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The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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No. 46



"THERE IS A SNAP OF FROST WITHIN THE AIR. WHICH SENDS THE NUTS A SCATTERING TO THE GROUND"



THE man who won the Astor cup race at the Sheeps-head Bay Speedway, Long Island, on October 9, made a speed of 102.6 miles an hour, and drove a Stutz car.

BEAUTY depends more upon the movement of the face than upon the form of the features when at rest. Thus a countenance habitually under the influence of amiable feelings acquires a beauty of the highest order, from the frequency with which such feelings are the originating causes of the movement or expressions which stamp their character upon it.—*Mrs. S. C. Hall.*

"THE Kafateria Shoe Store," probably the latest adventure in the retail store line, has just made its appearance in Pasadena, California. It is just what its name applies, a store where the customers wait on themselves. The proprietor argues that this "wait on yourself" plan has been successful in the "eating" line, and there is no reason why it should not win out in the shoe business.

THE port of Saloniki, the most important city acquired by Greece in the Balkan wars, is the Biblical Thessalonica, and is the southern gateway to the Balkans. The railroad running from Saloniki north through Uskup and Nish to Belgrade will be the objective of both invaders and defenders of Serbia, and strategy and convenience led the Allies to land their expeditionary force there.

THANKSGIVING Day is an annual festival of thanksgiving to God for his mercies and blessings of the year. The first thanksgiving was kept in 1621 by the Pilgrim fathers at Plymouth, Massachusetts. President Washington appointed two such days to be observed, one in 1789 and one in 1795. Since 1864 the presidents have annually issued proclamations appointing the last Thursday in November as Thanksgiving Day. President Lincoln was the first to appoint Thursday. Since no special significance attaches to Thursday, there is a movement on foot to substitute Saturday for Thursday, that a week-end holiday may be obtained.

ACCORDING to the outline of the future movements of the European armies given in a recent *Independent*, under the heading "The Battlefield of Armageddon," "the decisive conflict of the great war is to be fought out on Serbian soil." This is what German papers claim. "Here," says the *Independent*, "the forces of the Allied and of the Teutonic powers are about to meet in a battle that will at least determine the fate of Constantinople, if not the war. German, Austrian, and Hungarian armies have crossed the Danube, Save, and Drina Rivers on the north of Serbia. French and British troops are crossing Greece to enter Serbia from the south, in spite of the protest of the Greek government against this violation of neutral territory. The Bulgarian Army has been mobilized and massed upon the Serbian and Greek frontiers. Seven nationalities will meet in the valley of the Vardar and of the Morava in the endeavor to secure the railroad line which runs from Belgrade to Saloniki. German officers are engaged in fortifying the Bulgarian port of Dedeagatch. Russian cruisers are said to have bombarded the Bulgarian port of Varna."

Mistakes in Conversation

IF some one were to tell you that your language was crude, uncultivated, slovenly, inaccurate, your pride would be wounded, and you would challenge the truth of the statement. But marshal the army of words and phrases with which you fought your battles of yesterday; pass them in review; do you recognize any of the following as having been in your service? Did your child *behave himself*? Did your friend live *on* Maple Street? Did you have your *photo* taken? Was the play *a success*? Did you do *like* some one else did? Were you *real* happy? Was your friend *overly* strong? Did you see five *fish* in the brook, sit *side* of some one, or find *those* kind of books at Martin's? Or, worse than these, did you *put your foot in it*? Were your friends *awfully* jolly, *mighty* sorry, or *dead tired*? Did you *give yourself away*, have a *cinch*, *jump on the girl*, or *lay her out in great shape*? Were you *up against it*? — *Harper's Bazar.*

Minutiae

HAVE you noticed the amount of time taken by some persons in narrating events? One will tell you in just what corner a fire originated and exactly the time by the clock, the probable cause or causes, just how many kettles were on the stove at the moment the gasoline tank exploded, and why they were there; that if John had not been late to dinner and had not stopped to adjust his new necktie, the accident might not have happened; and then, the accident having happened, how she took that beautiful rug that her cousin gave her and that she had been so careful of, and ran through two or three rooms into the kitchen and smothered the fire.

The moral is this: The relation of events is usually more interesting if some of the minor details are omitted.

MRS. D. A. FITCH.

Thought Pearls

A GOOD book is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.—*Milton.*

NEVER shrink from doing anything which your business calls you to do. The man who is above his business may one day find his business above him.—*Drew.*

SMALL causes are sufficient to make a man uneasy, when great ones are not in the way; for want of a block he will stumble at a straw.—*Swift.*

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The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXIII

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No. 46

Thanksgiving

THANKS be to God, to whom earth owes
Sunshine and breeze,
The heath-clad hills, the vale's repose,
Streamlet and seas,
The snowdrop and the summer rose,
The many-voiced trees.

Thanks for the darkness that reveals
Night's starry dower,
And for the sable cloud that heals
Each fevered flower,
And for the rushing stream that peals
Our weakness and thy power.

Thanks for thine own thrice-blessed Word,
And Sabbath rest;
Thanks for the hope of glory stored
In mansions blest;
Thanks for the Spirit's comfort poured
Into the trembling breast.

Thanks, more thanks, to him ascend,
Who died to win
Our life, and every trophy rend
From death and sin;
Till, when the thanks of earth shall end,
The thanks of heaven begin.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Fighting Discouragement and Despondency

T. E. BOWEN



THE church today is facing a crisis. Mighty foes are to be met and vanquished. Strongholds are to be taken. If it were a question of ascending the fortifications of our common foe in one final, desperate charge, no doubt every soldier of the cross would muster enough strength and courage to join his comrades in scaling the heights. But it is not thus we are called upon to battle. It is more of a single-handed-ambush-day-after-day affair. This is wearing. This is the tactic of the foe, a wearing-out-of-the-saints process.

Like the lion, our foe does not attack the herd of cattle in a bunch. He knows they together would be too much for him. He stalks his prey. He roars to frighten them, and then singles them out, one or two, chasing them until away from the herd, then seizes upon them. Our safety is in "pressing together" and resolutely resisting the temptation to yield to discouragement and despondency.

We must take as a personal message to our hearts from Jesus almost daily his oft-repeated admonition, "Be of good cheer." How often, in their perplexities, he greeted his disciples with these words, yea, even when they were doing what he had bidden them to do, and were sorely perplexed and tried.

That stormy night when the disciples were toiling on the sea, Jesus came to them walking on the waves, and his first words were, "Be of good cheer; it is I."

Sending down to us the same message, John records: "These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Blessed assurance! As we become weary, storm-tossed, and often baffled in our struggles with the world, what a precious message to us is this one, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." Yes, Jesus was bruised, too. He bled and died that he might say this to you and me. He only, among all the sons of men, overcame the world; and then he turns it all to our account by giving us *his* victory to comfort and cheer us in our struggles.

Give not up. Face the enemy with the repetition of Jesus' words, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome." Keep the breastplate of *his* righteousness facing the foe. Say, "I will not give up. I will not become dis-

couraged, *whatever comes*. I will not yield to despondency."

Some one has well stated our everyday situation in these words:—

"Did you ever notice that when the Lord told the discouraged fishermen to cast their nets again, it was right in the same old place where they had been working all night and had caught nothing? If we could only go off to some new place every time we get discouraged, trying again would be an easier thing. If we could be somebody else, or do something else, or go somewhere else, it might not be hard to have fresh faith and courage; but it is the same old net in the same old pond for most of us. The old temptations are to be overcome, the old faults to be conquered, the old trials and discouragements before which we failed yesterday, to be faced again today. We must win success *where we are* if we win it at all, and it is the Master himself who, after all these toilsome, disheartening efforts that we call failures, bids us, Try again."

Yes, try again. "Be of good cheer." "To him that overcometh," is Jesus' message to us, "will I grant to sit with me in my throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his throne."

A Crystalline Stream

THERE is a river, clear as crystal, flowing through a land of mire and filth. Dark and heavy foliage, noxious with the miasma of fetid glades and swamps, droops over it, and threatens here and there to choke it. Luxuriant and waxlike blossoms, peculiar and strange as growths of some nether world, dip their petals in its waters, and poisonous serpents trail through it. But it is not defiled; it does not partake of their deadly slime and ooze, or inhale the witching aroma. It flows on serenely, widening, and sparkling, and drinking eagerly the sunbeams that light on its breast. It keeps its purity unsullied, its rippling murmur unperturbed. Its force is irresistible, and its destination is the great unknown—the infinite meadows that surround the luminous throne of God. It will mingle there with the waters of the river of life that proceeds from beneath the throne, and go on forever. It cannot stop.

This river is the people of God. It is flowing even now through a thirsty land, and singing to all wayside

streamlets to come to its heart. To be one atom in it is worth all the medals, all the loving cups, all the jewels and classified knowledge and regal positions this poor world ever held out. *To be an atom in it is to be a part of eternity.* Mortal man in all his strivings cannot attain to anything greater. Leap, leap, and listen closely; for *a grand anthem is sweeping over the river!*

ELVIRA ANDREWS WEBBER.

