

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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Missionaries on Furlough—Howard and Ernest Silabes, Born in Africa; and Baby Raymond, of Whom the Father Says, "He's Our Only 'Americano'."

From Here and There

Gertrude Emerson, author, scientist, and traveler, has left for a year's tour of the Orient by aeroplane, accompanied by the noted war correspondent and photographer, Donald C. Thompson, and Mrs. Thompson.

Shortly after noon on September 16, the Morgan bank and subtreasury, New York City, was partially wrecked by an explosion in front of the building. More than thirty persons were killed and two hundred injured. It is thought that the catastrophe was caused by an anarchist's time bomb.

Few people who ride in parlor cars realize how stupendous is the system of which the cars are a part. It is the equivalent of a hotel with 260,000 beds and 2,960 office desks at which 26,000,000 guests register every year. It has 8,000 Negro porters, owns lined worth \$2,000,000, and uses \$60,000 worth of soap a year.

The natives of New Guinea have good mental ability, and the missionaries are trying to get rid of the curious and debased English which has been current there, and put good English in its place. For instance, if a native were to ask for a crosscut saw in English, he would say, "Pull him he come, push him he go, all time eat tree;" or, if he were to ask for beer, he would call for a "fight-'em bottle."

Gas which possesses explosive qualities sufficient to drive an automobile and which may also be used for purposes of illumination is being produced at the Arlington, Virginia, experimental farm for the Department of Agriculture from the destructive distillation of ordinary field straw. In making this announcement, experts of the department added that "the possibilities of straw gas are not yet fully determined."

Nancy, France, is establishing itself as a rival of Oberammergau, Upper Bavaria, where for nearly three hundred years the Passion Play has been periodically acted. The Passion Play at Nancy has been begun and thousands of Americans who have witnessed it say it is even "greater than Oberammergau." Members of the German cast are wealthy, but those in Nancy are humble peasants; unlike the Oberammergau players, they refuse to profit from the proceeds of the play, preferring to earn their living from their regular vocations. The special exhibit at Oberammergau in 1900 netted the promoters more than \$750,000.

Happy is the person who, when confronted with a problem, has the wit and perseverance to find a solution thereto. It has been noted that nitrogen extracted from the air was heavier than nitrogen manufactured in the laboratory. Sir William Ramsay therefore set about finding the reason for this fact, and discovered that the nitrogen taken from the air was always mixed with a hitherto undiscovered gas, which he named argon. He found, however, no practical use for the new gas. So for twenty years we have known of the existence of argon but have found no use for it. It has lately been discovered that if incandescent electric light bulbs are filled with it instead of being left a vacuum, the light is better and the filament is better preserved.

Inhalation of the fumes of gasoline, benzine, or naphtha may seriously injure the tissues of the human body. This danger is entirely distinct from that of inhaling the exhaust of an automobile, which consists of combustion products. Petroleum products are used in large quantities in cleaning and waterproofing establishments, and in garages, rubber works, and other enterprises. In oil refineries immense quantities of these fluids are stored, and it is frequently necessary for workmen to enter the empty storage tanks. The vapors are often so dense that workmen wear oxygen-breathing apparatus or specially ventilated helmets. In places where the fumes are less dense little precaution is taken, and frequently workmen suffer.

Recently a Japanese lawyer who is not a Christian, said that the influence of Christianity is not to be estimated by the number of converts. He declared that it is an achievement great beyond all estimate just to give the common people a knowledge of the one true God as against the eight million so-called gods of Japan, and especially to give this knowledge to the educated classes, to whom this lawyer declared those eight million gods mean nothing. Then, is not the present the golden opportunity in Japan for Christian missionaries?

The war made many openings for Protestantism in Italy. For the first time in history Protestant preachers were placed on a par with Catholic priests as chaplains. After a Waldensian minister had spoken to a regiment at the front, the colonel said: "That's fine! If only our priests could talk like that! But they can only say mass." Then he invited the Waldensian always to talk to the soldiers after the priest had said mass, and this was done. All the Waldensian missions were kept up during the war, though the great struggle took away many of their working force.

Summary of the Missionary Volunteer Work in North America for Quarter Ending March 31, 1920

