

# The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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## Tell Him Now

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,  
If you like him, or you love him, tell him now.  
Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes oration,  
And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;  
For, no matter how you shout it, he won't really care about it;  
He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;  
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip  
it to him,  
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind  
and sunny  
And the hearty, warm approval of a friend,  
For it gives to life a savor, and it makes you stronger, braver,  
And it gives you heart and spirit to the end;  
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him  
know it;  
Let the words of true encouragement be said;  
Do not wait till life is over, and he's underneath the clover,  
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

—*Christian Endeavor World.*

# From Here and There

War has made Uncle Sam the biggest buyer of food in this country. The board bill for his soldiers will soon be at least \$1,000,000 a day.

Iceland, which now belongs to Denmark, is demanding a flag of her own and more independence, although the island possesses extended home rule.

European factories each week make about 16,000,000 pounds of artificial butter with coconut oil as a base.

A brewery in Mobile, Alabama, is making vinegar from watermelon juice, and the rinds, seeds, and residue are being used for cattle fodder.

Governor R. L. Beeckman of Rhode Island is bearing greetings from President Wilson and the people of Rhode Island to our soldiers "somewhere in France." Mr. and Mrs. Beeckman plan to fly from London to Paris in separate machines.

The queen of Italy has made herself queen mother to the refugee children of northern Italy who fled before the German onrush. She has taken them under her care and placed them in the apartments of the royal princess at Quirinal Palace.

An effort is being made in Chicago to substitute for the present mourning garb some simple designation, as a gold star, in memory of the American soldier who falls on the battle field, the thought being to turn the mind from the sadness to the brighter phase of the death.

Mrs. Wesley Merritt recently made a ten-thousand-dollar gift in memory of her husband, one of the "boy generals" of the Civil War, to the War Camp Community Recreation Fund Committee of Washington, toward a four-million-dollar fund being raised throughout the country for the amusement and recreation of soldiers and sailors while on leave.

The members of the Adrienne de Lafayette Chocolate Fund are elated over the response made to their appeal for funds to send chocolate to our soldiers across the sea. A check has already been sent to the Walter Baker Company for three thousand pounds of chocolate, and arrangements have been made with the War Department to put this order forward in time for Christmas delivery to Pershing's forces. We wish that the chocolate campaign could altogether supersede the ill-timed tobacco campaign.

Rudolf von Valentini, privy councilor of chief secretary to the kaiser, has as one of his duties to inform men of high position, as Chancellor Michaelis, when their services are no longer desired by the kaiser. The same duty fell to Baron von Lucanus, Valentini's predecessor. The difference in method employed by the two men in doing the same work contains an admonition for those bearing less responsible positions, but who have to deal with other persons. One writer says that Valentini "seems to enjoy the disagreeable task of intimating to chancellors and to members of state that they have ceased to enjoy the confidence of their sovereign;" whereas "Lucanus dreaded to convey such news, and endeavored to soften the mostly unexpected blow." If a letter is to be written, Valentini is said to make it as offensive and painful as he can, whereas "the missives of Lucanus were accompanied by such expressions of personal regard that they lost half their sting."

The glass jar manufacturers of this country have delivered during the season of 1917 about 119,000,000 glass jars. A survey of the household supply of jars used for canning and preserving in some twenty typical towns throughout the country showed that the housewives of America in 1917 used but one new jar to over three and one-quarter old glass jars which were already on hand. Thus you see that in conservative terms the home women of our country put up nearly five hundred million quart jars of vegetables and fruits, certainly three times what had been accomplished in any season before.

The district attorney of New York has obtained an indictment against a man who is declared to be one of a band of twenty-six "white slavers" operating in the Tenderloin district of that city, with one hundred fifty women under their control. Assistant District Attorney Smith asserted the indictment was one of the most important obtained in recent years, as this man had made a complete confession which undoubtedly would result in the arrest of all the men involved.

A great harvest of natural ice is proposed by the United States Fuel Administration as a means of saving coal this winter. Fifteen million tons of coal are used annually in American ice factories and refrigerating plants. The winter season manufactures each year, without expense to man, billions of tons of ice. Most of this is wasted. Every ton of natural ice which is harvested will take the place of a ton of artificial ice, and will save five hundred pounds of coal.

The English cabinet has expressed sympathy with the Zionist movement. Mr. Balfour wrote to Lord Rothschild that "the government views with favor the establishment of Palestine as a national home for the Jewish people, and will use its best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing will be done that may prejudice the civil or religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine."

Donald B. MacMillan, the arctic explorer who reached New York in September after four years in the very far North, stated, among numerous other interesting observations, that the next great arctic exploring expedition will probably make successful use of the hydro-aëroplane. So it cannot be long before the whirl of the great bird's wings will rouse strange echoes in the silent Northland.

To the many inventions that military ingenuity and war's necessity have created during this war is now added the airplane ambulance. When speed is urgently needed to prevent death, the airplane is infinitely better than the motor ambulance, for it will travel with much greater speed. The ambulance permits the patient to lie down.

Charles Sartoris, grandson of U. S. Grant of Civil War fame, is in the foreign legion fighting with the French army as a volunteer. He is acting as a mule driver.

## Principal Contents

CONTRIBUTIONS	PAGE
What Shall the Record Be? .....	3
To INSTRUCTOR Readers .....	4
Our Literature Work in China and Japan .....	5
Which Sabbath Did Jesus and the Apostles Keep? .....	8
My Neighbor (poetry) .....	9
In Just a Minute .....	10
A Music Story .....	11
The Real Meaning of the Morning Watch .....	12
The Mocking Bird's Song (poetry) .....	14
Keep Your Eyes upon the Goal .....	15

# The Youth's Instructor

VOL. LXV

TAKOMA PARK STATION, WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 18, 1917

No. 51

## Mighty Russia

THE vast size of Russia fills us with amazement. As I started once from Vladivostok on the journey toward the sunset across the vast plains, I read in old Russian characters over the doorway of the railway station the legend, Vladivostok to Petersburg 9,877 Versts.

A verst is about two thirds of a mile; so you can easily reckon the distance in English miles as about 6,300 miles; and even at "Petersburg," as Petrograd was then called, we had not traveled across Russia by several hundred miles. I confess it was almost an appalling placard when I remembered the unknown and unknowable difficulties that lay between us and the capital. We soon found some of them: two thousand miles on river steamers that were constantly running aground in the shallows of the Amur and the Shilka; a thousand miles in a "military car" built to carry forty-two men or twelve horses; a thousand miles which it took us a week to cover; burned bridges, rivers to ford, a shortage of provisions, intolerable flies and midges, the parasites which many of our fellow passengers carried with them and which increased the population of the car manifold;—these were some of the incidents of the forty-two days and nights which in 1900 were required to make that journey.

Now the same journey can be made in twelve or thirteen days, but it still gives one a realizing sense of the tremendous size of mighty Russia,—a country that has its head in the arctic zone and its feet in the tropics; a country that covers large sections of two continents; a country that stretches from ocean to ocean not only in an east-and-west line, but in a north-and-south line as well; a country more than twice as large and twice as populous as our own broad domain; such is mighty Russia.

But Russia is a tremendous melting pot also, like our own beloved land. There are almost as many races and languages as in America. Cossacks and Finns, Letts and Ukrainians, Ruthenians and Poles, Slavs of different tongues and the half-savage tribes of eastern Siberia, Tartars and Manchus, all have gone into this tremendous melting pot.

The trouble has been, however, that, instead of attempting to assimilate and educate these many races as our country has done, and thus melt them all into good Americans, Russia under the old régime pitched them all, neck and crop, into her vast melting pot, took away their liberties, tried to crush their aspirations and to force them into the same Russian mold.

This disastrous policy accounts for much of the trouble that today rocks the world and threatens to destroy the Russian republic almost before it is born.

The Finns, resenting the oppression and perfidy of a century, desire complete independence, or at least the hot-headed ones do, despite the fact that such a rebellion may wreck the fairest hopes of regenerated Russia. So do the Letts, and the Poles are only half-hearted in fighting for a country where they have been so long oppressed, in spite of the brighter hopes of liberty held out to them.

Thus do the chickens of Intolerance, Oppression, and Unbridled Autocracy come home to roost in these

days, when free and enlightened Russia might make the world safe for democracy.

Once more, the Russians are at heart not only a democratic, but a deeply religious people. Every little forlorn village in Siberia, as well as in Russia proper, has a beautiful church; comparatively beautiful, I mean, when we consider the mean little log or adobe huts in which most of the people in these same villages live. The church is always by far the best house in the village or city. The cathedrals of Moscow and Petrograd are rich in jewels and gold and marvelous architecture beyond any in Europe, and the thick gold on the roof of St. Isaac's in Petrograd would finance almost any war but the present one.

However, the religion of the people is shown not simply in gorgeous temples and jeweled icons. In every church at any time of day you will see devout worshipers kneeling before the icon, which is the picture of Christ or one of the saints; for no *images* are allowed in Russian churches, since the second commandment says, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image."

It is no formal, perfunctory worship, as the streaming eyes of the prostrate worshipers indicate, but a genuine sense, I believe, of the real presence of God which the icons bring to these ignorant and superstitious but devout Christians.

I have seen the soldiers pray with closed eyes, standing in their ranks every morning before they break their fast; and no muzhik in Moscow passes shrine or church without taking off his hat, and there is a church or shrine on every corner.

However superstitious this worship may be, I believe it tells of a genuinely religious people over whom the simple religion of Jesus Christ, when stripped of the trappings and superstitions of the Greek Church, will have great power.

Our churches, too, may be great gainers from an infusion of the mysticism and holy awe of the Russian type of faith, which we so greatly lack.

What, then, do I believe about the future of Russia, do you ask? I believe it will be great and splendid.