Your Share

ASIDE from the great sacrifice of life, it almost staggers one to realize something of the enormous expenditure of money in this great war of the nations. England's expenses are estimated now to be \$15,000,000 a day, to say nothing of the eleven other nations actively engaged in the war. Why all this waste? This has been called a "causeless war." Whether it had no adequate cause, or whether there was a great underlying cause which made the war inevitable, the facts are that the nations are making untold and indescribable sacrifices to keep it up. And the results! As far as can now be seen — hatred, poverty, destruction, and death.

These things are omens of the soon coming of Jesus. And the whole world wonders what is coming next. Even Cardinal Gibbons is reported to have said, "Does it not seem that the Scriptures are being fulfilled — nation shall rise against nation, and there shall be sorrow throughout the world, and then shall the end come?"

We are engaged in a warfare to save men. Aside from the work to be done all about us, as Missionary Volunteers of North America we have undertaken to support workers and enterprises in the mission fields of Africa and India. The share of each is \$2.50. Have you given your share? All that you give outside of the Sabbath school counts on this goal, *if you report it.*

Twenty-five thousand dollars is the grand total we are trying to raise. Shall we not do that and more for a sin-sick, suffering world? If a sheep were in a pit, you would lift it out. Our brothers and sisters are in the miry pit of sin. The money we give enables missionaries to work and rescue them. We have only a few more weeks left to reach our goal.

"It takes a little courage,
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination,
If you want to reach the goal."

Have you done your share? M. E. KERN.

The Appearance of Evil

It is not enough to shun evil, to keep out of the clutches of actual wrongdoing. We are taught that we must avoid the very appearance of evil. There is a blight even in the shadow of sin.

The boy or young man who lounges in front of a saloon, chatting with his acquaintances, may not intentionally be doing wrong. He may have no inclination to enter the door before which he lingers. It may be that no careless word passes his lips, no impure thought enters his heart. And yet he is in a dangerous position. He is not avoiding the appearance of evil, and the result is likely to be harmful to others as well as himself.

And is there no lesson to the girls here, the girls who sometimes are in danger of thinking they have no

part or lot in this temperance question? We once heard a sweet young voice sing a drink song, extolling wine as if it were humanity's best friend, lending the charm of music to the thought of the evil which is the greatest hindrance to the advance of God's kingdom. And yet the singer would have been indignant at criticism. It was only a song. Certainly every one knew that her temperance principles were sound. She had simply forgotten that the appearance of evil is to be avoided by Christians.

In some things where the welfare of others as well as ourselves is concerned, it is not well to come too near to the line of safety. And above everything else, there is no compromise possible on the temperance question. Leave no doubts in the minds of others as to your position on the matter. Even at the risk of being considered fanatical, be true to what you know is right. Falseness to one's belief in these supreme questions is falseness to God.—*Young People's Weekly.*

Children May Work in a Revival

"OUT of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise."

A native king in West Africa was induced by a missionary to lay aside his royalty for a time and attend a Christian educational institution. He was graduated with honors, but went back to his tribe, put on his heathen clothes, took a half-dozen wives, and sank back into degradation. Bishop Taylor preached to him one day for fully two hours, but left him still in darkness. Soon after, the bishop established a mission station on the bank of the river opposite the king's palace. A woman opened a nursery, and soon had twenty native children under her care. In less than two years most of them were genuinely converted, and at a public meeting were called upon to testify, from personal experience, to the reality of the salvation of Jesus. One by one these children stood on a box, and told the story with such simple clearness and evident truthfulness that the heathen were convinced. The king and several of his chiefs were brought to God, and he became the native pastor of the church erected in his village.

There is a place in revival work for the testimony of children.—*Expositor.*

My Prayer

I wait
For Thee to shape mine earthly fate.
No fame I want, but as I should
Let me thee serve. Make others great,
But make me good!

I ask
Naught but my own appointed task —
To cheer the weary if I could;
Nor seek my life or deeds to mask.
O, make me good!

I leave
With thee the rest, nor will I grieve
At what is sent. Not as I would!
Let others unto wealth achieve,
But make me good!

I rest
Serene, and know thy way is best,
And I am ransomed with thy blood.
Make others all the world calls blest,
But make me good!

LLEWELLYN A. WILCOX.

The Great War—No. 13

The Story of the Rebellion Against the Government of King Jehovah

The Center of the Truth Attacked (Concluded)

CARLYLE B. HAYNES



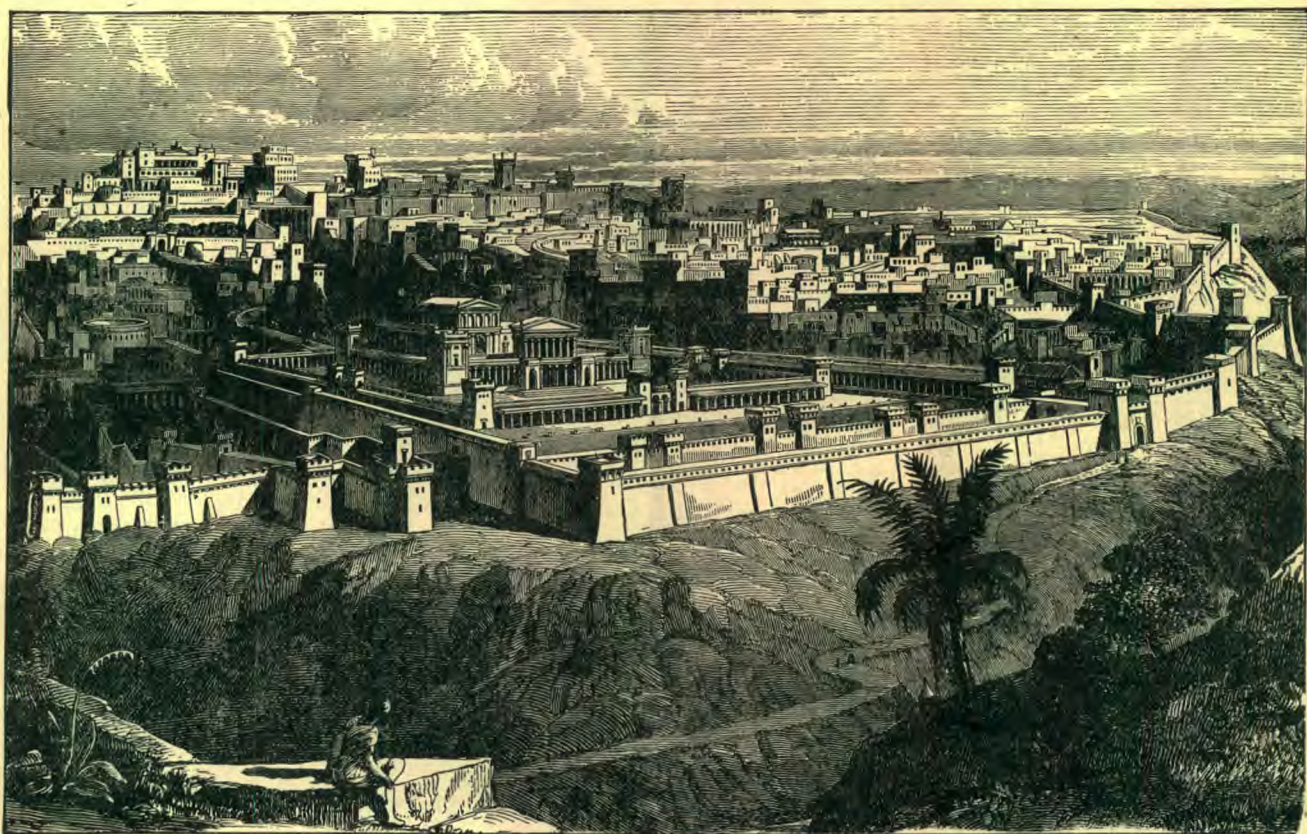
THE sanctuary described in the last article was ultimately merged into the great temple of Solomon at Jerusalem. By reason of this fact the city of Jerusalem became "the city of the great King." Ps. 48:2.

By reason of this fact also it became the center of the truth of God on earth, the only place in all the earth where the fullness of God's truth was revealed. There was no other city where God was worshiped as he was in Jerusalem.

And the truth of the Lord was set down in this place because of its ideal location for spreading over all

nations to destroy the Holy City and the temple. The Syrians, the Philistines, the Assyrians, the Egyptians, and finally the Babylonians, came against the city, but on every occasion these attempts of the devil to blot out the truth of God from the earth were foiled by Jehovah, until at last his people forsook him, and then Babylon succeeded in destroying the city and the temple.

But the city of Jerusalem was the center of the truth of God on the earth only because the temple of God was the center of the city. The thought and worship of all the people of the city and the surrounding prov-



JERUSALEM, "THE CITY OF THE GREAT KING"

the earth the knowledge of the God of heaven. Let the reader look at a map of the Old World, and see that Jerusalem is nearly in the heart of the earth. Any movement of caravans from Egypt to the eastward must pass through Palestine and Jerusalem. Any caravan going from the east to Egypt, or from the north to Egypt, or coming from Europe to Egypt, or from Egypt to any place in Asia or Europe, would naturally pass through Jerusalem. And there they would come into contact with the worship of the true God, and then passing on would carry the knowledge they had gained there out to every place where they stopped. Thus Jerusalem was to be a light to the nations, a great beacon set at the very highway of the nations.

