

The Oriental Watchman.

"Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh."

Vol. 1., No. 7. }

CALCUTTA, NOVEMBER, 1898.

} Two annas.

The Oriental Watchman.

PUBLISHED BY

THE INTERNATIONAL TRACT SOCIETY,
CALCUTTA.

CHRIST LOVES HIS OWN.

"Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end." John xiii. 1.

Not with a changing love the Saviour loves,
Not fickle, loving us at times alone;
But always His great heart-compassion moves,
And to the end He loveth all His own.

"With everlasting love," He saith, "I've loved."
While we were sinners for His own He died,
With infinite agony His heart was proved,
And in the furnace His love's gold was tried.

No grief can touch us, but it touches Him;
With closest pang, it wounds the heart Divine.
The pruner's knife that cuts the branching limb,
Touches with living pain the living Vine.

Closer than mother's love for her babe sweet,
Closer than lover's love for one held dear,
Closer than friend's or brother's more complete,
Is Christ's love for His lonely followers here.

FANNIE BOLTON.

THE FLOCK OF GOD.

"O come, let us worship and bow down; let us kneel before the Lord our Maker. For He is our God; and we are the people of His pasture, and the sheep of His hand." Ps. xcv. 6, 7. "Know ye not that the Lord He is God; it is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are His people, and the sheep of His pasture." Ps. c. 3.

WHO are His sheep? Is it just those who acknowledge and serve Him? or is it all?—Evidently the latter; for in the Psalm whence the first text is cited, the exhortation follows: "To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts;" and the other text intimates that His sheep consist of those whom He has created.

STILL more positive proof that all men are originally considered as God's flock, is found in Isa. liii. 6: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Every one who has gone astray, and every one for whom Christ died, belongs to His flock. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

THE Lord Jehovah is the shepherd. Ps. xxiii. 1. Jesus says, "I am the good Shep-

herd; the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." John x. 11. Christ died for all; by the grace of God He tasted death for every man. So we see that all

good Shepherd, and know My sheep, and am known of Mine." John x. 10. To some He said, "Ye believe not, because ye are not of My sheep, as I said unto you.



A SYRIAN SHEPHERD LEADING HIS FLOCK.

people on earth are rightfully His sheep. Ah, what infinite comfort there is in that thought, when it is accepted; every one who will allow that he is one of the Lord's flock can say with confidence, "I shall not want."

SAD to say, not all will acknowledge the Lord as their Shepherd. We cannot tell who they are, who by their own unbelief take themselves out of His flock; but He knows. Jesus says, "I am the

My sheep hear My voice, and I know them, and they follow Me." Verses 26, 27.

JESUS stands and calls, and those who hear and follow Him thereby prove that they are indeed His sheep. Those who gather to Him at His call form what is commonly termed His church; for the Greek word that is rendered "church" is composed of two words which mean literally "called out." The words "church" and "flock" are used interchangeably, as

in Acts xx. 28, in the words of Paul to the elders of the church in Ephesus: "Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood."

THE word which is used in the Old Testament, however, and which ought still to be used instead of "church," is "congregation." It would be vastly better if "congregation" were always used when speaking of the body of Christ, and the word "church" were wholly abandoned. The word "congregation" comes directly from a Latin word which means "flock." It means literally, "flocked together," and aptly designates those who gather together from all directions, at the Shepherd's call. When the Lord calls, His sheep hear His voice, and flock to Him, thus being "called out" of this present evil world, they form one body, a congregation. Of course, they are not all in one single place on this earth; so there are many little congregations, and yet only one congregation, since they are all one in Christ.

SINCE the flock has come in response to the Lord's voice, they will not, after having assembled, listen to any other voice. "Hear Him," is the command from above. If any other voice is listened to, the only result is the dividing and scattering of the flock. Remember that the only test of whether or not any are Christ's flock, is the voice of Christ. All who listen to it are His sheep; those who will not hear it are goats that are at last to be separated from the flock (Matt. xxv. 31, 32); and those who use other than Christ's voice, that is, His words, are "grievous wolves," or else thieves and robbers.

It will readily be seen that the flock of God, "the congregation of the righteous," is not a law-making, but a law-keeping body. The flock does not rule, but is ruled. The ruling, however, is by Christ, the great Shepherd, whose ruling consists in feeding. Compare Micah v. 2 with Matt. ii. 6. Margin. It would manifestly be most absurd for a flock of sheep to lay down rules for its own guidance; much more to presume to be rulers of others.

