

The YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

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DAVID'S WELL

For centuries there has been a spring of pure water at this spot, and as there is no other for some distance, there is little doubt that this is David's well — the waters for which he so longed that two of his followers risked their lives to secure him a cupful.

From Here and There

The Baptists first appeared in Switzerland in 1523 and soon spread into other countries. The first Baptist church in the United States was organized by Roger Williams at Providence.

The Seventh-day Adventist Publishing House, Lucknow, India, is turning out publications in English, Urdu, Gurmukhi, Bengali, Burmese, Gujarati, Telugu, Tamil, Malayalam, Kanarese, Punjabi, Hindi, Sgau, Karen, Marathi, Santali.

The "Review of Reviews" says that the Seventh-day Adventists lead the world in the publishing work in the Far East. The Interchurch World Movement has laid out a program to be carried out in South America during the next five years. By way of encouraging its constituency it assures them that what is planned for the five-year period is only what the Seventh-day Adventists do in one year.

Old Pot was counted as the boldest, swiftest, wisest dog of the Southwest. The cougar is a bloodthirsty creature that works havoc in the stock ranches. It kills for the pure joy of killing as well as slaying for food. It travels with almost incredible rapidity, leaping from 50 to 75 feet at a bound when going down grade, and covering 35 feet at one leap when on level ground. Old Pot befriended the stockmen by helping to slaughter in his brief life 307 of these wild creatures.

The auctioneer's hammer was raised recently over the Lilliputian effects of the late Countess Lavinia Magri, who, as Mrs. Tom Thumb, one of the famous dwarf couple, was known on two continents. Old age, illness, and an admitted lack of funds caused her second husband, Count Magri, himself a dwarf, to offer the tiny furnishings of their home and the gowns and jewels of his midget wife for sale. He plans to spend his remaining years at his birthplace, Bologna, Italy.

In addition to the budget requests for 1921, the managers of our various publishing houses in mission fields have made certain estimates of their needs for 1922 and 1923, and these have been revised and supplemented by the Department officers. While these estimates are unofficial, they give a fairly accurate idea of the needs of these institutions, and when added to the budgets for 1921, call for \$889,235, nearly a million dollars, for mission press equipment and operation for the three years ending Dec. 31, 1923.

A slip of a pen in the hands of a clerk in Chicago, in the board of trade, recently sent wheat prices tumbling, caused the Canadian government to consider taking over the wheat market there, and caused a proclamation to be issued by the United States Wheat Growers' Association urging suspension of all sales of wheat by farmers until the price reached \$3. The clerk, it is said, mistook an order to sell 1,000 bushels for 1,000,000 bushels, and when dealers heard that such a large amount was being thrown on the market, prices immediately began to slump.

The world's greatest wireless station is just about to be begun on Long Island, in the vicinity of New York, by a combination of great electrical companies. The plant will not only be huge, but "ultramodern," embodying the latest conceptions in the way of sending and receiving apparatus, including even the long-distance radiotelephone. Ultimately there will be apparatus for special high-speed transmission. A writer in the *Scientific American* terms the whole plan "a startling conception in wireless communication," although it has been brought to a point of realization very quietly. This superpowered radio station will simultaneously send to and receive messages from five great nations of other continents.

The immigration pouring into the United States is like the rain falling upon the sea. Just as the ocean gives its taste and its color to every raindrop, so the vast flood of people in the Union assimilates, in its infinite volume, all the elements that are contributed to it.

Harvest

We watched the orchard blossoms swing and sway,
In flowery May,
Where now we pluck the ripened fruit away.
And as the summer zephyrs pass,
We see it falling in the grass.

We saw the field of flax, a sea of blue
White capped with dew,
Where now but dead brown stalks await our view;
Yet grieving not o'er beauty fled,
We count our harvest gain instead.

We watched the garden plants in tender row
Spring up and grow,
And with their wealth the garden overflow;
And happy o'er the good supply,
We lay our store for winter by.

We heard the reaper sing its plaintive strain,
As o'er the plain
It swept, while dropping sheaves of golden grain;
And count the stacks with thankful pride,
Rejoicing in the harvest tide.

But when the harvest is all gathered in
To barn and bin,
We think of other blessings we must win;
Lest, when the harvest of the years
Is reaped, we garner bitter tears.

Some little kindly acts we store away
From day to day;
But for a richer yield than this we pray,
By angel reapers put in store—
A treasure on the other shore.

MRS. J. W. PURVIS.

