against the government of God:—

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

Here we have self, the *I*, the *Ego*—all *I*. That Mrs. Eddy, who "discovered" Christian Science, should dedicate the book which "contains the whole of Christian Science," to *I*, or the *Ego*, is indeed striking, and shows that this so-called "science" did not originate with him who said, "*I can of mine own self do nothing*" (John 5:30), and who gave all the glory and honor to the Father, but rather with him who sought to exalt himself to the place of God. This dedicatory verse is no doubt in order.

Nothing more, it would seem, is needed to show that Christian Science is a further unfolding of the principle of selfishness which sin has established in the heart of man. This so-called Christian system does not point the sinner to Christ as the remedy for sin, but to *self*.

Observe the following: "Our Master cast out devils, and healed the sick. *It should be said of his followers also, that they cast evil out of themselves and others, and heal the sick.*"—"Science and Health," page 491.

Man is his own savior, according to Christian Science. He is to cast evil out of himself. No faith, no Saviour needed; no Holy Spirit to strengthen him, is necessary. The god of Christian Science is selfishness, and selfishness is born of Satan. And it is this awful thing which is masquerading in robes called "Christian," with which we are to contend, and which will deceive the unwary.

DILIGENTLY train your ideals upward and still upward toward a summit where you will find your chiefest pleasure in conduct, which, while contenting you, will be sure to confer benefits upon your neighbor and the community.—Mark Twain.

Fools and How to Treat Them

DON'T call another man a fool!

Sometimes of all the injunctions which the Master Jesus Christ left to his followers this seems the hardest to keep.

For so many men are fools, and it's desperately hard to hold one's tongue from telling them so.

But it was not because Jesus was blind to the foolishness of foolish men that he issued this injunction, nor was it because he didn't care for the difference between folly and wisdom. He saw very clearly how very many fools there are in the world, and a part of his mission that he didn't overlook was to make plain how foolish the fools were.

And it is equally important for the Christian to learn to recognize fools when he sees them, and very demoralizing in his own life if by any means he falls into any doubt whether folly is folly. So that certainly Jesus didn't mean that a Christian should go through life not knowing who the fool is.

But Jesus did mean that the Christian musn't call the fool bad names.

This is the unchristian thing — calling names. For when you call another man a slurring name, that signifies that in your heart you have come to scorn him — to hold him in contempt.

And you may set down this as a law of the Christian life which has no exceptions:—

You must not hold any other mortal man in contempt.

For Jesus never did. When we see a man act the fool, it makes us mad; it made Jesus sorry. We want to get hold of him and shake him and give him a bitter lecture for not having any more sense. Jesus wanted to get hold of the fool and love him and win him back to sense.

Such harshness on our part is not because the folly of sin is more evident to us than to our Master; he knows better than we do how supremely silly it is for a man to get drunk and carouse, to lie and steal and kill. The difference between him and us is not in recognition of the fool, but in attitude toward the fool.

Jesus doesn't despise fools.

If he did, let us remember, he would be despising us. We only seem to ourselves to be wise because we can't see our own acts in their largest relations. The Master, who does see all results,—who especially sees how much better we might do,—rates us, when our opportunities are taken into account, just about where we rate the fellows that we curl our lips at. But Jesus doesn't curl the lip at them nor at us.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged," has this logical corollary: "Despise not, that ye be not despised."

Another Point Where We Err

The most of us are just about as much vexed by bad judgment in another Christian as by actual immorality in a man outside the church. This in itself betrays that it's not moral feeling but a smug pride in our own great good sense which is outraged at sight of a foolish act.

But in both cases the same rule holds equally good. In affairs of judgment just as in affairs of morals, if we are going to preserve sanity and balance, we must learn to mark folly and to distinguish it from sound sense. But if we are going to preserve our Christian spirit, we must learn not to scoff and sneer at folly when we discern it.

And Jesus, with his extraordinary insight into human nature, was able to mark as no one else ever

did, just the danger line where a man was passing from a rational discrimination between what is wise and what is unwise into a contemptuous despire for the unwise person.

The line of transgression from Christ's supreme law of love is just where you begin to feel like calling the fool bad names.

As long as the sight of folly awakens in you the pitiful feeling of what sorrow and shame it is for a human soul capable of sound reason and right decision to be wandering off in unreason; as long as you wonder how it might be possible to help the man to get back his balance and see truth and right as they should be seen; as long as you are sorry for the fool, that long you are in line with the Master's life and spirit.

But when some day you get vexed beyond all endurance and grow angry at the man for being such a tremendous dunce, cumbering the earth and getting in the way of sensible people; when you feel that you would like to kick him off the world and be done with him; when your boiling spirits boil over and you blurt out in his face, "You fool!"—then you are clear away from the Master, for you are despising a fellow man.

And it was just to keep you from swinging off into that great mistake that the Master left a word of reminder for you. He put it into the concrete so that you could see the point clearly and remember the warning easily. He said in effect—you'll find his exact words in the fifth chapter of Matthew:—

"Don't call another man a fool."

Which injunction, turned over, reads thus on the reverse side:—

"If a man is a fool, don't hold him in contempt; try the best you can in patience and love to work him over into a wise man."—The Interior.

Running Away From God

YEARS ago, not long after I had begun to preach, I paid a visit to my old North Carolina home. I was anxious to go out into the country to see my grandmother, well nigh ninety years of age. She had never seen me since I began to preach, and like most fond grandmothers, she naturally wanted to hear me preach. I sent word that I was coming. She wanted me to preach, but I felt as if I wanted an evening of quiet around the old hearthstone where I had sat many a night when a child, so I asked her not to expect that.

I started, riding on a horse. Her place was ten miles' distant in the country. I had gone about half the distance when I began to pass people, in buggies, in wagons, on foot, on horseback,—all moving in the direction that I was going. I had not traversed the road in such a long time that I was lost, and stopped to ask a question of a man, trying to find the direction to my grandmother's house. I inquired the way to Mrs. Frank's house, and he said: "You will find the way there easily; go a certain distance, turn to the left, and then straight out."

I went on, and after a while came to where the road was so filled with vehicles that I could not well get around. I asked a man if I was going in the right direction, and when he told me Yes, I said, "Where are so many people going?" I thought perhaps there was a big funeral. "We are going over to old lady Frank's house," he replied. "What for?" I said, "is anything the matter?"—"No, nothing the matter; little I en Broughton is going to preach there to-day."

I drove rapidly on. When I got there, the whole yard was full, and the grove, and they had built a little platform in front of the house, and I had to get on that platform and do the best I could on such short notice.

And here were the boys I had played with and hunted with and fished with, and here were the girls I had frolicked with in the old log schoolhouse; they were grown up now, most of them with families of their own; yet I had not recognized any of them when I passed them on the road; they had grown out of my knowledge. After the service, however, my eye rested upon a fellow who had been my chum when a boy. He did not look like the same fellow. He used to have a heavy suit of hair, but was now as bald-headed as an onion—not a sprig of hair anywhere. I called him up, and as he stepped on the platform, we embraced each other, and in a moment's time I said, "Look here, spend the night with me." He said, "No; I must go to my wife and children." I said, "Send word to them that you are going to stay with me." So he arranged to stay.

That night after we had talked grandmother almost to death, we retired, and I remembered as we went to bed that the last time I ever saw that boy he was going to the front bench in an old country meeting as a seeker after the Lord. I had never heard whether he was converted or not, and I said, calling him by his first name, "Have you ever been saved?"

He hesitated a moment, then said: "No! I have never seen the day since we were boys that I have not been seeking the Lord, and I have wondered as I have heard that you were preaching how it is that God saved you and has never saved me."

I do not know how nor why; it just came to me like that, but I said, as I put my hand under his neck, "You say you have been seeking the Lord these past years?"

"Yes, every day."

"Has it ever occurred to you that the Lord has been seeking you every day for these years?" He did not answer my question at once, so I repeated: "Has it occurred to you that the Lord has been seeking you, hunting for you, and you have been running from him under the delusion of the devil that you were seeking him?"

In a little while he said, "Do you mean that God is seeking me like that, and that I am running from him, while I thought I was seeking him?"