The present outlook is gloomy enough, "fightings within and fears without," as the old hymn says. But there is a better day on the way. Democracy has come to stay. Unity of purpose will at last prevail among the warring factions. Free speech and free religion are forever guaranteed, unless the old forces of czarism come back, and that is almost inconceivable; and among the freest and most progressive nations of the future, I believe, we may reckon mighty Russia.—*Rev. Francis E. Clark, in Christian Endeavor World.*

### What Shall the Record Be?

DO you recall the little thrill of pleasure which you felt in those bygone early school days when you had finished the last page in your old Spencerian copy book, and were ready for a fresh, new book? There were so many mistakes in the old one, a misspelled word here, a crooked line there, and occasional blots of ink to mar the pages. What had caused those mistakes? Surely you had tried your best to keep the

book clean and neat. It was partly carelessness, and partly a failure to take plenty of time for the writing,—you were in too much of a hurry,—but most of all, it was because you did not keep your eyes upon the copy.

At the top of each page was a perfectly written sentence to be followed; yet, somehow, after the first few lines, you failed to watch it closely, and uneven and imperfect work was the result. But with the fine new copy book came new courage and a new determination to do better. There is such an inspiration in a fresh beginning!

We are about to lay aside the book of the Old Year, and 1918 will soon be ushered in, with its blessed opportunity of beginning anew. What will the record be?

As we sit down quietly and think over the past year, how many a blot has marred the pages. What caused these mistakes? It was carelessness on our part, a failure to take time to seek the Source of power; it was because we took our eyes from the Perfect Pattern. For the first few weeks of the year they were fixed steadfastly upon him, "looking unto Jesus," but as time went on the vision was dimmed. Then perhaps at camp-meeting or at some special revival service, we were again directed to him, and the copy improved as we sought to follow our Example. The secret, then, of keeping a pure, clean record? It is "looking unto Jesus."

For the New Year let us take that as our resolve, to keep our eyes constantly directed toward him.

But where are we to find Jesus, that we may learn to know him and behold him daily? "If he were only on earth now," some one says, "if I could hear his voice, look into his face, feel the pressure of his hand, I could have faith in him, I could follow him closely." But listen, though he is no longer with us in person, he has left a definite point of contact between himself and us—and that is his Word. We can firmly grasp that precious Book, and feel that we have an anchor,—a firm foundation on which to build our faith. We may look into it, and behold Jesus our Perfect Pattern. He is clearly shown there. As we study the Book, Jesus will become more and more real to us, until we shall be able to say of him, Whom not having seen, I love.

"But I do not enjoy reading the Bible," you exclaim. "It is not interesting to me. My mind wanders when I try to read it." Do not be discouraged. Others have had a similar experience, but have conquered. Elder Daniells tells how, when a boy, he was presented, by his mother, with a little leather Testament on one condition—that he would promise to read it. He started out with the first chapter of Matthew, but before he had covered many verses, he was sorry that he had made the promise. He used to lie on the floor and try to become interested in the Book; but oh, what a wearisome task it was! He did not like it; it was irksome. But the time came when this feeling changed. A strong, deep, fervent love for the Bible filled his heart. He devoured it with the keenest delight, often reading whole books without stopping. What before had been a burden, gradually became a real joy.

And it will be the same with you if you will only persevere. It is practice that makes perfect in spiritual things as in our everyday life. Persist until you do love the Book. "You cannot read it as you do other books. It is much like the chromo process of printing pictures. The first stone makes hardly an impression on the paper. The second and third show no change. The fifth and sixth show only faint outlines of a man's

head. The tenth reveals the man's face, chin, nose, and forehead. The fifteenth and twentieth look like a dim picture. The twenty-eighth impression stands forth as natural as life, it almost seems to speak to you!" So it is with God's Word. Read it carefully and prayerfully, read some chapters again and again, and at length Jesus will shine forth—the Perfect Pattern which we are to follow.

And we need the Word every day. A fresh baptism of life is necessary each morning if victory is to be ours. Gordon tells of a bunch of keys which will unlock God's storehouse of power. There are three of these keys—a key time, a key book, and a key word. Are you using them? All power may be yours through their use.

1. The *key time* is a quiet hour daily with Jesus, a regular trysting hour with which nothing is allowed to interfere. A time when we may talk with God, and let him talk to us. One *must* use this key if he is to live the life of daily victory.

2. And the *key book* is this precious Word of God. As we go to keep the quiet hour with our Father, we must take his Book with us. It will speak to the heart. And daily, persistent, unhurried reading of it will work wonders in the life. It will send us out upon the duties of the day with a stronger will-power to resist evil. It will be a shield to us against giving way to petty annoyances and the difficulties that arise during the day.

3. The *key word* is obedience, the first and last and most important word in the Christian's vocabulary. We must be willing to do whatever our Master bids us,—be fully surrendered to his will. Perhaps it is envy or jealousy that he asks us to give up. It may be wrong habits of eating and drinking; it may be friends who are casting a shadow over our daily communion with God through their worldliness or lack of reverence for him. Are we ready to use the key word of obedience, no matter what the cost?

As we begin the new year, let it be with a firm resolve to live the victorious life. With a will surrendered to God, with his Book as our guide, with a daily time devoted to communion with him, let us go forward with renewed courage, ever looking unto Jesus, and victory *will* be ours. If we comply with the conditions, it cannot be otherwise.

ELLA IDEN.

#### To "Instructor" Readers

THE following letter from one of our boys in a California camp will interest the readers of the INSTRUCTOR. Let us remember the boys daily at the throne of grace; and let us not neglect to aid in supplying their physical and spiritual needs. The letter says:

CAMP KEARNY, CALIFORNIA,  
115th SANITARY TRAIN,  
AMBULANCE Co. 157.  
October 18, 1917.

DEAR FRIENDS:

The INSTRUCTOR has been my friend since the days I began to read, and now it is a source of great comfort and joy. While in the training camp and while across the ocean, I hope to enjoy its weekly visits.

Having been reared in the faith, with good schooling and surrounded by friends, I little realized what it means to be suddenly separated from a Christian environment and plunged into the midst of a huge army, where the trials and temptations are innumerable. But having a good Christian education and knowing that the Lord is with his children, I have faith and confidence to believe that he will guide me safely through this experience.

Max Hill, my former school-teacher, visited me while I was stationed near Los Angeles. He asked me why I did not write something for the INSTRUCTOR. I told him I would if he would make the matter presentable—take the Swede out. He consented to this plan; so from time to time, I hope to

contribute a "bit" to the paper, if the plan is also approved by the editor.

Camp Kearny is situated on a large mesa covering about 22,000 acres, once a large cattle range, covered with sage brush and inhabited by rattlers, tarantulas, coyotes, and such wild creatures. Today it is becoming one of the best of training stations, on account of its climatic conditions and geographic location.

The camp proper covers about eight thousand acres. Each company has its own block. The streets, drill and parade grounds, are being prepared. All the tents are furnished with electric lights and are pitched upon platforms. For each company there is a fine mess hall and a large sprayroom. One is amazed at the size of the camp, as it is only a few months old. The Santa Fé has a large station and many miles of rails in the camp. Day and night, long trains are coming and going. Four mails come in and three go out daily.

There are six large Y. M. C. A. companies that are doing a splendid work for the boys. They furnish us with writing material, library books, and entertainments during the evening. Sunday morning mass is held, and then the regular Protestant services. In the evening about two thousand boys gather and sing our good old songs. It is a strong chorus when so many put all their might into singing!

Large artillery and rifle ranges are being completed; also a network of trenches patterned after those in France. French digging, bombing, and bayoneting are in vogue during this war. The soldier spends three days in fighting and twenty-seven in digging. The intensive training keeps us busy from "first call," 5:30 A. M., to "taps," at 10 P. M. Six to eight hours are put in at drilling, mixed with athletic games—drill awhile, and then play awhile. Every kind of game conceivable, from "Ring Around the Rosey" to large track meets, is carried on by the officers and soldiers. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons and all day Sunday are holidays for the boys and visiting days for the outside world.

Being in the medical department, my training is along such lines as handling the wounded, litter drills, first aid, and hospital work. Lectures and demonstrations are given by the medical officers. Lessons in French are given every other afternoon in the mess halls. There are also many foot drills and marching formations.

No one knows the date of our departure. As we are in the Fortieth Division, we shall leave during the winter, as the Forty-first is about to sail for France.

Dear readers and friends, we want to tell you that the prayers of our loved ones at home give us courage and faith to live the exemplary life of our great Captain, who has never lost a battle; and we fully appreciate the help that our praying friends are giving to us that we may win a double victory. We unite our prayers with yours for the day to come soon when war and sin will forever be banished.

NUMBER NINE, AMB. CO. 157.

## Our Literature Work in China and Japan

### A Chinese Widow Colporteur

LI DJI is a widow with one little boy. God has always had a special care over the widows and the fatherless, and if you were to see Li Dji's smiling face and could understand her Chinese language, she would assure you that he had certainly fulfilled his promises to her.

Her husband died a little more than two years ago in Shanghai, China, and she was left to care for her boy, with no visible means of support but her two hands. For a time, she was given work to do in the home of some of the Shanghai Seventh-day Adventist missionaries; but later this same family offered to give her as many of our Chinese *Signs of the Times* as she could sell to support herself.

Li Dji had formerly lived in central China, and she felt that she wished to return there to carry the truth to her friends and relatives. So, well-stocked with magazines, she took her little bundle of earthly possessions and her son, and moved to Hankow. There, she rented a cheap room, put her boy in school, and herself toiled on the streets from morning till night, in wet and dry weather, through heat and cold, selling the printed page, and often taking time to tell the gospel story, although as she said, "It takes up more of my time, and I cannot sell so many papers that way." Often, as we went into the Sabbath services, new faces would greet us, and Li Dji would come forward

telling us these were some people whom she had met while canvassing, and had induced them to attend the services.

One day, Li Dji went to the railway station to sell her magazines. There she sold a copy of the *Signs of the Times* to a Jew passing through Hankow on his return from a trip to the south, and now on his way to his home in northwestern Kan-su. This man, though a Jew, was born in Mecca, and reared a Mohammedan. However, some thirty years ago, he was presented with a copy of the Bible, whose teachings he later learned to love more than the Koran, and which ended in an open avowal of Christianity.