The "Life Boat"

THE November number of the *Life Boat* is a special Bible number. Here are some of the titles of articles it contains: "The Mountaineers and the Bible," by Arthur W. Spalding, editor of the *Watchman*; "The Volume Library," by William P. Pearce; "Putting Bible Stories into Practice," by Dr. E. A. Sutherland; "Human Variations of a Divine Theme," by Alfred W. McCann; "The Mayflower Tercentenary," by the editor; "Heart-touching Experiences," by M. W. Cobb.

Send \$1 to The Life Boat, Hinsdale, Illinois, or to your tract society, and you will receive ten copies of this special number.



"Sunday School Times"

"True Forgiveness Means Burying the Hatchet"

Wonderful Things

MARY M. ROBBINS

THERE'S a wonderful narrative, faithful and true;
Yet when children come, asking a story,
Do you tell it all over as if it were new—
That wonderful tale of Christ's glory?
Or do you invent a more fanciful tale?
If you do, then you fail!

For God wrote that story of sorrowful care
That we might not forget His dear love,
And opened our eyes to the truths hidden there
Our own faithful service to prove.
He wants you to tell what that love did for you;
If you don't, you're untrue!

There's a beautiful deed, and a beautiful smile—
These are things that we all may possess;
And a beautiful character worn all the while
Our allegiance to God will confess.
These are wonderful things; to acquire them, no task;
All good gifts are from God—only ask.

There's a beautiful song, you have heard it, no doubt,
For there's always some dear soul a-singing;
God wants you to learn it and sing it about,
Set the joy bells of life all a-ringing.
Your heart will be lighter wherever you go;
As you sing, love will grow.

There's a thought that will lift you above this world's
gloom;
Do you keep your mind filled with its light?
If you do, you will find that you have no spare room
For the doubts and despairs of the night.
Jesus loves only thoughts that are holy, you see;
As you think, so you'll be.

“She Hath Done What She Could”

YEARS ago a young woman came to one of our sanitariums. There she found health; and more than that, she became a firm believer in the truth that is so precious to all of us. She was a woman of keen intellect, of high ideals; a woman who was loyal to her own convictions, regardless of the opinion of neighbors and friends. With her to see truth was to obey it. So she went home from that sanitarium a genuine Seventh-day Adventist. Hers was no half-hearted conversion—she would be an extraordinary Christian or none at all.

She has been an extraordinary Christian ever since. She has a good business education, and her services have been sought by our institutions; but it has never been possible for her to leave home for more than short intervals. How many Christians would have folded their hands and said: “Well, I am tied down at home; there is nothing I can do. I will just try to live a consistent Christian life before my neighbors—that is all I can do.”

But there has been no time for folded hands in this woman's interpretation of the consistent life. To her a consistent life calls for two things—an inward life of devotion with God, and an outward life of service for others. And she does serve! There is probably not a child in the town where she lives who does not look upon her as a friend in time of trouble and almost unconsciously turn to her for help. There probably is not a poor family for miles around that has not been cheered with her presence in the home and helped by her hands or her purse. There is not a wealthy home in that town that does not respect her name and count her the “Good Samaritan.”

And what makes her life so valuable to others? Well, cold words in print cannot unfold the mystery of this beautiful life that like the modest rose fills the air about it with sweet fragrance. It would require a volume to attempt an explanation. Could you follow her through a week of service, you would begin to comprehend. Her home folks could give you the home picture of her life. The old colored woman to whom she often reads on Sunday afternoon would add a chapter of praise; the mother whose children she nursed back to health from the very gates of death would contribute pages of gratitude; the school children would joyfully pay tribute

to her who has taught them habits of thrift, and inculcated in their minds and hearts higher ideals; the women whom she has inspired to live less self-centered lives would testify; and scores of others would beg you to receive their testimonials of gratitude for this Christian woman's loving-kindness to them.

And day by day, week by week, year by year, she goes on in the path of loving service for others, heeding no weariness. Of course she is busy, just as you and I are; and she gets tired, too; but her first purpose is to live to bless others, to go about doing good, just as Jesus did. And so by eliminating things that tie some of the rest of us down, she gives the Master's service first place,—the place it deserves in the life of every Missionary Volunteer. Somehow I feel sure that as the Master looks down on her at night, after her busy day, he says, as he did of one long ago, “She hath done what she could.”

