

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 4

Yielded for Service

Only a *pen*, my Master,
Writing for thee—
As thou dost will.
Honor enough, my Master,
This is for me:
Self ever still.
Held in thine hand, obeying;
Thine own desires conveying.

Only a *voice*, my Master,
Speaking for thee—
Giving thy thought.
Nothing but this, my Master,
Seek I to be,
I would say naught
Save thine own words, believing;
Knowledge and truth receiving.

Only a *light*, my Master,
Showing thy way—
Where thou hast trod.
Lit by thy hand, my Master,
Make me a ray,
Leading to God;
Ever in thee abiding,
Lost ones to Jesus guiding.
Only a *hand*, my Master,
Pointing to thee—
Never aside.
Held in thy strength, my Master,
This would I be,
Self crucified;
Loving the lost and leading;
Faithful and interceding,
— Ernest G. Wellesley Wesley.



Another Interesting Letter

DEAR EDITOR: I write to say that I have completed the Reading Course. Although you have not stated anything about it in the INSTRUCTOR this year, yet from your letter I saw that you still recommend it to the earnest seekers after education.

The books I have read this year are "Desire of Ages," the New Testament, "Thoughts from the Mount of Blessing," "Early Writings," and "Ministry of Healing." I am sure I have a better understanding of the Seventh-day Adventist faith than I had before reading these books.

I live six miles from Algona, Iowa, but we have our mail delivered, so we get the INSTRUCTOR quite regularly. We are all glad to get it, and hardly know what we would do without it.

VESTA SAMMER.

Since the Missionary Volunteer Department presents two reading courses to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, the editor has thought to withdraw her effort to encourage the reading of five worthy books during the year. But if there are any young people not taking the regular reading courses, or any who are doing so who can find the time to do more reading than is required by these courses, who wish to join the Reading Circle for 1910, we shall be very glad to enroll their names as members.

Dick's Star

DICK had been going to school a month. Each day Miss Margaret, the teacher, wrote a new word on the blackboard, and the children copied it.

But one morning, instead of writing a word as usual, Miss Margaret gave each child a sheet of paper.

"Now, little folks," she said, "I am going to see who can write what we learned yesterday without having a copy to help."

Several of the children smiled and went to work.

But Dick sat still with the sheet of paper on his desk, and with his new yellow pencil held tight in his hand. Travis, Dick's deskmate, was scribbling on his paper.

Dick knew what the word was—"mother"! But he could not remember how to make an M! He knew just how the other letters looked, and after a while he slowly began to make them—"o-t-h-e-r." Over and over he wrote the letters.

"I can put the M in afterward if I think of it," whispered Dick to himself.

Presently Miss Margaret spoke.

"Two minutes more, boys and girls!" she said. "Do your very best. I am going to put a bright golden star on the best written papers, and you may take them home."

Dick's heart beat fast. How pleased mother would be if her boy carried her a star paper! But try as he would, he could not think of the way to make an M. You see he was a very little boy, and had not learned much about writing.

All at once Dick's eyes fell on some words on a blackboard at the other side of the room. Miss Margaret had written them for the reading class. There, at the very beginning, was a big M! Dick remembered now! he had thought it looked like two V's joined together.

The new yellow pencil began to work very fast. All at once Dick stopped.

Hadn't Miss Margaret said the class was to write the word without any help, and wasn't the big M on the blackboard helping?

The little boy sighed, and swallowed a lump in his throat. But somehow he couldn't write another curly M. Instead, he stood the yellow pencil on its rubber head, and began slowly to rub out the two M's he had made. Before he had quite finished, Miss Margaret stood by his desk.

"Why, Dick, you musn't rub out your M's, little boy! See, you haven't any, all the way down the page! Why are you rubbing out the only ones you have made?"

All the children were looking at Dick, and his face grew red.

"I—I couldn't remember how to make M's, Miss Margaret, an'—an' you said we musn't have anything to go by—but I couldn't help seeing that one on the blackboard over there! An' I started to make some, an' then I thought it would be like—like *stealing* M's, so I was rubbing them out!"

And then, even if he was a six-year-old boy, Dick put his head down behind his desk, and the children knew he was crying, even if he did pretend to be looking for something in his desk!

Miss Margaret did not collect any more papers.

Instead she went to her table and worked busily for a minute. Then she came back to Dick's desk.

"Children," she said, and Dick raised his head, winking hard to stop the tears from running out of his eyes. "I want you all to see what I have put on Dick's paper."

Then Dick forgot his tears; for there, right where everybody could see it, was a beautiful golden star.

"Listen to what I have written by the star, boys and girls," said Miss Margaret. "'This star is given Dick Hastings, the boy who would not steal an M!'"

Dick has a good many star papers now, and his mother keeps them in a special corner in her desk. But she says the first star is the most precious one of all!—*Sunday School Times*.

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LVIII

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No. 4

Decision of Character

MRS. E. G. WHITE



VERY youth needs to cultivate decision. A divided state of the will is a snare, and has been the cause of ruin to many.

In Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" there is a character called Pliable. Youth, shun this character. Those represented by it are very accommodating, but they are as a reed shaken by the wind. They possess no will power. Be firm, else you will find your house—your character—built upon a sandy foundation.

Those who would keep in the path cast up for the ransomed of the Lord, must not be swayed in matters of conscience. They must show moral decision, and must not be afraid of being thought singular.

Many there are who are changed by every current. They wait to hear what some one else thinks, and his opinion is often accepted as altogether true. They do not say to the Lord, "Lord, I can not make any decision until I know thy will." If these youth would lean wholly upon God, they would grow strong in his strength.

We are not to fashion ourselves by the world's criterion or after the world's type. "Dare to be a Daniel; dare to stand alone." Thus, as did Moses, you will endure as seeing him who is invisible. A cowardly and silent reserve before evil associates, makes you one with them.

Have courage to do the right. Possess an individuality of your own. If you would succeed in anything that is elevating and ennobling, you must cultivate firmness for the right.

Jesus has revealed to you your value by the price he has paid for your redemption. Your salvation has been purchased with agony and blood. You have everything in your favor. Everything has been done that God could do. In giving Jesus to be the propitiation for your sins, God gave you power to resist and to overcome evil.

You can be resolute if you will. It will require higher help than any human friend can give you, but that help is promised, if you yourself will consent to form new habits. This will require effort on your part, persistent effort; for if Satan sees you taking a step decidedly for Christ, he will employ every ingenious method to deceive and ruin you. But Christ has provided a refuge for the weak and tempted. His angels will help, shield, and guide every trusting soul.

You have within your reach more than finite possibilities. A man, as God applies the term, is a son of God. "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be: but we know that, when he shall appear, we shall be like him; for we shall see him as he is. And every man that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as he is pure." It is your privilege to turn away from that which is cheap and inferior, and rise to a high standard,—to be respected by men and beloved by God.

The religious work which the Lord gives to young

men, and to men of all ages, shows his respect for them as his children. He gives them the work of self-government. He calls them to be sharers with him in the great work of redemption and uplifting. As a father takes his son into partnership in his business, so the Lord takes his children into partnership with himself. We are made laborers together with God. Jesus says, "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." Would you not rather choose to be a child of God than a servant of Satan and sin, having your name registered as an enemy of Christ?

Young men and women need more of the grace of Christ, that they may bring the principles of Christianity into the daily life. The preparation for Christ's coming is a preparation made through Christ for the exercise of our highest qualities. It is the privilege of every youth to make of his character a beautiful structure. But there is a positive need of keeping close to Jesus. He is our strength and efficiency and power. We can not depend on self for one moment.

Young men and young women, exercise your ability with faithfulness, generously imparting the light that God gives you. Study how best to give to others peace, and light, and truth, and the many rich blessings of heaven. Constantly improve. Keep reaching higher and still higher. It is the ability to put to the tax the powers of mind and body, ever keeping eternal realities in view, that is of value now. Seek the Lord most earnestly, that you may become more and more refined, more spiritually cultured.

However large, however small, your talents, remember that what you have is yours only in trust. Thus God is testing you, giving you opportunity to prove yourself true. To him you are indebted for all your capabilities. To him belong your powers of body, mind, and soul, and for him these powers are to be used. Your time, your influence, your capabilities, your skill,—all must be accounted for to him who gives all. He uses his gifts best who seeks by earnest endeavor to carry out the Lord's great plan for the uplifting of humanity.

Persevere in the work that you have begun, until you gain victory after victory. Educate yourselves for a purpose. Keep in view the highest standard, that you may accomplish greater and still greater good, thus reflecting the glory of God.