"Yes, just exactly that. Every step he has been making to get you, trying to catch you everywhere you have gone. Why not stop right here on this bed and let Jesus find you in my arms? Just stop running. He is bound to overtake you if you stop running." In a moment he grasped me within his hard, rugged arms, and pressed me so tight to himself that I could not move; then he said, "Let me get up," and he rushed out of bed into grandmother's room and awakened her and took her in his arms and told her that he was saved.

O, that the world to-day out of Christ could just realize that love so deep, so true, so universal, and that because of this he is longing to bring men that are lost to his own great beating heart of love! It is necessary that we shall realize the love and the longing of God before we can realize the personal salvation of Jesus.—*Dr. Broughton, in the Golden Age.*

"A MAN of gladness seldom falls into madness."

Texas in History

TEXAS has, perhaps, had as dramatic a history as any of our Western States. In 1528 this territory received its first Spanish visitors, from survivors of the Narvaez expedition, who had made an arduous journey from Florida. Then followed explorations and settlements from the neighboring portions of Mexico. Many mission stations were later founded by the Jesuits; among these was the Alamo at San Antonio, established in 1722. This mission was surrounded by cottonwood trees, hence the name alamo, or cottonwood. But it was later used alternately as a fort, or barracks, for Mexican and Texas soldiers.

No other State in the Union has floated so many different flags as the "lone star State." For centuries the territory was under Spanish rule, then when Mexico, in 1820, freed itself from Spain, Texas became a province of the republic of Mexico.

Following the Louisiana Purchase, in 1803, explorers and colonists flocked from the United States to the territory, and made a virtual conquest through settlement. In 1830 there were at least twenty thousand American families in the territory of the present State.



This condition alarmed Mexico. So the government established military rule in Texas, closed all ports but one, and passed antislavery and anticolonization laws. Such restrictions aroused the colonists. A revolt ensued, and after a bloody war, in 1836 Texas established itself as an independent republic. A few years later it asked for admission to the United States, and in 1845 was received as a part of the Union. About twenty years later it hoisted the Confederate flag; but since the war of 1861-65, it has been a loyal subject of Uncle Sam, proudly floating the stars and stripes.

Texas paid dearly for its freedom from Mexican and Catholic rule; but when she thinks of how Mexico has treated and is to-day treating the Yaquis, she may well congratulate herself that she is not allied in any way with such a treacherous government.

Tragic Story of the Alamo

The detailed story of how Texas extricated itself from Mexico is thrilling. A brief synopsis of the struggle appeared in a recent number of the *Farm News*, of Dallas, Texas. "In 1835," says that paper, "the people of Texas, about thirty thousand in number, and nearly all from the States, were harassed and mistreated to such an extent that relief was petitioned from the central government. Mexico, however, instead of protecting the settlers, would not even allow them to protect themselves, demanding of them their ammunition and arms, peerless possessions even in

times of peace, surrounded as they were by the wilderness, wild beasts, and savage men. Stubborn resistance was made. A provisional government was shortly established, and eventually there was issued a proclamation of independence.

"In December, 1835, a small army under the leadership of Milam and Johnson, attacked the Mexican General Cos, who was fortified in San Antonio. In a hand-to-hand fight lasting through several days, and in which brave old Ben Milam was slain, the Mexicans were defeated and surrendered. The Mexican army was allowed to retire across the Rio Grande, and under the terms of surrender they were never again to take up arms against Texas.

"The Texas soldiers in the vicinity of San Antonio, now feeling secure, scattered to various localities, only a few being left in the Alamo. These were shortly after relieved by about one hundred fifty men under Bowie and Travis.

"Santa Anna, the president of Mexico, and called the Napoleon of the West, met the returning Mexican army near Laredo. He was greatly enraged over their surrender, and compelled General Cos, in spite of his promise, to retrace his steps and take part in the attack, which he himself had determined to lead in person. He reached San Antonio on Feb. 22, 1836.

"Next day the struggle began. The roar of the Mexican artillery was heard, and the bombardment furiously opened. Our little band of heroes was seriously handicapped by a scarcity of ammunition and provisions; but their spirits were undaunted; life was sold as dearly as possible, and every shot told.

"Day after day the terrific and unequal conflict raged; one by one the brave men fell. The little garrison of one hundred eighty-two bold Texans held the feeble fort against the experienced general and his four to six thousand seasoned troops for eleven long, weary days. On the twelfth day, March 6, Santa Anna, commanding the army in person, surrounded the fort to take it by storm.

"The cavalry surrounded the infantry for the double purpose, it is said, of forcing them forward and to prevent the escape of the Texans, should there be such an attempt. Attack after attack was made, finally the walls were scaled, the Mexicans tumbling over like sheep. Travis was shot, and a Mexican officer rushed to despatch him; but the gallant Texan summoned every power, met his assailant with his sword, and they died together.

"On the afternoon succeeding the battle, Santa Anna ordered wood and branches brought from a neighboring forest, and in front of the historic walls of the Alamo the bodies of the one hundred eighty-two heroes were placed in layers upon the pile, and at five o'clock the torch was applied. The Alamo had fallen, but not in defeat. As the dust from the burned bodies of these noblest of heroes was wafted over the lands of our great State, the glorious spirit which actuated them in their struggle to the death went with it, and the cry, 'Remember the Alamo,' at the battle of San Jacinto, proved the strength of that brave spirit; the Mexicans were ignominiously vanquished, and Texas was made free. Despotism was dethroned, and then began the real development of our beloved State."

For the recent State Fair of Texas, the *Dallas News* had a replica of the original chapel of the Alamo made. This they presented to the city of Dallas. The accompanying cut is of this replica, which is the exact counterpart of the Alamo, except that it is only one half the size of the original in San Antonio.

There Is Danger in Delay

Do not allow anything to hinder you from placing yourself immediately on the Lord's side. Every year has its record of millions who go into the grave with no preparation for the future. Thousands are killed without a moment's notice; with no time to confess their sins even if they wish to. Our only safety is to give ourselves into God's care and keeping.

An incident came to my knowledge, which ought to be a warning of the fearful danger of putting off, for any reason whatever, our consecration to God. A few years ago there was connected with one of our institutions a gay young man. He became careless, and finally threw himself entirely into the way of the world. He was not a bad young man morally, but merely enjoyed the pleasures of this life more than the service of God. One of our brethren talked with him, and counseled him to remember the Creator in the days of his youth. But the young man said he wanted to have a good time while he was young, and when he became older and more settled, he would become a Christian. Not long after this conversation, he went into a jewelry store one day, and asked for a drink. The proprietor, a friend of his, directed him to the back part of the store, where there was a jar containing water. Near the water-jar also stood a jar of poisonous chemicals which were used in cleaning jewelry. He ignorantly drank of the wrong liquid, and in less than five minutes was a corpse.

His life of pleasure was thus suddenly cut off, and also his hope of a future life. What a dreadful thing it is to risk our soul in a world so full of dangers! Let us decide this day to place ourselves on the side of the Lord; because it is the right thing to do, and because we can not afford to lose the blessings of eternal life.

C. E. HOLMES.

What a Bunch of Daisies Did

ON a beautiful spot on Long Island, "white and peaceful under the trees," stands the home of that distinguished gentleman, Jacob A. Riis. I say distinguished, for so he is and ought to be, for he has done probably more than any other man to help in a practical way the dwellers of the tenements in our great New York City. It was he who began the great crusade against windowless and bath-tubless tenement-houses. He "cleaned up" Mulberry Bend, and did much to get playgrounds for the congested city.

All about Mr. Riis's, on the verdant hills, were blooming, every spring, daisies galore. His little ones were fond of gathering these by the armfuls. One particular morning they bade Papa Riis take their flowers to the "poors" in the city. But after he stepped from the ferry, his burden was not carried far. The children went wild over the daisies. Many of them had never before seen a real flower. They pleaded and fought to get near him, and when, to his sorrow, the flowers were gone, they sat in the gutter and wept. The sight was pitiful; and so when Mr. Riis arrived at his office, he sat down and wrote the following letter to the papers:—

"The trains that carry a hundred thousand people to New York's stores and offices from their homes rush over fields, these bright June mornings, glorious with daisies and clover blossoms. There are too many sad little eyes in the crowded tenements, where the summer sunshine means disease and death, not play or vacation, that will close without ever having looked

upon a field of daisies, or of any other wild flowers.