And what is the secret of this life of unselfish service? The community in which she lives is very much like most others you and I have known; no more needy than yours or mine; no easier to work. Doubtless should she move into our community, it too would feel her presence just as—now does, for the secret of her life of service is not in the community. It is in her. And it is simply this: Like the Master whom she serves, Miss—lives to bless others. She has ever a heart at leisure from itself to soothe and sympathize; and her hands minister to the needs of others before they turn to her own. But there is another secret back of this. There is a quiet corner in her home that could reveal to us that secret. There early each day she has an unhurried visit with the Master. She studies her Bible and communes with her Father in prayer. There she studies the Testimonies until she is more intimate with them than many who attempt to teach others. These times of regular communion with her Father make her life strong to resist wrong, beautiful in its Christian simplicity. Yes, these hours equip her for service, and somehow enable her to give others their due.

“Others, Lord, yes others,
Let this my motto be:
Help me to live for others,
That I may live like Thee.”

M. E. A.

Some Funny Folks You'll Some Day Meet

THERE are some curious little men that live up in a tree; not in an oak or elm, but just a *plane* ge-om-e-try! Some day, in school, I have no doubt, you'll see them make their bow. You'll be much better friends if you become acquainted now.

The jolly little Circle is a gymnast, if you please. He rolls and spins and somersaults, all with the greatest ease. The sun and moon are kin to him, the silver dollar, too; and other relatives are round that are well known to you.

He's neighbor to a worthy chap whose dealings are most fair; the things *he* does, you may be sure, are always on the square. He's just as broad as he

cannot touch each other, and that's why they're so polite.)

The Triangles are many; I'll tell you of but two. They're trying to remember things—their names show that to you. One's strong of understanding; and one is limpy, quite, but if he ever sits him down his crooked back's all right!

Now, do you often have a pain from eating too much cake? Then pity poor old Octagon, who has eight sides to ache. And there is Hexagon with six; don't wonder at his age. But you will smile at Pentagon, so like a big bird cage.

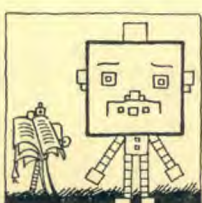
Some Funny Folks are very thin, but fed on angle-worms they soon become quite portly, and require



The Plane Geometry



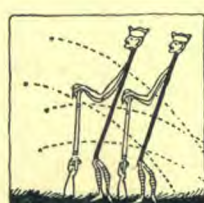
The Circle



The Square



The Rectangle



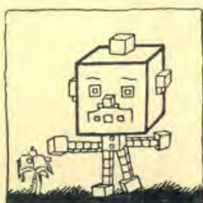
The Parallels



The Triangles



The 'Gon Brothers



Cube



Sphere & Co.



Dunce

is long, and—this is curious, quite—each time he grows an inch in width he gains an inch in height.

Then follows old Rectangle; what has wrecked him, I don't know. His face is very long, you see, expressive of his woe. Perhaps when he was younger far, he sailed upon the sea. I think if he would smile a bit, much better he would be.

The Parallels are strange to see; twin brothers, straight and slim. From east to west, from north to south, where Johnny goes, goes Jim. They never differ as they go, they never fuss or fight. (They

more solid terms. Thus, Square becomes a Cube—though then, I do regret to say, he's much more of a blockhead than he was the other way.

A Circle rounds into a Sphere, like rubber balls, or kid; one Triangle not only seems but *is* a Pyramid. Another jolly Circle cut into four parts will form four most convenient ice-cream cones when weather gets too warm.

Then, there are scores of others, but these are enough for once; if I should cram your head *too* full, you might become a dunce!—*Pauline Frances Camp.*

Bobby's Thanksgiving

ZULA MYER SIMPSON

MISS DOWNING was tired and discouraged as she walked home from services on this particular Sabbath morning. In fact, she was so preoccupied that she passed Bobby Brown, a member of her Sabbath school class, without a smile or word of greeting, and this was so unusual that he turned with a stare of amazement and looked after her as she passed down the street. This class was in fact the real cause of her discouragement. She had prayed and planned so much for today's lesson, and now it had ended in seeming failure.

It was the Sabbath before Thanksgiving, and she had been so anxious to impress upon the minds of the boys in her class the meaning of the true Thanksgiving spirit. But they had listened with apparent indifference to the incidents she gave illustrating the blessing received by giving to others. And after Walter Lane had at her request read that beautiful

verse, "Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again," he closed the book emphatically, and with a pencil, punched the back of the boy in front of him.