Union	Number of Societies	Present Membership	No. Members Reporting	Missionary Letters Written	Missionary Letters Received	Missionary Visits	Bible Readings and Cottage Meetings	Subscriptions Taken	Papers Sold	Papers Lent and Given	Books Sold	Books Lent and Given	Tracts Sold	Tracts Lent and Given	Hours of Chr. Help Work	Articles of Clothing Given	Value of Food Given	Treatments Given	Signers to Temperance Pledges	Rouquets Given	Scripture Cards Given	Offerings for Foreign Miss.	Offerings for Home Miss.	Conversions
Atlantic Union	78	1465	838	1485	546	2580	639	145	4610	24238	2483	951	301	5290	4587	775	\$290.35	413	45	152	1189	\$1666.77	\$472.26	18
Central Union	141	1996	1542	1449	703	3198	808	181	2459	23408	1455	1343	528	5075	10855	5545	246.02	694	53	238	1370	1731.73	474.20	54
Columbia Union	122	2490	1345	3567	1217	5101	1428	555	13845	43951	4208	1807	5380	8640	9757	2196	790.86	969	65	151	3096	2056.47	822.97	40
Lake Union	198	3511	1743	2973	1231	5952	1246	358	20912	32732	6535	2286	734	13725	14864	1919	409.25	742	50	372	2289	1997.00	932.16	38
Northern Union	121	1924	523	1255	534	1296	512	194	2820	18312	665	934	143	3799	3567	1070	72.59	421	34	184	1004	850.74	409.77	17
N. Pacific Union	69	1404	633	662	256	1190	491	50	1180	24175	831	706	96	3080	2099	413	104.80	78	59	192	302	814.66	387.73	17
Pacific Union	173	2861	1519	2015	856	3408	1023	502	2191	51233	2519	1724	240	7825	3620	1021	315.50	691	403	2188	1179	2526.33	965.26	120
Southeastern Un.	60	1229	682	898	417	2294	290	173	2170	11076	1042	562	441	2395	3264	287	59.81	266	29	331	56	292.29	218.61	21
Southern Union	49	1011	256	1012	381	1483	256	110	2153	3686	1575	271	210	1777	2707	1204	87.13	100	63	26	62	190.61	218.78	90
Southwestern Un.	71	1164	698	604	234	1231	277	146	3347	8976	603	528	45	1682	1520	442	64.59	191	2	155	255	423.97	125.64	62
E. Canadian Un.	23	343	160	372	180	443	93	12	4754	3541	1107	204	134	7258	782	114	12.90	228	—	21	326	76.73	49.01	7
W. Canadian Un.	50	964	437	774	358	855	169	45	712	5497	990	507	30	4894	742	133	9.40	96	2	31	441	650.77	169.61	1

Totals * 1155 20362 10430 17064 6913 29026 7237 2471 61153 250825 24078 11883 8291 66038 60864 15119 \$2463.20 4829 810 3991 11569 \$13278.07 \$5246.00 495

Totals for quarter ending March 31, 1919

1109 20597 11564 16313 6700 30221 7205 2714 63711 234284 25317 13212 7208 107784 49923 9105 1463.17 5512 644 3227 20180 9228.54 5987.52 445

* These figures would have been far more encouraging had we not failed to receive reports from the following conferences: Northern New England, Bermuda, Indiana, Montana, Western Washington, and Newfoundland.

M. E. KERN, Secretary of M. V. Department.

Put the Stars to Work for You

[The following article is of unusual interest. It consists of excerpts from an article by Mr. Bruce Barton in one of our popular magazines.]

THE stars have been in business many years. Together they form the largest and most successful business. Except for an occasional mishap in the shape of a meteor, they are extraordinarily free from mistakes in organization. They are quiet, efficient, and wonderfully wise, since they have looked down on the foolish little worries of men for centuries.

They have heard the sons of men gloomily predicting panics and disaster for several thousand years, and you must pardon them for laughing a little when you hold before their eyes your tiny handful of trouble. Their twinkle is laughter—nothing else. So the first bit of advice they'll give you is this:

"Take things easy; don't get flustered. If you've done the best you can, worrying won't help matters any. In the long run nothing is quite as important as it seems. And from where we sit your troubles are utterly invisible."

Troubles, Like Other Things

have a tendency to shrink with time and distance; and our friends the stars are quite some distance away. Take our own little solar system, for example. It is rather an important department of the universe, from our point of view; its president being, of course, the Sun. (A first-class executive, by the way, and well worthy of an interview in this magazine. You never catch him out at night worrying over his affairs. Up fresh and early every morning; through with the day's work on schedule time; never a minute behind, never a minute ahead—he's a marvel of quiet efficiency. Every day he lays out a certain very definite task for himself and does it; and no [human] power in the universe can prevent him from closing down his desk and quitting work when he gets to quitting time.)

The Sun Is of Course

very close to us. We see him every day; our Earth is a kind of assistant treasurer in his organization. He's only a little matter of some 93,000,000 miles removed; a railroad train, traveling sixty miles an hour, day and night, would reach him in 64,000 days, or about 175 years. Venus, his good-looking private secretary, is only 67,000,000 miles from him (a good safe distance for an attractive secretary) and 26,000,000 from us. The same train that would reach his headquarters in 175 years would stop for lunch with Venus somewhere between fifty and sixty. While Mercury, his office boy, works so close to the Old Man that he manages to get around him completely every 88 days; our Earth, being farther removed, takes 365.