"If we can not give them the fields, why not give them the flowers? If every man, woman, or child coming in should, on the way to the depot, gather an armful of wild flowers to distribute in the tenements, a mission work would be set on foot with which all the almsgiving of the wealthy city could not be compared.

"Then why not do it? Ask your readers to try. The pleasure of giving the flowers to the urchins who will dog their steps in the street, crying with hungry voices and hungry hearts for a 'posy,' will more than pay for the trouble. It will brighten the office, the store, or the schoolroom all through the day. Let them have no fear their gift will not be appreciated because it costs nothing. Not alms, but the golden rule is what is needed in the tenements of the poor.

"If those who have not the time or opportunity to distribute their flowers themselves will send them to 303 Mulberry Street, opposite police headquarters, it will be done for them. The summer doctors employed by the health department to canvass the tenements in July and August will gladly co-operate. Let us have the flowers."

"Had Mr. Riis foreseen what the results would be, he probably would never have written that closing paragraph; for he says, "I meant to give people a chance to discover for themselves how much pleasure they could get out of a little thing like taking an armful of flowers to town, but they voted unanimously, so it seemed, to let me have it all."

Flowers came in from everywhere,—in boxes, in bunches, in barrels. Express wagons jammed Mulberry Street as it had seldom been crowded before. The policemen wondered, the children besieged the office, and how could they all be disposed of? The superintendent of police appointed five stout policemen to help carry the flowers to places of convenient distribution. Children stopped crying and smiled when they were given "just one posy." To see it made heartaches, but O the joy! Mulberry Bend forgot its wickedness, and became "good." As Mr. Riis put it, "An armful of daisies kept the peace of a block better than the policeman's club." Two years later John Tabb, the poet, wrote:—

"Peacemakers ye, the daisies, from the soil
Upbreathing wordless messages of love,
Soothing of earth-born brethren the toil,
And lifting e'en the lowliest above."

And could Mr. Riis stop this work when it gave such joy? could he shut the windows of sunshine when once its rays had shone in?—Never! The work was good. God saw it, and gave him help.

From somewhere in New Jersey came a box of flowers having on it the letters I. H. N. More came with these letters, but not from the same place. What could the letters mean? Finally Mr. Riis found that the boxes were from The King's Daughters, and that the letters stood for the phrase, "In His Name." He hunted up the organization's headquarters, and in the Broadway Tabernacle spoke to the members of the order and asked them to make this work theirs. And they did it. A committee was appointed, and an office was opened in the basement of the Mariner's Temple in Fourth Ward. The work went on. Fifty doctors whose work was to visit the thirty thousand tenements during the hot months of July and August and prescribe for the sick poor, helped. But they could not help as they ought, for they were too busy. At best they could visit each family only once, which was almost as good as not going at all; and so nurses were

appointed to follow the doctors and help. O the good they did! The work goes on still. And it all came from a little bunch of daisies that some children gave to their papa to take to the "poors."

A little flower, a kindly deed, may prove to be the open sesame to a heart. Let us not despise the little things or the small beginnings.

Kindly deeds are never lost,
Though they seem but very small.
God has record of their cost;
He regards them, one and all.

E. C. JAEGER.

Won by Personal Effort

WHILE making arrangements to go to camp-meeting this fall, I met a young girl with whom I had formerly been acquainted, and asked her where she was living. She said, "I am not living anywhere; I have been staying here, but they gave me my time this morning, and I don't know what to do." I asked her to go with us to camp-meeting. There was a struggle as to whether she would go or not, but she finally consented. Before going, she renewed her hold on God, and while there, was baptized, and is now waiting to join the church. She is at work with the special *Review*, and has sent for some *Life and Health* magazines to sell, and we hope she will develop into a good worker in the cause of Christ.

M. J. BARRETT.

The Lord Is My Shepherd

THE Lord is my shepherd and guide;
He keeps me close to his side;
Each moment in him I abide.

Lo, he leads by the brook's silver sheen,
Or I lie down in pastures of green.
Rod, staff, and comfort he gives,
Directing my steps while I live.

I have no evil to fear
Since my Helper is ever so near.

My every dire need he knows,
Yea, my cup with his goodness o'erflows.

Shepherd divine, lead each day.
Hear when in weakness I pray.
Each morning anoint with fresh oil,
Preparing my heart for life's toil.
Hold thou my weak, trembling hand,
E'en though in dark waters I stand.
Restore thou my soul, and bid me
Dwell in thy house, Lord, for aye.

MAY WAKEHAM.

Port Townsend, Washington.

Nuggets

AWAY with the phrase, "Up to date"! Be up to antiquity.—*F. Hyatt Smith.*

Every one has his pitch, and will respond to another person or thought of like pitch.—*Dr. Charles H. Tyndall.*

I try to hate no man. Hate injures him who cherishes it far more than him who is the object of it.—*Caleb Powers.*

Upon the quality of a man's desire depends the quality of his life, and again upon the intensity of that desire depends the vigor and vitality of his life.—*Sylvester A. Long.*

I divide all men, past and present, into three classes: First, the schemers,—those who center everything on self; second, the dreamers,—those who are visionary and accomplish nothing for anybody; third, the redeemers,—those who reach out and help others.—*F. Hyatt Smith.*



Nine or Six

A WISE little boy who had been to school,
And liked to play jokes and tricks,
Discovered that "nine," when upside down,
Would form the figure "six."

So, when asked his age by a little girl,
This is what that youngster said:
"I'm nine when I stand on my feet like this,
But six when I stand on my head!"

—Francis Fenwick, in *Youth's Companion*.

The Boy Who Recommended Himself

JOHN BRENT was trimming his hedge, and the snip, snip, of his shears was a pleasing sound to his ears. At the rear of him stretched a wide, smoothly kept lawn, in the center of which stood his residence, a handsome, massive, modern structure which had cost him not less than ninety thousand dollars.

Just beyond the hedge was a public sidewalk, and two boys stopped opposite to where he was at work, he on the one side of the hedge, and they on the other.

"Hello, Fred! That's a very handsome tennis racquet," one of them said. "You paid about seven dollars for it, didn't you?"

"Only six, Charlie," was the reply.

"Your old one is in prime order yet. What will you take for it?"

"I sold it to Willie Robbins for one dollar and a half," replied Fred.

"Well, now, that was silly," declared Charlie. "I'd have given you three dollars for it."

"You are too late," replied Fred.

"I have promised it to Willie."

"O! you only promised it to him, eh? And he's simply promised to pay for it, I suppose. I'll give you three dollars cash for it."

"I can't do it, Charlie."

"You can if you want to. A dollar and a half more isn't to be sneezed at."

"Of course not," admitted Fred, "and I'd like to have it, only I promised the racquet to Willie."

"But you are not bound to keep your promise. You are at liberty to take more for it. Tell him that I offered you as much more, and that will settle it."

"No, Charlie," gravely replied the other boy; "that will not settle it, neither with Willie nor with me. I can not disappoint him. A bargain is a bargain. The racquet is his, even if it hasn't been delivered."

"O, let him have it!" retorted Charlie, angrily. "Fred Fenton, I will not say that you are a chump, but I'll predict that you'll never make a successful business man. You are too punctilious."

John Brent overheard the conversation, and he stepped to a gap in the hedge to get a look at the boy who had such a high regard for his word.

"The lad has a good face, and is made of the right sort of stuff," was the millionaire's mental comment. "He places a proper value upon integrity, and he will succeed in business because he is punctilious."

The next day, while he was again working on his hedge, John Brent overheard another conversation. Fred Fenton was again a participant in it.

"Fred, let us go over to the circus lot," the other

boy said. "The men are putting up the tents for the afternoon performance."

"No, Joe; I'd rather not," Fred said.

"But why?"

"On account of the profanity. One never hears anything good on such occasions, and I would advise you not to go. My mother would not want me to go."

"Did she say you shouldn't?"

"No, Joe."

"Then let us go. You will not be disobeying her orders."

"But I will be disobeying her wishes," insisted Fred. "No, I'll not go."

"That is another good point in that boy," thought John Brent. "A boy who respects his mother's wishes very rarely goes wrong."