This man has been living in Kan-su for many years, where he has established a church of some two hundred members who have always kept the seventh day. As they had been praying that they might find some true Sabbath observers, he was very happy when he found the *Signs of the Times* taught the observance of the seventh day. He obtained the address of some of our workers in Honan, and stopped off to visit them on his way home. These workers were able to answer his many questions about our belief, loaded him down with literature, and sent him on his way rejoicing that there were others in China who kept the Sabbath they had so long felt they were alone in keeping.

Evidently this is another one of God's great, providential leadings in which the instruments were the printed page in the hands of a humble, praying widow. Yet how great may be the results of her seed sowing, eternity alone will reveal. Shall we not all take courage, and heed the instruction, "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

### The Colporteur's Work Bearing Fruit in Japan

While a patient in a hospital in Kioto, Japan, about three years ago, a young Japanese lady purchased a magazine from a colporteur, and thereby learned of our Kobe Sanitarium, which she decided to visit. Finding the treatments beneficial, she remained at the sanitarium for about a year, during which time she learned of the Bible truth and accepted it, receiving baptism.

Fired with the zeal of a new believer, she sent the Japanese *Signs of the Times* for one year to a young friend of hers, named Takechi San, who lived on the island of Shikoku. Now it happened that her friend, who was an idol worshiper, had previously been given one of our tracts by a Bible worker, and was therefore not unwilling to read the magazine. She not only read about, but studied Christianity as revealed in the paper, and at length decided to apply for baptism, and become a Christian. However, she did not realize that it made any difference which church she joined; were they not all serving the same Jesus? So a day was set for her baptism and admission to a Sunday-keeping church.

Just before the day appointed for her baptism, her old friend returned from Kobe, and advised her not to join the church that was observing Sunday, for the Bible says the seventh day is the Sabbath. She heeded her friend's advice, and together they renewed their subscription for the *Signs* for another year. Before that year was over, although her friend had left her and returned to Kobe, Takechi San had fully decided to keep the Sabbath; and as business took her to a city where she knew Pastor Kuniya was holding services, she attended them and received baptism.

Takechi San, now twenty-seven years of age and unmarried, told me her simple story as I have related

it, saying that although she had been called upon to endure persecution from her family, the Lord had ever been with her, and given her wisdom to do something for him. She says that the tract, the magazine sent by her friend, and Mrs. Kuniya were the instruments God used to bring her to him, and she has for the last six months been engaged in carrying the printed page to bless others as she herself was blessed.

Takechi San's friend in Kobe afterward married one of our promising Japanese workers. These two bright young women are living monuments to the good which may result from the distribution of even one truth-laden magazine.

Enticing and interesting to the tourist though the scenery and people of the Sunrise Kingdom certainly are, bearers of the third angel's message find their deepest interest centering in the honest hearts here and there all over this island empire, waiting and ready to receive the truth. Not a few such are being discovered by our faithful Japanese colporteurs, as is evidenced by the statement of an intelligent Japanese brother when he said that so far as he had been able to ascertain in his church, about eighty per cent of those accepting the truth had learned of it through literature.

One magazine worker, while making his headquarters in the city of Nagoya, Japan, canvassed the surrounding country and villages during the week, returning on Friday to spend the Sabbath with our church in the city. On one of these trips, he met at Gifu, a Japanese doctor, whose yearly subscription he readily secured for the *Signs of the Times*.

Not having completed canvassing the town, he returned the next week to finish it, but was prevented from doing any public work by the loss of his voice. Under these conditions he bethought himself of the physician whom he had met the week before, and went to consult with him about his throat. After the doctor had examined him, the canvasser felt impressed to speak to him of the second coming of Christ.

Having learned that this physician had been a Christian for about eight years, in whispered tones the colporteur asked if he believed everything in the Bible from cover to cover. Although surprised by such a question from a Christian, the doctor answered, "Why, certainly; I have no reason for doing otherwise."

"You believe, then, that we should keep the ten commandments?" said the worker, and received the reply, "Yes, we must observe all of God's commandments."

"How about the fourth commandment; are you keeping that?"

"Let me see," said the doctor; "just what is the fourth commandment?"

The canvasser turned to God's Word, and read slowly, laying special emphasis upon the "seventh day," and the doctor reread it two or three times thoughtfully; then turning to the canvasser he said, "Do you mean to say you keep the seventh day?" The canvasser answered, "Yes," and related the circumstances which had led him to accept the truth. Before the interview closed, the doctor said, "This is enough; beginning with next Saturday, I shall keep the Sabbath."

He then asked the canvasser to pray for him. Just as they were preparing to kneel in prayer in the doctor's office, his wife came in and joined them in the season of prayer. This brother and his family have been true to their promise ever since, although the pastor of his former church has tried hard to dissuade him. He had formerly been a pillar in their church, but he is now studying "Bible Readings" that he may

become thoroughly conversant with all the teachings of the Bible from a Seventh-day Adventist's viewpoint.

Many and varied are the experiences through which God leads the honest worker to find his wandering sheep; but if only each one may be willing to be used as "clay in the hands of the potter," God's work will soon be accomplished and a people from these heathen lands be made ready to meet him.

MYRTIE B. COTTRELL.

### A Thanksgiving Letter

LAST Thanksgiving one year ago, a young student took time to recount his blessings in a letter to his parents. There would be many more happy homes if all young people who are away from home would celebrate the day by following his example. It was a short, simply written letter, but it was appreciated by the father and mother. The letter says:

"DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: This is my annual Thanksgiving letter. Today has been a day of good things, of great things, and expectations of other things.

"On this day I am thankful for life, for health and energy. My life has been remarkably free from sickness, and so today I am able to enjoy life and my faculties of mind.

"Above the roar of the cannon and shriek of shell, we see our own flag riding the air in peace, our manhood unharmed, and the wave of prosperity engulfing us in its golden arms.

"I am thankful that I can be here in school; that I still love the Lord; and that I have a desire in my heart to serve him and work for him. And although I have not been able to do all that I desired, yet I am thankful that I have a determination in my heart to do what I can.

"I am thankful, too, that I have a loving father and mother, who delight in their children.

"I am in a degree thankful that I live in the nineteen hundred and sixteenth year of the Christian age, when such wonderful things are being done in sea and air, and on land; when men rule nature as never before.

"There are so many things that demand my thankfulness that it is vain to try to enumerate them all. I am thankful for all the small blessings that God throws at my feet every day.

"I hope you, too, are enjoying the blessings of life and the promises of the future.

"I am your loving and dutiful son."

### The Burnt Offering

MAKE Thou an altar of my heart;  
Lay on the fuel — pile it high;  
My pride, my passion, foolish greed,  
Self-righteousness — that, too, must die.  
Heap thou my whole life's dry, dead wood  
Upon this altar to my God.

Bind thou the sacrifice upon  
The altar with the cords of truth;  
My wealth, my time, my talent, too,  
My intellect, myself forsooth —  
Then shall my prayerful thought arise  
As fragrant incense to the skies.

Now is the offering prepared,  
Now is the dedication made;  
Come thou and touch with love my heart  
This altar where myself is laid.  
See how the flames leap higher and higher,  
The flames of love — thy holy fire.

O Father, God, quench not the flame;  
Consume the dross — compel the fire  
To purify my life and mind  
And feed and strengthen my desire  
To lift, to serve, to do my task —  
All this for Christ's dear sake I ask.

— Susan C. Mendenhall.

The thirtieth anniversary of the Moody Bible Institute came last spring. Its history shows that twelve thousand students have gone forth from the institution, seven hundred and sixty to foreign lands. It is now planned to form auxiliary associations in many cities of the United States where groups of former students are located.

## Nature and Science

### A Martyr to the Cause

IN Mexico there is a variety of ants that carry little green umbrellas, made from bits of leaves, to protect their bodies from the fierce tropical sun. Sometimes, writes a contributor who has lived in the turbulent republic across the Rio Grande, I have seen two ants walking together, while one politely carried the umbrella over the two. At other times, she says, I have seen them, when going in opposite directions, stop and salute each other before they passed on.



"The world's greatest natural bridge is said to be in Syria, notwithstanding the fame of Virginia's remarkable stone wonder. This bridge, under which flows the Fountain of Milk from 'the arched backbone of Lebanon's heights,' is not nearly so high as the Natural Bridge of Washington's State, but it is thirty-five feet longer, and has a span of 125 feet. Its curved arch is as graceful as that of a well-designed man-made bridge, and across it passes the principal trail of this part of the mountains. So broad is the bridge that many travelers in crossing it have no idea that they are on a mass of rock suspended seventy-five feet above a rushing stream."

Those wonderful little insects live in immense underground houses with many rooms connected by long passages. I have poured as much as ten gallons of poisoned water into one hole without filling it. In some of the rooms the ants store their food; in others, lined with particles of leaves that have been used for umbrellas, they place the pupa cases or white bags of eggs.

Some of the ants seem to have special duties as nurses, and on any fine day you may see them bringing the little white pupæ up to the surface and laying them round the top of the hole in the sunshine. When a shower approaches, they run at top speed to get their charges and carry them under shelter before the rain begins to fall.

In many places in Mexico and in western Texas these ants are very destructive; they eat the leaves of the trees and destroy ornamental shrubs and plants. Once I made the experiment of putting sticky tar round my trees to protect them, and stood aside to see what would happen. Here came the orderly column down the tree; each soldier was carrying his green umbrella. When the leader reached the band of tar, a sudden confusion arose. The ants gathered in groups, larger or smaller, separated and grouped again and again.

About that time the upgoing line reached the lower edge of the tar, and it went through a similar performance. Some went back to the hole at the foot of the tree, and others that apparently were inspectors came out and walked around the tar band, examining it at every point.

Finally I grew tired of watching them, and, feeling satisfied with my victory, I went into the house. But

alas! what was my chagrin when I returned about sunset to revel in my conquest, to see the ants with their green umbrellas calmly passing up and down the tree as industriously as ever.