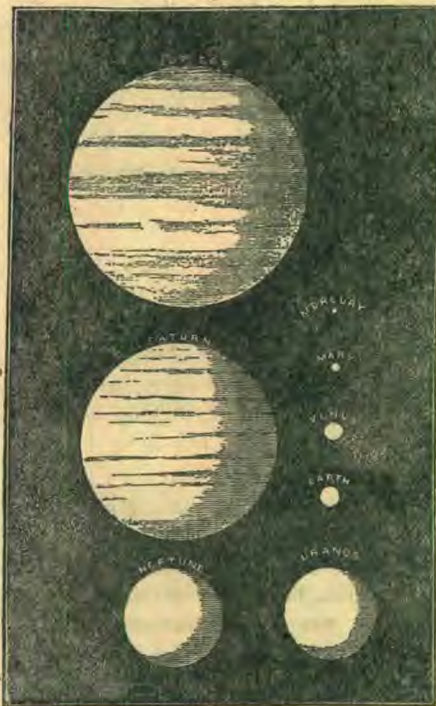
These are nice little figures, easily grasped; but when you begin to consider some of the department heads in the business, and the branch offices, you have to think in larger terms. Take old Jupiter, for example. There's a slow-moving, consistent performer for you. He's been with the house from the

beginning, traveling the outlying territory and making a complete circuit once in every twelve years. He is such an important member of the organization that he has eight assistants and private secretaries, known as moons, that dance attendance on him everywhere he goes. Our earth, being smaller and less important, has only one.

Jupiter is quite a bit removed from headquarters—something like 483,000,000 miles, to be exact. And the mile-a-minute train, previously referred to, should have left the sun about five hundred years before Christopher Columbus discovered America, if it is to deliver the message to Jupiter in our day.

Beyond Jupiter another salesman named Uranus works; and still farther out, covering the foreign customers, is good old Neptune, who has such a big territory that he gets around it only once in 164 years. If there are any seasons with Neptune, each one of them—spring, summer, autumn, and winter—lasts for forty-one years. Washington's Birthday, with him, is 164 days long; and a good average summer vacation is in the neighborhood of six years. If the same train that is on its way from the Sun is to have any conversation with Neptune while we are still about, it should have left headquarters about 3,300 years before the birth of Christ—and no time out for water, coal, or making any reports to the Interstate Commerce Commission. Maybe those figures are a little too impressive; perhaps you'd like to reduce them to simpler terms. All right. You can do it any pleasant evening when you have a little time. Borrow a medicine ball from some near-by

gymnasium, or any globe of two-foot diameter, and set it in the middle of your front lawn. Let that represent our good old friend, the Sun. Then walk away 165 feet and drop a bird seed; that's Mercury, office boy. Go on 120 feet more and drop a pea; that's Venus, private secretary. Walk another 144 feet and drop another pea; that's our



Comparative Size of the Planets

tight little, snug little old world.

By this time you're probably outside your yard, with plenty of room to walk. So you may keep moving until you've covered a good generous mile. Drop an orange then—that's Jupiter. Another mile and a half—two miles and a half from where you started—and you deposit a marble to represent friend Neptune. That (barring Mars and Saturn) completes the diagram, so far as the solar system is



Diagram of Our Solar System

concerned. You may like to carry it farther; you would like to extend it so as to represent the distance of the nearest star. All right! Just as you say. You have only to keep on walking. When you have covered 23,000 miles, more or less, drop another orange, and there you are.

Quite an Impressive Business

— this little solar system over which the Sun presides. So you say to yourself as you walk back to your house, covering the two miles and a half which represents the distance on your diagram between the Sun and Neptune. As you enter the front gate, you see the old Sun in the shape of a medicine ball, lying there on the grass where you left it. And the impulse seizes you to discover the pea which you dropped to represent the earth. You poke around in the grass, but your search is unrewarded. Lost — the whole world lost.

What a calamity!

Never mind. It's a mere incident in the universe.

For our grand old Sun, who has made us believe that he is bigger than anything else in the universe, is, as a matter of fact, only one of more than 100,000,000 suns, which we call stars. And how many dark worlds like ours circle around those hundred million balls of light, astronomers do not even allow themselves to guess.

(Concluded next week)

Forget Me Not

IT was in Switzerland, the country of my youth, the land of beautiful scenery, the playground of the world. The shores of our pellucid lakes, the torrents which come down the Alps in cascades, the pine-clad hills, and the snow-crowned mountain peaks were for me a demonstration of David's statement, "The heavens declare the glory of God." Already the little I knew of Christ was enough to give me peace.

One beautiful summer evening I was sitting on a bench of the "Châlet de la Forêt," on the shores of Lake Geneva, admiring the opposite coast of Vaud. An English girl, who spent her summers in our village, was picking flowers close by. I knew her well and I asked her the name of a bright sky-blue flower she had in her hand. "It is a forget-me-not," she answered.

I could not understand English, so I asked her to tell me the name in French. "I am not sure that I can give you its real French name," she said, "but I can give you the literal translation of our English word; it is a *ne-m'oubliez-pas*."