Mohammed, the Prophet of Arabia — No. 6

The Conversion of Arabia and Mecca

MOHAMMED, at the age of fifty-three, had scant reason to think that during the next, and last, decade of his life he would see his religion and arms achieve such phenomenal success as is seldom recorded on the pages of history. When he left Mecca, his numbers were less than two hundred; and he found it necessary to escape clandestinely, lest his

fellow townsfolk, who had stubbornly opposed his pretensions hitherto, should seal with his blood their hitherto successful opposition to his doctrines.

The welcome accorded the prophet by the citizens of Medina far exceeded his most sanguine expectations, and certainly it resulted in a complete revolution in his methods of operation. Now he had a home free from the attacks of his enemies, and a building in which he could proclaim his doctrines without fear of molestation. But peace was far from his mind. Six months had scarcely passed before we find him fitting out expeditions against the richly laden caravans which passed close to the city of Medina. From these he obtained wealth and converts. The doctrines of Islam were very convincing when supported by a simitar held in a ready hand; and the prospects of plunder were exceedingly persuasive. The idolatrous tribes of Arabia were easily converted to a faith which was full of promises of spoil, and which, after all, professed but to bring them back to the primitive religion of their ancestors.

During the next few years, several battles were fought between the citizens of Medina and of Mecca, the final result of which was that Mecca came to terms, the inhabitants were converted to Islam, and the idols of the Kaaba destroyed. The armies of Mohammed overran the whole peninsula, and in less than seven years from the time he crept in the dusk a fugitive from his native home, the acknowledged leader of a mere handful of zealots, he found himself the revered ruler of the whole of Arabia, not only in civil affairs, but also in the realm of conscience.

When siege was laid to the city of Mecca, Mohammed had an army of ten thousand men from all the tribes of Arabia, under his standard. The leaders of the Meccans were invited to review the prophet's followers, and on the strength of what they saw express their convictions regarding the faith. Abu Sofian, their chief and the inveterate enemy of Mohammed, loath to acknowledge the success of the doctrines he had so relentlessly opposed, was tardily persuaded by Omar to confess. "Out upon thee, Abu Sofian," cried the zealot, "testify instantly to the truth, or thy head shall be severed from thy body." To this the chieftain found no reply; so, making a virtue of necessity, he acknowledged the divinity of the cause, and thereby furnished another illustration of the Moslem maxim: "To convince stubborn unbelievers, there is no argument like the sword." It is noteworthy and remarkable that those followers who were converted by the fear of the sword, were not a whit less ardent Mohammedans than were those earlier followers who accepted the doctrines by faith in defiance of the sword.

About this time Mohammed confirmed the yearly pilgrimage to Mecca as a doctrine of Islam, and made the Kaaba the sacred temple for Mohammedan adoration. The Moslem who is about to perform the sacred pilgrimage, must arrange his departure from home at a time calculated to bring him to Mecca in the month Dhu'l-Hajji. When nearing the city, a pilgrim's garb specially provided for the occasion is donned, and the worshiper immediately repairs to the Kaaba, around which he walks seven times, repeating prayers the meanwhile, and either touching or kissing the black stone at every circuit. The seven circuits being completed, the pilgrim presses his breast against the wall between the black stone and the door of the Kaaba, and with outstretched arms prays the prayer

for pardon of his sins. He then goes to the station of Abraham, makes four prostrations, and prays for the intermediation of the patriarch; thence he goes to the well Zemzem, and drinks as much water as he can swallow (see Burckhardt). Several days are spent in such ceremonies, after which the pilgrim returns home, leaving the city within the limits of the month, with the conviction that now his destiny for eternity is unalterable, providing that he continue to maintain the faith of Islam.

To have performed a pilgrimage to Mecca and to Medina has also numerous temporal advantages. From henceforth the pilgrim in his native home is entitled to be addressed as *hadji*, and he is an oracle on all points of religion; he has also much influence in matters of trade and commerce, which he does not fail to turn to his own advantage whenever possible.

The political events in the countries north of Arabia now engaged the prophet's attention. For several years the arms of Persia had been turned successfully against the Grecian frontiers. Syria, Jerusalem, Egypt, and Asia Minor had been added to the Persian empire, and a Persian camp was pitched for ten years within sight of Constantinople.

About the year A. D. 631, when the Persian success was at its highest, Mohammed despatched several important embassies; one each to the courts of Byzantine, Persia, and Egypt, calling upon both rulers and people to accept the faith of Islam. In the midst of Chosroes's triumphant career, a Moslem envoy arrived bearing him a letter from Mohammed. The letter began as follows: "In the name of the most merciful God! Mohammed, son of Abdallah, and apostle of God, to Chosroes, king of Persia." In great rage the king tore the paper to pieces, and sent word to his viceroy in the vicinity of Arabia to "restore the madman to his senses, or if you can not, send me his head."

When Mohammed was told how his letters had been torn, "Even so," he said, "shall Allah rend his empire in pieces" (see Irving). The letter to Heraclius was more favorably received, reaching him, probably, during his reverses. The governor of Egypt also received the envoy with signal honor, and flattered the prophet with valuable presents.

Early in the eleventh year of the Hegira, after unusual preparations, a powerful army was ready to march for the invasion of Syria. Mohammed had now, either by conversion or by conquest, made himself master of all Arabia. The scattered tribes, hitherto dangerous to one another, but by their disunion powerless against the rest of the world, he had united into one nation and fitted it for external conquest. His prophetic character gave him absolute control of the formidable power thus conjured up in the desert, that he was now prepared to lead it forth, "a whirlwind of fire and smoke," for the propagation of the faith and the extension of his kingdom in foreign lands. Further success he was not destined to see. Disease for some time had been making inroads upon his constitution, and he himself began to realize that his end was not far distant.

Mohammed's Death

The year of our Lord 632 (A. H. 11) witnessed the death of the founder of Mohammedanism, at the age of sixty-three. Two months after his "farewell pilgrimage" to Mecca, he was seized with a violent headache and fever. About the close of the sixth year of the Hegira, he had ailed temporarily as the

result of Jewish incantations. And again in the middle of the seventh year his system had sustained a shock from partaking of poisoned meat. Otherwise he seems to have been free from sickness; the simplicity of his manner of life had nurtured his physical strength. He himself admitted to sore physical trials while receiving several of his revelations, which incline some to think that those periods of intense excitement were of an epileptic character.

Several days passed by, varying between hope and despair. He was carefully nurtured in the house of his favorite wife, Ayesha, and Abu-Bekr, his faithful friend, was ever by his side. Conscious to the last, Mohammed warned and exhorted his followers in poetic utterances such as had served him to good purpose in the propagation of his faith. Much of his success was due to the beauty and sweetness of the language in which he clothed his thoughts, the expression of which gave life to the mission he proclaimed.

Two or three weeks he lingered on, gradually sinking until finally he died, whispering with his last breath, "Eternity in paradise! paradise!" Then all was still. The prophet of Arabia was no more.

A strange scene of confusion occurred outside. It was long before the Moslems could believe that their leader was actually dead. Surely it was impossible that the greatest of the prophets should die. His body could not corrupt. Finally better judgment prevailed, and he was buried in the house of Ayesha, where his tomb is to this day, with the tombs of Abu-Bekr and Omar, and an empty one reserved for Jesus, who, it is believed, will come again as a forerunner of Mohammed's second advent.

Thus closed the earthly career of a man whose life and teachings have done more to harden men against the gospel than have the teachings of any other. Only the Judgment will show how much can be laid to his charge, and how much to the charge of those so-called Christians, and disbelieving Jews, with whom Mohammed came in contact during the early and receptive years of his life, and whose lives conformed so little to the purity of the faith they professed.

The news of Mohammed's death spread throughout Arabia, and the kingdom so lately established barely escaped complete disintegration. On every hand the tribes and cities hastened to declare their independence. But the strong hand of Abu-Bekr, who had succeeded the prophet under the title of calif, or successor, soon reduced the rebellious to submission and to the faith. Immediate preparations for the invasion of Syria attracted them with visions of unlimited plunder, and confirmed their belief in the doctrines of Islam.

How Easy to Misunderstand!

WHEN the writer was traveling through Tasmania on a round-trip steamer and railway ticket via Melbourne, we found that our tickets gave us a first-class ride in the train. We could not have secured a second-class combination-ticket for such a trip. But some persons who knew us did not know this fact, and wondered at our extravagance in traveling first-class. We had to explain.

A year or two ago three of us purchased first-class tickets to West Australia, and traveled by a large steamer carrying first-, second-, and third-class passengers. The second-class accommodations was excellent — good enough for any Seventh-day Adventist

minister. But we had received a twenty-per-cent reduction on account of being ministers, making our round-trip journey eight pounds against nine pounds on a second-class ticket, on which the company gave no reduction to ministers.