Upon examination I found that the leader had laid down his leaf on the tar, then had walked out on that as far as he could, had caught his feet and remained; the next had followed, and ruthlessly had used the leaf and body of the poor martyr as a footing to lay down his own leaf. Many had followed his example, until with leaves and mangled bodies they had constructed a *pons formicarum* entirely across my mighty barricade.—*Youth's Companion*.

### The Interstate Park

JUST across the Hudson River from Upper New York City there is a new kind of park. It is called the Palisades Interstate Park. It has thirty thousand acres of land. It has cost about \$8,000,000, and though unfinished and comparatively little known, it gave more than 1,500,000 people a good time in the open last year. It is one of the most democratic and truly American institutions in all the United States. There is not a commercial concession in it, yet it attracts and provides accommodations for every one, from the underfed East Side boy to the automobile tourist accustomed to the best that money can buy.

Athletic fields are equipped for every outdoor sport. Every one, no matter where he lives, who wishes to live the life of the open, is welcome at this park and all on equal terms. And so well is it conducted, so well behaved are the folks who go to it, that last year only one person was arrested.

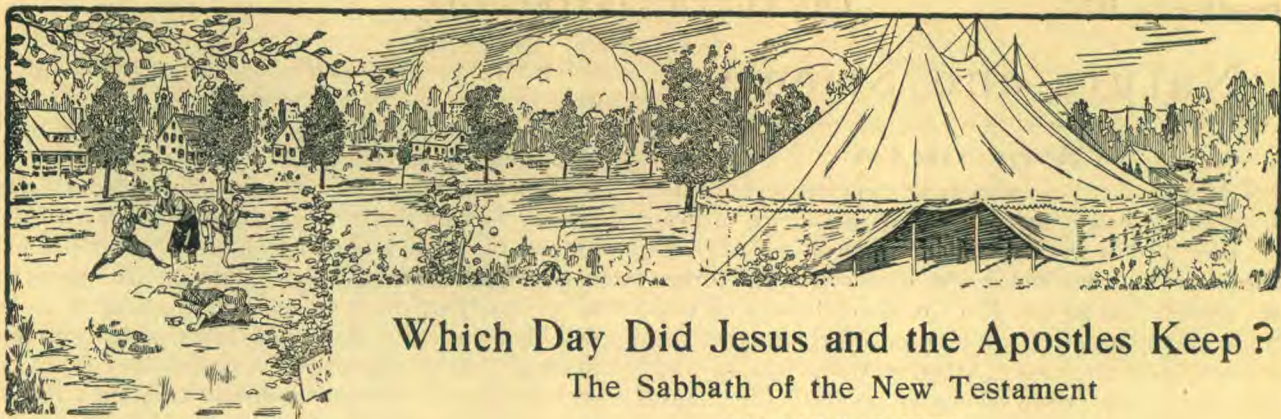
MARGARET JENKINS.



GENEVA STRONG, CULDESAC, IDAHO, AGED TWELVE  
Geneva is the second member of the "Instructor" Canning Club to win a premium.

One million one hundred fifty thousand acres of city and town land were under cultivation the past season for the first time. Urban and suburban America became a vast garden as the result of the impulse given to the nation by the National Emergency Food Garden Commission. The nation-wide survey located nearly three million such gardens. It is said that by the planting of gardens the nation's food supply has been increased to the extent of more than \$350,000,000.

The motion-picture industry is now fifth in importance in the United States. The number of exhibitors is variously estimated as from 15,000 to 22,000, and the daily attendance is somewhere between 12,000,000 and 20,000,000.



## Which Day Did Jesus and the Apostles Keep? The Sabbath of the New Testament

CARLYLE B. HAYNES

THERE was an unusually large number present at the tent on the baseball lot on Monday night. It was plain that the discussion of the Sabbath question had created an unusual interest. Brother Harris had promised that on this evening he would read and study every passage in the New Testament that mentioned the first day of the week in any connection, and this brought out many who felt sure the evidence for the observance of Sunday would be found in the New Testament.

In the audience Donald Hunter saw a number of Sunday school teachers, and he noticed one especially whom he had heard saying to another man that there was abundant proof in the New Testament for Sunday keeping. He had pointed out, too, that the minister seemed to be devoting most of his attention to the Old Testament, and that if he would read the New Testament he would find that Jesus always met with his disciples on the first day of the week, and did this so many times that it became a custom of the early Christians to meet on that day.

Tonight Brother Harris read nothing from the Old Testament, but confined himself exclusively to the New Testament. He said:

"While it is clear to all and freely admitted by all that the Old Testament teaches the observance of the seventh day as the Sabbath, it is often claimed that the New Testament introduces another day, the first day, as the Christian Sabbath. We must now examine the evidence which is produced for this claim.

"The best way to arrive at the truth or falsity of this claim will be to study every passage in the New Testament that speaks of the first day of the week. In this way we shall bring together the entire teaching of the Bible on this subject, and we shall certainly learn whether the first day has taken the place of the seventh day.

"The first time the first day is mentioned in the New Testament is in Matt. 28:1. This verse is the introduction to the account of the resurrection of Christ, and contains the historical record that he rose on 'the first day of the week.' The verse was not written to give any information about a change of the Sabbath, but to give the facts concerning the resurrection. While the first day is mentioned here, it is given no sacred name or title. It is not called 'the new Christian Sabbath,' or 'the new Sabbath,' or 'the Lord's day.' It is called merely 'the first day of the week,' and is plainly considered by Matthew as one of the working days of the week, the first of them. There is clearly no evidence here for Sunday observance.

"The second time reference is made to the first day is in Mark 16:1, 2. It will be seen that this passage is the same historical record of the resurrection by another writer, who agrees with Matthew that Christ

was raised on the first day of the week. Mark does not give this day any sacred title or name; he does not say it is now to be observed as the Christian Sabbath in honor of the resurrection of Christ; he is entirely silent with regard to any sacredness belonging to this day; he mentions it in his gospel simply because he cannot write the account of the resurrection without speaking of it.

"Instead of proving that the first day is the Sabbath, this verse makes it clear that it is not. Mark speaks of two days, 'the Sabbath,' and 'the first day of the week.' One day is given a sacred title; the other has no sacred title. One day is a holy, sacred day; the other is merely one of the ordinary week days, the first. And let it be noticed that when 'the first day of the week' comes, the Sabbath is then past. If one prefers New Testament teaching to Old Testament teaching concerning the Sabbath question (though they both teach the same thing), here it is. The New Testament clearly teaches that the day just before the first day is the Sabbath, and that when the first day comes the Sabbath is past.

"The third time this day is mentioned is in Mark 16:9, and here again the first day is spoken of as an ordinary week day, without any special honor.

"The fourth time the first day is mentioned is in Luke 23:52-56; 24:1. Here we have the account of the resurrection of Christ by another writer, Luke. Again the day of the resurrection is given no sacred title. It is spoken of as one of the week days, 'the first day of the week.' Not the slightest hint is given that it is to be considered as different from the other week days. In this passage the day of the crucifixion is called 'the preparation.' This was Friday. The next day, the seventh, is called 'the Sabbath day according to the commandment.' And the day following the seventh day is merely 'the first day of the week.'

"From this passage it is clear which day is the Sabbath of the New Testament; it is that day which is between the sixth day and the first day of the week, the seventh day, known as Saturday, 'the Sabbath day according to the commandment.'

"The fifth time the day is mentioned is in John 20:1. Here again, by another writer, is the same historical record of the resurrection. But there is no Sunday sacredness here. This verse does not call the first day by any sacred name or title any more than the previous verses we have studied. It is merely 'the first day of the week.' That is all.

"This day is mentioned the sixth time in John 20:19. And here, at last, we have the record of a meeting of the disciples on the first day. This verse has been made the basis of the claim that the disciples had met together in order to inaugurate the first day as the new Christian Sabbath in honor of Christ's resurrection on that day. But this claim cannot be true. In the first



place the disciples did not believe at this time that Christ had been raised from the dead. This is the same meeting spoken of in Mark 16: 10-13 and Luke 24: 36-40. Hence it cannot be true that they were establishing a new Sabbath in honor of an event which they did not believe had taken place. Nor was this a religious meeting. They 'were assembled for fear of the Jews,' not for worship. They were afraid the Jews would find them, and treat them as they had treated Jesus, so they had all gone home (Acts 1: 13), and locked the doors. No evidence here for Sunday keeping.

"The seventh time the day is mentioned is in Acts 20: 6-8. Here is a religious meeting on the first day, but it was on the dark part of the first day, for 'there were many lights in the upper chamber,' and Paul preached to them 'until midnight.' Now, the only dark part of the first day of the week is that part we now call Saturday night. The days of the week of the Bible were not reckoned as we now reckon days. Bible days began at sunset and ended at sunset, while our days begin at midnight and close at midnight. Hence this meeting was on Saturday night, not on Sunday. It was held at this time because the next day Paul was to leave these people, and this was a farewell meeting. No evidence for Sunday sacredness here.

"The eighth time the day is mentioned is in 1 Cor. 16: 1-3. From this passage the claim is made that the early churches were accustomed to meet on Sunday and take a collection. But the passage says no such thing. This is not instruction to hold a weekly meeting, but for 'every one' to 'lay by him in store.' Their gift was to be placed in a public offering, but to be laid by 'in store' at home, and would then be gathered by Paul when he came. It was a special fund for the relief of the needy saints at Jerusalem, not a regular weekly collection. It was made up on the first day of the week, not because that was the Sabbath, but because it was the first working day. After the brethren had kept the Sabbath, and returned to their work on the first day, the first thing they were to do was to cast up their accounts to see how God had prospered them the previous week, and as he had prospered them, they were to lay aside their portion 'in store' until Paul came, and he would either take it or send it up to Jerusalem. There is no evidence at all in this passage for Sunday sacredness.