"*Ne-m'oubliez-pas*" — that name impressed me, and engraved itself deep in my memory. Forgetting the lake, birds, torrents, the beautiful mountains, I became completely absorbed in the forget-me-not. I began to think of flowers and plants, saying to my-

self, "They have a language of their own. They speak very little, but they always speak to the point to those who love them. The laurel which adorns the austere and sad brow of Dante, in my father's room, tells the glory of many a noble exile; the weeping willows in our little cemetery tell of the bitterness caused by the dark angel of death; the oak speaks of strength; the rose of beauty; the lily of the valley of innocence."

"Forget me not!" Is it not what friend tells friend, the father his son, the mother her daughter? It is also what Jesus tells his disciples at all times and in a thousand ways. I know by experience all the love there is for me in Jesus' heart. I may forget him, but he is faithful and true. Whenever I feel tempted to follow the foolish ways of the world or to become discouraged, I hear his voice, sweeter than a mother's, say to me, "*Ne m'oubliez pas!*" May I never try to silence his voice. E. A. CURDY.



Alone with God under summer skies,
With beauty spread for our wondering eyes!
The early morn, with its cool, still air,
Uplifts the soul and invites to prayer.
The sun comes up in the golden east,
Pledge of the heavenly marriage feast.
Lo, everywhere God's work is seen,
In grass and flower and bowers green.

C. R. DOLLMAN.

Ted's Luck

IF Ted Morris doesn't have the luck!" exclaimed Phil Carter, coming in from school, and throwing his books on the table.

"What is it now, Phil?" asked Aunt Grace from her wheel chair by the window.

"Why, Ted's plan won the prize in our drawing class! I had set my heart on having it."

"What prize?"

"O, I forgot you didn't know! Professor Harcourt is offering prizes every month in one class or another. This month it was for drawing. I

didn't try for any of the others; but I'm good at drawing, and thought I was sure of that prize at least. Ted doesn't like drawing, and I do. It's just his luck!"

"Not quite so fast, Phil. You say Ted is always lucky?"

"Always. He never fails to win. He is so sure he will succeed. That is the aggravating part of it."

"Maybe there's a reason for what you call luck, Phil. Look and see if you cannot find it. I suppose he is just as lucky at play?"

"Y-e-s. He's poring over his old books most of the time; but when he does play, he wins every time."

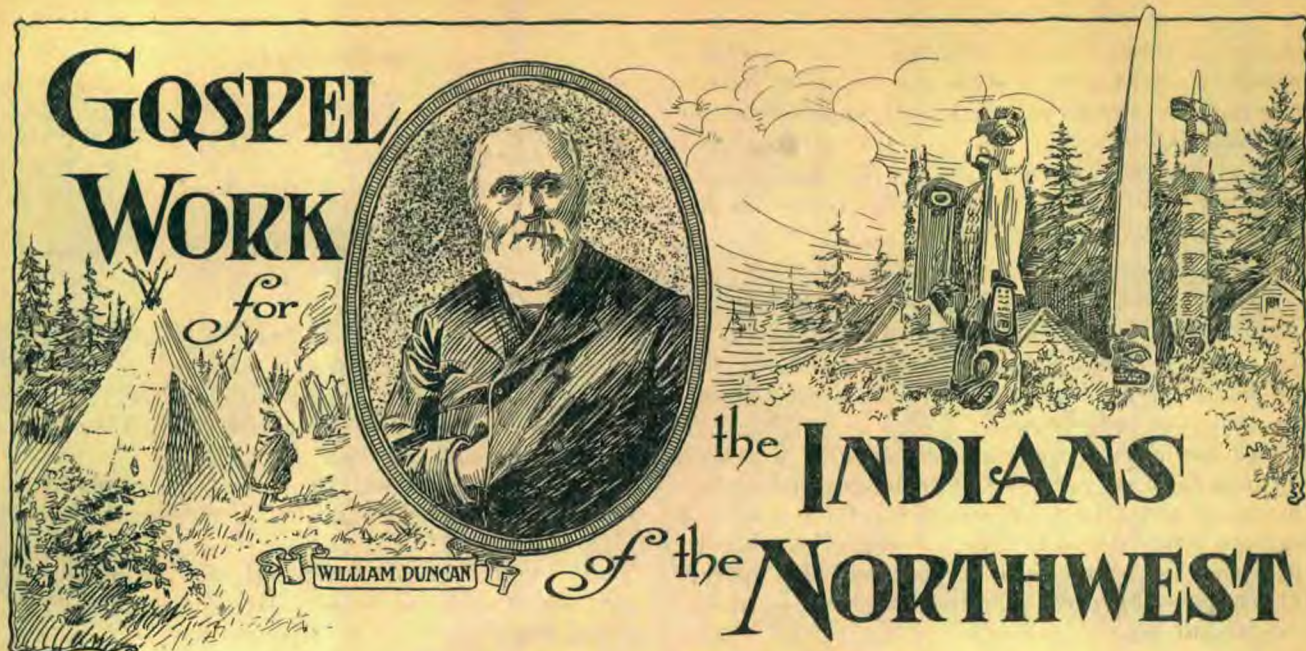
Aunt Grace gave a peculiar smile.