A good brother, a layman, was traveling by this same boat, and asked me if I did not think the second-class good enough for ministers. I answered that it was quite good enough, but was too expensive. Not understanding me, he reiterated his question, and again referred to the comfortable quarters second-class, which he considered good enough for anybody. Again I said it was too expensive for us, referring, of course, to the reduction given us, which made it cheaper to travel first-class than second. I am afraid if this had not been explained, our good brother would have thought us very extravagant, and perhaps he might have ventured to tell others so.

Another example will suffice. A certain minister had a very narrow escape in his automobile. The automobile was run into and wedged in between two heavy vehicles, which totally destroyed it, but fortunately the good brother escaped without a scratch. "But what about having an automobile?" "And was not this a judgment of God on such extravagance?" Such questions I have heard from a number. Others might think half as much, but would not express themselves. But listen a moment! The automobile was a present made to the minister by a relative.

How easy to misjudge! How easy to criticize! May God help us to bridle the tongue, that little member which has so much influence for good when well controlled, or so much influence for evil when allowed to spread evil reports.—*J. E. Fulton.*

The Illuminated Motto

WHEN I set sail for South America, years ago, in a four-masted schooner, a gay young traveling companion made considerable fun of the illuminated motto I had tacked up on the wall above my bunk, which read, "My Times Are in Thy Hand." How well I remember his solemn face and respectful tones when, in the midst of the tornado which tore us all to pieces and left us in despair of our lives for days, he remarked that that motto of mine was pretty true, after all!

The only thing that keeps us from seeing these true meanings, not only in mottoes, but in all the events of life, is the scales that pride, appetite, and indifference put upon our eyes. If we could only see straight, we should walk straight.—*Selected.*

Optimism or Laziness

"How are you going to come out about those honor marks?" asked a gentleman of a high-school boy.

"O, all right, I guess! I'm an optimist, you know, and always look for the best."

"Be careful not to let yourself spell 'optimism' l-a-z-y," was the friend's warning.

Though "optimist" is a word of the superlative degree, it has certain limitations. It doesn't set the world on ball-bearings by any means; it doesn't make even strenuous effort unnecessary; it offers no encouragement to laziness. One is rationally optimistic who looks for good rather than ill, who remembers that good is stronger than evil, who knows that good results can be secured by earnest, dauntless, persevering effort.—*Wellspring.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

Many of life's sweetest and most helpful experiences are, often for mere want of thought, sacrificed by the uncourteous.—Mrs. E. G. White.



Friendship's Prayer

CALL him thy friend who laughs with thee
When laughter is thy choice,
The rose-wreathed cup who quaffs with thee
When bidden to rejoice;

But fain would I do more for thee,
And this the test and sign:
If thou dost love me, pour for me
Life's wormwood, not its wine.

Pain's dreary vigils keep with me
When jest and mirth are flown,
In silence let me weep with thee
When thou dost grieve alone;

Thy darker moments share with me
When pleasure fails thy need,
Thy burden let me bear with thee,
And crown me friend indeed.

—Annie J. Flint.

Let Us Take Time



LET us take time for the good-by kiss. We shall go to the day's work with a sweeter spirit for it, says the *Pittsburg Advocate*.

Let us take time for the evening prayer. Our sleep will be more restful if we have claimed the guardianship of God.

Let us take time to speak sweet words to those we love. By and by, when they can no longer hear us, our "foolishness" will seem more wise than our best wisdom.

Let us take time to read the Bible. Its treasures will last when we have ceased to care for the war of political parties and the fall of the stocks, or the petty happenings of the day.

Let us take time to be pleasant. The small courtesies, which we often omit because they are small, will some day look larger to us than the wealth which we covet or the fame for which we struggled.

Since we all must take time to die, why should we not take time to live — to live in the large sense of a life begun here for eternity?

Unconscious Influence

ONE day, when I was a very little girl, I was watching my mother making strawberry preserves. I can see the great kettle of boiling liquid now, clear as rubies. Beside the stove stood a large milk-pan containing some squash for "company" pies, with plenty of milk and eggs in it. "Now, Bridget," said my mother at last, in a satisfied tone, "it is done; take the kettle off." This was accomplished, and then, with almost incredible stupidity, the "help" actually emptied the strawberries into the squash! My mother turned her head just too late. She was quick and impulsive, but there escaped from her mouth only a despairing, "O Bridget!" Then, as she saw the girl's instantly regretful face, she uttered no angry reproaches, no useless lamentations. No doubt when my tired mother, who was not strong (I lost her at fifteen), went up-stairs to rest, she felt disheartened, and thought that her preserves and squash, her time and labor, had all been wasted; but probably she never did for me a more valuable morning's work than when she gave that unconscious lesson in sweet self-control.—*Mothers in Council*.

The Way to Overcome

A YOUNG woman lived under very discordant conditions at home. She was dissatisfied, and her discontent was manifest in her face, her manner, and the tone of her voice. Trifles irritated her, and had it been possible, she would gladly have traveled to the end of the earth to get away from her disagreeable environment.

Some time after, a friend met her and saw in her smiling face that a change had taken place. "How are things at home?" he inquired. "Just the same," was the reply, "but I am different."

We are gradually awakening to the fact that an inharmonious environment can not be overcome by running away from it. This is the common error of hasty youth. Unpleasantness in the home life one seeks to remedy by leaving home. If in business one does not find that things move smoothly, how often is the position given up! And nothing is gained by this method of dealing with the trouble. For the most important jar is the one within, the discord in the mind; and if we take that with us, no matter where we go, we shall still be discontented, and other circumstances will arise to fan the flame in our souls.

Recognize the fact, therefore, that external unpleasantness can be overcome only when you are so changed yourself that it no longer hurts you. That requires a large charity, but it is worth while when it is won.

It is harder to tell how to win it. I try to separate "myself" from the discordant thoughts that arise, stirred by some injustice, some wrong, perhaps only a trifle. I try to see, when this savage feeling burns within the heart, that "evil" is making its appeal to me, and it is "up to me" whether I receive it and allow it to find expression through me as its instrument, or whether I refuse to be the channel for its utterance, and thus strangle it in its birth. At first to gain the victory calls for unceasing watchfulness; but every victory gained makes the next one easier, until "evil" can be checked and thrown down with comparatively little effort; and, in fact, its appeal becomes less and less insistent, until it is practically nothing.

But the victory gained is not merely negative. As the channel is choked to the evil, it opens to the good. This is the law. There is an inrush of divine power

which fortifies us at the moment and for all time. God is a very present help in trouble.

The inner change reacts also upon the environment, modifies it, often utterly changes it. Seeking only the good, and refusing strenuously to think evil in any shape or form, we become a benediction to others.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things." We often fail to overcome because we strike at the foes around us instead of the deadliest foe of all, the subtle evil that is using us as its channel and making us do its will.—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Evening Prayer

IN the hour that is sacred to silence,
The dream-haunted dim of the day,
I knelt in the gloom of the shadows,
In the stillness of evening to pray;
The noise of the day had departed,
On the far shores of silence had rolled,
And a peace settled down o'er my spirit,
A gladness that can not be told.

In that hour that is sacred to silence,
I rejoiced in the truth of God's Word
As I knelt in the dream-haunted shadows,
And lifted my heart to my Lord;
And in that sweet hour of communion
I pillowed my head on his breast;
To the joy of an infinite union
Is added an infinite rest.

L. D. SANTEE.

Moline, Ill.

A Beautiful Custom in Brussels

THERE is a pleasant custom in gay Brussels, of turning the snows of winter to use in lessening the sufferings of the poor. Every winter about Christmas time, when the weather is cold and dry, the gates of the royal park are closed to the public for a time. Great sheets of canvas are spread high along the park railings so that "deadheads" may not see what is going on. Inside the park a merry crowd of art students and artists, many of whom are famous, fall to work upon the snow. Spectacled and bearded professors of the Brussels Academy and the Paris Ecole des Beaux Arts, together with rollicking fellows from the Quartier Latin, and the many art schools of Belgium's capital, may be seen running this way and that, with snowballs, toward some as yet shapeless mound, which gradually grows under pressure and persuasion of cunning fingers, until at length a majestic lion is seen, a supercilious giraffe attempting to browse on the frozen twigs above; an elephant with trunk upcurled, or even a portrait of King Leopold himself.

When the gates are finally thrown open, the public is admitted at a franc, or fifty centimes, a head. At the entrances are well-known artists sitting at the receipt of custom. You may be sure these take far heavier toll of the society ladies who drive up to the gate behind a pair of prancing chestnuts, or glide noiselessly through the frozen streets in elegant motors. From such as these a gold twenty-franc piece is taken, and occasionally a note of one hundred francs is forthcoming. Toward evening the scene is one of strange beauty, as the virgin snow and rime covering the trees glisten in the electric light, and the white avenues are dotted with strange figures, some comic or uncouth, others exquisite in line, as though wrought in marble for a nation's collection.