Two months later John Brent advertised for a clerk in his factory, and there were at least a dozen applicants.

"I can simply take your names and residences this morning," he said. "I'll make inquiries about you, and notify the one whom I conclude to select."

Three of the boys gave their names and residences.

"What is your name?" he asked, as he glanced at the fourth boy.

"Fred Fenton, sir," was the reply.

John Brent remembered the name and the boy. He looked at him keenly, a pleased smile crossing his face.

"You may stay," he said: "I've been suited sooner than I expected to be," he added, looking at the other boys, and dismissing them with a wave of

his hand.

"Why did you take me?" asked Fred, in surprise. "Why were inquiries not necessarily in my case? You do not know me."

"I know you better than you think I do," John Brent said with a significant smile.

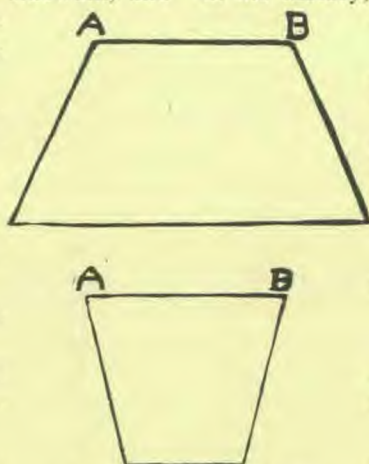
"But I offered you no recommendations," suggested Fred.

"My boy, it wasn't necessary," replied John Brent. "I overheard you recommend yourself," and as he felt disposed to enlighten Fred, he told him about the two conversations he had overheard.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

Two Men and One Opportunity

ALEXANDER RECTOR was awarded the contract to dig a twenty-five-foot well for Wilburn Hughes, a farmer living near the then obscure village of Bevier. He was to get forty-five cents a day and board. He thought he was doing uncommonly well. Farm-hands were glad to get ten dollars a month and a place to stay. Alex sang as he toiled, and his well went down day by day.

At twelve feet he ceased singing; his pick encountered slate. Two feet farther he struck coal—"black rock," he called it. A drill showed there were six feet of this. He regarded it as an abomination because it would ruin the water unless the well was well cased, and even then the stuff might work through. He sug-



AN OPTICAL ILLUSION

Which of the lines marked A B is the longer?

gested digging a well in another place, and this time he was not bothered with coal. His job was satisfactorily completed, and he received his wage.

The coal discovery didn't excite any particular interest. It gave Rector, who got a job to dig another well, no concern whatever. There was plenty of wood in the forests — enough for a hundred years or more, the people thought. Locomotives and steamboats were fueling with cottonwood.

A Macon paper printed a brief story of the well-digger's find. By chance a copy of the little weekly got over into Illinois, either as an exchange, or to protect a package. It fell into the hands of Thomas Wardell, a young Englishman, but recently come to America. Wardell was at Kewanee, not waiting for something to turn up, but looking over the field to turn something up. His sole capital was youth, brain, and muscle. The next train took him to Missouri. In a week he had satisfied himself of the vast extent of the coal lands, and the quality of the product. The farmers about Bevier gladly signed option contracts for anything between the surface of their holdings and China. All they reserved in the bond was a crust thick enough to raise a crop on — their royalty a fourth of a cent a bushel. They figured they couldn't lose anything at that, as they burned wood, and had no earthly use for coal.

When Wardell had spiked down enough options to ensure the carrying out of heavy contracts, he presented himself to the president of the railroad at St. Louis. He told what he had to offer, and what he wanted for it.

The railway official looked at the young man and smiled.

"Want us to change all our engines so as to give you a job, eh?"

"That is the principal motive with me," he said. "But of course I knew, when I came to you, that you wouldn't do it unless I could prove that I could deliver all the coal you might need, and that it would be cheaper."

"And are you prepared to show me that?" asked the official.

"I am."

The young Englishman produced his maps, showed the depth of the coal, and where it lay. His prospect holes determined the character of the material beyond the shadow of doubt, and he brought with him specimens. Having finished the examination, the president was called to look after other business.

"Come around this afternoon," he said, "and I'll talk with you about this business a little further. Where are you stopping?"

Wardell mentioned a cheap tavern near the levee.

"What!" exclaimed the railroad man. "You come down here to negotiate a fifty-thousand-dollar deal and stop at a fifty-cent-a-day house?"

"Exactly so," replied the young man. "I had barely enough money to make the trip."

"Then how on earth do you expect to handle a big contract like you are asking?"

"You sign it, and I'll handle it all right."

"You haven't a sign of security in case you fail?"

"I'll assign my coal options to you. You can't lose."

The lad's courageous, self-reliant demeanor won. A banker had agreed to back him as soon as he demonstrated he could sell the coal. He went home with a contract to furnish a certain number of tons of coal a month to the Hannibal and St. Joe engines, and by

the time the road was ready for it, Wardell had his tippie, engine-house, and loading chutes waiting. On the first day of the contract, the road shot into him a line of thirty coal-cars. It was meant to be a test of capacity. Anticipating such a move, the boy operator had prepared for it, and the material was delivered without delay.

The history of the wonderful coal development of Macon County is practically a biography of Thomas Wardell, the English lad who began operations without a sou. He died in 1887, the controller of the greatest mining district in the West, and worth over five million dollars. He established schools, fostered churches, and built hundreds of comfortable homes for the miners. His own lordly estate, in the suburbs of Macon, was easily worth a million dollars, and his son's home here, built since the great operator's death, comprises the finest residence and park in northern Missouri. The young man has let go of the coal possessions that made his father, and the company which bought them values them at four million dollars. There are other coal companies operating in the county, but Wardell's successors are by far the largest.

Last year the output of the twenty-five collieries was over a million tons, and the mine inspector reports that capacities have increased to such an extent as to admit of a production of nearly two million tons.

Alexander Rector, the discoverer, abandoned well-digging and went to mining. He became an expert hand, and could easily make from three dollars and fifty cents to four dollars each working day. This made well-digging look contemptible in the comparison, and he never resumed his earlier occupation. Through all the years of Wardell's big dealings, Rector plied his pick, and "sot down" his coal, but he never felt the call to control. He is a good miner and a good man, but he will leave no monument of land and houses to commemorate his accomplishments. He is now sixty-five years old, and worth, pecuniarily, just about what he was when he made the discovery which has enriched so many other men.

"If it was to do over again," he remarked recently, "I expect I would act just the same. Responsibility always fretted me. I haven't anything laid by, and I haven't had anything to worry me. Mr. Wardell was a great, big man — a regular giant of a fellow for seeing things ahead. But, then, I'm living yet, and that's something." — *Spare Moments*.

Hatching Smells

A LITTLE city girl in the country who had been interested in observing the chicken incubator, where she was visiting, failed to understand the necessity of heat to incubation. She received, when she left, some fresh eggs to carry home to her mother. Instead of doing so, she secreted them in a bureau drawer, in the hope of their producing chickens — with disastrous results. Explanations ensued, and she was punished, but she could not see the justice of her sentence.

"It isn't fair to spank me for putting eggs in drawers!" she sobbed, rebelliously. "In the country eggs in drawers hatch chickens. How was I to know in the city they'd only hatch smells?" — *Youth's Companion*.

"THERE are many who can not tell the difference between a full life and a flatulent one."

"It takes more than a sense of the exceeding sinfulness of your neighbor to insure his salvation."

The Lesson

A ROBIN swung in the branches
Of the blossoming apple tree,
While I wept like rain for a bauble vain
And what could never be.
This is what he told me,
At least so I believe:
"Better sing to-day if my skies are gray,
You have time and to spare to grieve."

When next he swung in the branches
Of the blossoming apple tree,
I matched his note from my own glad throat
As true as true could be.
This is what I told him:
"Your message I believe,
And I'll sing to-day if my skies are gray,
I have time and to spare to grieve."

—Ruth Sterry, in the Independent.