FROM this we can see the impropriety of the use of the word "church" as applied to the Lord's flock. That word means "lordly," and came into use with the rising up of the men of whom Paul gave warning—men "speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them." Acts xx. 30. These men began to lord it over God's heritage, and soon the idea became prevalent that they themselves constituted the church. Cyprian, Bishop of Carthage, introduced or at least gave prominence to the idea, which soon became prevalent, that—

"The church is founded upon the bishops, and

every act of the church is controlled by these same rulers." "Whence you ought to know that the bishop is in the church, and the church in the bishop; and if any one be not with the bishop, that he is not in the church."

As a consequence, the bishops, instead of considering themselves as under-shepherds, soon claimed to be "the church," that is, the lords of the people. Instead of giving their lives for the flock, they slaughtered the flock for their own pleasure. But lordship is not a thing that has any place in the house of God. To us there is but one Lord, Jesus Christ. Him will we hear. From any other voice than His we will flee.

The word "church" has obtained such a foothold that it is not at all probable that it will ever be replaced by the rightful word, "congregation;" but when we use it, we must remember that the church of Christ is not a house of lords, but is a flock, feeding on the words of the "one Lord." How much better this position than the former. If we assume the lordship, we have all the burden and worry, with the fear, nay the certainty, of making mistakes: while if we are content to be humble sheep, led by the good Shepherd, we are sure to be kept safe, and brought into the everlasting kingdom.

WITH what confidence we may rest! "Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and His arm shall rule for Him; behold, His reward is with Him, and His work before Him. He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young." Isa. xl. 10, 11. His own life is answerable for the life of each member of the flock.

THEREFORE "the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen."

E. J. WAGGONER.

THE HISTORIAN'S "ONE WORK."

ACCORDING to the Catholic doctrine the Bible alone is not a perfect rule of faith. It must be the Bible and the traditions of the Church, as contained in the writings of the "Fathers" and the decisions of the warring church councils. One has only to see a complete set of the "Fathers" on the library shelf, and to dip into their vagaries here and there, to be thankful that the Bible is sufficient to make the man who believes it "perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." The following story is told:—

"Neander, the famous church-historian, had promised his physician, on being ordered to Carlsbad to drink its famous waters, that he would take no books with

him except one work which the doctor with reluctance allowed. On the morning of the historian's departure, the doctor, wishing to say good-bye to his patient, called at his door, and saw a cart laden with heavy folios.

"But, dear professor," said the physician, with the emphasis of displeasure, 'you promised me to take no books with you.'

"Yes, Doctor," replied the childlike professor; 'but you allowed me one work, so I thought I might take the Fathers with me to Carlsbad.'

"The 'one work' included three or four score volumes."

EGYPT'S ANCIENT CAPITAL.

THE Lord warned the Egyptians of the doom that was soon to fall upon their land and the populous capital of Thebes, but they did not believe it. Ever since Nimrod founded the first empire, with Babylon as its capital, men in pride of worldly dominion have flattered themselves that they were building something enduring. But all along God has set the ruins of buried capitals as memorials of human vanity. Dr. Well's says of the present appearance of the ancient Egyptian capital:—

"The ruins of Thebes, the old city of one hundred gates, lie on both banks of the Nile about 600 miles from the Mediterranean. It was the capital of Egypt in its golden prime. Its 'East End' was occupied by the living; the 'West End' was the city of the dead, or, as they called it, 'the land of life;' and the river flowed between. The west end of Thebes is defended against the sands of the Libyan desert by Gabel Asâs, a circus of bare limestone rocks, rising to 600 or 800 feet, at a distance of from one to three miles from the Nile. In the gorge behind the cliffs lie the rock-hewn tombs of the Kings, in a region which desolation has claimed as its own. The modern traveller usually crosses the Nile from the east, goes round the south end of the cliffs, visits a few of the tombs, and returns by a footpath over the top of the rocky hill. The view from the top is one of the never-to-be-forgotten events in his life. He there looks down upon many more than forty centuries. Moses, very probably, stood on that spot when Thebes was the mistress of the world, as Rome was 1,200 years later. We may safely say that in Moses's day Thebes was the most powerful and brilliant capital on which the sun ever shone. 'Art thou better than populous, No' (the Bible name for Thebes), Nahum asks (iii. 9), 'that was situate among the rivers? . . . Ethiopia and Egypt were her strength, and it was infinite.' No other city ever possessed such buildings before or since. One of these, the temple at Karnak, had a front elevation of nearly a mile; and it contained the most splendid chamber ever built—so the highest authorities assert. These ruins still rank among the chief wonders of the world."



How Christianity was Corrupted.

IN THREE PARTS.—No. 2.

THE CREATION OF THE PAPAL RELIGION.

Last month we closed our study of the "falling away" with these words: "In view of these things it will readily be seen that between paganism and this kind of Christianity it soon became difficult to distinguish, and the third century only went to make any distinction still more difficult to be discerned."

The Alexandrian Philosophy.