The "Salon de Niège" is kept open a whole week. The money received is handed over to the mayor for use among the poor.—*Young Soldier*.

The Skin Drill

"THE skin drill, in this January weather, is the only sure preventive of cold," the doctor said. The skin drill is the morning bath.

Every morning we should take a cold bath not more than a minute long. We should take it in a warm room, and afterward we should rub ourselves with a rough towel till we are red and dry and glowing.

This constitutes a skin drill — the quick closing of the blood-vessels when the cold water is applied, and the prompt dilation of the vessels of the skin as the flesh is dried.

The cold bath is an anticold drill. It is the training of the skin to that prompt and glowing reaction after a chill, which keeps colds off. As the fists, under a boxing teacher, learn to ward off solar plexus blows, so the skin, under the daily bath, learns to ward off the cold that is too often the forerunner of pneumonia or consumption.—*Washington Post*.

How One Missionary Volunteer Society Celebrated Christmas

SEVERAL weeks before holidays the young people of the Takoma Park Missionary Volunteer Society decided to try to make this Christmas a happy one for some of the poor families in our neighborhood.

The Christian Help Band which took charge of the work, was divided into two committees. One of these sought out the poor families who really needed help, and the other collected gifts of money, clothes, or food from our members or any interested friends. Thirty-six dollars and fifty-eight cents was gathered, and with this mittens, shoes, stockings, and food were purchased. Some of the merchants were glad to help by giving liberal discounts on goods bought for this purpose.

On Thursday evening before Christmas, some of the members of our society wrapped the bundles of clothing and packed the baskets of provisions. On Friday the junior members assisted in the work of distribution.

One group carried a message of good cheer to a family of poor colored people. They left eight little folks rejoicing over the unexpected gifts of new shoes and stockings. Some of the Junior girls dressed dolls for other poor children. One family, consisting of a mother and five small children, who were found in abject poverty, were made glad by receiving bedding, clothing, and provisions. One of our number, who because of an accident has been unable to work for several weeks, received a crisp ten-dollar bill. Another group visited some old people who were happy to be remembered.

We are glad to have been able to contribute to the pleasure of those less fortunate than ourselves, and can truly say that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

LORA CLEMENT.

Well Done

JUST to do the very best that in us lies each day;
Just to glean the sunbeams and toss the clouds away;
Just to keep on hoping though disappointments grow;
Just to let a healing smile follow the tear-drops' flow;
Just to be as loving as we can, and kind and true;
Just to cling to the golden rule in every thing we do;
Just to count the blessings with the ills of life,
And our heaven-helped victories over sin and strife,—
Then as we onward journey toward life's setting sun,
Christ will wait to greet us with the praise, "Well done."
—*Selected*.

GOOD MANNERS

For Young People

The Boys

DON'T think it effeminate or affected to be polite and considerate to others. Every person likes heartiness in a boy, but it is possible for a boy to be open, and hearty, and manly, and have good manners also. In fact, some of the most agreeable boys I have ever met had very good manners indeed, but they were just as manly, just as full of spirits, just as fond of sport, just as genuine boys as many of their companions who were not nearly so well bred. A boy is not any more a manly boy because he crams his mouth full when he is eating, nor is he likely to play a better hand at baseball because he sits at dinner with his elbows on the table.

Don't imagine that good manners make one stiff or uncomfortable, like a badly fitting coat. Good manners may be just as natural as bad manners, just as easy and a matter of course as speaking or laughing. This is the kind of good manners we ought to have, so that it becomes just as easy to do the right thing as to do the wrong thing.

Don't forget every morning to salute all the members of the family with "Good morning," and at night, upon retiring, with "Good night." When you enter your schoolroom, say "Good morning" to the teacher, and "Good afternoon" when you leave at the end of school hours. Good night and good morning are very pleasant things to hear, and young people should never omit them.

Don't fail to bow and lift your hat to a lady whom you meet in the street, and at least touch your hat to your elders of your own sex.

Don't fail to rise whenever guests enter a room where you are. Be particular to rise every time a lady enters the room, and pay this respect to gentlemen whose years or position command it.

Don't burst boisterously into a room under any circumstances. If upon entering a room you find company there, salute them with a polite bow and a good day or good morning. You need not shake hands with the visitors unless they first offer to do so.

Don't interrupt people when they are talking. It is not right for young people to force themselves into a conversation going on between older persons.

Don't whistle in the presence of your elders, or drum on a seat or on the wall, or beat with your feet on the floor, or make unnecessary noises of any kind when people are by.

Don't shout every time you want to speak, whether indoors or out. Some boys fairly shout at playfellows only a few feet off, who could hear without difficulty everything spoken in an ordinary voice.

Don't take your seat at the table before others do; don't drum on the table or make a noise of any kind; don't handle your knife or fork or play with any ar-

ticle; don't lean or put your elbows on the table; don't stretch yourself across the table; don't drop your head down to a dish in order to reach it; don't make a disagreeable gurgling when you are eating soup; don't plunge into your plate of meat as if you never saw food before, and as if you were afraid some one would run off with it; don't thrust your elbows out; don't, of course, eat with your knife. Take up your meat or vegetables with your fork always, and don't take up too much at a time. Don't make a noise with your lips in eating; don't gurgle when you drink. These are some of the rules of good manners at table, and no doubt you have heard them often before. Have you remembered to observe them? Have you studied to eat in a neat, quiet, and agreeable manner?

Don't fail in the schoolroom to be respectful to the master, kind to the small boys, and diligent in your studies. Don't worry your schoolfellows with tricks.

Don't tease your sisters or younger playfellows. A teasing boy becomes sometimes a great nuisance.

Don't fail, above all things, to be kind and attentive to elderly people. The kind-hearted boy who picks up a hat an old gentleman has dropped has done a polite thing as well as a kind-hearted thing; and a boy who takes the trouble to show a lady the right way to go has also done a polite as well as a kind-hearted thing.

Don't do a mean thing or a sneaking thing. Don't evade the truth in any form. It is just as dishonorable to deceive by indirect means as to tell a lie squarely. Be always open, cordial, honest, manly.

Don't fail to keep your hands and finger-nails clean. Let your morning ablutions be thorough. Cleanse the teeth; wash out your ears. Be nice in everything. Everybody delights to see a fresh, cleanly, well-mannered boy.

For Girls

A great deal of what I have said to boys applies as well to girls.

Don't fail to cultivate a nice manner at table. It is very charming to see young people sitting quietly at table, eating and drinking in a neat and correct manner, and showing respect for everybody present.

Don't neglect a considerate manner toward those who are under you. It is not at all pleasant to hear a girl scolding at her inferiors and imperiously ordering them here and there. When a girl is pert and bold toward her seniors, the reason may be because she has not been carefully trained; but when she is overbearing and unkind toward servants or work people, I am afraid it is because she has not a good heart. Let all of us think of the feelings and happiness of those dependent upon us.

Don't, as I have said to boys, fail to salute every-

body pleasantly in the morning. It is rude and underbred not to salute in this way each member of the household when we first meet him in the morning.

Don't be snappish because your brothers tease you a little. It is better that boys should not tease; but nothing makes teasing of so little account as taking it amiably and pleasantly.

Don't be selfish. Good manners are generally founded on consideration for other people. In order to be truly polite you must first think of the comfort and convenience of others.

Don't in company take the best place at the fire or the window.

Don't continue talking to your companions when other people are by. It is an act of politeness to listen when anybody is reading aloud or talking.

Don't whisper when you are in company. When you are reading, don't keep on with your book when company comes into the room.

Don't be a slattern. Neatness and cleanliness are among the first requisites of decent society.

Don't sit with your legs crossed, or with one leg over your knee. These things are not considered well bred.

Don't bite your finger-nails, or play with your curls, or restlessly twirl a chair, or finger any object when you are in company. You must try to attain a quiet and composed manner.

Don't chew gum, slate-pencils, or other substances. This is a habit easily formed, but with a little resolu-

tion easily overcome. Don't eat sugar-plums or other confections to excess.

Don't, when you are in church, look around and stare at everybody who enters. Don't be late at church or at any entertainment, for this is always disturbing and causes inconvenience.

Don't fail to thank any one who does you any service or kindness.

Don't point at people you see in the streets, and don't fail to respond to every bow of recognition.

Don't talk in a loud and shrill voice. A low voice is a great charm in all women, young or old.

Don't be affected. Try to have a simple and natural manner. Don't be pert.

Don't say unkind things about your playmates, and don't be envious and out of temper because another girl has a prettier frock or bonnet than you have. It is impossible for any girl to have everything she wants. It is foolish to fret and make ourselves unhappy because some one is better off than we are.