Satan's Attempts to Destroy Jerusalem

Satan naturally would attempt to foil this plan of the Lord by destroying the city of Jerusalem. And in accordance with this thought the Old Testament contains many records of numerous attempts of various

inces centered in the temple, which was the dwelling place of God, the one place where his worship on earth was carried forward.

The Law the Center of the Truth

And the temple itself had a center, with reference to which all its services and sacrifices were performed. This was the law of God, which was in the ark, in the most holy place. When any one in the city or in all Palestine or anywhere else committed sin, he broke the law which was in the most holy place of the temple, for "sin is the transgression of the law." 1 John 3:4. No man could sin without the law of God being broken.

Now "the wages of sin is death." Rom. 6:23. Therefore when the man out in the city or the provinces committed sin, he not only broke that law which was in the most holy place, but that law also condemned him to death. It demanded his life, his blood. For "without shedding of blood is no remission" for

sin. Heb. 9:22. The law demanded that he die to atone for his sin. But the man did not want to die. And God had provided a remedy for him that he need not die.

The man who had committed the sin and thus broken the law and fallen under its condemnation, brought a sin offering to the gate of the court, a lamb or a goat, and standing there at the gate, before the broken law which was just within the most holy place, he placed his hands upon the head of the animal and confessed upon it his sin. The sin then in type passed from the man to the animal. The animal now stood in the place of the sinner. It was now the animal that the law condemned for the sin of man, and it was the blood of the animal which was now demanded by the law. So with his own hand the man drew a knife across the throat of the lamb, taking its life, and the blood was caught in a basin by the priest and taken in before the law and sprinkled there, to show the law that its demands had been met, and that blood had been shed for the remission of the sin committed by the man. Thus the man was saved "by the blood of the lamb."

Why Satan Hates God's Law

It will be plain from what has been said that the services and offerings and sacrifices of the temple were all carried forward with reference to the law which was in the most holy place. It was that law which pointed out sin, and it was because of sin that all the temple service was made necessary. The law of God, the ten commandments, was the center of the temple, which in turn was the center of Jerusalem, which was the center of the worship of the true God on the earth.

And from all this it is plain why Satan has always hated the law of God. It is the center of God's government, and has always been the great object of Satan's attacks. If he could get rid of the law of God, it would not take him long to lead the people of the world into idolatry, and destroy them. The law has ever been the great bulwark of the truth of Jehovah.

The Center of the Law

And, finally, the law had a center of its own, a center which gave validity to the entire law. This was that part of the law which distinguished the true God from all false gods. It is that part of the law which points out the true God. It is that part of the law which informs us who the Lawgiver is.

There is nothing in the first commandment which reveals who it is that gives the law. It declares, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me." But it does not tell us who it is that speaks. The worshiper of Confucius or of Buddha or of any other god might claim that this was the law of his god, and from this commandment alone he could not be convinced of his error. The second commandment uses the expression

"the Lord thy God," but does not say who this God is; and as there are many so-called gods, it would still be impossible to tell which God this is. The third commandment uses the same expression, but does not enlighten us as to the identity of the true God. The fifth commandment fails in this same respect. And the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth commandments do not even contain the name of God. If the ten commandments were without the fourth, the law would contain no signature, no seal.

The Sabbath the Heart of the Law

But in the fourth commandment the true God is pointed out as the One who "in six days . . . made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20:11. Here the true God, the God who gave the ten commandments, is pointed out as the God who created the world and all that is in it. The Creator is the true God, and it is his power to create that distinguishes him from all false gods. Therefore, in order that his people may ever worship him, he gives them a perpetual reminder of his power to create by establishing the seventh-day Sabbath, which is the memorial of his work of creation. The Sabbath was ever to stand before the people of the earth as a monument of creative power, and thus lead the minds of the people of the earth every seventh day to the Creator himself.

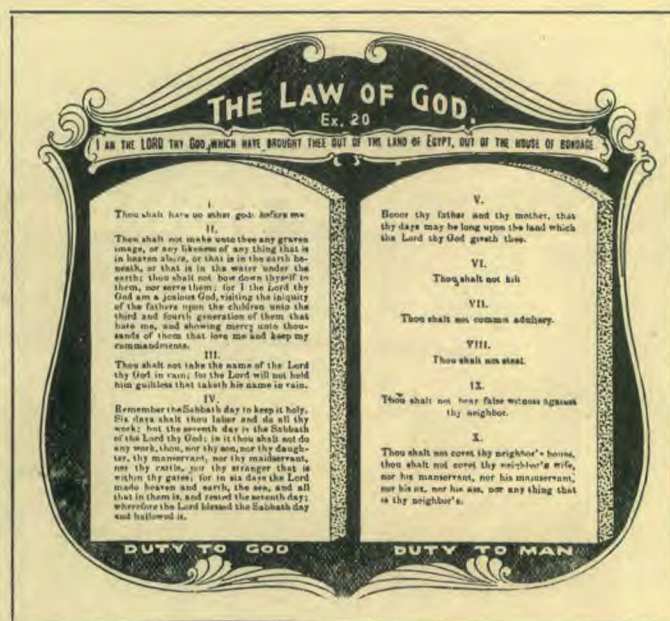
If the people of the earth had always observed the seventh-day Sabbath, there never could have been an idolater, for every week, as the Sabbath returned, all would have been reminded of the true God. Their minds would thus have been drawn out in the worship of the Creator, and they never could have worshiped an idol, the work of their own hands.

The Sabbath is a "sign" between the Creator and his people "forever." Ex. 31:12-17; Eze. 20:12, 20. And it is so covered by the fourth commandment that that commandment becomes the one thing in the law which distinguishes the true God from all false gods. It is the very heart of the law.

The System of Centers

Notice, now, this system of centers. Jerusalem was the center of the worship of the true God in all the earth. The temple was the center of Jerusalem. The law was the center of the temple, and the Sabbath was the center of the law. It was the center of centers.

Satan, desiring to sweep away this whole system of truth from the earth, and thus destroy the knowledge of the true God from among men, would naturally strike first at the Sabbath commandment, the center of the whole system. He would naturally corrupt the people of God in their observance of the Sabbath. This is just what he did, and this is the reason why



he has always been opposed to the Sabbath of the Lord, and has ever tried his hardest to cause the people of God to lose sight of it.

Before the city of Jerusalem was overthrown and the temple destroyed by the king of Babylon, from "the land of Shinar," God sent this plain message to his people: "If ye diligently hearken unto me, saith the Lord, to bring in no burden through the gates of this city on the Sabbath day, but hallow the Sabbath day, to do no work therein; then shall there enter into the gates of the city kings and princes sitting upon

God, and brake down the wall of Jerusalem, and burnt all the palaces thereof with fire, and destroyed all the goodly vessels thereof. . . . To fulfill the word of the Lord by the mouth of Jeremiah, until the land had enjoyed her sabbaths." 2 Chron. 36: 19-21.

Why Satan Hates the Sabbath

Satan has always been antagonistic to the Sabbath of Jehovah. Many times he has attempted to destroy it altogether, and there is an excellent reason for this antagonism. He recognizes that the Sabbath is the great memorial of God's creative power, the power



"Easy Steps"

A VIEW OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE, THE GLORY OF JERUSALEM

the throne of David, riding in chariots and on horses, they, and their princes, the men of Judah, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem: *and this city shall remain forever.* . . . But if ye will not hearken unto me to hallow the Sabbath day, and not to bear a burden, even entering in at the gates of Jerusalem on the Sabbath day; then will I kindle a fire in the gates thereof, and it shall devour the palaces of Jerusalem, and it shall not be quenched." Jer. 17: 19-27.

From this passage it is clear where Satan would begin his corrupting work. He led the people to violate the Sabbath. From this it was easy to lead them on until they would forsake the worship of the true God, whom the Sabbath commandment pointed out, and go into idolatry, in which they would break all the ten commandments. Then, having drawn them away from the Sabbath and the law, he could bring his servants against their city and temple, and thus destroy the whole system of truth from the earth. And this is just what Sabbath breaking ultimately resulted in. This is the very procedure followed by Satan, which resulted in the destruction of Jerusalem; for we read, speaking of the Babylonians, "And they burned the house of

which distinguishes Jehovah from all false gods, and he knows that his first step in blotting out the knowledge of the true God from the earth is to get rid of the binding obligation to observe the Sabbath; and therefore he has used all his shrewdness and power to lead the people of God away from the Sabbath, and cause them to think it is of no worth or importance. He is doing it today, and with many he has succeeded but too well. Every argument used against the necessity of observing the Sabbath of the Lord has been taken from the arsenal of Satan, and has been fashioned by him for use in his warfare against God.