Genuine Thankfulness

GENUINE thankfulness is one of the sweetest, richest, and holiest of the Christian graces, and one of the rarest. We take most things as a matter of course. And yet, had we thoughtful minds and grateful hearts, life is full of opportunities calling for thankfulness, opportunities that are not embraced. Almost all nations have recognized the sin of ingratitude and unthankfulness. "Eat the present, and break the dish," says the Arabic proverb. The Spanish say, "Bring up a raven, and it will peck out your eyes." "Put a snake in your bosom, and when it is warm, it will sting you," says the English proverb, and the poet says:—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind:
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude."

All these are evidence of a great lack of gratitude and proper thankfulness for the mercies that are crowded around us every day.

A little girl one day was delighted at the prospect of visiting an aunt who lived a long way off in a big city. She could scarcely sleep the night before for thinking of all the wonderful things she would see. Next morning, she was pouring all her joy into her uncle's ear, when he quietly asked, "Have you said, 'Thank you,' this morning?" "I have nothing to say 'thank you' for," replied the girl. "This dress is old, my hat is old—indeed, I have nothing at all new." The old gentleman was grieved, and said, "But you have been kept in health; those around you have been kept in safety; you have beautiful weather for your journey; had any of these things been different, you could not go on your visit to your aunt." The child was abashed, and said with meekness, "I never thought of that: I'll go and say 'Thank you.'"

Three little words, nine letters wide;
And yet how much those words betide,
How much of thought or tenderness
This short "I thank you!" may express.

When spoken with a proud disdain,
'Twill chill the heart like frozen rain;
Or when indifference marks its tone,
Turns love's sweet impulse into stone.

Be not afraid, my little one,
As time goes on beneath the sun,
While marching in life's motley ranks,
For all our blessings to "give thanks;"

To thank your God for life so fair,
For tender mercies great and rare,
For health and strength, for home and friends,
And loving care that never ends.

Then thank the ones, whoe'er they be,
That do a kindness unto thee,
'Twill cost you little, pain you less,
This sweet "I thank you!" to express.

—James Learmont.

Questions and Answers

I feel that I ought to canvass, but I can not, and do not want to. Do you not think that the Scripture text, "Buy the truth, and sell it not," is a good reason why none of us should canvass?

The text, "Buy the truth, and sell it not," refers to that buying which is without money and without price. If I am to buy it with money, then some one must sell it to me. And if he who hasn't the truth is yet to buy it, some one must sell it to him. The Bible contains the "truth;" if then it is wrong to sell it, all Bible societies and publishers have been in error.

Evidently the writer of the foregoing question has a strong conviction from some source other than himself or Satan. If the Lord is calling, "Go work in my vineyard," send back the answer, "Here am I, Lord, send me."
I. D. RICHARDSON.

The scripture referred to says, "Buy the truth, and sell it not; also wisdom, instruction, and understanding." Prov. 23:23. When we make a purchase, we give something of temporal value in exchange for that which we need more. That is evidently the reason why the act of buying and selling is used as a figure of speech to illustrate the importance of giving all that we may obtain truth, and of permitting no earthly consideration to entice us to part with it.

"The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchantman, seeking goodly pearls; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it."

"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich," are the words of the "Faithful and True Witness."

This wonderful purchase of truth evidently does not refer to the purchase of a book. If such were the meaning, the statement would be inconsistent in itself; for if all are admonished to buy books, it certainly would be right for some one to sell them.

But when the truth has been purchased, how may we forever retain it? There is a divine philosophy in this transaction which is a great corner-stone of missionary work. It is one of the most beautiful paradoxes of the gospel plan that we keep the truth of God—that pearl of great price—by passing it on to others.

This principle applies even in our most commonplace experiences. A student may study arithmetic, and yet never understand it thoroughly until he has taught it, and made it clear to some one else.

Thus we have by giving. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." When God has given to us a knowledge of his precious truth, we retain it, and it becomes life in us, to the extent that we give it to others, whether by preaching from the desk, or by selling books from house to house.

The questioner would do well to follow the promptings of a tender conscience. An old Indian once said that "conscience is a sharp, three-cornered piece of steel, which, when a man does wrong, turns in his bosom, and pricks him; but if turned too often, the corners become rounded and do not prick."

E. R. PALMER.

What is my first duty when I earnestly long to answer a definite call of God to finish my preparation for the work, in which experience has taught me I will have success, and yet father is sick, and must

have me on the farm to make the living for the family?

Only God is able unerringly to point out what is duty in each individual case. To obtain an education, in a general way, should be the first duty of every young man and woman. Ordinarily, every parent is also as anxious that his child shall have it as is the son or daughter to obtain it, and will exercise much self-sacrifice to enable them to do so. However, as in this case, if unexpected adverse circumstances arise at home that can not well be overcome, making it necessary that you help your parents for a time, do not hesitate cheerfully to render them such service. In this very experience God may have in store for you blessings in disguise that will afterward yield richer returns than were you to ignore the parental claim and go on with your studies. As soon as the hindering causes at home are cleared away, then take up your chosen line of study. Keep before the Lord in prayer the object of your hope, also the obstacle, remembering that he himself has said, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for me?" also that other text which says, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you."

T. E. BOWEN.

What chance is there in our work for using a training in the mechanical engineering and drafting? And if there are few openings in God's work for the exercise of this talent, should one work in the world, or fit himself for some other line of work in the cause of God?

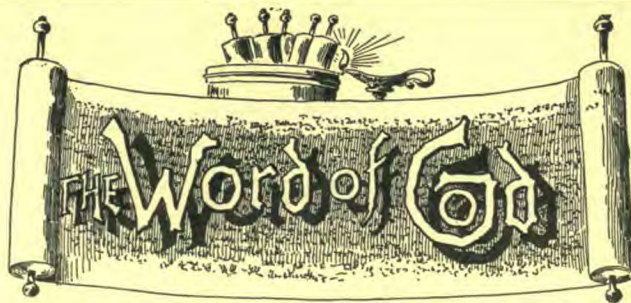
There is little opportunity among Seventh-day Adventists for a mechanical engineer to secure remunerative employment. Seventh-day Adventists are engaged in giving the third angel's message to the world, and outside of their sanitarium and publishing work, there is little opportunity for any young man to secure work along mechanical engineering lines.

Were our denomination engaged in extensive building operations, in the constructing of railroads, in the handling and manufacturing of extensive machineries, the situation would be different. As it is, Seventh-day Adventists are giving their lives and attention to the advancement of the third angel's message.

If one has a gift in drafting, especially in the line of architecture, oftentimes he can secure work in the drafting of a church, a sanitarium, or a publishing house, but the work that a draftsman would be able to secure would be local, and not sufficient to keep him busy. In our publishing houses artists gifted in drawing for machinery can sometimes find employment, but unless one was sure of securing a position, I believe it would be better for a mechanical engineer or draftsman to endeavor to qualify himself to do other kinds of work than simply drafting. Could he be a minister of the gospel, his drafting would help him many times in illustrating a subject on the blackboard or by diagrams or charts. In fact, every Seventh-day Adventist minister would be a more able minister than he is in the exposition of Bible doctrines could he be a good draftsman. All this knowledge is most valuable, and can be made use of about as well in the evangelical work of the denomination as in any institution that we operate, unless one secures a position as an artist and an illustrator.

I. H. EVANS.

"WHEN duty is hard, and your own faith is low, 'wear a smile on your face, and a flower in your buttonhole.'"