In the latter part of the second century, there sprang up in Egypt a school of pagan philosophy called the "Eclectic." The patrons of this school called themselves "Eclectics" because they professed to be in search of truth alone, and to be ready to adopt any tenet of any system in existence which seemed to them to be agreeable to their ideas of truth. They held Plato to be the one person above all others who had attained the nearest to truth in the greatest number of points. Hence they were also called "Platonists." "This philosophy was adopted," says Mosheim, "by such of the learned at Alexandria as wished to be accounted Christians, and yet to retain the name, the garb, and the rank of philosophers."

In the end of the second century, and especially in the first forty-one years of the third, there flourished in Alexandria one of these would-be philosophers—Ammonius Saccas by name—who gave a turn to the philosophy of the Eclectics, which caused his sect to be called the New Platonists. The difference between the Eclectics and the system founded by Ammonius was this:—

The Eclectics held that in every system of thought in the world there was some truth, but mixed with error, their task being to select from all systems that portion of truth which was in each, and from all these to form one harmonious system. Ammonius held that when the truth was known, all sects had the same identical system of truth; that the differences among them were caused simply by the different

ways of stating that truth; and that the proper task of the philosopher was to find such a means of stating the truth that all persons should be able to understand it all, and so each one understand all the others. This was to be accomplished by a system of allegorising and mystification, by which anybody could get whatever he wanted out of any writing that might come to his notice.

Mystifying the Scriptures.

ONE of the earliest attaches to this philosophy from among those who professed to be Christians, was Clement of Alexandria, who became the head of that kind of school at Alexandria. These philosophers, says Mosheim,—

"Believed the language of Scripture to contain two meanings: the one obvious, and corresponding with the direct import of the words; the other recondite, and concealed under the words, like a nut by the shell. The former they neglected as of little value, their study chiefly being to extract the latter: in other words, they were more intent on throwing obscurity over the sacred writings, by the fiction of their own imaginations, than on searching out their true meanings. Some also, and this is stated especially of Clement, accommodated the Divine oracles to the precepts of philosophy."

The close resemblance between the pagan philosophy and that of the New Platonists is illustrated by the fact that but one of the classes concerned could tell to which of them Ammonius Saccas belonged. The pagans generally regarded him a pagan. His own kind of Christians counted him a good Christian all his life. The genuine Christians all knew that he was a pagan, and that the truth of the whole matter was that he was a pretended Christian "who adopted with such dexterity the doctrines of the pagan philosophy as to appear a Christian to the Christians, and a pagan to the pagans."

The following explanation by Clement, of the Scripture relating to the fish that Peter caught, well illustrates the foolish and fanciful system of interpretation which this Church Father helped to introduce:—

"That fish then which, at the command of the Lord, Peter caught, points to digestible and God-

given and moderate food. And by those who rise from the water to the bait of righteousness, he admonishes us to take away luxury and avarice, as the coin from the fish; in order that he might displace vainglory; and by giving the stater to the taxgatherers, and 'rendering to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's,' might preserve 'to God the things which are God's.' The stater is capable of other explanations not unknown to us, but the present is not a suitable occasion for their treatment."

Clement is supposed to have died about A.D. 220, and the fame and influence which he had acquired—and it was considerable—was far outshone by Origen, who had been taught by both Clement and Ammonius. Origen imbibed all the allegorical and mystifying process of both Ammonius and Clement, and multiplied upon them from his own wild imagination.

Origen: Chiefest Father in the Early Apostasy.

HE was not content with finding two meanings in the Scriptures as those before him, but took the secondary sense, the hidden meaning, and added to it four additional meanings of his own. His system then stood thus: 1. All Scripture has two meanings, the literal and the hidden. 2. This hidden sense has within itself two meanings, the moral and the mystical. 3. The mystical has within it yet two other meanings, the allegorical and the anagogical.

"The Scriptures are of little use," taught Origen, "to those who understand them as they are written." With such a system for a basis it is logical enough that the Catholic Church should forbid the common people to read the Scriptures. For Origen is one of the chiefest fathers of the Catholic Church; and "from the days of Origen to those of Chrysostom," says Archdeacon Farrar, "there was not a single eminent commentator who did not borrow largely from the works of" Origen. "He was the chief teacher of even the most orthodox of the Western Fathers."

By such a system as this it is evident that anyone could find whatever he pleased in any passage of the Scripture, and that the Scripture could be made to support any doctrine that was ever invented by the wildest fancy of the veriest fanatic. Even though the doctrine might be flatly contradictory to the Scripture, the Scripture could be made fully to agree with and teach the doctrine.