Believing and Living

A NATIVE in India once came to a missionary in a lone station, and asked to be baptized. The missionary inquired where he had heard the gospel preached and how he had come to that knowledge and desire. The man replied, "I have not heard the gospel preached, but I have lived near a man who lived it." What must I do to be saved? would be more frequently asked if the gospel were more generally lived.—*Sunday School Times.*



THE HOME CIRCLE

"You must live each day at your very best:
The work of the world is done by few;
God asks that a part be done by you."



Trapped

BECAUSE Mary S—— worked in Los Angeles, she took the short line cars from Pasadena every morning. She was used to having every kind of seat mate, so was not surprised one morning to have an elderly woman with gray hair take the seat beside her. She spoke to her when she sat down, and soon they were engaged in a pleasant conversation, which ended only when Mary left the car in Los Angeles. A few mornings later the woman boarded the car again at or near Oneonta, and again sat with Mary. The third time the lady was on the same car with Mary she told her that she had a daughter who was away at college, but was soon coming home.

"I am to have a party for her next Saturday, and I should so like to have you there," said the lady. "We are to have a lot of Mabel's friends, and I am sure you would enjoy them, and they would enjoy you. Do come and stay all night with us. Of course I am not in the habit of inviting strangers," she added with a smile, "but I am sure I am making no mistake in inviting you. Do say you'll come."

"Oh," said Mary, "I should be delighted to do so, but fear I cannot fit in to your crowd! I am only a working girl you see, and your girl is a college girl."

"Oh, Mabel is a dear girl, and so sweet and common, and I am sure you would just suit Mabel. She is so particular about her friends! It is just an informal party to welcome her home. Do say you will come."

So Mary promised to think of it and to ask her folks, and perhaps she would come. So that night Mary spoke again of the nice lady she had met on the cars, and of the pleasant conversation they had.

"And, O mamma! she wants me to come to the party she is going to have for her daughter. She says she knows I'll just suit Mabel. She said I should go there right after office hours and stay all night. Do say I can go, mamma. She gave me her address, do you see?"

"Why, Mary, I guess you can go," said the flattered mother, "you can take your dress with you and change after you get there."

"Mary, I do not like the looks of it," said Mr. S——. "It appears to me as if there is something about it not just right. I don't believe you would better go. There are lots of traps set for girls these days. No, don't go, Mary."

Of course Mary was disappointed, and later she talked it over again with her mother, and they decided that Mary could go. Of course father spoke hastily and would decide with them if he just knew the lady!

On Saturday Mr. S—— went to his work as usual, but felt restless and uneasy. What was the matter? He thought of Mary, and at last went to the telephone.

"Hello, is this mother? Well, where is Mary? Oh, she has gone to the city? Was she going to stay for

that party tonight? She was! Why I thought that was off! Well, I'm so uneasy I can't work. I am coming home and going down to the city after her. Oh, yes, I know you thought it was all right, but I don't, so I am going down! Good-by!"

Mr. S—— hastened home, and getting ready, he started for Los Angeles. Fortunately Mary had left the address of the woman with her mother. When Mr. S—— reached the city, he sought a policeman to direct him to the place. The policeman looked at the man and gave a low whistle of surprise.

"Whew! What do you want to go there for? That is one of the worst houses in the city."

Mr. S——, now thoroughly alarmed, explained hastily how his daughter had been trapped and was doubtless at that place. The policeman looked serious and said:—

"Well, Mister, all I can say is, you would better get her out of there, and do it quick."

Mr. S—— hastened to the place to which the policeman directed him, and upon reaching there demanded his daughter. After some parleying Mary was brought to her father, thoroughly frightened and very glad to be again restored to liberty. She said that when she had been in the house only a few minutes, she discovered that she had been trapped. She tried to gain her liberty, but was balked at every turn, and when Mr. S—— arrived was locked in a room. She was trying every way to find a way of escape, but could not find one, and but for the timely arrival of Mr. S—— would doubtless have been a victim of the white slave traffic.

This is a true story, written as a warning to other girls who work in Los Angeles or other large cities. It is vouched for by a neighbor of the writer.—
Selected.

The "Going To" Family

"WILL you work on the yard tonight, John?" asked Mrs. Arnold of her husband as he stood by his bicycle in the back yard.

"No, not tonight, Mary, but I am going to get that done soon," he replied, as he mounted and started to town.

The Arnold family had moved to their present location three weeks before. The landlord had the yard plowed, and said he would furnish the grass seed if Mr. Arnold would prepare the soil and sow the seed. It was early spring, and a good time to start a lawn, which would add much to the looks of the place and the comfort of the family.

Across the street the Goodmans had built a neat house, and had moved into it the same time the Arnolds had moved. Unlike Mr. Arnold, however, was Mr. Goodman; for instead of *going to*, he immediately seeded his yard, and gave it the best of care. In a few weeks there was a nice green growth, and fair prospects for a beautiful lawn.

The weeks passed, and in spite of all the suggestions and entreaties of Mrs. Arnold, her husband had not done anything toward preparing the soil for the seed. He excused himself by saying he was "too tired," or he "had to go to town," where he usually spent his evenings. He was always "going to" tomorrow or next week. The time for him to perform that task was ever in the future.

Thus the summer passed, and the leaves of autumn fell, and still the Arnold yard was as unsightly as ever. The neighbors across the street had a beautiful green lawn. Why the contrast? All because one firmly decided to "do," and the other was "going to."

Paul met one of the "Going To" family. He was summoned to speak before the governor and his wife. "As he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come," the governor trembled. Regardless of the striving of the Spirit, the convictions of his conscience, and his trembling body, Felix would not yield *now* to the Lord, but answered, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee." There is no record that a more "convenient season" came to Felix. At the time when Paul reasoned with him, his heart was somewhat tender; for he commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty, and that he should forbid none of his acquaintances to minister or come to him. By his not yielding to the Lord then, his heart was hardened; we read that "after two years Porcius Festus came into Felix's room: and Felix, willing to show the Jews a pleasure, left Paul bound."

Another illustration of the "Going To's" is taken from life in India:—

* "I have come home from vainly trying to help another child. She had heard of the children's Saviour, and I think she would have come to him, but they suffered her not. She was, when I first saw her, sweet and innocent, with eyes full of light—great, glancing, dancing eyes, which grew wistful for a moment sometimes, and then filled with a laugh again. She told me her mother lived very near, and asked me to come and see her; so I went.

"The mother startled me. Such a face, or such a want of a face. One was looking at what had once been a face, but was now a strange, spoiled thing, with strange, hard eyes, so unlike the child's. There was no other feature fully shaped; it was one dreadful blank. She listened that day with almost eagerness. She understood so quickly, too, one felt she must have heard before. But she told us nothing about herself, and we only knew that there was something very wrong. Her surroundings told us that.

"Before we went again, we heard who she was—a relative of one of our most honored pastors. . . . This time the mother welcomed us, and told us how our words had brought back things she had heard when she was young. 'But now it is all different, for I am different,' and she told us her story. . . . 'So I took poison, but it acted not as I intended. It only destroyed my face.' . . . We besought her then and there to give up the life, and let us help her and that dear little one. She seemed moved. . . . Tears filled those hard eyes, and rolled down her cheeks as we pleaded with her. . . . At last she yielded, promised that if in one week's time we would come again she would give the little girl up to us, and as for herself, she would think of it, and perhaps she also would give up the life. She hated it, she said.

"There was another girl there, a fair, quiet girl of fifteen. She was ill and suffering, and we tried to get her, too; but there seemed no hope. 'Take the little one; you are not too late for her,' the mother said, and we went with the promise, 'One more week, and she is yours.'

"The week passed, and every day we prayed for that little one. Then when the time came, we went. Hope and fear alternated within us. One felt sick with dread lest something had happened to break the mother's word, and yet we hoped. The house door was open. . . . The mother was there: in a corner, crouching in pain, was the girl; on the floor asleep, *drugged*, lay the child with her little arms stretched out. . . .

"The child stirred in her sleep and turned. 'Will you go?' said the mother very roughly in her ear. She opened listless, senseless eyes. She had no wish to go. 'She wanted to come last week,' we said. The mother hardened, and pushed the child, and rolled her over with her foot. '*She will not go now*,' she said. Oh, it did seem pitiful! One of those pitiful, pitiful things which never grow less pitiful because they are common everywhere. That *little* girl and this! . . .

"At last they asked us to go. The girl in the corner would not speak,—could not, perhaps,—she only moaned; we passed her and went out. The mother followed us. . . . 'You will never see her again,' she said, and she named the town, one of the Sodoms of this province, to which the child was soon to be sent." —"*Things as They Are*," pages 256-259.

You say, "How sad! Had the mother allowed the missionary to take the child when she first asked for her, perhaps she would have been converted and become a worker in the Lord's service." Yes, it is a dangerous thing not to grasp the present opportunity. The enemy gets his work in between times, and the second opportunity may not appeal to you with such force, or it may never come again.

There are many, even among the well-meaning young people, who are allowing procrastination to rob them of their God-given opportunities. They are permitting the characteristic manifest in Mr. Arnold's experience to fasten its clutches upon them. It is preventing some from taking the Reading Course. They are "going to" take it next year. But like tomorrow, next year never comes; it is always in the future.