Signs in the Social World Regarding Christ's Second Coming — No. 3

ACCORDING to the words of Dan. 12:4, there should be a great increase of knowledge in the last days. While this text no doubt refers primarily to the increase of Biblical knowledge, it also includes knowledge in art and science. The following list of inventions and discoveries has special interest when viewed in the light of the foregoing text:—

Inventions and Discoveries

- 1798—Gas was used to light a manufacturing house in Birmingham, England.
- 1799—The London Religious Tract Society was organized.
- 1800—Electric current first discovered by Alessandro Volta.
- 1800—Cast-iron plow first used in America.
- 1803—Steel pen, by Mr. Wise, England.
- 1804—The British Foreign Bible Society was organized.
- 1807—Steamboat, by Robert Fulton.
- 1811—Steam printing-press, printed the London Times.
- 1813—Electric light, by Sir Humphry Davy.
- 1815—First religious newspaper, the Boston Record.
- 1816—The American Bible Society was organized.
- 1818—Revolver, by Elisha S. Collier.
- 1823—Gold pen, by John P. Hawkins, America.
- 1825—Railroad cars.
- 1825—Furnace for heating house, by Professor Johnson, Philadelphia.
- 1825—Kerosene first used for lighting.
- 1825—American Tract Society was organized.
- 1829—Lucifer match, by John Walker, England.
- 1830—The first iron steamship was built.
- 1830—Steam fire-engine, by Ericssen, Swedish-American.
- 1831—The first passenger-train run in America.
- 1835—First telegraph-line in England.
- 1835—Zinc-copper battery, by Daniel.
- 1835—Telegraph instrument, by Prof. S. B. Morse.
- 1837—Electrotype, by Spencer and Jacobi.
- 1837—Vulcanized gutta-percha, by Goodyear, America.
- 1837—Phonography, by Pitman, England.
- 1837—First steel mold-board plow, by John Deere.
- 1838—Stereoscope, by Charles Wheatstone.
- 1838—Reaper and mower, by Obed Hussy, Cincinnati.
- 1839—Photography, by Daguerre, France.
- 1839—Submarine laid across the Hooghley River.
- 1844—Magnetic Telegraph, by Samuel F. B. Morse.
- 1846—First complete sewing-machine, by Elias Howe, Jr.
- 1846—Printing by telegraph.
- 1847—Nitroglycerine discovered.
- 1848—Automatic repeaters invented.
- 1850—Submarine cable laid in British Channel.
- 1858—First successful Atlantic cable was laid.
- 1858—Shoe-pegging machine, by Gallahue.

- 1863—The first mountain-climbing locomotive.
 1865—Electrolytic copper refining, by James Elkington.
 1872—Duplex telegraph system, by Stearns.
 1874—Quadruplex telegraph system, by Edison.
 1876—Telephone, by Elisha Gray, A. G. Bell, A. C. Dolbear, and Thomas Edison.
 1876—Continuous current dynamo, by Gramme.
 1877—Phonograph, by Thomas A. Edison.
 1878—Telephone exchange.
 1879—Incandescent lamp, by Edison.
 1880—First central lighting station, New York.
 1881—Audiphone, by Richard S. Rhodes, America.
 1882—Storage battery, by Plante.
 1884—First practicable trolley line, J. C. Henry, Kansas City, Missouri.
 1884—First European electric road, Berlin.
 1886—150,000,000 copies of the Bible had been circulated.
 1892—First long-distance, high-voltage power transmission plant, Pomona, California.
 1893—Telautograph, Elisha Gray.
 1895—Heavy trains moved by electric locomotive, Baltimore.
 1895—X-ray, Dr. Roentgen.
 1897—Road automobile.
 1899—Wireless telegraphy, Marconi.
 1900—Transatlantic telephone, Dr. Pupin.
 1904—Total number of newspapers in the world, 51,234; in America, 18,657.
 1905—The sixteenth cable line completed across the Atlantic, October 5.

Only a few of the great number of inventions and discoveries since 1798 have been cited. The United States Patent Office was opened in 1790, nine years before the time of the end began. Three patents were issued the first year. The average number now is thirty thousand a year. The total number issued to Sept. 26, 1905, is 800,618. The patents of other nations during this same time, added to this number, make an enormous array of evidence that knowledge has increased. Inventions have come by leaps and bounds during this period, and people have come actually to "run to and fro."

The foregoing on "Inventions and Discoveries" is taken from an article by R. C. Porter, in *INSTRUCTOR* of Feb. 13, 1906, page 2.

Preparations for War

Armed Men of the World

Germany	5,651,228
France	4,558,776
Italy	1,942,560
Austria-Hungary	2,056,574
Russia	4,156,300
Great Britain	1,054,772
Japan	1,125,300
Secondary States	4,816,561
In the navies there are	470,287

Grand total of the fighting forces
 of the world 25,832,358

One hundred eighty pounds was the maximum weight of a cannon-ball used in the Civil War of 1861-65, and it required but a few pounds of powder to fire it; to-day a shot weighing a ton, fired with half a ton of ammunition from a twenty-ton gun, will travel a distance of ten miles, and pierce a solid target forty-four feet in thickness.—*Signs of the Times*, May 1, 1907, pages 10, 11. O. F. BUTCHER.



M. E. KERN
 MATILDA ERICKSON

Chairman
 Secretary

Study for the Missionary Volunteer Society

Consecration

THIS lesson is a fitting sequel to the week of prayer. If possible, arrange the program so that several can take part. For question 7, the leader might write on the blackboard the words which are in italics, just before the scriptures pertaining to each are read. This ought to be an impressive exercise. The "Consecration Resolution" might be written on a blackboard or large sheet of paper, and all repeat it in concert, endeavoring to commit it to memory. If thought best, the selections from "Steps to Christ" may be read by different members.

Time should be given for prayer and a testimony service in which all may reconsecrate themselves to God.

1. The Lord asks us to do this to-day. Ex. 32:29.
2. Consecration will bring a blessing to-day. Same verse.
3. The Lord asks who is willing to render consecrated service to-day. 1 Chron. 29:5.
4. Consecration means separation from all known sin. 2 Cor. 6:14-17; 7:1.
5. It means to have the law written in our heart by the Holy Spirit. Ps. 40:7, 8.
6. Those who thus consecrate their hearts to God become his children. 2 Cor. 6:18.
7. Entire consecration includes:—
 - (a) Our eyes upon Jesus. Heb. 12:2; 11:27.
 - (b) Our feet in the race-course. Heb. 12:1; Ps. 119:59.
 - (c) Our hands to minister. Eph. 4:28.
 - (d) Our mind set on things above. Col. 3:2; Rom. 12:2.
 - (e) Our heart established. Heb. 13:9.
 - (f) Our bodies a living sacrifice. Rom. 12:1.
 - (g) Ourselves—spirit, soul, and body blameless when Jesus comes. 1 Thess. 5:23.
8. A prayer for consecration. Ps. 51:1-13.
9. An example of consecration. Acts 20:17-24; 5:12-14.
10. A result of consecration. Acts 4:29-35; 5:12-14.
11. How our consecration may be lost. 1 Cor. 9:27; 1 Tim. 6:10; 1 Peter 5:5.

A Consecration Resolution

"I am willing to receive what thou givest; to lack what thou withholdest; to relinquish what thou takest; to suffer what thou inflictest; to be what thou requirest; to do what thou commandest."

Note

"The whole heart must be yielded to God, or the change can never be wrought in us by which we are to be restored to his likeness. By nature we are alienated from God. The Holy Spirit describes our condition in such words as these: 'Dead in trespasses and sins,' 'the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint,' 'no soundness in it.' We are held fast in the snare of Satan; 'taken captive by him at his will.'

God desires to heal us, to set us free. But since this requires an entire transformation, a renewing of our whole nature, we must yield ourselves wholly to him.

"The warfare against self is the greatest battle that was ever fought. The yielding of self, surrendering all to the will of God, requires a struggle; but the soul must submit to God before it can be renewed in holiness. . . .

"Do you feel that it is too great a sacrifice to yield all to Christ? Ask yourself the question, 'What has Christ given for me?' The Son of God gave all—life and love and suffering—for our redemption. . . .

"But what do we give up, when we give all?—A sin-polluted heart for Jesus to purify, to cleanse by his own blood, and to save by his matchless love. And yet men think it hard to give up all! I am ashamed to hear it spoken of, ashamed to write it. . . .

"The world's Redeemer accepts men as they are, with all their wants, imperfections, and weaknesses; and he will not only cleanse from sin and grant redemption through his blood, but will satisfy the heart-longing of all who consent to wear his yoke, to bear his burden. It is his purpose to impart peace and rest to all who come to him for the bread of life. . . .

"Through the right exercise of the will, an entire change may be made in your life. By yielding up your will to Christ, you ally yourself with the power that is above all principalities and powers. You will have strength from above to hold you steadfast, and thus through constant surrender to God you will be enabled to live the new life, even the life of faith."—*Steps to Christ*, chapter "Consecration."