While praying and planning for the teaching of this lesson, Miss Downing had caught a new vision of what Thanksgiving Day should really mean to those who walk in the footsteps of Him who gladly gave His life that we might receive life, and that more abundantly. She had tried to arouse a longing in her pupils for something beyond a holiday of feasting and frolic, but she felt that she had utterly failed. The boys had been irrepressible. According to a homely saying, they had allowed the lesson to

(Concluded on page six)

The Sabbath and Its Observance¹

WHATSOEVER he saith unto you, do it." John 2:5. So let us study what the Lord of the Sabbath has to say, and then, in His strength, do it.

The Golden Clasp

"The object of the Sabbath was that all mankind might be benefited." "All who love God should do what they can to make the Sabbath a delight, holy and honorable. . . . The Sabbath should be made so interesting to our families that its weekly return will be hailed with joy." "Great blessings are infolded in the observance of the Sabbath, and God desires that the Sabbath day shall be to us a day of joy. . . . To those who keep holy the Sabbath day it is a sign of sanctification. . . . The Sabbath is a golden clasp that unites God and His people.

"God has called us to uplift the standard of His downtrodden Sabbath. How important, then, that our example in Sabbath keeping should be right. . . . We must be guarded, lest the lax practices that prevail among Sunday keepers shall be followed by those who profess to observe God's holy rest day. The line of demarcation is to be made clear and distinct between those who bear the mark of God's kingdom and those who bear the sign of the kingdom of rebellion.

"Far more sacredness is attached to the Sabbath than is given it by many professed Sabbath keepers. The Lord has been greatly dishonored by those who have not kept the Sabbath according to the commandment, either in the letter or in the spirit. He calls for a reform in the observance of the Sabbath."

Blessings Promised to the Sabbath Keeper

"If we desire the blessing promised to the obedient, we must observe the Sabbath more strictly. I fear that we often travel on this day when it might be avoided." "You must have higher views of God's claims upon you in regard to His holy day. . . . Great blessings are promised to those who place a high estimate upon the Sabbath, and realize the obligations resting upon them in regard to its observance. . . .

"When the Sabbath commences, we should place a guard upon ourselves, upon our acts and our words, lest we rob God by appropriating to our own use that time which is strictly the Lord's. We should not do ourselves, nor suffer our children to do, any manner of our own work for a livelihood, or anything which could have been done on the six working days. Friday is the day of preparation. Time can then be devoted to making the necessary preparation for the Sabbath, and to thinking and conversing about it. Nothing which will in the sight of heaven be regarded as a violation of the holy Sabbath should be left unsaid or undone, to be said or done upon the Sabbath. God requires not only that we refrain from physical labor upon the Sabbath, but that the mind be disciplined to dwell upon sacred things. The fourth commandment is virtually transgressed by conversing upon worldly things, or by engaging in light and trifling conversation. Talking upon anything or everything which may come into the mind, is speaking our own words. Every deviation from right brings us into bondage and condemnation."

The following words, while addressed to a special class, are applicable to all: "Upon the Sabbath they should conscientiously restrict themselves to conversation upon religious themes,—to present truth, present duty, the Christian's hopes and fears, trials,

conflicts, and afflictions; to overcoming at last, and the reward to be received."

"Of all the days in the week, none are so favorable for devotional thoughts and feelings as the Sabbath."

Work of the Preparation Day

"All through the week we are to have the Sabbath in mind, and be making preparation to keep it according to the commandment. . . . Daily it will be their prayer that the sanctification of the Sabbath may rest upon them. . . . While preparation for the Sabbath is to be made all through the week, Friday is to be the special preparation day. . . . On Friday let the preparation for the Sabbath be completed. . . . Before the setting of the sun, let all secular work be laid aside, and all secular papers be put out of sight. . . . We should jealously guard the edges of the Sabbath. . . . Before the Sabbath begins, the mind as well as the body should be withdrawn from worldly business. . . . Before the setting of the sun, let the members of the family assemble to read God's word, to sing and pray. There is need of reform here, for many have been remiss. . . . We should begin anew to make special arrangements that every member of the family may be prepared to honor the day which God has blessed and sanctified.

Not a Day of Idleness

"God teaches that we should assemble in His house to cultivate the attribute of perfect love. This will fit the dwellers of earth for the mansions that Christ has gone to prepare for all who love Him. There they will assemble in the sanctuary from Sabbath to Sabbath, from one new moon to another, to unite in loftiest strains of song, in praise and thanksgiving to Him who sits upon the throne, and to the Lamb forever and ever." "The Sabbath is not to be a day of useless idleness. Both in the home and in the church, a spirit of service is to be manifested. On this day He will in a special manner bless all who consecrate themselves to His service.