Every Missionary Volunteer should take the Reading Courses, not only to aid in reaching our goal, but for the benefit personally received. That old adage, "Where there's a will, there's a way," will work out in the Reading Course. Those who have not enrolled to take one of the Reading Courses should quickly do so. It is late, but "better late than never."

The story mentioned, of the mother and little child, is taken from one of the books of Senior Course No. 9. It is a book that contains something for the student, the teacher, the youth, the parent, the worker in the field, the "stay-at-homes," and others. Most books deal largely with the successes, the bright side of foreign mission work, but "Things as They Are" gives also the reverses. Miss Carmichael seems to have at least partly lifted the curtain so as to give us a glimpse of what she had to contend with when snatching the "prey of the terrible" in caste-bound India.

The reading of the book will give you a hunger and thirst for benighted souls; it will deepen your sincerity; it will give you a prayerful spirit. The heart is

(Concluded on page thirteen)

The First Thanksgiving Day

NEARLY three hundred years ago a great many of the people in England were very unhappy because their king would not let them serve God as they liked. The king said they must worship just as he did. Many who would not do this were thrown into prison, or perhaps driven away from home.

"Let us go away from this country," said the unhappy Englishmen. So they left their homes, and went to Holland. It was about this time that they began to call themselves "Pilgrims." Pilgrims, you know, are persons who are always traveling to find something they love, or to find a land where they can be happier; and these English men and women were journeying, they said, "from place to place, toward heaven, their dearest country."

In Holland, the Pilgrims were quiet and happy for a while, yet they were very poor. When the children began to grow up, they were not like English children, but talked Dutch, like the little ones of Holland, and some grew naughty, and did not want to go to church any more.

"This will never do," said the Pilgrim fathers and mothers; so after much talking and thinking and writing, they made up their minds to come to America. They hired two vessels, called the "Mayflower" and the "Speedwell," to take them across the sea; but the "Speedwell" was not a strong ship, and the captain had to take her home again before she had gone very far.

The "Mayflower" went back, too. Part of the "Speedwell's" passengers were given to her, and then she started alone across the great ocean.

There were one hundred persons on board — mothers and fathers, brothers and sisters. They were very crowded; it was cold and uncomfortable; the sea was rough, and pitched the "Mayflower" about, and they were two months sailing over the water.

At last the "Mayflower" came in sight of land; but if the children had been thinking of grass and flowers and birds, they must have been very much disappointed, for the month was cold November, and there was nothing to be seen but rocks and sand and hard, bare ground.

Some of the Pilgrim fathers, with brave Capt. Miles Standish at their head, went on shore to see if they could find any houses or white people. But they

saw only some wild Indians, who ran away from them, some Indian huts, and some corn buried in holes in the ground. Later they made other excursions into the near-by country, till by and by they found a pretty place to live, where there were "fields and little running brooks."

Then at last all the tired Pilgrims landed from the ship on a spot now called Plymouth Rock, and the first house was begun on Christmas Day. But when I tell you how sick they were, and how much they suffered that first winter, you will be very sorry for them. The weather was cold, the snow fell fast and thick, the wind was icy, and the Pilgrim fathers had no one to

help them cut down the trees and build their church and their houses.

The Pilgrim mothers helped all they could; but they were tired with the long journey, and cold, and hungry, too, for no one had the right kind of food to eat, nor even enough of it.

First one of the little company was taken sick, and then another, until half of them were in bed at the same time. Brave Miles Standish and the other soldiers nursed them as well as they knew how; but before spring half of the people died.

But by and by the sun shone more brightly, the snow melted, the leaves began to grow, and sweet spring had come again.

Some friendly Indians had visited the Pilgrims dur-

ing the winter, and Captain Standish, with several of his men, had returned the visit. One of the kind Indians was called Squanto, and he came to stay with the Pilgrims, and showed them how to plant their corn and their peas and wheat and barley.

When it was autumn, the fathers gathered the barley and wheat and corn that they had planted, and found that it had grown so well that they would have enough for the long winter that was coming.

"Let us thank God for it all," they said. "It is he who has sent the sunshine and the rain, and made the corn grow." So they thanked God in their homes and in their little church; and the fathers and the mothers and the children thanked him.

Then the Pilgrim mothers said, "Let us have a great thanksgiving party, and invite the friendly Indians, and all rejoice together."

So they had the first thanksgiving party, and a grand one it was! Four men went out shooting one whole



"For all thy gifts, so great, so good,
We thank thee, Lord!
For home and friends, for clothes and food,
We thank thee, Lord!
For work and play, for this dear day,
For church and Sabbath school alway,
For Jesus teaching us the way,
We thank thee, Lord!"

day, and brought back so many wild ducks and geese and great wild turkeys that there was enough for almost a week. There was deer meat, also, of course, for there were plenty of fine deer in the forest. Then the Pilgrim mothers made the corn and wheat into bread and cakes, and they had fish and clams from the sea, besides.

The friendly Indians all came with their chief, Massasoit. Every one came that was invited, and more, I dare say, for there were ninety of them altogether. They brought five deer with them, which they gave to the Pilgrims; and they must have liked the party very much, for they stayed there three days.

The Pilgrim mothers and fathers had been sick and sad many times since they landed from the "Mayflower." They had worked very hard; often they had not had enough to eat; and they were mournful indeed when their friends died. But now they tried to forget all this, and think only of how good God had been to them; and so they all were happy together at the first Thanksgiving party.

All this happened nearly three hundred years ago. Ever since that time, sometimes every year, and sometimes skipping a year or two,—sometimes appointed by the church and sometimes by the state,—Thanksgiving Day has been kept in our country. Since 1865 it has been an annual national holiday, appointed by the President, and announced by him in a proclamation. Then the governors of all States, when they have received the President's proclamation, issue their own, naming the same day.

Always our fathers and grandfathers and great-grandfathers have "rejoiced together" like the Pilgrims, and have had something to be thankful for each time.

Every year some father has told the story of the brave Pilgrims to his little sons and daughters, and has taught them to be very glad and proud that the "Mayflower" came sailing to our country so many years ago.—*Selected.*

A Brave Little Soldier

A GREAT surgeon from across the sea was visiting in a small Southern city; and because he knew so much about some kinds of disease, all the hospitals and doctors within reach wanted his help.

One morning he was visiting, with a doctor, the different wards of a children's hospital. The morning was close and warm, and the sky was heavy and gray, as if a storm might break at any minute.

The sick children were nervous and restless and fretful, while the crippled ones complained of everything, and soon grew tired of books and pictures.

The hospital was not out in the green fields or down by the seashore, but right in the heart of the city, where low roofs and other houses and a strip of blue sky made up the outlook from the windows.

Even the house doctors and the nurses looked fagged out and tired, and the great surgeon seemed depressed by it all.

"You've no business with a hospital down here in the city," he said, sharply, "and especially a hospital for *children!*"

"Well, you mustn't blame *me* for that!" said the doctor irritably, and they might have gone on and said more that was quite as useless, only just then a wonderful mocking bird poured out his rich whistling song all through the dark building.

The surgeon stopped short and listened, and soft lights came into his steely-blue eyes, and little tender smiles began settling down on his rugged face. "*A nightingale*, here in this country?" he said wonderingly. "No, it must be your Southern mocking bird that I've read so much about. How wonderful it is! It makes one believe in angels!"

"It's a little human bird," answered the doctor with a tender softness in his voice. "That's our Little Soldier."

"A soldier in a children's hospital?" asked the surgeon. "I don't understand that."

"Well, you know there are two kinds of soldiers," said the doctor. "One kind wear bright uniforms with gold lace and shining swords, and go marching off to war; and the other kind wear no uniforms at all, but just stay at home and face their duty every day as it comes along. *Our Little Soldier* is one of this kind."

Then the doctor led the way to where a small boy with a thin white face sat by an open window. One leg was all bound up in an iron brace, and little twinges of pain now and then flew over his sensitive face, but a brave light shone out of his true blue eyes, and the most beautiful bird music came out of his little whistling throat.

The great surgeon tiptoed softly over to where the Little Soldier sat, and touching him gently on the arm, said, "How do you do it, my lad?"

"Oh," said the boy, smiling as best he could, "it's the *pain* that makes me do it so much! You know when you are hurting very, very much you just can't be quiet, and if you don't whistle you have to groan, and whistling seems much braver, and then it's much nicer for other people who have to listen to you. On days when the leg doesn't hurt so much I can read to the other fellows in here, or I can paint pictures; but when the pain is too bad, I can't do anything but whistle and groan, and whistling seems better!"

Then the great surgeon from over seas threw his head back to keep some tears from spilling out of his steely-blue eyes, and taking a small iron cross from the inside of his coat, he stooped over and pinned it on the shabby little coat of the brave Little Soldier.

"There, my boy," he said tenderly, "there's the Cross of the Legion of Honor from my country. My king gave it to me for a trifling service, and I thought I was proud of it; but today I have met a man who shames my courage, and deserves it more than I."