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3

Outline No. 9—"The Moslem World," pages 1-30

NOTE.—To whom is "The Moslem World" dedicated? What reason does the author give in the preface for writing this book? The author of this book has for many years been a missionary in Mohammedan lands. Before answering the questions on chapter 1, read carefully the suggestions on page 26. Those who desire to do supplementary reading will find "Daybreak in Turkey" intensely interesting, for Turkey is the very heart of the Moslem world. The book has been published since the recent revolution, and gives a historic setting to important events in Turkey from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the close of 1908. It contains three hundred pages and several illustrations, and can be secured in paper for fifty cents from the Pilgrim Press, 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

Notes

"Probably all Old Testament history, except that part which was enacted in Egypt, belongs to the geography of Turkey; and Egypt, until recent years, was a part of that empire. The Tigris and Euphrates rivers rise and flow throughout their length on Turkish soil. Chaldea, Haran, Mt. Moriah, Sinai, the wilderness, Nineveh, and the promised land are a part of the present Moslem empire. Turkey includes the land of the prophets and kings of Israel, and from what is to-day her domain the Hebrew poets sang; there, too, the temples were built, the chosen race was scattered, enslaved, and restored.

"Except for one brief sojourn of our Lord in Egypt, his entire life was passed on what is now Turkish territory. With few exceptions the apostles lived and labored and wrote and died in regions now ruled over by the sultan of Turkey. The great foreign missionary Paul spent but little time outside this country, while

the site of the seven churches of the Apocalypse is in Turkish territory. The most of our Christian Scriptures were written in the same country.

"The land of Turkey may well be called the cradle of classic and Biblical literature of the Jewish and Christian religions, as well as that of Islam. All this, however, be it not forgotten, refers only to the territory covered to-day by the Turkish empire, and not at all to the empire itself."—*Daybreak in Turkey*, page 19.

Junior Reading Course No. 2

Outline No. 9—Review in "Letters From the Holy Land"

NOTE.—The book may be used in answering these questions.

1. Draw a map of Palestine, and locate three places of which you have read in this book.

2. (a) Explain the different names by which Palestine is known. (b) Bound Palestine. (c) Mention its divisions.

3. How did Mr. Harper's visit to the Holy Land help him to better understand Matthew 25 and Luke 14:7?

4. Describe an Eastern bed.

5. Why did the shepherd in Palestine remind Mr. Harper of the twenty-third psalm?

6. (a) What is peculiar about the fishing customs in Palestine? (b) A man from that country would probably be surprised to see an American remove his hat when entering church. Why?

7. (a) What would you miss should you take dinner in an Eastern home? (b) How do the people there thresh their grain and make it into flour?

8. Do you think the road-mending at Nazareth would have reminded you of the work of John the Baptist? If so, why?

9. Tell how the reading of this book has helped you to better understand Luke 15:4, Matt. 19:24, and the parable of the sower in Matthew 13.

10. How do you like the "Letters from the Holy Land"? Why?

A Test of Perseverance

"THE tendency to persevere, to persist in spite of hindrances, discouragements, or impossibilities,—it is this that distinguishes the strong from the weak." To be successful men and women and competent workers, young people must learn to persevere. To abandon a task because it is hard, or because some difficulties are encountered, makes a weak spot in the structure you are rearing day by day.

"What though ten thousand fain,
Desert, or yield, or in weak terror flee!
Heed not the panic of the multitude;
Thine be the captain's watchword—victory!"

There is just as much self-help and useful information in the Reading Course to-day as when you decided to take it, if—if you do the reading. "God gives every bird his food, but he does not throw it into the nest."

So brace up, catch up, you who are lagging behind. You are missing a great blessing that many of your fellows are getting.

"Don't be a 'by-and-byer'
And a sluggish patience-trier;
If there's aught you would acquire,
Do it now!"

M. E. KERN.



XII—The Lost Sheep; Forgiving One Another; The Feast at Jerusalem

(December 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 18: 11-35; John 7: 2-10; Luke 9: 51-56.

MEMORY VERSE: "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish." Matt. 18: 14.

The Lesson Story

1. That all might know how truly the Lord loves each one, and how anxious he is to save each one, Jesus said, "The Son of man is come to save that which was lost. How think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"

2. "And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoiceth more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish."

3. Jesus said also: "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

4. "Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven."

5. "Therefore the kingdom of heaven is likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents."

6. "But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down, and worshiped him, saying, Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt."

7. "But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow servants, which owed him an hundred pence: and he laid hands on him, and took him by the throat, saying, Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying, Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not, but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt."

8. "So when his fellow servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him, O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow servant, even as I had pity on thee?"

9. "And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my Heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses."

10. "Now the Jews' feast of tabernacles was at

hand. His brethren [his kinsmen, the sons of Joseph] therefore said unto him, Depart hence, and go into Judea, that thy disciples also may see the works that thou doest. For there is no man that doeth any thing in secret, and he himself seeketh to be known openly. If thou do these things, show thyself to the world. For neither did his brethren believe in him."

11. Jesus knew that the Jewish rulers and Pharisees were seeking him to kill him, and he wished to avoid attracting attention to himself. In reply to his brothers he said, "Go ye up unto this feast: I go not up yet unto this feast; for my time is not yet full come. When he had said these words unto them, he abode still in Galilee. But when his brethren were gone up, then went he up unto the feast, not openly, but as it were in secret."

Questions

1. What does the Lord wish each one to know? For what purpose did Jesus come to this world? How did Jesus illustrate his love for this lost world? Matt. 18: 11, 12.

2. What is said of the rejoicing of the shepherd when he finds the sheep that was lost? What does the shepherd's rejoicing illustrate? Repeat the memory verse. Verses 13, 14.

3. What is promised to God's people who unite in asking anything of him? What only should God's people ask?—*Ans.* That which is according to his will. 1 John 5: 14. Where does Christ promise to be present? Matt. 18: 19, 20.

4. What question did Peter ask of Jesus? What was his reply? Verses 21, 22.

5. To what did Jesus compare the kingdom of heaven? When this king began to reckon with his servants, what did he find? Verses 23, 24.

6. As the servant could not pay that amount, what orders did the king give? What did this man then do and say? How did the lord of that servant then treat him? Verses 25-27.

7. What amount did another servant owe this one? How did the one who owed ten thousand talents treat the one who owed him but a small amount? What request did this latter servant make? How was this request like the one made by the first man? Instead of granting the request, what did the unjust servant do? Verses 28-30.

8. When the other servants of the king saw what was done, to whom did they report it? What did the king then say to the wicked servant? Verses 31-33.

9. What did his lord do to him? Who has forgiven us much? How will he treat any of us who do not forgive those who do us a wrong? Verses 34, 35.

10. What feast was soon to be held at Jerusalem? What did Jesus' brothers say to him? What reason did they give for urging him to go openly to the feast? What did they not believe? John 7: 2-5.

11. What were some of the Jews trying to do? What reply did Jesus make to his brothers? Where did he then stay? What did he afterward do? Verses 6-10.

Thanksgiving

DAILY we thank thee, Lord, for all the beauty
That thou hast scattered round us everywhere;
The glorious sunrise, flowers, and golden sunsets
Which make this old earth more than passing fair.

For blessed days of calm and peaceful pleasure,
For friends,—dear friends, whose hearts with ours accord,—
For all the love, which without stint or measure,
Thou giv'st in largess, do we thank thee, Lord!

—Anna M. S. Rossiter.

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

XII—The Lost Sheep; Gaining Thy Brother; Reckoning With Servants; The Feast at Jerusalem

(December 18)

LESSON SCRIPTURES: Matt. 18: 11-35; John 7: 2-10; Luke 9: 51-56.

LESSON HELPS: "Desire of Ages," chapters 49 and 53; "Christ's Object Lessons," pages 243-254.

MEMORY VERSE: Matt. 18: 14.

Questions

1. What was the mission of Jesus to this world? Matt. 18: 11; Luke 9: 56. Compare Luke 19: 10.

2. What parable does Jesus give by which to illustrate his mission to the world? Matt. 18: 12, 13.

3. What conclusion are we to draw from the shepherd's love and care for his sheep? Verse 14; note 1.

Gaining Thy Brother

4. If a brother trespass against us, what should we do? Verse 15.

5. If our first effort toward reconciliation fails, what is the next step? Verse 16; note 2.

6. If we still fail in effecting a reconciliation, where next may the matter be brought? If the judgment of the church is disregarded, what should be done? Verse 17; note 3.