"All heaven is keeping the Sabbath, but not in a listless, do-nothing way. On this day every energy of the soul should be awake; for are we not to meet with God and with Christ our Saviour? . . . Every one should feel that he has a part to act in making the Sabbath meetings interesting." "The Sabbath school and the meeting for worship occupy only a part of the Sabbath. The portion remaining to the family may be made the most sacred and precious season of all the Sabbath hours. Much of this time parents should spend with their children." "During a portion of the day, all should have an opportunity to be out of doors. How can children receive a more correct knowledge of God, and their minds be better impressed, than in spending a portion of their time out of doors, not in play, but in company with their parents?" "As the sun goes down, let the voice of prayer and the hymn of praise mark the close of the sacred hours and invite God's presence through the cares of the week of labor."

Heaven Notes the Lovers of the Sabbath

"All heaven was represented to me as beholding and watching upon the Sabbath those who acknowledge the claims of the fourth commandment and are observing the Sabbath. Angels were marking their interest in, and high regard for, this divine institution. Those who sanctified the Lord God in their hearts by a strictly devotional frame of mind, and who sought to improve the sacred hours in keeping

¹ See "Testimonies for the Church," Volumes II and VI.

the Sabbath to the best of their ability, and to honor God by calling the Sabbath a delight,—these the angels were especially blessing with light and health, and special strength was given them. But, on the other hand, the angels were turning from those who failed to appreciate the sacredness of God's sanctified day, and were removing from them their light and their strength. I saw them overshadowed with a cloud, desponding, and frequently sad. They felt a lack of the Spirit of God." "At all times and in all places, God requires us to prove our loyalty to Him by honoring the Sabbath." "It means eternal salvation to keep the Sabbath holy unto the Lord."

Relying upon the assurance, "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me," shall we not unite in honoring our God by genuine Sabbath keeping?

HATTIE ANDRE.

Bobby's Thanksgiving

(Concluded from page four)

"go in one ear and out the other." When asked to take this class, Miss Downing had accepted it as a charge from the Master, but now she wondered if it had not been a mistake, and almost decided to ask some one else to take her place.

Could she only have read Bobby's thoughts as he passed out of sight down the street, she would have known that some seed from the lesson had found lodgment, for he still wore a sober, thoughtful expression when he reached home, and was so quiet during supper that his mother remarked about it.

The day before Thanksgiving every one at Bobby's house was very busy, for there was to be a family reunion there the next day. A twelve-year-old boy could do many helpful things, and Bobby was glad to help. His eager feet hurried here and there on errands for the older folk, for he was very happy. It seemed there were so many things to be thankful for. Did he not have two whole silver dollars to spend just as he wished—a gift from one of his uncles? For a year he had longed to have a flash light of his very own, and mother had promised him that when he finished his work he might go to the store and buy one. Bobby had never had so much money of his very own before, so do you wonder that he was happy and thankful? Just before dinner he was telling little Jack about his treasure, and the small boy demanded a sight of the money in proof that he actually had so much. Bobby reached into his pocket, and, to his dismay, found it empty. He hastily searched every pocket, but could not find the missing money. Then the whole family joined in the hunt—mother, sister May, uncles, aunts, cousins, and even grandparents too, but in vain. Those two silver dollars seemed to have taken wings and flown away.

Bobby was now finding it very hard to be thankful. He could not eat his dinner, and finally asked to be excused from the table. He ran down the street to the grocery store to inquire if he had lost it there, and at the corner, collided with Jamie Miller, a small, pale little boy who was just recovering from a long illness. Bobby stopped to inquire whether or not he had been hurt, and at once noticed his radiant face. "Why, Jamie, how are you, and what's happened to make you so glad?"

"Oh, I'm doing fine now, and in a week shall be back at work doing errands for the laundry. And I'm glad about a Thanksgiving dinner for mother and Beth. You see, since I've been sick mother has

had a hard time to keep us going, and it seemed as if there would be no Thanksgiving dinner for us except bread and potatoes. I tried so hard to get some odd chores to do so that I could earn a little money, but we just couldn't afford it anyway. And then as I was going home from the store this morning I happened to see something under those old boards there, and stopped to look, and saw that it was money. I took up the boards, and it was two dollars!" Jamie rattled the money in his pocket as he spoke. "I went back and asked Mr. Blake at the store if he knew anything about it, and I've been asking the folks who live near here, and none of them know anything about it. Mr. Blake says it may have been there for some time, and he thinks it's mine if I can't find the owner. So I'm just planning what I'll buy for mother and Beth, for I want this to be the best Thanksgiving dinner they have ever had. Of course I want to find the fellow who lost the money if I can. If I ever do find him afterward, I'll pay him when I get to work again. I just wondered if this could be an answer to Beth's prayer for a Thanksgiving dinner. You remember the story Miss Downing told us in class last Sabbath."