"What is it?" asked Phil.

"I was thinking of Ted's luck. How much time did you spend on your drawing? What was it?"

"A plan for a schoolhouse; we have architectural work this term, and it was a beauty. It had a cupola, and a roof garden for stormy days. I felt sure I'd win."

(Concluded on page six)



God's Message of Peace

ELIZABETH J. ROBERTS

ON the coast of British Columbia, about six miles from the Alaskan border line, there is a trading post called Port Simpson. Away back in the fifties it was called *Fort Simpson*, and was occupied by English soldiers, for the protection of the white traders and trappers. The Indian tribes living in that section were fierce and warlike, so the protection afforded by the small garrison did not extend much beyond the walls of the fort.

As time passed, the hostility of the Indians grew greater, until finally the soldiers dared not go to the near-by forest for firewood, or to the shore of the bay to unload supply ships that sailed, until they had first fired shots from their cannon all through the woods to scare away their lurking enemies.

The Indians used every means available to exasperate their white foes. They were not naturally cannibals, but at one time they took a white trapper whom they had captured, down to a little point on the shore some distance below the fort, but in plain view, and there killed, roasted, and ate him, their feast accompanied by yells, dancing, and various demonstrations of hostility. The officers of the fort watched the proceedings through their field glasses, but with their small force, dared not interfere.

Meanwhile, in far-off England, a young man named Duncan was impressed by God with a great burden for the souls of these Indians. He was finally sent as a missionary to the Indians of the British possessions in America, and in due time arrived at Fort Simpson. But when he explained his mission, the officers ridiculed the idea, said his life would not be worth a penny outside the walls of the fort, and refused to let him go.

At the fort were several Indian boys, held as hostages possibly, and when our young missionary was refused permission to go to the outside Indians, he began work with the material at hand. One of these boys, whom they called Arthur Wellington, Duncan chose as his companion and teacher, and began earnestly and prayerfully studying the Simsiens language, the Simsiens being the strongest tribe in that region. After only eight months of study young Duncan could not only speak the language of the Indians, but could also read portions of the Scrip-

tures in that language. Inasmuch as no white man before or since that time has learned this language well enough to speak it, what the young missionary accomplished is considered miraculous.

He now felt that he was ready for work, and again sought permission of the officers to go to the Indians; they laughed at him and told him he would accomplish nothing but the loss of his life by going.

"That matters not," was his brave reply, "for already I have given my life to these Indians." Finding argument useless, they finally told him to do as he pleased.

Just at this time, all the Indians of that region had united under Legate, the powerful chief of the Simsiens tribe, for the purpose of wiping out the white man's fort, so the danger seemed especially great, but this did not deter young Duncan. His first move was to send a message, by the boy Arthur, to the great chief Legate.

When Arthur reached the Indian encampment, he found the warriors of the allied tribes, dressed in their fantastic war paraphernalia, engaging in hideous ceremonies to work themselves up into a frenzy, preparatory to attacking the fort. He was finally brought before Legate to state his business.

"A-dis-ke-on-kow [God] has sent a message to Chief Legate," announced the boy.

This Indian chief, though a heathen, now proved himself to be thoughtful and sincerely anxious to know the will of God, for he asked, "Where is this message?"

"A young man at the fort has it," answered Arthur.

"Tell him to bring it to me," answered the chief.

When young Duncan received Arthur's report, he proved his courage and faith by immediately starting for the hostile camp. Reaching it, he found the host of Indian warriors, still in their hideous war costumes, drawn up in the form of an immense V, Legate and his leading men being at the apex.

To approach the chief the missionary had to walk inside these walls of death, which he did with head high and a bold step, like a true soldier of the cross. When within speaking distance, he stopped, saluted the chief, and addressed him in his native

tongue — something there is no record of ever having been done before by a white man. This, of course, attracted the attention of all, and they seemed to recognize that something unusual was to take place.

After a moment of surprised silence, Legate's voice rang out: "Are you the man that has a message for me from A-dis-ke-on-kow?"

"I am the man," said Duncan.

"Where is the message?" was the next question.

"It is here," and Duncan pulled from under his coat and lifted high, a Bible. As far as known, this was the first copy of the Scriptures those Indians' eyes had ever rested upon.

"Let me hear the message," commanded the chief, and in a clear voice, in their own tongue, Missionary Duncan read to those Indians some of the words of Jesus on the subject of love, especially love toward one's enemies. After reading what he had prepared, Duncan paused and the chief dropped his head in earnest meditation.

After a few moments, Legate turned to his leading chiefs and gave peremptory orders that all preparations for war should cease at once. He then told the missionary to return to the fort and bring the major to him.