The Little Soldier said, "Thank you!" very sweetly; and then as the two men left the building, they noticed the other children had quit fretting, and the house doctors and the nurses were smiling or chatting good-naturedly together, while the golden music filled the place with happiness.

"It's always that way," said the doctor, with a little choke in his voice. "We are doing what we can for the little chap, and hoping and praying for him to get well, but *all* we can do isn't half what *he* does for us."—*Francis McKinnon Morton, in Sunday School Times.*

MAN hath two attendant angels
Ever waiting by his side,
With him wheresoe'er he wanders,
Wheresoe'er his feet abide;
One to warn him when he darkleth,
And rebuke him if he stray;
One to leave him to his nature,
And so let him go his way.

—*Prince.*

Prairie Fires

VIDA V. YOUNG



LOOK at the fire, girls!" cried Mrs. Boston excitedly as she came hurrying up to our little shack late one autumn afternoon. As our eyes followed the direction of her waving hands, we could see columns of smoke rising near Widow Gilbertson's claim, about a mile distant, where our brother Cypert had gone earlier in the day to burn an old flax straw stack. Hastily catching up something to protect our heads from the sun and wind, we rushed across the meadows, and soon found what we feared—the fire had got beyond our brother's control and was rapidly making its way across the prairie. He had tried to carry fire from the straw stack to burn a back fire, but the wind was blowing such a gale that the fire he was carrying would go out, while the fire that was well under way would spread most rapidly. The neighbors quickly gathered, and soon the fire was under control, but not until it had destroyed about fifty dollars' worth of hay.

My sister and I walked slowly back to our little car-roofed home, feeling sorry for our brother, from whose pocket the fifty dollars must come to repair the loss, and yet thankful indeed that the fire had caused no greater devastation.

The next morning my sister was to leave for a town about one hundred miles away, where she had engaged to teach in an academy; and in our preparation for her departure, the fire was soon out of mind. Cypert came home late that evening, having, as he thought, entirely extinguished the fire. The next morning he and my sister left early to catch the morning train which was to take her to her school. It was past noon when my brother returned, and I urged him against his wish to leave the pony hitched, and not keep dinner waiting longer. Just as we were about to sit down to the table, I noticed smoke again not very far from the place we had seen it the day before, and my brother seemed a trifle anxious as he said, "You don't think it could possibly be from that old straw stack again, do you?" I assured him that such a thing was utterly impossible, the straw stack was too far away, and insisted on his eating the dinner, which was now getting cold. There was no window in the side of the shack in the direction of the fire; and when we had finished our dinner and again looked out of our one little door, we were startled at the inroads the fire had made. As Kit, the pony, was still hitched to the buggy, we decided to go to see if we could help. My brother did not say much, but I noticed that the nearer we got to the fire, the more anxious he became, and his gaze went rapidly from the place where the old straw stack stood to the lurid flames now shooting up in the air. It was plain to him that the fire from the smoldering old flax straw had again broken out. Kit seemed to understand that something was wrong, and with but little urging struck into a gallop, and away we went, avoiding the coulees as best we could, and stopping only to reach out and grab a pail of water that the little Widow Gilbertson had ready for us as we passed; for water was scarce on those plains, and must be hauled long distances in barrels.

All the neighbors had turned out for miles around and were furiously fighting for their homes, for prairie fires at that time of year meant more than mere loss of hay. The settlers knew well that before night their

homes might be swept away, and that even their families might have a narrow escape.

Our cousin Wilse, who lived several miles away, had already arrived on the scene, and was now issuing orders as he dipped the strips of old carpet he had brought into a barrel of water, and with the aid of another man to drag one end of the strip, attempted to smother the flames. Others had grain sacks and a pail of water with which they were making desperate efforts. Quickly I followed suit, and fought until the flames seemed almost to suck me up; for was not this my brother's fire that was making all this trouble and threatening even the very lives of the homesteaders' children? How long I should have struggled on, with the hot flames taking my breath, I do not know, had it not been for Cousin Wilse's voice, which now rose clear and peremptory: "Let the women keep out of the way. This is no place for womenfolk; keep your skirts out of the fire!" I resented his commanding tone at the time, but well he knew that we could accomplish nothing by our strenuous efforts.

I looked anxiously toward my brother. He was trying to beat out the fire at every place he could, and in the meantime give directions to every one else. Finally, when he saw that even the most strong and united efforts were useless in whipping out the fire, which leaped from one haystack to another, giving no heed to the firebreaks, he mounted a fresh horse and gave orders that men take their plows, and a distance from the fire, in the direction it was advancing, make such an immense firebreak that the flames could not leap it. This was done, and the flames were reigned in just in time to save a settler's shack near where the men were plowing.

Only those who have witnessed prairie fires can realize the intense relief of us homesteaders when those clouds of smoke died down and left the little shacks dotted here and there for the settlers to return to. My cousin, who had taken such an active part in putting out the fire, was now his old genial self again, but he was so afraid that the fire would again break out that he kept his team hitched up the next day, that he might gallop away at a moment's notice if need be.

All that remained to be done was for my brother to make complete reparation, and see that the fire was entirely out. This he endeavored to do before going home; but so anxious was he about the fire that he would not go to bed that night until he had again hitched up little Kit and driven to the place where the old straw stack had stood, and there among the ashes he raked around to see if any coals were still smoldering, ready to be fanned into flame when the wind arose next day.

Prairie fires are dreadful, but there are other fires that are even worse. The fires smoldering away in that old flax straw were ready to work terrible havoc when fanned by the winds which swept unhindered over that prairie; but what about the ruin that may be wrought by the fires of scandal which smolder away in the rubbish of our minds, ready to be fanned into flame by the winds of gossip which sweep unrestrained through our land? Any one can start these fires; it does not take any great powers, physical or mental, to set them going; but it does often take the greatest courage and heroism to put them out.

What would the settlers have thought in those days of wild grass and prairie fires to see some one creeping along carrying fire from one homestead to another, with no other motive than to spread the flames? Suppose we should have caught such a one in those days and asked him what he was doing, and he had said, "O, I did not set the fire going, I am simply carrying around a little that some one else started." Did you ever see anything like that in older, more thickly settled countries?

If we ourselves have started any fires of scandal or have been guilty of carrying around such fires after they were started, let us see to it that the last ember dies out, even though it may take a complete humbling of self. We may have to get down in the ashes and rake around among the coals, but let us make sure that no smoldering ember will burst into flame tomorrow, leaving sorrow and heartache in its blackened way. And as we rake around among the ashes, determined that never again shall such a fire be started from our kindling, let us be just as decided that no fire which some one else sets shall gain fresh impetus by coming our way. There is no other sure way but to "break up the fallow ground," see that all the wild grass is turned under, plow wide and deep, until we have made such an immense firebreak that it is impossible for any flame of scandal to leap over.

Seed Thoughts

SOCRATES said, "He who knows what is good and chooses it, who knows what is bad and refuses it, is learned and temperate."

True temperance means nothing less than temperance in all things. It means the proper use of all things intrinsically good, and total abstinence from all things intrinsically bad.

No one can reasonably make a claim of being temperate while he is using liquor, tobacco, tea, coffee, or other things that are detrimental to health.

J. W. LOWE.

Our Dumb Friends

A GENTLE word will help along the road
The noble beast that drags a heavy load.

A kindly deed to soothe or ease his pain,
His faithful love and gratitude will gain.

A little sympathy or thoughtful care
Will oftentimes lift a burden hard to bear.

A loving touch—it is not much to give
To those who help and serve us while they live.

They give to us their strength, their life, their all;
Their loyal love is ours whate'er befall.

With sweet obedience and patient will,
They do our bidding, uncomplaining still.

No truer friends than these to man are given;
Pray we be worthy of this gift from heaven.

—Marion Waller-Tatam.

The "Going To" Family

(Concluded from page nine)

surely of stone that will not be touched and have its interest increased in missions by reading that book.

Be sure to read not only that book, but also "History of William Miller" and "History of the Sabbath." Don't give up until you have finished the course and

secured your certificate, and then only give up to take the next course.

The books of the Junior Course are of equal interest. The first in the course, "Livingstone the Pathfinder," will be of interest and help to every boy and girl. Besides being an interesting story, it is a book of information. By beholding we become changed, and the reading of this story will doubtless give the youth an inspiration to be used in the service of the Lord, and arouse in their hearts a determination to go "anywhere" in his service, "provided it be forward." It will help them better to appreciate the pioneers of missions.

"Friends and Foes in Field and Forest" and "Sketches of Bible Child Life" are the other books of the Junior Course, and will surely meet with favor among the Juniors.

Do not longer delay, and be compelled to say, as was one girl, "I did not know what I was missing by not taking the Reading Course." Order your books now, and inform your Missionary Volunteer secretary that you have left the "Going To's" and have joined the "Doers."

A. B. E.

MISSIONARY VOLUNTEER DEPARTMENT

M. E. KERN General Secretary
C. L. BENSON Assistant Secretary
MEADE MACGUIRE N. Am. Div. Field Secretary

Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending November 27

THE special Thanksgiving program will be left for each society to arrange. In addition to the material given in the *Gazette*, a poem entitled "Thanksgiving," by Frances Ridley Havergal, will be found in this INSTRUCTOR. This is suitable for either reading or recitation by the Seniors. An excellent reading for the Juniors, "The First Thanksgiving Day," is also found in this number.