Yes, Bobby remembered, and as Jamie talked he remembered much more. He thought of poor Mrs. Miller and her struggle to care for her little family and keep up the home. Boy though he was, he thought of the expensive illness of Jamie's older sister, who had died a few months before; of Jamie's own sickness; and of how pleased the tired mother had seemed when he called to inquire after his playmate. Again he seemed to hear Miss Downing say, "Give, and it shall be given unto you." "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." He thought again of the flash light he wanted so much. Could he give it up? While Jamie talked on and on Bobby stood there very quietly. He wore no uniform and carried no sword, yet he was fighting a battle. And finally when Jamie asked, "Do you suppose I'll ever find the fellow who lost the money?" the victory was assured by his reply: "No, I don't believe you'll ever find him. I wouldn't worry about it, and I hope you have a jolly Thanksgiving." And then he turned and ran home.

Mother was surprised when he rushed into the kitchen where she was taking the steaming pumpkin pies from the oven.

"Why, Bobby, did you find your money?"

"No, I didn't. Yes, I suppose I did too," was the perplexing reply. "You see I didn't really find it myself, mother;" and then in answer to further queries he told the whole story. How proud she was when she knew of his unselfishness! They talked it all over and decided that it would be their very own secret, and then Jamie would never hear of his friend's loss. Later Miss Downing heard the story from Bobby's mother, who had guessed that the faithful teacher needed some word of encouragement.

Just before dinner Thanksgiving Day, Bobby was sent on an errand to the Miller home, and saw with his own eyes the joy that his two dollars had brought to that unfortunate family. All the flash lights in town could not have made him more truly happy and thankful. That is how Bobby Brown really learned that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

The Sabbath School

Young People's Lesson

XI — The Beginning of False Religions

(December 11)

Man's Duty and Privilege

1. WHAT should be our constant attitude toward God? Deut. 10:12. Note 1.
2. What change is wrought in the character of one who has close communion with God? Ex. 34:29; 2 Cor. 3:18. Note 2.
3. How does the apostle Paul describe the manner of our approach to God? Heb. 12:28, 29. Note 3.
4. What instructions were given to the Israelites to prepare them for a revelation of God at Sinai? Ex. 19:10-13, 21.
5. How did it affect Job to see God with his own eyes? Job 42:5, 6.

The Seed That Produces False Religion

6. What effect did the voice of God have upon the majority of the Israelites? Ex. 20:19.
7. What followed as a result of their forgetting God? Ex. 32:1-6, 26-28.
8. What warning did Paul give Timothy regarding the false teachings of science? 1 Tim. 6:20, 21.
9. How does Paul explain the beginning of the various heathen religions? Rom. 1:21-23, 28.

False Science Detrimental

10. Why were they without excuse in turning away from the truth? Verses 19, 20.
11. What part did the false teachings of science have in the great apostasy? 1 Tim. 6:20; Col. 2:8; 2 Thess. 2:10, 11, 12.
12. What picture has Peter given us of the peculiar mixture of religion and false teaching that would be seen in the last days? 2 Peter 3:3, 4.

The Call to True Worship

13. Because of this modern apostasy, what timely message does God send to this generation? Rev. 14:7.
14. What are God's true people exhorted to do? Rev. 18:4.

Notes

1. The fear of God is not slavish terror, but respectful, affectionate reverence. To fear God is not to be afraid of Him, for we are taught to come before Him with confidence and without timidity. God wants us to worship and love Him, not because of His vengeance or wrath, or any punishment He may be able to inflict upon us, but because He first loved us, and has only thoughts of peace and happiness for us.

2. "When Christ took human nature upon Him, He bound humanity to Himself by a tie of love that can never be broken by any power save the choice of man himself. Satan will constantly present allurements to induce us to break this tie,—to choose to separate ourselves from Christ. Here is where we need to watch, to strive, to pray, that nothing may entice us to choose another master; for we are always free to do this. But let us keep our eyes fixed upon Christ, and he will preserve us. Looking unto Jesus, we are safe. Nothing can pluck us out of his hand. In constantly beholding Him, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—"Steps to Christ," p. 77.