Duncan knew this officer had not the faith to undertake such a journey, so on his return he proposed that a banquet be prepared, to which Legate and some of his chiefs be invited. This was done, and then and there peace was made between the Indians and the white men. Many years after, our own missionary to these same Indians attended the fiftieth anniversary of this peace banquet, and there it was stated that not a hostile shot had been fired during that half century of time.

This experience shows that the love toward God and man in the heart of Missionary Duncan accomplished more in eight months than the armed forces of England had been able to do in the years of hostile endeavor.

Mr. Duncan then opened a school for the Indians, teaching the word of God in connection with other studies, also simple manual training. A little mission was also started, and the confession of faith he drafted for his pupils is interesting. It reads as follows:

"I, the undersigned, do hereby promise to live an honest life, to be clean in body, and abstain from the use of intoxicating liquor and tobacco. To believe God's word, to keep his Sabbath holy, and in every way to be loyal to the nation and its laws."

Chief Legate lived and died a Christian, and his monument now stands in the streets of Port Simpson. Many Indians enrolled under the banner of Christ, and years later Father Duncan himself, as he was fondly called by the Indians, went to Washington, and appealed for a site for a mission on the island of Annette in Alaska. His appeal was granted by a special act of Congress, the island to be held and used for missionary purposes only.

Upon this island Father Duncan established one of the most prosperous missions to be found in all the Alaskan coast region, and the reason of its prosperity lay in that same love to God and man that ruled his life from the first day to the last. He is now sleeping in Jesus, but his "works do follow" him, and in the resurrection what joy will be his as he sees the faces of those Indians for whom he worked and sacrificed that they might have everlasting life.

Ted's Luck

(Concluded from page four)

"And I suppose you were very careful to have your measurements exact, your windows just above each other, your staircases and closets in the best places?"

"Why, I don't know as to that. But I do know I made a fine front, and I guess the rest was all right."

"And did Ted 'guess' his was 'all right'?" was the next question.

"I never knew Ted to guess at anything. Everything has to be just so with him. But I had the handsomest plan."

"And yet Ted won. Suppose you watch Ted closely for a week, Phil, and then tell me what you think of his luck."

"All right," and Phil went off with Aunt Grace's questions still in his mind. He would watch Ted now to some purpose. Was it possible —

Next morning Phil waited at the corner for Ted to come up.

"Have you got those problems?" he asked, carelessly.

"Yes, every one of them!" replied Ted, exultantly. "They kept me home from gym, but I was bound to conquer them."

Phil gave a quick thought to his own wasted evening, which he had not even spent at gym, and his own half-worked problems. Was that the secret of Ted's luck — his determination to conquer all obstacles? Of course he deserved a good mark after grinding all the evening.

After school the boys were going over to the woods after arbutus. Phil wondered if Ted would go.

"Of course I will! I was up an hour earlier this morning and put in good time. I have earned some fun now."

Was it a sense of well-earned freedom, or was it simply luck, that made Ted such a favorite with his companions? He found the first arbutus; he won the race home.

"Well, Phil, what about Ted's luck?" asked Aunt Grace, a week later.

"Why, it isn't luck at all; it's just his habit of hard work," replied Phil. "He just sticks to a thing until it's done, and he always does it, whether it's play or work."

"And his conscience never spoils his fun by reminding him of some neglected duty," said Aunt Grace, softly.

"That hits me, auntie, and I know it. But I'm going to try Ted's way, and see if I can't get the same kind of habit." — *Selected.*

FROM shattered walls, broken balconies, and hacked and gashed church steeples, floated the flags of the United States and Belgium. Great crowds were swarming into the little city of Roulers. It was a day of excitement and importance to all Belgians participating in the exercises which marked the laying of the corner-stone of a monument to the kindness of America that would stand through the years to come. The monument was to be a fully equipped medical and surgical dispensary built by the American Red Cross.

"JEALOUSY is an admission of inferiority. It is an attribute of small minds."

Missionary Volunteer Meeting Topic for October 30

SENIOR AND JUNIOR: "Our Habits."

"Sow a habit, reap a character; sow a character, reap a destiny." Habit is very close to destiny. How important, then, that we form habits which will admit us to a glorious eternity. That such a desire may be born in the heart of each Missionary Volunteer is the purpose of today's meeting.

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

V — Creation Week a Literal Week

(October 30)

Method of Creation

1. By what means does the psalmist tell us the heavens and the earth were made? Ps. 33:6, 9.
2. Did the Lord make the heavens and the earth from material already in existence? Heb. 11:3; John 1:3. (See "The Ministry of Healing," pp. 414, 415.)
3. How did the earth appear when first created? Gen. 1:2.

Time Used in Creation

4. How many days did God use to complete the work of creation? Ex. 20:11.
5. How do we know that these days of creation were periods of twenty-four hours as our days are? Gen. 1:5, 8, 13, 23, 31. Note 1.