Don't use slang words. No one likes to hear from the lips of a girl or woman the coarse and fast terms that happen to be the vulgar fashion of the time.

Don't fail to be obedient to your parents and teachers, respectful to all people older than yourself, kind to your playmates and servants, considerate of other people's wishes and feelings, gentle and modest in your demeanor, neat in your attire, and observant of all the little rules that make what are called good manners.—*"Don't."*

In the Philippines

AFTER nearly a month of waiting in Manila, my teaching assignment at last came. It was to Abra Province, in the mountains of northern Luzon. There were five teachers, and five towns in the province large enough for teachers. We drew lots for choice of town. I drew first choice, and chose Bucay, because that was the town most remote from civilization, and I would there have the best opportunity to see the Filipino as he really was.

Yet I confess I had a feeling of trepidation now, as I was about to undertake my first teaching—and this among a people who had lately been at war with us. And Bucay was said to have been the hotbed of insurrection in the province.

A ride of fifteen miles, over a road with great mud sloughs and one river crossing, brought me to the outskirts of my town. As I approached, the windows began to fill with brown faces. The notice of my approach had gone before me, and as I passed the houses, from every window came salutations of "*Buenos dias, maestro!*" ("Good morning, teacher!") Truly, they were not so hostile, after all.

I shall never forget my first day of school. As I entered the rude schoolroom, all the scholars rose as one man and shrieked at the top of their lungs, "*Buenos dias, maestro!*"

Then everybody began talking at once. It had been the Spanish custom to have the scholars study out loud, and the teacher had walked among them, rapping the knuckles of the one who was not making



A SCHOOLBOY

noise enough. The result was that a traveler could tell that school was in session when he was a half-mile away.

Here was a condition of affairs diametrically opposed to our way of doing things, and it was my business to implant American ideas there. In a little while all the soldiers left Bucay, and I was absolutely alone, the only white man within twelve miles. Then I began to know the Filipinos.

I had been much drawn to the little faces in my school. And soon, seeing nothing but brown faces, I began to forget that they were in any way different from my own. I taught the boys to play baseball, and each afternoon there was an exciting game. The children began to come home after school with me and visit me in my room in the old deserted convent. I would tell them of the wonders of America, and they would say to me, "When the Spaniards were here, they told us that Spain was the greatest country in the world!"

When the soldiers left Bucay, they gave me a large chest of medicines, and I established myself as village doctor. Very soon I had a perfect procession of patients, almost all of them sick with malaria.

As I would take no pay for my treatments, the people sent me chickens and eggs, which I accepted only when I had to do so. But this was often, for there was no other meat. Then a native was speared in the calf of his leg by a head-hunter, and brought in for treatment, and for two weeks there had to be daily cleansing and bandaging of the wound.

(Concluded on page fifteen)



Two Workers

CARE-NOT saw the day go by,
Watched the little minutes fly,
Heard the message of the clock,
With its hurrying tick-tock;
And when the others' work was done,
And all at once, the set of sun
Found him only half-way through
With the work he had to do.

Busy, bright No-time-to-waste
Did not see the moments haste;
Gave himself so much to do,
Keeping useful all day through,
That before he knew it quite,
Day had hastened out of sight.
But he knew at set of sun
All his work was nicely done.

—Round Table.

The Silver Lining—No. 4

MR. BLACK and Johnny passed out of Tepic and down the long slope which leads into the valley of the Santiago River. The view was magnificent. The tall mountains, with their tops touched by the first rays of the rising sun and their sides covered with a profusion of growth all strange to the boy; the beautiful valley to the north, and beyond the placid waters of the broad Pacific glittering in the morning sunshine, all helped to make the view entrancing. The road was lined with a succession of burro trains carrying every conceivable article of commerce, both into town and to San Blas, the port at the mouth of the river. Mr. Black always had a friendly word for the drivers, and often camped with them at night, eating their *tortillas y frijoles*, and sleeping side by side with them around the fire.

As they were lying thus one night, Johnny suddenly laughed aloud. "What would my friends say if they could see me now? They think all these people are thieves and murderers, and would fully expect us to wake up in the morning with our possessions all gone, even if nothing more serious had taken place."

"Well, you are not afraid, are you?" said Mr. Black.

"Not I. Look at that fierce-looking fellow over there. Well, he has been talking to me all the evening about his *niños* at home, and when I read to him of the love of Jesus, the big tears stood in his eyes. But I did think we should have some adventures."

"Wait, my boy. We are not out of the woods yet," advised Mr. Black; "but I must say that I never have had such a trip as this before. The Lord seems to be going before us preparing the way. Praise his name! You know we have disposed of everything we brought, and I had to get a new supply in Tepic. It had been ordered to be ready for us there, and I have another awaiting for us in Mazatlan. The interest in Tepic was good; and when we come back, Brother Clark will meet us and organize a church."

"Are there any believers in the town of Santiago?"

"Yes, some very earnest Christians. One, Dr. Martinez, whose family disinherited him, has had to bear poverty, persecution, and slights. But he is very firm. He and his good wife have been light-bearers for several years. Their teaching and influence have been blessed, and we have a little company there, and they ardently love the truth."

The next day they rode into the little town nestled

among banana and orange groves, and bright with tropical flowers. The tall rustling cocoa-palms towered above all the other trees, and the valley was green with sugar-cane and pineapple fields. The ripe red coffee berries among the dark-green foliage of the *Cafetal* were a sight of surpassing beauty.

Although it was the dry season, the valley was irrigated from the river flowing through the midst, and the desert blossomed as the rose. They were warmly welcomed by the good doctor, and he sent out messengers to call the believers together for a meeting. Mr. Black was agreeably surprised at the time of the service to find so many gathered together, and the meeting was one long

to be remembered, by some at least, for the deep spiritual feeling manifested. The missionaries could not remain long, and so after a short time they again mounted their mules and set off to the north. They were warned that the celebrated bandit Manuel Rosalino was around in the mountains. He had robbed a stage a few nights before, and Mr. Black's friends advised him to ask for an escort of rurales to Mazatlan. Mr. Black said, "No; they that are with us are more powerful than all the bandits, and if we trust in God, he will protect us. We have nothing that they want, just money enough to barely pay our expenses to Mazatlan." So after asking the protection of the Heavenly Father, they rode off on their lonely and perhaps perilous journey. Their road lay over wild, rocky mountains and through smiling valleys inhabited by quiet, inof-

OR A WISE PHILOSOPHER?



IS THIS A BENEVOLENT OLD LADY?

fensive farmers, who raised just enough to support life, and seldom had any money. They said: "What is the use of having anything? Don Manuel would take it away if we did. We have to give him and his men tribute. From the rich he takes cattle, money, and whatever they have, but from us — just something to feed his men."

"Where do you suppose he is now?"

An expressive shrug and, "*Quien sabe?*" (who knows), was all the answer they ventured.

One night at dark the missionaries camped near the road, in a rocky cañon through which a little mountain stream ran. There was plenty of green grass for the mules, and so they were all enjoying the cool air and the rest, when the stage-coach passed, escorted by a band of mounted police. They were sitting around a smooth rock which did duty for a table, doing full justice to the supper prepared by Mr. Black, who was a good cook. Suddenly a picturesque-looking man appeared from behind a large tree. "*Buenos noches, señores,*" with his politest bow. "Would the noble gentleman be so kind as to give a starving man a few bites to eat?" He did not look as if in immediate danger of death from starvation; but Mr. Black good naturedly invited him to seat himself, and helped him to coffee, stewed quails, which the boys had killed during the day, and to other delicacies.

During the meal he plied them with questions which they answered frankly. Rising from the table with profuse thanks, he picked up the shotgun, the only weapon in camp, and examined it carefully. Suddenly he leveled it at Mr. Black's head, shouting, "Give me all the money you have!" At the same time a dozen men sprang out into view, and the missionaries knew that they were in the power of the dreaded bandit, who came forward and politely requested the pleasure of their company and begged permission to search their luggage, all with the air of a king conferring a great favor on his subjects.

Johnny, after the first breathless instant in which he controlled an impulse to run for the woods, looked at Mr. Black's calm face and took courage. That gentleman as politely handed over the contents of his pocket, apologizing for having so little, and explaining that he was only a poor missionary who had given away so many books that he had not made anything on the trip. He opened the packages and invited them to examine the contents.

Soon the men were sitting around, each one with a book, reading or looking at the pictures, those who could not read listening to the more fortunate ones. Don Manuel found a hymn-book, and was much interested in it. He asked Mr. Black if he could sing, and, when he answered in the affirmative, Don Manuel requested the missionary to sing.