"These are the only passages that mention the first day in the New Testament. It is spoken of but these eight times. And these passages contain no command to keep the first day; there is no record of its ever having been appointed as the Sabbath; there is no record of its being made holy; there is no record of any sacredness being attached to it; there is no promise of blessing for its observance; the apostles did not keep it; Christ did not keep it; the early Christians did not keep it; in fact, there is nothing in all the Bible that gives the slightest hint of a Sunday institution. Sunday keeping is a practice without Bible authority, and should therefore at once be discarded by all Bible Christians.

"And now it will be interesting to notice that the disciples were accustomed to preach constantly on the Sabbath, instead of the first day. Read Acts 13: 14-16; 13: 42-44; 16: 11-13; 17: 1-3; 18: 1-11. That Jesus himself was accustomed to observe the Sabbath is plain from Luke 4: 16, 31.

"Thus it will be seen that there is much evidence in the New Testament for the observance of the seventh day, the true Sabbath, and absolutely no evidence for

the observance of the first day. The introduction of Sunday observance into the Christian church is of later origin than the times of the apostles, and authority for it cannot be found in the Bible.

"Therefore I again appeal to you Christians that you discard this anti-Scriptural practice of Sunday keeping, and follow Jesus, follow the apostles, and follow the Bible in keeping holy the seventh day of the week, the true Sabbath of God."

As Donald passed out of the tent he heard old Deacon Sewell, of the Methodist Church, say to his wife, "Mother, how strange it is that we have lived so long and have not before this learned these things. The minister has made things so clear that I am convinced we have been wrong in keeping Sunday."

There seemed to be many others who held a similar opinion to the deacon's. Mr. Hunter, Donald's father, carefully looked up the scriptures that had been used, and as he closed the Bible his face was set in determined lines.

As for Donald, he was already convinced. There never could be any other Sabbath than the seventh day for him. But he was glad that his store of knowledge was increasing every night. He wanted greatly to learn all the truth, so that some day he would be prepared to tell it to others as clearly and convincingly as did Elder Harris.

#### My Neighbor

I'VE a little neighbor  
Over the way;  
He is just as brown  
As he is gay;  
And he sings so merrily  
All the day  
That I love to hear  
His rollicking lay.

He lives on a limb  
High up in a tree,  
Where he's safe from puss  
And her kittens three.  
He leads a life  
So happy and free  
That I almost wish  
That a bird I could be.

And today when I read,  
In the best Book of all,  
How God always knows  
When the sparrows fall,  
I knew he must hear  
Me when I call,  
Though I'm only ten  
And not very tall.

So if he cares for me  
I will gladly sing,  
And to every task  
Will lightly spring,  
That, like my neighbor,  
I too may bring  
Blessings of cheer  
From our loving King.  
MAUDE FRANCIS CRUMP.

In an effort to save coal and electricity the time of evening services of the First Presbyterian Church in Greenfield, Indiana, has been changed for the winter. The usual hours for evening service is half past seven o'clock. Hereafter the Sunday evening sermon will be delivered at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Sunflower seed is a delicacy much relished by Russian soldiers. At railway stations where bodies of troops are waiting, the platforms are always littered with the shells of sunflower seed. On troop trains the men can be seen cracking the seed between their teeth and chewing the kernels.



ALL OF THE FAMILY HAVE THEIR PETS

## "In Just a Minute"

LOULA B. FREEMAN

CARL, a bright, freckle-faced boy of ten, swung listlessly back and forth on the pasture gate, as he basked in the sunshine of an early July morning. There was a three-cornered tear in his blue overalls, and his bare, chubby toes wriggled over the edge of the lower board of the gate. His light-brown hair stood in shocks over his forehead, and his big blue eyes wandered searchingly over the pasture. Soon a rabbit hopped from one cabbage to another in the neighboring patch. Carl had been reading "The Bed-time Stories."

"Hello, Peter Rabbit! You'd better get out of that cabbage patch. I'm Farmer Brown's boy, and I'll get you!" he cried as he jumped from the gate and ran along the path to the garden.

Just then mother's familiar voice called from the kitchen door, "Carl, where have you been? Come, and mind the baby."

There was a note of irritation in the voice. Already the kitchen was close and heated, though it was only eight-thirty, and mother had a big day's work of canning to do. Baby was cross, and wanted some "be'ies." He was continually getting into the ripe fruit.

"In just a minute, mother," answered Carl carelessly, as he neared the cabbage patch.

The rabbit, startled, hopped along the rows and hid beneath some big green leaves.

"Oh, don't think you'll hide so easy, Peter. I'm coming," said Carl.

The rabbit jumped out from beneath the cabbages, and went lipperty-lipperty-lip down a long row, under the wire fence, and into the tall grass of the pasture. Carl pursued him until he darted past a clump of currant bushes. The ripe currants, like so many rubies, caught Carl's eye. His mouth watered as he tasted some, gathering more meanwhile. Soon he had eaten several handfuls and had wandered on into the pasture, spying better bushes, until an hour had passed.

"Guess Baby John'd like some of these," he thought.

A quarter of an hour later Carl arrived at the dining-room porch, where the baby was contentedly playing with the cat, and an improvised rag doll, which his eighteen-year-old sister, Maggie, had given him.

"Carl, you're about an hour behind time, as usual," said Maggie. "Now run down to the mail box, please, and hurry back, for there must be some letters." Maggie resumed her task of washing berries.

Carl started off down the driveway toward the road. Just then Uncle Walter called to him and said, "After you've given the mail to Maggie, Carl, come here. I've something for you to do."

Uncle Walter was watering Old Ben, the pet horse, at the big trough, and Carl sighed, "O dear, seems as if they try to keep a fellow busy!" But he answered, "In just a minute, Uncle Walter."

When he reached the mail box, the mail wagon, late this morning as it happened, was just approaching. Carl's attention was attracted by a group of covered wagons about half a mile down the road. Smoke was ascending from a camp fire in the shade by the roadside, and five or six men and women were moving about. Unharnessed horses outnumbered the wagons.

"Gypsies," thought Carl. "Mr. Postman, will you please give me a ride?"

"Jump in," said the carrier, "if you'll take this mail and give it to your folks when you come back."

Carl took the three letters and the newspaper and held them carelessly in his hand, saying, "Guess those must be gypsies up the road, aren't they? Did you ever visit any gypsies, Mr. Postman?"

"No, and perhaps it wouldn't be well for you to do so either, sonny," replied the latter. "Sometimes you know gypsies run away with small boys like you."

When they had come within a short distance of the interesting scene, the postman turned his horse, as was his custom, onto the crossroad, leading in the direction parallel with the length of Mr. Davis's farm. So Carl, fearing the gypsies just a little, continued to ride with the postman until they came to the grove along the edge of the roadside near the barnyard.

"Perhaps I'd better get off now; it's most dinner time, and I'm hungry. Thank you for the ride. I'll go with you again some day."

As Carl waded through the tall grass by the side of the road, he picked some daisies for mother, and accidentally dropped two of the letters, one addressed to "Miss Margaret Davis," and the other in typewriting to "Mr. George Davis."

Carl reached the kitchen door just as dinner was being taken up. "Was there any mail, Carl?" asked Maggie.

"Yes'm, three letters and a paper, I think. Why, there's only one here!"

Just then Carl's father spoke. "There must have been one for me, Carl, an important business letter."

"Why, I think one did have your name on it, father. What could have happened to those two?"

"Where did you pick those daisies, son? Very likely you dropped the letters when you picked them. You run back and hunt for the letters; and mind, no dinner until you find them."

With a sigh, Carl retraced his steps to the side of the road, where, after a little searching, the lost letters

turned up in the tall grass. He ran back to the house.

"Here they are, father!"

Carl's father and Maggie accepted the letters with satisfaction. Carl washed for dinner and took his place at the table.

"Where's Uncle Walter?" he asked.

Mother looked up with a tired expression on her face. She remembered the number of times Carl had been behindhand that morning.

"He went out to the Big Red River for a fishing trip," she said.

"Oh, I wish I could have gone," said Carl with disappointment.

"You could have," said mother, "if you had come back in time; Uncle Walter said he would have taken you."

Carl remembered how he had said as usual, "In just a minute," and resolved hereafter to "do it now," and not "in just a minute."

### A Music Story

THE Berbers of Algeria, Africa, like music very much, but their ear is not trained to melody. Their singing is weird and monotonous. They love to hold one note a long time and then keep returning to it. Their instrument is a sort of flageolet. An amusing story is told of a young Moorish woman who works by the day for different families here in Mostaganem, Algeria.

One day this young woman — people here call these women "Moresques" — went to work at a lady's house. This lady's little girl takes music lessons. On coming home from school the child sat down as usual at the harmonium to practice. As the Moresque was unacquainted with this instrument, she was frightened and told the little girl there was a jackal hidden inside, and that each time she pressed her foot down she squeezed the jackal's tail and it began to howl. That was the sound of the harmonium to her. The little girl laughed and persuaded the woman to try playing on it. The Moresque put her fingers on the keyboard, but the instrument did not make any sound as it did when the little girl played. Without letting the woman see what she was doing, the child then pumped the pedals, so that the keys the Moresque was pressing on made a noise. She was very much frightened, and jumping up ran to another room, declaring that the jackal would come out.

The little girl's brother who had witnessed the scene said he would go and bring in the jackal to show her. The Moorish woman began to cry, and seizing the little girl's mother by her dress, implored her to keep the jackal out of the room. They then explained to her the difference between the piano, an instrument she had heard before, and the harmonium, which was new to her. They also explained the use of the pedals. So she lost her fear.

AGNES COLTHURST.

### Mysteries Solved

IN the days of Ralph Waldo Emerson, matches were not sold loose in boxes, but were made up in "cards," as they were called, of a dozen or so, connected by a common wooden base, from which they were broken off as necessity required.

Emerson used to place a fresh card of matches on a table by his bedside every night, together with a candle and some writing materials, in order that he

might jot down at once any valuable thought that came into his mind during the night watches.