Error Destroys Meaning of Sabbath

6. Why does Satan work so hard to teach error about the record given in the first chapter of Genesis? Ps. 11:3. Note 2.
7. Why do most people today believe these false ideas regarding the origin of things? 2 Peter 3:5, 6.
8. Show how the Sabbath day of twenty-four hours is a fitting memorial of the six days of creation. Ex. 20:8-11; Gen. 2:2, 3.
9. What is geology? Note 3.
10. Is it safe to be guided by the teachings of geology apart from the Bible? Note 4.

Notes

1. When Jesus was upon the earth he kept the Sabbath day according to the commandment. That day was twenty-four hours long. The Sabbath according to the commandment, which was written by Moses, must therefore have been twenty-four hours long. But Moses, in the commandment, writes of the first Sabbath following the work of creation, and gives as a reason for God's setting it apart as a day of rest, the fact that God made the world in six days. We therefore know that the days of creation were days of twenty-four hours, because the Sabbath which was observed by our Saviour, was a day of that length, and was set as a memorial of the finished work of the six preceding days.

2. The foundation for true faith is found only in the word of God. In it he has told us just how all things have come into existence, and how they are upheld from day to day. To teach a doctrine that will destroy these fundamental truths, is to take away from us all foundation for a belief in God. This is what Satan is endeavoring to do the world over.

3. Geology is a science which treats of the history of the earth and its life as recorded in the rocks. To do this it uses the principles of physics, astronomy, chemistry, mineralogy, zoology, botany, etc.

4. "Apart from Bible history, geology can prove nothing. Those who reason so confidently upon its discoveries, have no adequate conception of the size of men, animals, and trees before the flood, or of the great changes which then took place. Relics found in the earth do give evidence of conditions differing in many respects from the present; but the time when these conditions existed can be learned only from the inspired record. In the history of the flood, inspiration has explained that which geology alone could never fathom. In the days of Noah, men, animals, and trees, many times larger than now exist, were buried, and thus preserved as an evidence to later generations that the antediluvians perished by a flood. God designed that the discovery of these things should establish faith in inspired history; but men, with their vain reasoning, fall into the same error as did the people before the flood,—the things which God gave them as a benefit, they turn into a curse by making a wrong use of them."—"Patriarchs and Prophets," p. 112.

Intermediate Lesson

V — Healing the Blind Man on the Sabbath

(October 30)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 9.

MEMORY VERSE: "I must work the works of him that sent me." John 9:4.

LESSON HELP: "The Desire of Ages," pp. 470-475.

PLACE: Jerusalem.

PERSONS: Jesus and his disciples; a blind man; parents of the blind man; Pharisees and people.

Setting of the Lesson

Jesus in the temple at Jerusalem had declared unto the people, "I am the light of the world." He had spoken words of solemn import to the Jews who made much of their claim that they were children of Abraham, yet refused to accept the promised Saviour whom Abraham had longed to see. The priests and rabbis cried out against Jesus as a blasphemer and "then took they up stones to cast at him; but Jesus hid himself, and went out of the temple, going through the midst of them, and so passed by." Then follows the incident of the healing of the blind man, a miracle of much importance, as is indicated by the fact that an entire chapter is given to it.

"He stood before the Sanhedrin;
The scowling rabbis gazed at him;
He recked not of their praise or blame;
There was no fear, there was no shame,
For One upon whose dazzled eyes
The whole world poured its vast surprise."

Questions

1. Whom did Jesus see as he passed by? What question did his disciples ask? What wrong idea did they have concerning sin and suffering? John 9:1, 2. Note 1.
2. How did Jesus reply to this question? What purpose would the man's blindness be made to serve? Verse 3.
3. What did Jesus say concerning himself before he performed the great miracle? Verses 4, 5.
4. Describe the miracle. Verses 6, 7.
5. What three questions were asked by the neighbors? How were each of these answered? Verses 8-12.
6. Before whom was the man then brought for examination? Upon what day was the miracle wrought? What conversation then took place between the Pharisees and the man? Verses 13-15.
7. What different opinions were expressed concerning Jesus? Verses 16, 17.
8. What did the Pharisees then do to try to discredit the testimony of the man born blind? Verses 18, 19.
9. What information did his parents give? What did they claim not to know? Verses 20, 21.
10. What caused the parents to speak in this way? Verses 22, 23.
11. Calling again the man who had been blind, what demand did the Pharisees make? What did they say they knew? Verse 24.
12. What did the man boldly say that he knew? When pressed with repeated questions, how did he reply? Verses 25-27.
13. Whose disciples did the Pharisees claim to be? What argument that could not be answered did the man who had been blind then make? Verses 28-33.
14. How did the rulers then show their hatred of Jesus and also of the healed man? Verse 34.
15. When the healed man had been cast out of the temple, who came to him? What conversation then took place? Verses 35-38.

What Do You Think?

Could Jesus have healed the man without the use of the clay and the pool?