The men sat as if spellbound while the missionary sang song after song: "What a Friend We Have in Jesus," "Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour," and "Near the Cross" were followed by "The Gate Ajar."

It was a strange sight, and one that Johnny never forgot. The rugged mountains towering above them, the trees casting fantastic shadows in the light of the flickering fire, the oddly dressed, fierce-looking men, all heavily armed, sitting around on the grass or on rocks, listening attentively to the sweet old tunes, with the words in the musical Spanish. After they had finished, Mr. Black took his Bible and read to

them a long time, and then kneeling among them, he prayed for them. When he arose from his knees, Don Manuel, with softened expression, asked the price of a Bible which he held in his hand, and he and all his men bought something. Then returning the money taken from the missionary, they quietly took their departure, with many expressions of regret for the trouble they had caused, and thanks for the Bibles.

When they were alone again, Johnny looked at the brave missionary, who was calmly repacking his books, and burst out: "Talk about heroism! Why, Brother Black, my knees gave way upon the appearance of that horde, and I really believe that I should have run if I had not been so weak. A glimpse of your face reassured me, and then when you began to sing, read, and pray, I could but marvel in silence. I expected every moment to see you thrust through with one of their long *machetes* or shot down by one of those brigands. How did you manage to keep so calm, Mr. Black?"

"Of course, my boy, there was danger, but what good is our faith if not for a time of need? I had



A LESSON IN CHILD STUDY

heard so many accounts of the cruelty of Manuel Rosalino that I knew he would not spare us in the least degree unless God touched his heart. O, I do pray that those few simple words of the Master may fall on fallow ground! I do not always escape in this manner. Several times I have been lashed to a tree and beaten until left for dead. If I am called to work for the Lord, he will care for me, and he has given me abundant evidence that I am called to this work, for God always spares me, with more or less suffering, as is good for me, I know. We should pray, like Elisha of old, that our eyes may be opened to see the host about us. And now, *compañero, buenos noches;* for we must not be late in starting in the morning."

They reached Mazatlan without further adventures, where they were warmly welcomed by the little band of believers there. This is a beautiful city, and in the winter the climate is perfect. Johnny enjoyed the sea bathing, and rambling on the beach with Pancho and some of the boys, with whom he began to feel much at home.

On his arrival he found letters awaiting him from home, all rejoicing in his improved health, and some of his boy friends envying his good fortune in traveling in a foreign land.

He was now able to help a good deal in selling books, and greatly enjoyed the work. They remained in Mazatlan two weeks, and left with much regret, promising to try to send some one to remain with the church as pastor and teacher.

MAY McCULLOCH CARR.

A Few Facts About Our Bird Friends

ALL birds have wings, yet all birds can not fly; but birds which can not fly, can run very fast, or else they are good swimmers, so that it is not necessary for them to fly either in catching their food or escaping from their enemies.

"The bird's bill takes the place of teeth. People sometimes say that a duck has teeth, but this is not the case. A duck's bill is rough on the edges like a file, so that it can hold slippery frogs and little minnows, but it does not use its bill in chewing food.

"In some birds, the parrot for instance, the upper bill is a part of the skull, but in most birds the bill is only fastened to the skull. Where a bird's bill is only fastened to its skull there is a soft, spongy growth that forms a sort of rubber ball. When such a bird pecks at a hard substance, it does not jar its head as would be the case if the bill were a part of the skull. If a parrot were to peck at a telegraph pole, as hard as a woodpecker does, it would give him the headache, but a woodpecker never feels the jar because he has a rubber-tired bill, as you might say.

"Many birds have a larger brain in proportion to their size than has man. A man's brain is from one twentieth to one thirtieth of his entire body — or ought to be — but the brain of a canary bird is one fourteenth of its entire body. But the same proportion does not hold good in all birds. A goose has a brain of only one three-hundred-sixtieth of its body, and the eagle of one two-hundred-sixtieth of its body, while the little English sparrows have a brain of one twenty-fifth of their weight."

Seventy Years of Eating

If a man of seventy years was starving, says *Harper's Weekly*, it would probably be little comfort to him to think that he had consumed in the course of his life fifty-three and three-quarters tons of solid food and forty-two and three-quarters tons of liquid, or about twelve hundred and eighty times his own weight in both solids and liquids; but it would be true.

Being a man of average appetite and purse, he would have eaten fifteen tons of bread, which would have made a single loaf containing twelve hundred cubic feet, and appearing about as large as the average suburban home; and on this bread he would have spread one ton of butter.

If his bacon had been cut in a single slice, the strip would have been four miles long, and his chops placed end to end would have extended two miles.

Twenty ordinary-sized bullocks have supplied him with beef, eighteen tons of which he has eaten, along with five tons of fish and ten thousand eggs and three hundred fifty pounds of cheese.

If he had elected to have all his vegetables served at once, they would have come to him in a train of cars, the pod containing all his peas being over three miles long.

He has had nine thousand pounds of sugar, fifteen hundred pounds of salt, eight pounds of pepper, and one hundred cans of mustard.

Three pints of liquid a day would have amounted to seventy-six thousand six hundred pints, or forty-two and three-quarters tons.

If he had been a smoker, he would have burned about half a ton of tobacco in a pipe, or, if he preferred cigarettes, would have smoked about a quarter of a million.



The Sabbath at Creation

Ps. III:4

Christ the Maker of the Sabbath

THE Sabbath did not come by chance; it was *made*. Mark 2:27.

Christ was the maker of the Sabbath, for he made all things. Col. 1:13-17; Eph. 3:8, 9.

Christ is also called God. Heb. 1:8. He has been called the leader and instructor of the righteous in all ages. John 8:56; 1 Cor. 10:1-4.

Sabbath Made by Rest, Blessing, and Sanctification

There were three distinct acts in the making of the Sabbath; viz., rest, blessing, and sanctification. Gen. 2:2, 3.

The Rest

Christ did not rest at the end of creation week because he was tired. The Creator never becomes weary. Isa. 40:28.

By resting on the seventh day, Christ made it *his* day or Sabbath, and he ever after speaks of it as *his* Sabbath. Ex. 31:13; 20:10; Eze. 20:12, 20; Isa. 58:13, 14; Mark 2:28; Rev. 1:10. As the Sabbath belongs to Christ, and is given to us only to keep, we have no right to trade it off for another day that may be offered us in its place.

In resting on the seventh day, Christ put his own presence into the day. That makes it holy; for his presence makes holy. Ex. 3:1-5; Joshua 5:13-15.

Christ wants us to keep our feet off his Sabbath, which is made holy by his presence. Isa. 58:13, 14.

The Blessing

Christ blessed the seventh day. Gen. 2:3. Then it became his *blessed* rest-day or Sabbath.

When Christ blessed Abraham, it was that he might be a blessing to others. Gen. 12:1-3. In the same way when he blessed the Sabbath, it was that the Sabbath might be a blessing.

The Sanctification

Christ sanctified the seventh day. Gen. 2:3.

To sanctify means "to set apart to a holy or religious use."—*Webster*.

We see the Bible use of the word "sanctify" is to set apart something by public proclamation. Joshua 20:7, margin; Joel 1:14.

The Sabbath was sanctified, that is, set apart for a holy use and publicly proclaimed. Gen. 2:3.

The Sabbath for Man

The Sabbath was not made for the angels, or the inhabitants of other worlds. It was made for man. Mark 2:27. The word "man" is here used without a limiting adjective. It must include all mankind, the whole human family. Not patriarch and prophet alone, not the Jew exclusive of the Gentile, but for man, whenever and wherever he is found.

The new earth, the heritage of Jacob, will be given to those who regard the Sabbath which was made, blessed, and sanctified by Christ our Creator and Redeemer. Isa. 58:13, 14. O. F. BUTCHER.



M. E. KERN Secretary
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Society Studies in Bible Doctrines

Lesson XI—The Holy Spirit

SYNOPSIS.—The Holy Spirit is the third person of the Godhead, is eternal, is everywhere present, and is all-wise, omniscient. Through this agency not only was creation accomplished (Gen. 1:2), but the Scriptures were inspired, miracles are wrought, and ministers appointed, sent out, and directed in the work of preaching the gospel. When Jesus dwelt in human flesh, he was led by the Spirit, it being given to him without measure. The Spirit is God's agency in reaching the unregenerate and in bringing about the new birth. It is imparted to those who repent, guides them into all truth, fills their hearts with God's love, and imparts joy and hope. This blessing comes through faith and obedience, and is a pledge of the eternal inheritance promised to the saints.