One night he wakened with a particularly brilliant idea, and bethought himself at once of his canny preparations for such emergencies. Reaching out he grasped his card of matches, broke off the outer one, and struck it sharply on the under side of the table. It failed to ignite. Swiftly he struck the next and the next, but with the same result.

Even so great a philosopher began to grow a little annoyed. Sitting up in bed, with grim determination he broke off one match after another until the card was gone. Not one gave the faintest spark.

By that time the idea was gone, too, and so his only recourse was to lay himself down again to ponder over a new problem, to wit: "Why wouldn't those matches light?"

Whatever his solution was, however, it probably had to be revised the next morning, when he was wakened by a startled outcry from his wife.

"Oh, what can have happened to my best tortoise-shell comb?" she said. "I left it on the table at the head of the bed last night, and this morning it's in fragments!"—*Selected.*

"JESUS cares for each one as though there were not another individual on the face of the earth. . . . Let God untangle the snarled-up threads for you. He is wise enough to manage the complications of our lives. He has skill and tact. We cannot always see his plans; we must wait patiently their unfolding, and not mar and destroy them. He will reveal them to us in his own good time."—*Testimonies for the Church.*

"I, EVEN I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins."



GLADYS ELLEN BARTO, BABOE, AND TOWSER,  
MEDAN, SUMATRA

## The Morning Watch

Conducted by the Missionary Volunteer Department

The early morning often found Jesus in some secluded place, meditating, searching the Scriptures, or in prayer."

### Another Blessing for the Righteous

(Texts for December 23-29)

WHEN asked what persuaded him to become a Christian, Stanley replied: "The beautiful life of David Livingstone." In that confession, Stanley pointed out one of the sweetest privileges of Christians,—the privilege of representing God so adequately that others will be drawn to him. God not only comforts, directs, and keeps the righteous, but he makes them his representatives on earth, and he uses their lives as magnets for drawing others to himself.

Only "the pure in heart . . . shall see God;" and only those who see him can make him known to others. But "if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," and what God cleanses will be pure, and sweet, and clean. So if we let him, he will keep our hearts cleansed from the stain of sin, and we too shall see God, and share with the righteous the great privilege of making him known to others.

Only a few, comparatively speaking, can be called to represent "Uncle Sam" officially in other lands; but with God it is different. He can use all as his representatives; "whosoever will" is called to fill this office. And the Spirit of prophecy says that "he hath appointed the youth to be his helping hand." This means that *you* have a special call to be God's representative in your community, among your friends.

Our ambassadors do not go abroad to promote their personal interests—at least that is not what they are called to do. They are servants of "Uncle Sam;" it is to his business, not their own, that they are to give first attention. We do not pity the men who are called to give up some of their own plans to go to represent our fair land beyond the seas; they do not pity themselves. There may be hard things to endure, and it takes constant effort to be all that is demanded of an ambassador, but they esteem it an honor to represent the Stars and Stripes in other countries. And so it is.

But if these men are genuine Christians,—Christians after God's heart,—they have another still greater honor conferred upon them, for they are then God's representatives to those with whom they serve. No higher honor, no greater opportunity, no more exalted privilege can come to a young man or a young woman than to be God's representative. This office in life transcends all others. To represent him truly in all the walks of life is the privilege of young people today; and they should make this their first business. God calls them to live lives that will demonstrate to others his saving and keeping power; in unselfish ministry they are to help others to understand God's yearning love for all; they are to teach those about them to read the Creator's message on the pages of his great nature book; they are called to point out from the Bible the path that leads to our heavenly home; and day by day they are to pour into other hearts the peace and comfort God has poured into their own. Yes, it is their business to interpret God to others.

God does not ask his faithful children here to live on credit. There are some things they must do without; there are some things they must do which they would rather leave undone. But he knows best. He loves best. He always compensates. "Generosity

greatens; virtue exalts; charity transfigures." Yes, "he does the very best for those who leave their choice with him." And some day God will break "diplomatic relations" with this old world and call his faithful representatives to that home of endless bliss. Then why should we pity those who give up their selfish pursuits to be God's ambassadors? Selfishness always overreaches itself, and brings the heaviest curses upon its own head; but unselfishness is ever scattering blessings and ever reaping greater ones.

"Lord Rosebery tells how the captured Napoleon, on board 'Bellerophon,' stood from seven in the morning till noon watching the French coast line through a telescope, until its last vestige faded, and then, with a ghastly face, he turned and tottered to his cabin. It was his last view of France. Behind that vanished coast line lay his empire and his glory." Contrast with this the end of Paul's career. That lonely, deserted prisoner went to his death triumphant; he had won the greatest victory mortals can claim; his heart was at peace with God and without malice toward man; his life was about to close, and he cast one sweeping glance over his career. He has not left us even one hint of regret to think he had chosen to be God's representative among men. There had been hard things to meet, but it was "a good fight;" it had been well worth while. And with an assurance worth more than all the treasures of earth, he laid down his life to await the Lord's return and his eternal reward. Surely he who chooses God chooses wisely. For him—and for him only—the present is full of blessing, and the future bright with hope.

M. E.

### The Real Meaning of the Morning Watch

MISS ROBINSON, I am trying to fill out my individual report blank, and there is one item on it that I am not quite sure about. It is the question, 'Are you an observer of the Morning Watch?' Of course I have heard about the Morning Watch for a long time, and have tried in a way to follow it; but I don't really understand it, and I don't know whether I can truthfully say I am observing it or not."

"Well, Virginia," said Miss Robinson, with an encouraging smile, "sit down here with me, and just pretend you have never even heard of the Morning Watch. Start in at the beginning, and ask every question you can think of regarding it. When we get through, my dear, I believe you'll understand it fully. All ready, let the questions come!"

This was exactly what Virginia wished, and she began without the least urging:

"What is the Morning Watch?"

"By the Morning Watch is meant a time *in the morning*, set aside for communion with God."

"What does it mean to *observe* the Morning Watch?"

"The observer of the Morning Watch makes it the rule of his life to spend the first moments of the day in communion with God, through prayer and through his Word."

"Who may observe the Morning Watch?"

"All should be encouraged to do so; real spiritual life demands quiet communion with God *daily*."

"How much time must one spend in devotion each day to be considered a Morning Watch observer?"

"Enough time genuinely to realize the presence of God and to hear him speaking to us out of his Word. At least fifteen minutes a day, or better still, half an hour is desirable; but it is well to remember that it is

not so much the amount of time spent as it is the reality of the communion. Five minutes of real devotion is better than an hour of perfunctory study."

"At what hour of the day should the Morning Watch be observed?"

"The first moments of the day, if possible immediately upon rising. A few moments then are worth more than any other time of the day. The mind is clear, the cares of the day have not yet come to annoy us."

"How should the Morning Watch period be spent?"

"That is an individual matter. Part of it will be spent with God's Word, part in prayer, and some portion should also be spent in waiting quietly before the Lord in meditation, and in listening to the still, small voice."

"Are there any rules which will help us to keep the Morning Watch?"

"Yes, there is one very important one: 'Allow no exceptions.' Begin to keep the Morning Watch tomorrow morning. The first morning will be easy. The next morning it will be more difficult. On the third morning perhaps the alarm will fail to go off, or the fire will be out and require your attention. Then comes the real test of the mettle that is in you. But if you have a 'bit of red iron in the will,' as Gordon expresses it, you will remember your rule, and 'allow no exceptions.' A single exception helps to break the habit you are endeavoring to form."

"Have we any literature to help us in the observance of the Morning Watch?"

"Yes, indeed. The Morning Watch Calendar is just what you need to use in connection with your Bible study. 'Alone with God,' Miss Erickson's new book, and 'Steps to Christ' are also excellent."

"Must I memorize those verses every day to be called an observer of the Morning Watch?"

"It is the ideal way, though one can be a Morning Watch observer who has never even seen one of our little Morning Watch Calendars. But all who have once used it feel that it is invaluable. I will give you one of the new 1918 Calendars. It is one of the best we have had. Every one should have a copy and begin using it the first thing on the first morning of January."

"I certainly want one. I thank you for your clear explanation of just what the Morning Watch is, and what it means to be an observer of it. It was always sort of shadowy and indefinite in my mind before, but now I understand it fully. I shall not wait until the new year, but begin tomorrow morning really to observe it."

ELLA IDEN.

### Margaret's Morning Watch

(Reprinted by request)

THE steady gleam of the electric light in her face wakened Kathryn Marsh a full half hour before the rising bell sounded; and on this particular morning the arousal was not a welcome one. It was cold and bleak outside, and only the first faint light of the rising sun could be seen through the window.

"Oh, why," grumbled Kathryn to herself, as she snuggled more closely under the warm blankets of the bed, "does Margaret persist in getting up at this unearthly hour? I should think she would know I couldn't sleep with the full glare of that light in my face. I don't see what good she gets from her Morning Watch, as she calls it, anyway. The other girls don't observe it regularly, the way she does. She would better get the extra rest, for she surely *does* work hard during the day."

At the close of these reflections, Kathryn raised her head a little, and peeped out of her warm, comfortable "nest" to see for certain if her beloved Margaret was as usual studying the Bible.

Well, she was. "I might have known it, and saved myself even that much effort," thought the irritated girl. "She

hasn't failed in her half-hour morning's devotion this entire year."

All these musings were unusual for Kathryn. Occasionally she herself made use of the extra half hour before the rising bell, spending it perhaps on an unprepared lesson, beginning a letter, or thinking up some new plan for pushing the school activities, in which she invariably had a part.

But on this particular morning the world seemed awry, and Kathryn's usually contented mind could only ask, over and over, "Why *does* she do it?" The more Kathryn thought of it, the more absurd it seemed. Finally she could stand her irritation no longer, and the words would come:

"Margaret, what good do you think reading those texts will ever do you? Don't you know that your teachers won't give you any credit for it? And it surely doesn't help you to have your lessons any better; for I don't do it, and I have mine as well as you. And it won't help you keep the library any better; those silent books aren't going to know whether you have read your Bible or not. And you never tell the girls that you do it, so you don't get any extra praise from them. I'm the only one that knows, and I don't see why you won't spend the time resting. You aren't any too strong, and you know how much work you are carrying."