Psalms 148 and 150 are appropriate for responsive reading in a Thanksgiving program.

Missionary Volunteer Reading Courses

Senior No. 9 — Lesson 8: "History of the Sabbath," Pages 312-405

1. How far back may sun worship be traced? Mention seven ancient kingdoms that were sun worshippers. How are sun worship and Sun-day observance related? Name the seven deities to whom the Chaldeans dedicated the days of the week.

2. Define: Sabaism; Pharaoh; Pontifex Maximus; Mithra.

3. How was Sunday first observed? When was it first considered a day of Christian worship? Why? What is Bishop Taylor's reply to one of these so-called reasons?

4. How was seventh-day observance crowded out? What was the Easter controversy? What was the earliest instance of papal assumption?

5. What may we learn from the Council of Nicæa? Why may the second century after Christ be called the genesis of the Catholic Church?

6. Who was Clement? Tertullian? Origen? Cyprian? What do they say concerning the origin of Sunday?

7. What argument does Tertullian use for accepting oral tradition? What is the Magna Charta of the Roman primacy?

8. What day did the church Fathers consider the Sabbath during the first five centuries? What does Liebetrut say of the attitude of the church Fathers toward Sunday?

9. What two days are spoken of as identical? Mention six points of similarity. What does Cyprian say of the inroads of apostasy in the church?

10. How did Constantine become the "Augustus of the West"? What was his attitude toward Christianity? Why? What toward paganism? Why?

11. What was the edict of Milan? Whom did it favor?

What edicts did Constantine issue in 321? How was Sunday observed in his army?

12. What was the outward seal of the union between Christianity and paganism?

13. How is the Council of Nicæa regarded by popes and others? What were its leading problems? What part did Constantine take in the council? When did civil punishment of heresy begin?

14. What is a theocracy? How did Constantine attempt to establish one? What was claimed to be a fulfillment of Dan. 7:18?

15. What confession did he make on his deathbed?

Junior No. 8 — Lesson 8: "Sketches of Bible Child Life," Pages 43-80

1. WHEN did Samuel begin to work for Jesus? Why did Eli enjoy his help so much?

2. Who spoke to Samuel one night? What did he tell him? What became of Eli and his sons? What schools did Samuel open?

3. What have you learned about Jewish homes in Palestine? For what is the roof often used?

4. Why did the Lord send a drought during Ahab's reign? How was Elijah's life preserved? What wonderful miracle was wrought at Zarephath?

5. Why did Elisha often pass through Shunem? How was the Shunammite's son restored to life? How did the Lord provide for this woman during a famine? after it was over?

6. How came the little Hebrew maid to be away off in Syria? In whose home was she living? How did she prove a blessing to this family? What lesson may we learn from this little girl?

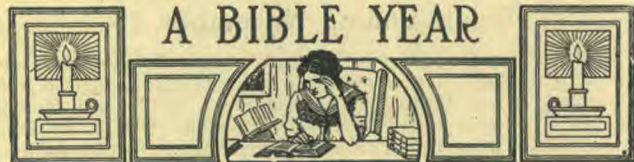
7. Why did Naaman take costly presents with him to Judah? How was he cured?

8. How old was Joash when he began to reign? What had become of his brothers? What preparations were made when he was crowned? What became of his grandmother?

9. What was done just after Joash was made king? Why were the first years of his reign very good and the last very bad?

10. What wicked thing did Joash do after Jehoiada died? What finally became of Joash?

11. What have you learned about Shiloh? Ahab? Gehazi? Jehoiada? Zechariah?



Forty-Seventh Week

November 21. 1 Corinthians 12 to 14: Love never faileth.

November 22. 1 Corinthians 15, 16: Victory.

November 23. 2 Corinthians 1 to 4: Forgive; living epistles; etc. Read the notes.

November 24. 2 Corinthians 5 to 7: A new creature; etc.

November 25. 2 Corinthians 8 to 10: Liberality and almsgiving.

November 26. 2 Corinthians 11 to 13: Suffering for Christ; etc.

November 27. Review Romans and First and Second Corinthians. Go over the circumstances attending the writing of these inspired letters. Compare the different New Testament accounts of the instituting of the Lord's Supper.

To Think About as You Read

Sunday.—To what extent does the wonderful love portrayed in chapter 13 pervade my life?

Monday.—The reward of the faithful.

Tuesday.—What do "all men" read from the "living epistle" of my life?

Wednesday.—"The love of Christ constraineth us."

Thursday.—Having received of God his "unspeakable gift," what can we withhold from him?

Friday.—"My grace is sufficient for thee."

Sabbath.—Do I appreciate as I should the treasures of divine truth provided in the Bible?

Second Corinthians

"Forced from Ephesus by the riot, Paul went to Macedonia, where Titus found him, and told him of the effect of his first letter to Corinth. In the main his reproofs and injunctions had been heeded, but the Jewish party, reenforced by some high authority, had been attacking him with great violence and malice. Thereupon Paul wrote this sturdy epistle as a defense. It constitutes a magnificent picture of his strenuous life. The

date was early in A. D. 58, and the place of writing was probably Philippi."—*Wells.*

"Paul was now full of faith and hope. He felt that Satan was not to triumph over the work of God in Corinth, and in words of praise he poured forth the gratitude of his heart. He and his fellow laborers would celebrate their victory over the enemies of Christ and the truth by going forth with new zeal to extend the knowledge of the Saviour. Like incense, the fragrance of the gospel was to be diffused throughout the world."—*Mrs. E. G. White.*



IX — Self-Seeking; Asking and Receiving

(November 27)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 20:17-34.

MEMORY VERSE: "And whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." Matt. 20:27.

Questions

1. To what city was Jesus now going? Where did he take the disciples? Matt. 20:17. Note 1.

2. What did he tell the disciples would take place at Jerusalem? Verses 18, 19. Note 2.

3. On the way to Jerusalem, who came to Jesus with a special request? Verse 20. Note 3.

4. What was this request? Verse 21. Note 4.

5. What answer did the mother receive? Verse 22, first part.

6. What did Jesus then ask the two sons? What did they declare they were able to do? Verse 22. Note 5.

7. What did Jesus say would indeed come to pass? Verse 23, first part. Note 6.

8. What did he say of the positions on his right and on his left? Verse 23, last part. Note 7.

9. When the other disciples heard what James and John had asked, how did they feel? Verse 24. Note 8.

10. What did Jesus tell them are the ways of the world? Verse 25.

11. What contrast did he draw for his followers? Verses 26, 27.

12. To what example did he refer? Verse 28.

13. What unfortunate men next came to Jesus for help? Near what city were they? Verses 29, 30.

14. Who attempted to hinder them? Yet what did they do all the more? Verse 31.

15. How did Jesus reward their persevering faith? Verses 32-34.

16. How did they show their gratitude? Verse 34, last part.

Notes

1. This was Jesus' last journey to Jerusalem. The feast of the Passover was drawing near, when the true Lamb of God would be slain for the sins of the world. All Jewish men were required to be at this feast. "The roads, therefore, . . . would probably be thronged. It is probable, also, that they would travel in companies, or that whole neighborhoods would go together."

2. "He is more particular here in foretelling his sufferings than any time before. He had said (chap. 16:21) that he would suffer many things, and be killed; and (chap. 17:22) that he would be betrayed into the hands of men, and they should kill him; but here he adds that he shall be condemned, and delivered to the Gentiles, that they should mock him, and scourge him, and crucify him." For the comfort of his disciples, then and now, he repeats the glad promise that he will rise again on the third day.

3. We were first introduced to these two sons of Zebedee in Matt. 4:21.

"John, the son of Zebedee, had been one of the first two disciples who had followed Jesus. He and his brother James had been among the first group who had left all for his service. . . . At every possible opportunity, John took his place next the Saviour, and James longed to be honored with as close connection with him."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 548.

4. "In thy kingdom" had no reference to the kingdom of heaven, but only to the kingdom which the disciples supposed Jesus was about to set up on the earth.

5. Jesus thus tried to remind John and James that his kingdom was not like the kingdoms of earth. Earthly kingdoms come by wars, and fightings, and overturning others, and taking the best places by force. To have a place in the kingdom of heaven means forgetting self, loving others, and becoming the servant of all, as Jesus did. The Lord had just told them of the suffering and death soon to come to him in Jerusalem. Would they be able to drink of the cup of suffering held out to every one who would enter the kingdom of glory? Would they be able to endure the baptism of persecution through which every follower of the Lamb must pass?

6. "John and James were to share with their Master in suffering; the one, first of the brethren to perish with the sword; the other, longest of all to endure toil, and reproach, and persecution." See Acts 12:1, 2; Rev. 1:9.

7. "The one who stands nearest to Christ will be he who on earth has drunk most deeply of the spirit of his self-sacrificing love." The character is what decides the position.