Questions

1. What is said of the existence of the Holy Spirit? Heb. 9:14.
2. What other qualities are mentioned? Ps. 139:7, 8-12; 1 Cor. 2:10.
3. What active part has the Spirit taken in the work of the gospel?
 - (a) 2 Peter 1:21.
 - (b) Matt. 12:28; Rom. 15:19.
 - (c) Acts 13:2, 4; 16:6, 7, 10.
4. How was the Holy Spirit related to Jesus when on earth? Luke 4:1; John 3:34.
5. What is its relation to sinners? John 16:8.
6. How is the regeneration of the unrighteous brought about? John 3:5; Eze. 36:26.
7. What is given to those who repent? Acts 2:38.
8. What does he do for them?
 - (a) John 16:13.
 - (b) Rom. 5:5.
 - (c) Rom. 14:17.
 - (d) Rom. 15:13.
9. How does this great blessing come? Luke 11:13; Gal. 3:14; Acts 5:32.
10. Of what is the indwelling Spirit a pledge? Eph. 1:14.

Notes

8. "The Holy Spirit was the highest of all gifts that he [Jesus] could solicit from his Father for the exaltation of his people. The Spirit was to be given as a regenerating agent, and without this the sacrifice of Christ would have been of no avail. The power of evil had been strengthening for centuries, and the submission of men to this satanic captivity was amazing. Sin could be resisted and overcome only through the mighty agency of the third person of the Godhead, who would come with no modified energy, but in the fulness of divine power. It is the Spirit that makes effectual what has been wrought out by the world's Redeemer. It is by the Spirit that the heart is made pure. Through the Spirit the believer becomes a partaker of the divine nature. Christ has given his Spirit as a divine power to overcome all hereditary and cultivated tendencies to evil, and to impress his own character upon his church."—*Desire of Ages*, page 671.

9. "Christ has promised the gift of the Holy Spirit to his church, and the promise belongs to us as much as to the first disciples. But like every other promise, it is given on conditions. There are many who believe and profess to claim the Lord's promise; they talk about Christ and about the Holy Spirit, yet receive no benefit. They do not surrender the soul

to be guided and controlled by the divine agencies. We can not use the Holy Spirit. The Spirit is to use us. Through the Spirit God works in his people 'to will and to do of his good pleasure.' But many will not submit to this. They want to manage themselves. This is why they do not receive the heavenly gift. Only to those who wait humbly upon God, who watch for his guidance and grace, is the Spirit given. The power of God awaits their demand and reception. This promised blessing, claimed by faith, brings all other blessings in its train. It is given according to the riches of the grace of Christ, and he is ready to supply every soul according to the capacity to receive."—*Desire of Ages*, page 672.

Junior Reading Course No. 2

Outline No. 16—"My Garden Neighbors,"

pages 221-254

Notes and Suggestions

NEXT week we will begin our regular reading of the book, but before beginning to read, as well as after completing it, I think it would be well to give some study to chapter fifteen. God has placed the birds here to make us happy. How may we become acquainted with them? Do you plan to use a notebook as the author suggests? Why is winter a good time to begin our study on birds? What is the best part of the day to study birds? How will the color of the bird help you to name it? See "Color Guide" on page 223. Note carefully the explanation given on page 224. With how many of the birds mentioned on pages 226-251 are you acquainted? Do the author's special descriptions answer to your recollections of those birds? What the author says on pages 252-254 will help you in your study. Now that you have noticed Dr. Reed's method of studying birds, describe carefully one or more of the birds you know best.

Bird life is disappearing from the United States and Canada at an alarming rate. W. T. Hornaday, the director of the New York Zoological Society, some years ago collected statistics from more than thirty States. These statistics showed a decrease within the previous fifteen years of more than forty per cent. Several species have already become extinct, and others are reaching the danger line. Conspicuous among these are the wild turkey and the pinnated grouse. Several species of water fowl are also growing scarce.

Do not fail to read "A Few Facts About Our Bird Friends" on page 12 of this paper. All who have the INSTRUCTOR for Nov. 9, 1909, read "The Farmer's Police Force" again.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Course No. 3

Outline No. 16—"The Moslem World,"

pages 189-211

Notes

If you have not yet given careful study to the map in the back of the book, do so in connection with this week's assignment. The map gives no statistics concerning America, but Professor Hartmann, who holds the chair of Arabic in the Berlin Seminary, says that there are fifty-six thousand Mohammedans in America.

BABISTS AND BEHAISTS are reformed Mohammedan sects. Babism originated in Persia about the middle of the nineteenth century, and is said to have more than one million adherents to-day. The first Behaist congregation in America was established in Chicago in 1894 and some time ago the number of assemblies had reached thirty-five. The new Schaff-Herzog Encyclopedia of Religious Knowledge says that Behaism claims as its mission the work of unifying the world and bringing all religions into one.

OUR WORK IN THE MOSLEM WORLD.—“An Outline of Mission Fields” gives a brief account of our work in Mohammedan lands. See pages 31-35 in second edition. Those who do not have this pamphlet, should get one immediately. It will be needed to supplement one of the chapters in our third book. The Mission Board of Seventh-day Adventists, Takoma Park Station, Washington, D. C., will be glad to send you one upon request.

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE RECENT REVOLUTION IN TURKEY.—“What does this revolution signify to us and to our work in Turkey? It does not promise everything which we might wish, but it does offer far more than we had any reason to expect from the Turks. So far as its aims are *political*, it seeks to save and strengthen the dominion of the Ottoman Turks. So far as it is *religious*, it seeks to uphold and extend the influence of Islam in the world by grafting into it social and political principles which are Christian in their origin and historical development. So far as we are concerned, it sets before us an open door with free speech, a free press, religious liberty, and the chance to exert all our influence to help the people of all races to fit themselves for freedom and constitutional government. It invites us to do with all our might what we have been trying to do for three quarters of a century.

“It is our great opportunity. For the time, at least, all opposition to our work has ceased. It is well understood that we have no selfish ends in view, and do not covet anything which belongs to Turkey — our colleges, our hospitals, our schools, our printing-press are all devoted to the elevation of the people in their material, intellectual, social, moral, and religious lives. If we have accomplished great things under the adverse conditions of the past, we have every reason to hope for greater things in the future.”—*Rev. George Washburn, president of a school in Turkey for forty years.*

But with the coming of liberty in Turkey has come a new trouble. Elder Baharian writes: “Our land is in an uncertain condition. Many are leaving. Our youth also are going out in order not to serve in the army. Lately the government decided to receive soldiers from Christians, too. Our young men do not wish to be soldiers. They prefer to leave the country. But this weakens our strength, because we were expecting to take canvassers from them.” Somehow this new trial must be overcome; but what a suggestion of the importance of pushing our work while there is yet peace generally in the world.

“OUR happiness rarely dies a natural death. We slay it with our own hand, or others kill it for us.”

“THE real dignity of life consists in cultivating a fine attitude toward our own mistakes and those of others.”

OUR character is but the stamp on our own souls of the free choice of good and evil we have made through life.—*Geikie.*

“TRUE importance is always simple. The large duties, cares, and responsibilities of those seeking to do great things give them natural dignity and ease.”



VI—The Good Shepherd

(February 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 10:1-21.

MEMORY VERSE: Psalm 23.

The Lesson Story

1. Jesus said: “Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice: and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out.

2. “And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers.

3. “This parable spake Jesus unto them: but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.” Then Jesus said, “I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.”

4. Before Christ came to live on this earth, different teachers had founded false religions; but Jesus said: “All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them. . . . The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.”

5. “But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

6. “I am the Good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

7. “Therefore doth my Father love me, because I lay down my life, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again. This commandment have I received of my Father.

8. “There was a division therefore again among the Jews for these sayings. And many of them said, He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him? Others said, These are not the words of him that hath a devil. Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?”

Questions

1. What is the Lord called in our memory verse? To what part of a sheepfold did he compare himself in John 10:7? What did he say of all who try to reach his sheep, or people, except through him? To whom did the porter, or doorkeeper, open the door of the sheepfold? How did the shepherd call his sheep? Verses 1-3.

2. As sheep willingly go where their shepherd leads, what will also the Good Shepherd's flock do? Why can not a false shepherd deceive them? — Because they

know what is true, having learned of the Good Shepherd, Jesus. Verses 4, 5.

3. How did our Saviour show his love for his sheep — his people? Verse 11.

4. What had different teachers done before Christ came to this world? What did he say of them all? Were God's people deceived? Compare the object of such persons with that of Jesus. Verses 8, 10.

5. If a man is merely hired to watch sheep, whose life is he most anxious to save, theirs or his own? Verses 12, 13.

6. What statements in this lesson tell us that Christ will take care of us, if we follow him? Through whom only can any one be saved? Verse 9. Who are some of the sheep who must yet hear the voice of the Good Shepherd? How can we help to bring them to his fold?

7. What did Jesus say of his Father's love for him? Was the Son of God compelled to die? What had he power to do? Who gave him this power? Verses 17, 18.