"Well, honey, that's quite a speech from you, and quite a strong one," answered Margaret. "I hadn't realized that my little roommate was trying to analyze the whys and wherefores of my morning reading. But I would just as soon tell you, Kathryn, why I read my Bible each morning. It isn't because I have always loved to, or in fact have always read it; but one of life's many experiences brought me the realization of my need. Shall I tell you about it now or at another time?"

"Oh, tell me now! And please don't think I was cross or impertinent when I said you should not get up for your Bible study," said Kathryn, penitently.

"Of course I didn't think you were cross, dear; I know you too well for that," replied Margaret.

"It was this way," she continued, drawing her chair nearer to the bed, where she could better see Kathryn's face. "I was an orphan, as you know, and was reared by an aunt, who lavished on me every luxury. Not only did Aunt Katrina give me material things, but she also gave me love and training, seeking by every means in her power to train me to be a womanly woman. In return, I gave her all the love which I should have felt for both father and mother, had they lived; and as time went on, the bond between us became almost indissoluble.

"In only one thing was I knowingly unwilling to comply with my aunt's desires,—I never made a profession of religion. Aunt Katrina, for all her worldly possession, was not deflected from her source of simple Christian faith. She loved her belief, and it was her fondest desire that I should profess Christ and join her church. But this it seemed I could not do. My nature seemed to lack the qualities essential to a Christian character. I was not emotional. I felt no consciousness of sin, and naturally I could see no need of a Saviour. The world looked bright to me; I had no grievances, no heartaches. And when the small troubles of my girlish life came to me, I knew that I always had Aunt Katrina to fly to. She had never failed me, and I could appreciate no reason for the need of another comforter and refuge,—one that was not human. To me, my life seemed perfect as it was. Every waking moment was filled; I had study, recreation, and all the wholesome pleasure I could ask.

"Of course Aunt Katrina told me of the Bible, she told me of Christ and his sacrifice, she told me of the strength and support that faith in him would mean; and she urged me to read the Bible and to pray. While I did not refuse, the time never seemed to come. Life was full and complete without the Bible.

"There was one thing I always wondered at in my aunt, and that was that she was always the same,—sweet, calm, and well poised, no matter what test she might be subjected to during the day. One evening when she and I were visiting together, I asked her why she never became irritated, as other persons do, and never spoke unkindly to any one.

"'I deserve no credit for my patience, dear,' she said. 'It is my Morning Watch with the Lord that prepares me for just such events, and gives me strength to meet and overcome a temptation to hurt others or to speak unkindly.'

"'Your Morning Watch, auntie! But what is that? I have never heard it mentioned before.'

"'Margaret,' she said, gravely, 'that is a period each morning that I spend with my Lord, before beginning the day's duties and meeting my fellow men. I read the Bible, and in selecting my texts, I am guided usually by a little booklet prepared especially for the morning reading of the Bible. It is called "The Morning Watch," and for each day of the week it has texts which have been selected by some one who has a well-planned design in mind. My Lord and I have the first watch of the day together, as the Jews in ancient times used to put it.'

"I thanked Aunt Katrina for her explanation, but it did not drop with that. Those few brief words, together with her daily example as a proof of the help this Morning Watch

must be, made a deeper and more lasting impression on my mind than any sermon could have done.

"Not long after this I was sent away to college, and though at first I missed home and Aunt Katrina, I soon adapted myself to the new environment. The college life was inspiring, full, and complete, and I loved it. It was not long before I was an active participant in all the college activities; everything seemed lovely, and sorrow was unknown to me.

"All went on serenely and joyfully until the middle of the last semester of the year. Then one day, I was summoned home by telegram because of my aunt's serious illness. That was my first taste of anxiety or sorrow. When I arrived in my home town, there was no one to bid me welcome; and a sense of desolation came over me that deepened when I reached home, and there was no beloved aunt to welcome me,—only a quiet nurse and a serious doctor.

"For one week, doctors and nurses fought death with all their human strength, and I stood by, helpless, knowing that my best loved friend was almost beyond human aid, and faintly trying to think what might be brought to her help that was not human. I felt that there was something that must save, but what it was I did not know.

"At the end of the week, on Friday evening, when it seemed to me that I could bear the strain no longer, the doctor told me that my aunt might live through the night, and that if she did, there would be a chance for her recovery.

"I took my place by Aunt Katrina's bed, out of the way of the nurses, but where I could watch her. Over and over the thought of my utter uselessness came to me, and with it the question, Why can't I do something? Suddenly came the thought, 'What would she do for me, if she were in my place?' And back came the answer, quick as a flash, 'Pray, and seek comfort from the Bible.'

"When this inspiration came to me, it was nearing dawn, and the doctors were counseling together, and gravely shaking their heads. The end seemed near. But I resolved to give Aunt Katrina's Comforter a chance to prove his power, so I slipped into the next room, quietly closed the door, took Aunt Katrina's Bible from the table, and found her Morning Watch text for that day. It was Psalm 20:6, and read, 'Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed; he will hear him from his holy heaven with the saving strength of his right hand.' After I read that verse, and realized what strength and power God had, I knelt down before him and prayed. I told him that if he would spare Aunt Katrina's life, I would serve him and try to become one of his anointed; that I would read and study the Bible, and would keep my Morning Watch with him each day.

"After that first Morning Watch with the Lord, I went back to Aunt Katrina. But before I arose from my knees, I knew that God must in some way answer my petition; for I felt such a flood of comfort fill my heart. When I entered the room, the doctors smiled, and instantly I knew there was at least some hope.

"Aunt Katrina recovered; but I have never forgotten my first Morning Watch with God, nor the promise I made him then. I know now, Kathryn, from experience that his word is a 'lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' That is why I keep my 'Morning Watch.'

As Margaret ceased speaking, Kathryn raised tear-filled eyes to hers. "O Margaret," she said, "I want to keep the Morning Watch, too! I don't want to wait until such an experience drives me to it for comfort; but right now, while I'm happy, I want to begin. Do you think it would be all right for me to do so? You know, Margaret, that I have never made a profession of religion."

"Yes, dear," replied Margaret happily, "it surely would be all right for you to enlist with those who keep the Morning Watch. I have wanted all winter to ask you to join me in this period, but I feared it might harm instead of help you if I did. Shall we begin today? We still have five minutes before the rising bell."

JESSIE RUTH EVANS.

#### The Mocking Bird's Song

THERE'S a dear little vocalist singing to me,  
Do you hear, do you see, he's singing to me?  
All the long day, at my work or my play,  
That saucy, gray fellow is warbling away.  
He says such odd things, and I laugh as he sings.  
He says, "Quit it!" "Dear, dear!" and isn't it queer?  
He'll talk right along in the midst of his song.  
Sometimes when I'm "blue" he'll sing "Cheer up" as true  
As though by some stealth he'd just drink to my health.  
O there he is now! He's been taking a bath;  
A dip and a flutter the wet boughs among;  
Now eating his dinner; oh, isn't it fun?  
A feast of the figs that have dried in the sun.  
He praises unconsciously. Shall I below do less when I know?  
And I'm glad that I know, and can praise Him, our God  
Who has made us both so. Let me in my way, cheer some  
trav'ler each day  
As this songster cheers me, at his work or his play.  
Then from morning till eve, through both sunshine and rain  
To the last of life's hour I shall not live in vain.

FLORENCE WELTY MERRELL.

## Missionary Volunteer Department

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### Missionary Volunteer Society Programs for Week Ending December 29

THE programs for this date, with notes, illustrations, and other helpful material, will be found in the *Church Officers' Gazette* for December.

#### The Bible Year

##### Senior Assignment

- December 23. Revelation 4 to 6: Vision of the throne; six of the seven seals opened.  
December 24. Revelation 7 to 9: 144,000 sealed; the seventh seal; six trumpets sounded.  
December 25. Revelation 10, 11: The little book; seventh trumpet sounded.  
December 26. Revelation 12 to 14: The dragon; the beast; the three angels' messages.  
December 27. Revelation 15 to 17: The seven last plagues; etc.  
December 28. Revelation 18, 19: Babylon is fallen; marriage of the Lamb.  
December 29. Revelation 20 to 22: The judgment; New Jerusalem; "I come quickly."

For notes on this assignment, see *Review* for December 20.

##### Junior Assignment

- December 23. 1 John 2: Love one another.  
December 24. Revelation 1: Vision of the Son of man.  
December 25. Revelation 2: Messages to the churches.  
December 26. Revelation 3: Messages to the churches.  
December 27. Revelation 7: The 144,000 sealed.  
December 28. Revelation 14; 15: 1-4: The three messages.  
December 29. Revelation 20: Satan bound; millennium; judgment.

#### The Book of "Sevens"

Seven candlesticks, seven stars, seven churches, seven spirits, seven seals, seven trumpets, seven heads, seven horns, seven eyes — ! Surely the book of Revelation is a book of sevens. This number stands for completeness. We sometimes call it a "perfect" number; it seems to be a favorite with Bible writers.

"Oh, we don't pretend to understand the Book of Revelation," you may have heard people remark. Yet, we know that God intended us to do so; for the word itself indicates that. "Revelation" means something revealed, disclosed, made known. With God's Spirit to guide us in our reading and study, we can learn a great deal from this last book of the Bible which a careless reader would never find out.

On a rocky, volcanic island in the Ægean Sea is a cave where John the revelator is thought to have seen the visions which he records. It is still pointed out to the travelers who visit Patmos. John was an old white-haired man of over ninety years when he was banished to this island by the Roman emperor Domitian, for preaching Jesus. It is a very lonely and desolate spot, standing treeless and bare in the midst of the sea. While John was obliged to do hard, physical labor during his exile, yet God was with him. In the visions which were given him the final triumph of the church of Jesus became a blessed and wonderful reality to him, as there was pictured before him the closing scenes in the history of this world. The book of Revelation is full of comfort and inspiration. In the first chapter we have the precious promise, "Behold, he cometh with clouds;" and in the closing verses of the last chapter again we have the same glad

thought, "Behold, I come quickly." Isn't that cheering?