8. "When the ten heard of the request of James and John, they were much displeased. The highest place in the kingdom was just what every one of them was seeking for himself, and they were angry that the two disciples had gained a seeming advantage over them."—*Id.*, page 549.

IX — Self-Seeking; Asking and Receiving

(November 27)

Daily-Study Outline

Sab. Read the lesson scripture.

Sun. "He shall rise again." Read "The Desire of Ages," page 547. Questions 1-3.

Mon. Taking our desires to Jesus. Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 548, 549. Questions 4-8.

Tues. "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Read "The Desire of Ages," pages 550, 551. Questions 9-13.

Wed. "Have mercy on us." Questions 14-17.

Thurs. The compassion of Jesus. Questions 18-20.

Fri. Review the lesson.

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Matt. 20:17-34.

Questions

1. On the way to Jerusalem what did Jesus do with the disciples? Matt. 20:17.

2. What did Jesus tell them would happen to him at Jerusalem? Verse 18.

3. What would be the outcome? Verse 19.

4. Who then came to Jesus? Verse 20.

5. What request did the mother make of Jesus? Verse 21. Note 1.

6. What was Jesus' answer? Verse 22, first part. Note 2.

7. What question did he ask them? What was their answer? Verse 22, last part.

8. What did Jesus then say to them? Verse 23.

9. How did this conversation cause the ten other disciples to feel? Verse 24. Note 3.

10. What did Jesus tell them are the ways of the world? Verse 25.

11. What contrast did he draw for his followers? Verse 26.

12. In what other words does he contrast the Christian and the worldly way? Verse 27.

13. To what example does he appeal? Verse 28.

14. Who followed Jesus from Jericho? Verse 29.

15. Who heard that Jesus was passing by? Verse 30, first part.

16. What did they cry out? Verse 30, last part.

17. How did the rebuke by the multitude affect them? Verse 31.

18. After calling them, what did Jesus say? Verse 32.

19. What was their answer? Verse 33.

20. When Jesus in compassion touched their eyes, what took place? What did they then do? Verse 34.

Notes

1. By referring to Matt. 4:21, we recall that "Zebedee's children" were James and John, whom Jesus had called next after Simon Peter and Andrew, to become his disciples. John is mentioned as "the disciple whom Jesus loved." At every possible opportunity, John took his place next the Saviour, and James longed to be honored with as close connection with him. Their mother was a follower of Christ, and had ministered to him freely of her substance. With a mother's love and ambition for her sons, she coveted for them the most honored place in the new kingdom. For this she encouraged them to make request."—*The Desire of Ages*, page 548.

2. How far-reaching was Jesus' answer, "Ye know not what ye ask"! The mother and her sons asked for a certain result, or final attainment, which was uppermost in their minds. Jesus saw all that was implied in the question—the experience necessary to realize their wish. Our prayers are often thus blind or limited in comprehension. We too often ask for something we long for without sensing what the answer to our request would mean. Then when the Lord grants our petition by sending us the experience by which it is necessary for us to realize our own desire, we think that something strange has happened to us, and take a rebellious attitude toward it. Should not part of our prayer always be, "Lord, make us to know what we ask, and to recognize the answer when it comes"?

3. Indignation at the request of the mother for her sons could have no other meaning than the revealing of a desire by the ten to have those positions themselves. It would have been easy for a strife to arise among the disciples, had not Jesus tenderly set before them the recipe for true greatness.

Praise God

PRAISE God for a home. Tens of thousands of boys and girls will go to sleep tonight without a mother to tuck them into bed, and without any one of the pleasures of home about them. Praise God for food and clothes. Millions of persons are hungry today, and many of them are suffering for want of clothing.

Praise God that you do not lift up blind eyes to a sky you have never seen. Be grateful for your sight, through which many of your pleasures come. Praise the kind Father in heaven, too, for your hearing and speech. Are not the sun, the moon, the stars, the air, the water, the rain, the trees, the flowers, worth a word of praise? Yet how seldom do we thank God for these common blessings!

Praise God for books and for the pleasure and power which come from reading and education. Praise God for the wonderful inventions and progressive spirit which make today the best time in all the world's history to be alive. The comforts, the conveniences, the pleasures, and the blessings that are possible to all of us in the modern days are surely worth a "Thank you!" to the great Giver of them all. Praise God most of all for the blessed Bible and the loving Saviour. Jesus is the theme of the praises that are sung in heaven; shall he not be our chiefest cause for praise here? How shall we do all this praising?—With our lips; in our hearts; by our lives. Just to be glad and grateful is praise that pleases God. Then, to give another person reason to be glad and grateful, is still a better way of praising God.—*Young People's Weekly*.

A MAN has no more right to say an uncivil thing than to act one; no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.—*Johnson*.

The Youth's Instructor

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"It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned 'twill fall
Like choicest music."

The Greatest of Religious Massacres

THE *Independent* of October 18 gives a graphic description of the terrible conditions now existing in the land of the Armenians,—the land where Noah and his descendants lived, the land where the ark found a resting place after the water subsided. It is a part of Asia Minor, the land of the apostle Paul's solicitude and missionary efforts, where were Ephesus, Lystra, Derbe, Tarsus, and many other places familiar to Bible students. Armenia is portioned among Russia, Persia, and Turkey. But its present as well as its past troubles have come through the Mohammedan Turks, the greatest foe of Christianity.

In 1894 there was a terrible slaughter of Armenians, which aroused the indignation of all Europe. In the same year a commission of inquiry accompanied by the consular delegates of Britain, France, and Russia, was sent to Armenia. They gave the verdict that the barbaric atrocities were without justification. But the massacres continued. In 1896, and again in 1909, despite all that the European powers had done to persuade the Turkish government to put a stop to the atrocities, there were appalling massacres. It is claimed that at least 30,000 were slain in 1909, 6,500 being slain in Adana alone.

But according to the *Independent*, "the most extensive, the most atrocious of religious massacres which the world has seen for centuries is now being perpetrated in Turkey. It had seemed that the measure of her iniquity was full. Almost before she had had time to get over the first intoxication of her revolution which promised liberty, equality, and fraternity to Moslem, Christian, and Jew alike, the massacres of Adana and the vicinity occurred. But now the fury of slaughter has spread from the Mediterranean to the Caucasus. This is no frenzied dream, but the authenticated fact. We have it from many sources which must be credited. Our mission boards are receiving the story. Very slow were they to publish the facts, for missionaries must not be involved in political affairs, and massacre is political. Our old friend, Ambassador

Bryce, confirms the unmentionable details, and calls on America to do anything she can to save those who remain. This is no local affair; it is so general that it is intended, planned, and ordered, through the opportunity of war, to exterminate the Christians, Greek and Armenian, Protestant and Catholic. The tale comes from Marash and Ruitab on the west, from Trebizond on the north, from Bitlis and Van on the east, of men slaughtered by the tens of thousands, of women and girls buried in Moslem harems to bear future soldiers for the Turkish government and the Moslem faith. Others are driven in herds from their homes, families separated, to go they know not where, and to perish by hunger on the road—first deprived of property and then of life. No massacre of modern times compares with this."

The world looks to Germany to stop the slaughter; for she alone is in a position to call a halt to the implacable Turk. May she make haste to give her ultimatum.

Our Cousin Maggie

"I WENT down to the station with Cousin Maggie this morning, and had a whole sermon preached to me on the way," remarked a young girl to her brother.

He gave a low whistle. "What a bore!" he exclaimed. "But she never struck me as that kind at all."

"What kind?"

"Oh, goody-goody, you know! the sort that talks and talks about what one ought to do and what one ought not to do."

"But she never said a word about what I or any one else should do. It was not that type of sermon at all. It was her kind and considerate deeds all along the way that I am referring to. Listen! First, she stopped at the little news stand on the corner and left a post card to pay for one the woman had let her have when she was in a great rush to catch the post and found she hadn't any change. She took pains to stamp it, although the one she had received had not been stamped. The woman said, 'Oh, you are too kind!' but she looked pleased. It was a graceful thing to do, wasn't it? I am sure she does not find too many who ever do more than pay up to the letter."

"Going a little farther, we met the washerwoman's boy, and nothing would do but she must give him an apple out of the bag of fruit she had for her luncheon. Then we stopped at her seamstress's to pay for a blouse. When the woman said it was a dollar, Cousin Maggie took out a dollar and a half, saying that was little enough for such good work. The woman thanked her with tears streaming down her cheeks. 'If more were like you,' she told her, 'it would not be so hard for honest, struggling workers to get along.'"

"But this was not all. Just as we were going up the steps to the station, a bab's bonnet ahead of us fell off. The woman carrying it tried to stoop and pick it up, but quick as a flash Cousin Maggie had it in her hand and was putting it on the child's head. She never let a single opportunity of doing a kindness pass during the whole walk. Of course, she was lovely to all of us during her visit—but then almost any one is to the family that is entertaining her. The test comes when she meets humble outsiders, I think."

The girl's conclusion was absolutely right. How many of us, who strive to be consistent in thought and deed, make it our habitual practice to preach such "sermons"? — *Young People*.