8. After Jesus had explained the parable of the Good Shepherd, what did many of the Jews say of him? To what miracle of his did others refer, in proof that he was not controlled by a devil? Verses 19-21; John 9:1, 6, 7.

Notes

1. See "Desire of Ages," page 478.

2. "In him was life." He came that sinners under sentence of death might have life. And the life which he gives is a more abundant life. Instead of a few short years of time, he gives ages of eternity. But the abundance of life is not merely in duration. The touch of God's Spirit intensifies life, and gives it a larger meaning, with new purposes and ambitions. Children of God have a new interest in the world of humanity as the purchased possession of Christ. The new life must be a fuller one, a deeper one than the old, giving birth to thoughts more grave, feelings more deep,—in a word, "life more abundant."—*Dykes: "Christian World Pulpit," Vol. 24, page 177.*

3. What a precious lesson is this parable, or allegory, setting forth so clearly the mission of Christ, and the intimate relation existing between him and his people. To get the force of the illustration, we should understand shepherd life in the East. "As we sat and looked, almost spellbound, the silent hill-sides around us were in a moment filled with life and sound. The shepherds led their flocks forth from the gates of the city. They were in full view, and we watched them and listened to them with no little interest. Thousands of sheep and goats were there, grouped in dense masses. The shepherds stood together until all came out. Then they separated, each shepherd taking a different path, and uttering, as he advanced, a shrill, peculiar call. The sheep heard them. At first the masses swayed and moved, as if shaken by some internal convulsion; then points struck out in the direction taken by the shepherds; these became longer and longer, until the confused masses were resolved into long, living streams, flowing after their leaders."—*Porter, in "Bible Student's Manual," page 160.*

4. See "Desire of Ages," page 483, last paragraph.

In the Philippines

(Concluded from page nine)

I began to find a warm spot in my heart for my brown associates. Without exception, they were kind to me and considerate of me. I was advised by my white friends not to go alone among them unarmed. The people had ample chance to harm me seriously, for I was half a day's journey from any help. My confidence was never misplaced.

But what pleased me most was their attitude toward America and Americans. War had been hard on Bucay. Many homes mourned absent ones. I taught my scholars to sing "John Brown's Body," "Marching Through Georgia," and the "Star-Spangled Banner." Time and again we were asked to come to Filipino homes and sing the "Star-Spangled Banner," and there I would hear such remarks as these:—

"When the Americans first came and spoke their strange language, I ardently wished that my boy could learn it. The Spaniards punished us if we spoke Spanish, but the Americans send us teachers to teach us their language."

"Señor Maestro, you heal our sick for nothing, but the Spanish doctor, when he was here, charged us so much that often we could not go to him, and had to suffer and die because we didn't have the money. He always made us pay in advance."

"The soldiers are good. They teach our children English and some of their games."

At last vacation came, and I had to go. When I told the people, I was surprised to find genuine sorrow expressed. "What shall we do for a doctor? What shall we do for a teacher? O Señor Maestro, please come back soon!"

They gave me a banquet on the best they could afford; they made speeches and gave me a most affectionate farewell. I thought then that I would return, but I never did.—*Arthur L. Griffiths, in Youth's Companion.*

"THE tree of the desert is a symbol of what God means the life of his children in this world to be."

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI — The Good Shepherd

(February 5)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 10:1-21.

LESSON HELP: "Desire of Ages," chapter 52.

MEMORY VERSE: Psalm 23.

Questions

1. What beautiful illustration did Jesus give of his relation to his followers? John 10:1-3.

2. How is the shepherd distinguished from the thief and the robber? Will the true sheep follow a stranger? Why not? Verses 4-6.

3. In explaining the parable, what did Jesus say of himself? What is said of those who came before him? Verses 7, 8; note 1.

4. What do those have who enter in by the door? Verse 9.

5. For what did the Saviour say he had come? Verse 10; note 2.

6. What other term did he apply to himself? How is his great love shown? Verse 11.

7. On the other hand, what does the hireling do? Verses 12, 13.

8. What intimate relation exists between Christ and his followers? Verses 14, 15 (see A. R. V.); John 17:23; "Desire of Ages," page 483; note 3.

9. What was his desire for the scattered sheep? John 10:16. Compare A. R. V.

10. To what is reference evidently made in this verse? See Isa. 56:8.

11. How is the great love of the Father and the Son for lost humanity expressed? John 10:17, 18; note 4.

12. What did these words of Christ cause among the people? Of what did some regard this discourse a new evidence? Verses 19, 20.

13. What opinion did others hold? Verse 21.

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Boldness

ARE you in earnest? Seize this very minute, What you can do or dream you can, begin it; Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it. Only engage, and then the mind grows heated; Begin, and then the work will be completed.

—Goethe.

The Wrong Emphasis

HE was a zealous brakeman with a very loud voice. I should have noticed his voice anyway, but I had a headache, and at his first utterance his voice became my most absorbing interest. It had a peculiar rasping quality, and it went through my tortured ears like a saw — a very rusty but vicious saw. You see I could not help noticing what that brakeman was shouting.

And it was this:—

"Th' nex' STA — TION Cot'g F'm."

That performance led me to observe with care his following effort, to wit:—

"Th' nex' STA — TION Al'st'n."

No one could be in doubt that a station was coming, but what that station might be no one could form the least idea.

So it went on down the line:—

"Th' nex' STA — TION Br'tn."

"Th' nex' STA — TION Fn'l."

"Th' nex' STA — TION N'tn."

If I had not been compelled to pay my entire attention to my aching head, I really think I should have taken that brakeman aside and spoken to him, as man to man: "My dear fellow, we know that we are traveling amid stations. Spare us further iteration of that fact. I myself happen to know perfectly well what these stations are. It is barely possible, however, that there is in this car some stranger — some lone, forlorn stranger — who has not the geographical knowledge into which I have grown through the past eighteen years. It is on behalf of that supposable stranger that I make my appeal. Could you not — will you not — shift the emphasis? We all know by this time that you can shout the word 'station,' that you are a master hand — or rather a master voice — at it. Your elocution is perfect, in that one word. Now, will you not kindly give that stranger, who may perhaps be unsuspectingly near his destination, a sample of your ability in the pronunciation of proper names? I venture thus to address you, honored sir, for the good of the public."

I did not say anything of the sort, which was quite as well, judging from the amount of change produced by certain other railroad expostulations of mine. That silence gave me time for a little further thought in the matter. "Why," I said to myself, "is not this brakeman a very fair sample of all of us, continually repeating the non-essentials, the meaningless trifles of life, the things everybody knows, and leaving the great words, the worth-while words, the words people are waiting for and longing to hear — leaving them unuttered,— the words of love,— the words of loyalty,— the words of confession,— the words of promise,— the words of cheer? Quite as well, after all, not to pose before this zealous but unphilosophical brakeman as a superior critic."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

Don't Say Don't

A CORRESPONDENT writes to me as follows: "If Mr. Paine of the Syracuse *Post* imagines that he can reform the scribes who like to use 'don't' with the third person singular, he is doomed to disappointment. Not long ago in my quality as editor, I attempted to reform in this respect a very distinguished writer, who returned his proofs to me with all my 'doesn't's' changed back into 'don't's,' accompanied by the remark that he wished his dialogue to represent the dialogue of every-day life. As he was recording the conversation of several men and women of supposed education and refinement, I thought the point was not well taken."—*Selected*.

A Woman's Sermon

A LAYMAN had gone one evening to speak in a mission church attended by many young persons employed in the Lancashire mills. His wife accompanied him, and was shown a seat near the choir, which was composed entirely of young people. After the service a fresh-faced girl of sixteen rushed up impetuously to the speaker's wife and began: "I want to tell you how much I have been helped —"

The visitor smiled appreciatively, and began to frame an appropriate reply, thinking that it was her husband's address that had been so profitable, when the words were frozen on her lips by the rest of the surprising sentence — "by your simple clothes."

"As I watched you during the sermon," she continued, "I thought that if you could dress so plainly and attractively, surely we girls who have to work for our living can do so, too. In any case, you have shown me that simple dressing is the prettiest, after all," and her glance swept meaningfully over the company of rather overdressed young women present.

The incident rather took away the visitor's breath. She had not thought of her clothes at all; native good sense and a sense of what is proper in the house of worship had determined her apparel.

The remark, however, opened a new field of responsibility. She had sermons to preach as well as her husband. Her influence must be exerted in things feminine on the side of simplicity, appropriateness, and good taste, and if she could help any young girl to keep from the serious blunders of overdressing and of extravagance, as well as from the harboring of envious, covetous thoughts, she, too, would not be without her message.—*Christian Age*.

ARE you living for God and right?