Another name for the book of Revelation is the "Apocalypse," which means that the book contains visions of the future. It was at first known by this name entirely, but now it is more commonly called the Revelation. We are told that John wrote the book about 95 A. D., near the close of his life.

What other books of the New Testament were written by the "beloved disciple"? Can you find the isle of Patmos on any of your Bible maps? It isn't much more than a dot, but you can locate it by looking closely.

In just a few days now it will be time for that joyous greeting, "A Happy New Year!" I wonder how many of our Juniors can say, as the old year dies, and we greet the bright new year, "I have finished my course, I have completed the Junior Bible Year during 1917." Don't fail to be among the number.

ELLA IDEN.

### Keep Your Eyes upon the Goal

**M**ANY young men and women are marching toward the Standard of Attainment goal. More than three thousand ambitious young people have reached it, and are ready, I trust, not only to welcome new members, but also to help others to reach the same goal.

The December examination will soon be here, but if you cannot take the test then, remember another examination comes next May. Begin now to get ready for that test. Keep your eyes fixed upon the goal, for it is worth your while to reach it. Read Ezekiel 14, and see how the prophet pleads for personal experience. Four times he repeats the thought that "though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it [the land], . . . they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness." Let us add to this statement the equally true words of another writer, "None but those who have trained the intellect to grasp the truths of the Bible, will stand through the last great conflict."

No one else can answer for you at the judgment seat of God. No proxy work will be done there. Rolling down through the ages, with all the emphasis of the centuries pressed into them come to us the words of the Master, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." That is the only sure anchor.

Can you meet the tempter with, "It is written"? Do you know the Bible principles for which our denomination stands, so thoroughly that Satan's most subtle art will fail in enticing you to accept any of the false isms he is pressing into circulation now? Can you look back through the decades and see how marvelously God has led this denomination? The Spirit of prophecy says, "We have nothing to fear from the future but that we shall forget the way that God has led us and his teaching in our past history."

Missionary Volunteer workers are not asking young people to become members of Attainment merely for the purpose of swelling the membership. They have no time for such work. But since it is absolutely necessary for young people to know the truth at this time, they are urging every young man and woman in this denomination to become a member of Attainment. Will you join?

M. E.

"DON'T dodge difficulties: meet them, greet them, beat them."

## The Sabbath School

### XIII — The Review

(December 29)

#### Questions

##### The Law of God

1. DESCRIBE the giving of the law of God on Mt. Sinai. Ex. 19: 16-19.
2. Repeat the ten commandments. Ex. 20: 3-17.
3. What terms are used in the Bible in stating the character of the law? Ps. 119: 142; 19: 7; 111: 7, 8; Rom. 7: 12.
4. What does the law reveal? Rom. 3: 20, last part.

##### The Sabbath

1. When and by whom was the Sabbath made? Gen. 2: 1-3.
2. Of what is it a part? Ex. 20: 8-11.
3. What examples of Sabbath keeping are given us? Luke 4: 16; 23: 55, 56; Acts 18: 4.
4. What prophecy has been given concerning an attempt to change the law of God? Dan. 7: 25.
5. How should the Sabbath be kept? Isa. 58: 12, 13.

##### The Ordinances

1. What events are commemorated by the ordinance of baptism? Rom. 6: 3-5.
2. What experience is necessary before one is ready for baptism? Verse 11.
3. What lesson in humility did Jesus give his disciples and us? John 13: 3-5, 14-17.
4. In what manner did Jesus institute the ordinance of the Lord's Supper? 1 Cor. 11: 23-26.

##### The Tithe

1. What portion of our income does the Lord claim as his own? Lev. 27: 30.
2. What is the basis of this claim? Ps. 24: 1.
3. Upon what conditions does the Lord promise great blessings? Mal. 3: 10, 11.

##### Health Reform and Temperance

1. What should be our rule of life in eating and drinking? 1 Cor. 10: 31.
2. What food did God give man in the beginning? Gen. 1: 29.
3. What warning is given concerning strong drink? Prov. 23: 29-32.
4. What are our bodies said to be? 1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.

##### The Judgment

1. Describe the judgment scene as portrayed by the prophet. Dan. 7: 9, 10.
2. How searching will the test be? Eccl. 12: 14.
3. When did the judgment begin? Dan. 8: 14.
4. What decree will mark the close of the judgment? Rev. 22: 11, 12.

##### The Nature of Man

1. Was man created mortal or immortal? Gen. 2: 16, 17; 3: 22-24; Rom. 6: 23.
2. What is man's condition in death? Ps. 146: 4; Eccl. 9: 5, 6.
3. When will the righteous be awakened from the sleep of death? 1 Thess. 4: 16.
4. What proof is given that even the righteous dead are lost if there be no resurrection? 1 Cor. 15: 16-18.

##### Memory Verses for the Quarter

"Fear God, and keep his commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." Eccl. 12: 13.

"I delight to do thy will, O my God; yea, thy law is within my heart." Ps. 40: 8.

"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Ex. 20: 8-10.

"Therefore the Son of man is Lord also of the Sabbath." Mark 2: 28.

"We ought to obey God rather than men." Acts 5: 29.

"Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the Sabbath days." Matt. 12: 12.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." John 13: 17.

"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase." Prov. 3: 9.

"Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things." 1 Cor. 9: 25.

"Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." 1 Cor. 10: 31.

"For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Eccl. 12: 14.

"For the living know that they shall die: but the dead know not anything." Eccl. 9: 5.

# The Youth's Instructor

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## Don't Peter

**D**ON'T peter! When you enrolled in the Missionary Volunteer Reading Course, you planned to finish it. Of course you did. You decided to add these good books to your list of friends. This was a good decision. It will pay you well to take time to get acquainted with good books; and for this reason we hope you will finish your course. For your own sake, don't peter.

Perhaps you have forgotten to devote your spare moments to this reading until it is done. But bring out the unread Reading Course book this evening and read a few pages. Each day give this book all the minutes you can spare from your regular duties, and from your personal devotion. Do this until the course is finished, and unless there is a reason you can conscientiously give for not completing your course before December 31, don't peter.

No, don't peter. If you do not read the books you decided upon, you lose the help they are waiting to give you, and you let the petering habit get a foothold in your life. Petering occasionally is a danger signal; petering habitually means to fail. The man who spends his days on the street corner grocery box berating fortune, probably once planned for a very different career; but the petering habit gripped him; it dwarfed his life, and made him a drifting derelict. No—no—don't peter! MATILDA ERICKSON.

## Miscellaneous Selections and Reflections

**G**OD is not seeking for men who are perfect, but for men who desire to be perfect.

The doctrine of eternal torture may scare men into a profession of religion, but it can never scare true religion into a man.

"The disciples were not endowed with the courage and fortitude of the martyrs until such grace was needed."

Righteousness is a gift of God not obtained by obedience, but retained by obedience. Thus men are not saved because they keep the commandments, but keep them because they are saved.

Many are captured, but not conquered; convinced, but not converted; confess, but are not consecrated to the truth.

"Appropriate duties are assigned by heaven to the church on earth, and they are to find their true happiness in the happiness of those whom they help."

The Bible does not contradict itself, but it does contradict sinners, and this is why they reject it.

"Much sickness could be avoided by self-control

and conformity to the laws of nature; but many are too careless, or too lazy, or too fashionable to do this, and herein lies the sin in being sick. They become a burden to others and lean when they ought to lift.

Some tell us "we should all keep the same day." Seventh-day Adventists reply: "We do keep the same day—the same that Christ, prophets, and apostles kept."

GEO. M. POWELL.

## Why?

**W**HY do chrysanthemums not open in early spring? Why do apple trees not blossom in January? Why does snow not fall in July? Why do the four o'clocks not close at twelve o'clock? Why do our birds not go south in June? Why do bears not become drowsy and crawl into winter quarters in May? It is because God has placed within all animate things a clock, as it were, and each responds promptly to the dial which indicates God's appointed plan for it. Did not the clocks that the heavenly Creator has placed within all things keep good time, what a sad mix-up there would be! Nothing could be depended upon.

The most wonderful creatures of God's great world are the boys and girls, the men and women, he has made. He has given to each of these a sense of time, a clock; and he expects each person to direct his life by this clock. Tardiness and negligence in meeting engagements and obligations are therefore displeasing to God. When the time comes for the Lord to work, he performs that work. "When the fulness of the time was come, God sent forth his son" into the world. History and prophecy show that when the great hour hand of the world's clock reaches the appointed figure, the Lord is there to do his work. He expects each of us to follow his example, to be prompt and regular in what we have to do.

If we do not keep properly regulated the clock he has given us, and heed its hours, we are out of harmony with his plan for us, and we fail to please the Lord or man. There is no person but rebels against having dealings with one who cannot meet appointments on time, who is so selfish as habitually to keep other persons waiting for him. A young man recently lost a fortune because he was twenty minutes late. You may lose more than a fortune by your tardiness; for carelessness in getting to school on time, carelessness in meeting home obligations promptly, becomes in time a feature of the character, and then one of the chief elements of success in business, religious, and social life is wanting. Such persons will be found wanting whenever weighed in the scales of opportunity.

Then be prompt. Only a small mixture of will-power and a wholesome sense of obligation to others is required to keep one marking perfect time, ready to respond to life's call for service on the striking of the hour.

In one school, out of a room of thirty-one pupils there were eight who had a perfect record during the first six weeks of the school term. Some were tardy from seven to twelve times. This would have been an exceedingly poor record for the year's work; but for six weeks it is a humiliating record. Children that allow themselves to make such a record are cultivating a shiftless and disagreeable habit.

Let us all, old and young, awake to the seriousness of our failure to keep time with the duties of the passing days, and "right about face," lest we be behindhand when the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem are swung open for the saints of God to pass through to eternal joy.