3. It is only fitting that in our manner of approach to God we cultivate habits of reverence for Him. Bowing reverently before Him is more than a real form; it is an aid to true devotion.

Intermediate Lesson

XI — The Barren Fig Tree; a Woman Healed on the Sabbath

(December 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Luke 13:6-17.

MEMORY VERSE: "If it bear fruit, well; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down." Luke 13:9.

"How smooth the sea beach pebbles are!
But—do you know
The ocean worked a hundred years
To make them so?"

"And I once saw a little girl
Sit down and cry,
Because she could not cure a fault
With one small try."

Questions

1. In the parable of the fig tree, what disappointment did the owner experience? Luke 13:6.
2. What did he say to the gardener? Verse 7. Note 1.
3. What plea did the gardener make in behalf of the tree? What did he offer to do for it? Verse 8. Note 2.
4. What was to be the final test? What would be the penalty for failure? Verse 9.
5. To whom does the parable now speak? Note 3.
6. Who came into the synagogue one Sabbath day to hear Jesus? How long had this woman been afflicted? Verses 10, 11.
7. How was she healed? To whom did she give the praise? Verses 12, 13.
8. Who objected to the healing of this woman? What did he say concerning it? Verse 14.
9. In replying, how did Jesus address him? What question did He then ask the ruler? Verse 15.
10. What further question did Jesus ask concerning the woman? Verse 16. Note 4.
11. What effect did these words have upon His enemies? What did the people do? Verse 17. Note 5.

The Cure

Jesus is said to have done five things in healing the woman: (1) He saw her; (2) He called her; (3) He healed her; (4) He touched her; (5) He lifted her up.

Trace the process of the curing of sin through these five points.

Notes

1. "Christ's hearers could not misunderstand the application of His words. David had sung of Israel as the vine brought out of Egypt. Isaiah had written, 'The vineyard of the Lord of hosts is the house of Israel, and the men of Judah His pleasant plant.' The generation to whom the Saviour had come were represented by the fig trees in the Lord's vineyard,—within the circle of His special care and blessing."—"Christ's Object Lessons," p. 214.

2. "The gardener does not refuse to minister to so unpromising a plant. He stands ready to give it still greater care. He will make its surroundings most favorable, and will lavish upon it every attention.

"The owner and dresser of the vineyard are one in their interest in the fig tree. So the Father and the Son were one in their love for the chosen people. Christ was saying to His hearers that increased opportunities would be given them. Every means that the love of God could devise would be put in operation that they might become trees of righteousness, bringing forth fruit for the blessing of the world."—*Id.*, p. 216.

3. "The warning sounds down along the line to us in this generation. Are you, O careless heart, a fruitless tree in the Lord's vineyard? Shall the words of doom ere long be spoken of you? How long have you received His gifts? How long has He watched you and waited for a return of love? . . . The barren tree receives the rain and the sunshine and the gardener's care. It draws nourishment from the soil. But its unproductive boughs only darken the ground, so the fruit-bearing plants cannot flourish in its shadow. So God's gifts, lavished on you, convey no blessing to the world. You are robbing others of privileges that, but for you, might be theirs. You realize, though it may be but dimly, that you are a cumberer of the ground. Yet in His great mercy God has not cut you down. He does not look coldly upon you. He does not turn away with indifference, or leave you to destruction. . . . The pitying Saviour is saying concerning you, Spare it this year also, till I shall dig about it and dress it."—*Id.*, pp. 216-218.

4. Note the statements of Jesus in contrasting His act in healing the woman with the acts of the Jews in supplying the needs of their cattle:

First, the woman was "a daughter of Abraham"—one of the Israel of God, vastly more important than the cattle.

Second, she was bound by Satan,—under the power of one who would do her all possible harm, in contrast to the kindly master of the cattle.

Third, she had suffered for eighteen years, in contrast with the ordinary thirst of the cattle.

"The argument was complete. Every reason for their own action had tenfold force as applied to what Jesus had done."

5. The people in this country place were not so afraid of their rulers as were the people in Galilee and Judea. Here they openly rejoiced in the working of the power of God in healing one of their number.

EDITORIAL

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Thanksgiving Hymn

WE thank Thee for the life we have to offer
In service to our fellow men and Thee.
We thank Thee for the earth so filled with blessings;
So many of Thy bounties, Lord, we see.