Why, then, did he use them?

Is all suffering caused by sin?

Through what stages in belief did the man pass? Verses 11, 17, 33, 38.

Note

1. "It was generally believed by the Jews that sin is punished in this life. Every affliction was regarded as the penalty of some wrong-doing, either of the sufferer himself or of his parents. . . . Hence one upon whom some great affliction or calamity had fallen, had the additional burden of being regarded as a great sinner."—"The Desire of Ages," pp. 470, 471.

"TALENT made a poor appearance
Until he married Perseverance."



EDITORIAL



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Holy Habits

SLOWLY fashioned, link by link,
Slowly waxing strong,
Till the spirit never shrink,
Save from touch of wrong.

Holy habits are thy wealth,
Golden, pleasant chains;
Passing earth's prime blessing — health,
Endless, priceless gains.

Holy habits give thee place
With the noblest, best,
All most godlike of thy race,
And with seraphs blest.

Holy habits are thy joy,
Wisdom's pleasant ways,
Yielding good without alloy,
Lengthening, too, thy days.

Seek them, Christian, night and morn;
Seek them noon and even;
Seek them till thy soul be born
Without stains — in heaven.

— Thomas Davis.

What Are You Reading?

THE long winter evenings will soon be here again, and the question of how we shall use the leisure time they bring us is of vital interest. Seven-thirty, it is said, is the most critical hour in the life of a young person. Then comes relaxation from the strain of duty, and one is free to follow the lead of inclination or ambition; then he decides whether he will spend the evening hours in profitable pursuits, or while them away in idle pastimes. And this decision has more to do with future success or failure than most of us realize.

How could this "spare time" be better spent than in the reading of good books? Why not resolve now — today — to form the reading habit, and substitute it for those recreations and amusements which consume time and money and leave one no better mentally, morally, or physically in the end?

Hundreds of people wander through life without acquiring this habit of reading. They get along reasonably well, but not one of them finds all in life that he should. Reading is as necessary to the full development of the mind as food is to the body, and, indeed, it affects the body as well as the mind. The man who is not fond of reading is apt to be one whose nerves are more or less on edge, and who dissipates his energies in various ways, for he is usually lacking in inner resources, having little within himself to fall back upon during leisure hours.

Acquaintance with good books is a material aid in character building. Did you ever have a confidential chat with yourself about the material you are using in this the greatest structure you will ever erect? You and your conscience can say things to each other that an outsider would not dare to whisper. Are the books and magazines you read helping to fit you for a place of usefulness in this world, and a home in the world to come? Ask yourself this question and answer it candidly.

There is such a wealth of literature available that it is not always easy for the average reader to choose the best. The Missionary Volunteer Reading

Courses will prove a help to such persons in making a selection.

Benjamin Franklin once said: "If you would not be forgotten as soon as you are dead, either write things worth reading or read things worth writing." And there is a world of wisdom in this homely proverb. None of us can afford to waste time and effort on literature that is not worth while.

L. E. C.

Leonardo da Vinci

LESS than fifty years before Columbus discovered the New World, there was born in Italy a boy who was destined to become one of the greatest of the world's painters. His name was Leonardo da Vinci (Vēn'chē). He became "a handsome young fellow, full of spirit and fun, and early showed unusual gifts;" he was good in mathematics and mechanics, wrote poetry, and loved music. To gratify his desire to become an artist, he was in early youth placed by his father in the studio of Verocchio; but he soon revealed such marvelous ability that his master cast aside his own brush, piqued "because a child should know more than himself."

The Greek artist Zeuxis could paint grapes so realistically that birds tried to peck them; and it is said that Da Vinci, in painting a horror by grouping together on a piece of fig wood, lizards, serpents, and other frightful things, made a picture so startling that his father fled in fright from it.

Da Vinci became the court painter at Milan, and also the superintendent of all the city's fêtes and entertainments. He also founded at Milan an academy of painting.

On the wall of the Dominican convent of Santa Maria delle Grazie he painted his masterpiece, "The Last Supper." "It is said that the prior of the convent grew impatient at the time which Da Vinci took for this work and complained to the Duke of Milan. The artist told the duke that the trouble of finding a face which pleased him for that of the traitor, Judas Iscariot, caused the delay; and added that he was willing to allow the prior to sit for this figure, and so shorten the time. This reply amused the duke and silenced the prior."

Another of Da Vinci's famous pictures is that of the "Mona Lisa," which was stolen in 1911 from the Louvre.

Another of his pictures, "La Belle Feronnière," was recently placed in the Kansas City (Kansas) Art Museum. It is valued at \$500,000. It is said to be the first of Da Vinci's great paintings to find its way across the waters.

Da Vinci was not an artist only; for the encyclopedias list him as "painter, sculptor, architect, musician, poet, engineer, mathematician, and philosopher." Possessing all these gifts, it is not strange that his name still finds a place in the halls of fame.

F. D. C.

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