7. If we do as the Lord has directed in the matter, what will be done in heaven? Verses 18-20; note 4.

8. What question did Peter ask touching this question? What reply did Jesus make? Verses 21, 22.

Reckoning With Servants

9. By means of a parable to what did Jesus liken the kingdom of heaven? Verse 23.

10. In what trouble was one of the servants involved? What did the servant do? What did the king do? Verses 24-27.

11. What did this forgiving servant then do? What request did his creditor make? How did he treat his plea for mercy? Verses 28-30.

12. What followed as a result of the unforgiving spirit manifested? Verses 31-34; note 5.

13. What lesson did our Lord design we should learn from this parable? Verse 35; note 6.

The Feast at Jerusalem

14. What Jewish feast was now near at hand? What did his brethren, or kinsmen, urge him to do? Did they themselves believe on him? John 7: 2-5.

15. What reasons did Jesus give why it was not wise for him to go to the feast? What did he urge his brethren to do? Where did Jesus still abide? Verses 6-9.

16. After the departure of his brethren, what did Jesus do? Verse 10; Luke 9: 51.

17. Whom did he send before him? What was the attitude of the Samaritans toward him? Why? Luke 9: 52, 53; note 7.

18. Being grieved because of their refusal to receive Jesus, what did James and John ask? How did Jesus rebuke them? What did he say he had come to do? Verses 54-56.

Notes

1. The world is the one lost sheep of the universe. To save the world, cut off as it was from heaven by sin,

Jesus gave his life. For every sinner, therefore, there is hope. However far we may have strayed from the fold, we can be assured that the great Shepherd of the sheep is seeking for us.

2. See "Testimonies for the Church," Vol. V, pages 609, 615.

3. The Lord here clearly teaches the necessity of maintaining the purity and order of the church. The place for heathen men and publicans is outside, not inside, of the church. When they have been separated from the church, our duty, then, as Christians is to continue to labor for them, that they may be converted and again brought into the church from which they have been separated.

Some claim that to disfellowship a member is the spirit of the Papacy. While it is possible to do the right thing in an arbitrary manner, disciplining church-members because their lives are a reproach to the church, is just the reverse of the work of the Papacy. The papal church, so far as we know, does not discipline members because they practise sin.

See "Mount of Blessing," pages 158, 159.

4. If the church on earth follows the instruction of Christ in dealing with offenses, we are assured that the decision will be ratified in heaven. This is a serious thought for the church itself, as well as for the offending members.

5. See "Mount of Blessing," page 185.

6. We, like the servant in the parable, because of sin are ten thousand talents in debt. But when we came to Jesus and asked forgiveness, he freely forgave us the whole debt. The offenses of those who may have done us a wrong are but a hundred pence as compared with our debt to God. If the Lord has so freely forgiven us the ten thousand talents, ought we not freely to forgive the hundred pence? Every truly forgiven soul will forgive others. "But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." Matt. 6: 15.

7. See "Desire of Ages," page 487.

Think Gently

THINK gently of the erring one;
O let us not forget,
However darkly stained by sin,
He is our brother yet!

Heir of the same inheritance,
Child of the selfsame God,
He hath but stumbled in the path
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones:
We yet may lead them back,
With holy words, and tones of love,
From misery's thorny track.

—Selected.

Two Snails Pull a Pound

ONE day, by way of experiment, I harnessed two common garden snails to a toy gun-carriage to see if they could pull it along. Although the gun-carriage was heavy, of lead, the snails pulled it so easily that I loaded the body of the carriage with small shot.

The snails, however, were more than equal to the task. Anxious to test their powers still further, I attached a toy cannon, made of lead and brass, behind the gun carriage, but the snails and their additional load moved on once again with the same apparent ease.

Out of curiosity I decided to weigh the cannon, gun-carriage, and shot, and to my great surprise found the total weight to be almost one pound.—*The London Strand*.

The Youth's Instructor

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Entered as second-class matter, August 14, 1903, at the post-office at Washington, D. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

I KNOW not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air,
I only know I can not drift
Beyond his love and care.

—Whittier.

Why She Succeeded

A MOTHER was much annoyed by the lack of care and interest her little girl manifested in her music lessons. She daily urged her to greater accuracy, but as the weeks passed, no improvement was observed.

One day, however, she was greatly surprised by the child's excellent rendering of a selection.

"That was well done!" she exclaimed, and congratulated herself upon the fact that her admonitions had at last become effective.

"O," said the little player, "I made believe that the governor was listening to me."

If the presence of an imaginary person can so favorably affect one's performance of appointed tasks, what carefulness and earnestness ought the realization of the actual and constant observation of our Heavenly Father and his beloved Son beget in us!

The Quiet Hour

SOLITUDE has been called "the mother country of the strong." In this busy, bustling age there is nothing more important for our young people to learn than this. Let those who need to do so, make a firm and solemn resolve that the habit of daily communion with God shall become fixed in their lives.

"Face the work of every day with the influence of a few thoughtful, quiet moments with your own heart and God. Do not meet other people, even those of your own home, until you have first met the great guest and honored companion of your life—Jesus Christ.

"Meet him alone. Meet him regularly. Meet him with his open Book of counsel before you, and face the regular and irregular duties of each day with the influence of his personality definitely controlling your every act."—John T. Stone, in "Association Men."

The Morning Watch Calendar will help you in following the foregoing counsel. It can be procured from your conference Missionary Volunteer secretary, or from the General Conference Missionary Volunteer Department, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C. The price is five cents each. Envelopes for remailing are furnished on request.

M. E. KERN.

Giving to Others

DR. CHARLES McCUTCHEON, a wealthy retired physician of Tacoma, Washington, has discovered a new way of filling the world with beauty and song. For five years he has maintained a large aviary, in which he rears song-birds from Europe, and turns them loose into the fields and woods of the northwest. Many people rear birds, but most persons put the captives into cages and hang them in the sitting-room or out on the veranda for their own pleasure.

Dr. McCutcheon finds more pleasure in giving his song-birds to the world at large. To-day English skylarks are singing in the meadows bordering on Puget Sound, and linnets, goldfinches, throistles, and bullfinches are heard all over the country west of the Cascade Mountains. Every day the doctor receives word that some of his birds have been seen, and his face lights with a smile of pleasure. Although his birds have gone beyond his sight, some one else has seen them and enjoyed them. His kindly acts have been appreciated by every man, woman, and child in the State, and the legislature has gone so far as to pass stringent laws protecting the song-birds.—Selected.

"When They Shall Say Peace, Peace"

AN editorial in *Shield's Magazine* contained the following paragraphs, which are significant only as they help to swell the peace cry characteristic of the last days:—

"No More War

"There is no further doubt of it; no way of disguising the fact. The air-ship has put the battle-ship out of business. The great coast defense guns, the bristling field guns, the thousands of infantry and cavalry small arms, and the hundreds of tons of ammunition stored at the various army posts and arsenals, are simply so much junk. The air-ship, with its possible cargo of dynamite, has made playthings of the world's great navies and fortifications. A one-hundred-pound-can of dynamite, dropped from the clouds, would destroy any 'Dreadnaught' ever built or dreamed of, or would wipe a whole regiment of infantry or cavalry off the roster. Armies and navies will be kept hereafter merely for centennials, world's fairs, fourths of July, and for social or official intercourse between nations.

"War is a thing of the past.

"Verily, the sword shall be turned into the plowshare, and the Springfield rifle into the picket fence."

Mr. Edwin Ginn, the Boston publisher, is a friend also of the universal peace idea. Steps have been taken toward organizing an International School of Peace, and Mr. Ginn is ready to contribute fifty thousand dollars toward its support, and ultimately to endow it.

The friends of this new organization are very sanguine, expecting to revolutionize the teaching relative to war and peace in the schools and colleges. We are in perfect accord with those who desire to see war annihilated, to see all national disputes settled by arbitration; but from the Word of God we can not hope for such a desirable condition to maintain, until the eternal kingdom of peace is set up on the earth by the Prince of Peace. When this glorious event takes place, all things earthly will have been dissolved, sin and death will have been destroyed, and eternal justice and love enthroned.