We thank Thee for Thy care, for peace and plenty;
For health and strength we have, from day to day;
We thank Thee for Thy love so full, unbounded;
For hope, for joy, we give Thee thanks alway.

We thank Thee for our firesides, warm and cheerful,
For friends and love that will not pass away.
Oh, may our hearts be ever filled with praises,
And all the year be one Thanksgiving Day.

ELIZABETH CORNELL MARTIN.

Saved from Starvation

MR. C. V. VICKERY, secretary of the Near East Relief Organization, says that the best estimate he could secure from Armenian semiofficial sources, indicates quite clearly that not less than 500,000 persons are living today who would have perished had it not been for the relief sent from America.

One of the Armenians who owes his life to American philanthropy and who headed a delegation of Armenians who went to the Near East Relief headquarters at Erivan, Armenia, to express their gratitude for the help received, said:

"A little more than a year ago the streets in which we are now standing were strewn with our fellow citizens, dead, or dying of starvation. At that time we were carrying from these streets 150 to 200 bodies a day, victims of starvation from among the homeless refugees, exclusive of citizens who died in the shelter of their homes. That we who are standing in these streets today did not also die is due to the relief that came from America in time to save us."

Our own people responded to the call for help for the Armenians by giving \$23,000 to the Near East Relief fund. We hope many of our own brethren and sisters in Armenia and the Balkan States were ministered unto by our gifts. However that may be, every creature belongs to the great brotherhood of man, and it is a privilege to minister unto all in need.

F. D. C.

Your Twenty-six Dollars

FIFTY cents a week is the sum that every member of the church has been asked to give to advance the cause of Christ in mission fields. The year is nearly past and there is a deficit in the Mission Treasury of several hundred thousand dollars.

If every believer met this obligation, the resulting sum would be altogether inadequate to meet the demands made upon the Mission Board. When many fail to meet this standard, the work of God is greatly hindered.

Fifty cents a week means \$26. Have you given \$26 to missions this year? If not, your failure has robbed some mission field of that amount.

At the recent General Conference Council the needs of the mission fields were presented so forcibly that at one rather small meeting in a very brief time \$106,725 was pledged. But even this generous sum is but one sixth of what Europe alone is calling for. Europe has not heretofore made a call for help

from this country for almost a quarter of a century; but the devastation wrought by war prevents the believers in that field from being able to provide the facilities for meeting the marvelous obligations and opportunities now confronting them through the opening providences of God. Europe is now the land of opportunity. Everywhere doors are being thrown open. One of our dollars is now worth \$25 to the work in Central Europe.

Shall we not make sure then that every cent of the \$26 due the Mission Treasury from each of us this year is paid before buying anything for ourselves that we could at all reasonably do without?

Shall we not meet this obligation, every one of us, before buying a single Christmas present?

Shall we not each promise ourselves that even after meeting our 50-cent-a-week goal, we will not spend money unwisely at the coming holiday season; but that we will the rather conserve every dollar possible, that the workers in mission fields may not be disappointed and perplexed by having their requests for means to advance the work of God denied them?

F. D. C.

Look Up!

THERE'S neither strength nor courage
In looking down one's nose;
You'll find no inspiration
In counting o'er your woes —
Look up!

When darkness gathers round you,
The path you can't discern,
Be guided by the sky line,
And doubt and fear you'll spurn —
Look up!

There's strength in Christian courage;
There's light and life and hope
In looking up toward Heaven;
Then why in darkness grope? —
Look up!

Look up to the blessed Saviour;
Look up to the Father true;
Look for the prize eternal;
Look for the city new —
Look up!

C. P. BOLLMAN.

Just "Please"

ON the lawn of a large stone church in one of our cities is a gold and black sign with simply the word "Please" on it. It doesn't say "Please keep off the grass," but that is what it means. This gracious and courteous appeal to respect the private property of the church is surely more compelling than the usual sign. Does not the same word both soften and strengthen any request or command?

F. D. C.

Mother's Letter

IN asking a favor of a young woman recently, I remarked that I was sorry to interrupt the reading of her letter. She replied pleasantly, "Oh, that's perfectly all right, I have read it two or three times before; but it's from my mother, so I read it almost continually until I get another." Wasn't that an interesting reply? Do your mother's letters receive similar treatment at your hands? F. D. C.

WE have two ears and but one tongue, that we may listen much and talk little.— *Zeno*.