From this sketch of Platonism as held by Origen, the essential truth of the following passage from Mosheim will be readily seen:—

"This new species of philosophy, imprudently adopted by Origen and other Christians, did immense harm to Christianity. For it led the teachers of it to involve in philosophical obscurity many parts of our religion, which were in themselves plain and easy to be understood; and to add to the precepts of the Saviour no few things, of which not a word can be found in the Holy Scriptures. . . . It recommended to Christians various foolish and useless rites, suited only to nourish superstition, no small part of which we see religiously observed by many even to the present day. And finally it alienated the minds of many, in the following centuries, from Christianity itself, and produced a heterogeneous species

of religion, consisting of Christian and Platonic principles combined."

On the part of real Christians, those who loved the truth as it is in Christ, there was strong opposition from the first to this whole system of philosophy with its mystification and allegory.

"But the friends of philosophy and literature gradually acquired the ascendancy," says the historian just quoted. "To this issue Origen contributed very much. . . and the greater the influence of this man, which quickly spread over the whole Christian world, the more readily was his method of explaining the sacred doctrines propagated."

Political Influences at Work.

WHILE the effort was being made on the side of philosophy to unite all religions, there was at the same time a like effort on the side of politics. It was the ambition of Elagabalus (Emperor of Rome, A. D. 218-222) to blend all religions into one, of which "the sun was to be," says Milman, "the central object of adoration."

The progress of the apostasy had led the church to adopt more and more of the forms of sun worship, which at that time was universal. Already they had adopted the heathen custom of turning toward the east in worshipping. "Nor is this custom abolished even in our time," remarks Mosheim, "but still prevails in a great number of Christian churches."

The next step in addition to this was the adoption of the day of the sun as a festival day. To such an extent were the forms of sun worship practised in this apostasy, that before the close of the second century the heathen themselves charged these so-called Christians with worshipping the sun.

But the elements were not yet fully prepared for such a fusion as Elagabalus contemplated. Also the shortness of his reign prevented any decided advancement toward success.

Alexander Severus—A. D. 222 to 225—held to the same idea, and carried it into effect so far as his individual practice was concerned. Milman says in his "History of Christianity":—

"The mother of Alexander Severus, the able, perhaps crafty and rapacious, Mammaea, at least held intercourse with the Christians of Syria. She had conversed with the celebrated Origen, and listened to his exhortations, if without conversion, still not without respect. Alexander, though he had neither the religious education, the pontifical character, nor the dissolute manners of his predecessor, was a Syrian, with no hereditary attachment to the Roman form of paganism. He seems to have affected a kind of universalism: he paid decent respect to the gods of the capitol; he held in honour the Egyptian worship, and enlarged the temples of Isis and Serapis. In his own palace, with respectful indifference, he enshrined, as it were, as his household deities, the representatives of the different religious or theosophic systems which were prevalent in the Roman empire,—Orpheus, Abraham, Christ, and Apollonius of Tyana. . . . The homage of Alexander Severus may be a fair test of the general sentiment of the more intelligent heathen of his time."

His reign was also too short to accom-

plish anything beyond his own individual example. But the same tendency went rapidly forward.

On the side of philosophy and the apostasy, the progress was continuous and rapid. About the middle of this (the third) century, Origen, the Church philosopher, and Celsus, a pagan philosopher, held a protracted discussion upon the respective merits of the pagan and the Christian philosophy. And the standing of the two systems at this time is well described by Milman in the following statement:—

Heathenism, as interpreted by philosophy, almost found favour with some of the more moderate Christian apologists. . . . The Christians endeavoured to enlist the earlier philosophers in their cause; they were scarcely content with asserting that the nobler Grecian philosophy might be designed to prepare the human mind for the reception of Christianity; they were almost inclined to endow these sages with a kind of prophetic foreknowledge of its mysterious doctrines. 'I have explained,' says the Christian in Minucius Felix, 'the opinions of almost all the philosophers, whose most illustrious glory it is that they have worshipped one God, though under various names; so that one might suppose either that the Christians of the present day are philosophers, or that the philosophers of old were already Christians.' These advances on the part of Christianity were more than met by paganism.

During the next fifty years, while imperial policy varied, these elements worked steadily forward in the same general direction.

How Converts were Gained.

Of the progress of the apostasy during this time, we have a powerful illustration in the practice of Gregory Thaumaturgus, the "wonder-worker."

Gregory was a pupil and a convert of Origen's. Origen strongly urged him "to devote his acquirements in heathen science and learning to the elucidation of the Scriptures." When he left Origen's school at Alexandria, he returned to Pontus, and became Bishop of Neo Cæsarea, A. D. 240 to 270; and how fully he followed the advice of Origen is shown by the following from Mosheim:—

"When Gregory perceived that the ignorant multitude persisted in their idolatry on account of the pleasures and sensual gratifications which they enjoyed at the pagan festivals, he granted them a permission to indulge themselves in the like pleasures, in celebrating the memory of the holy martyrs, hoping that, in process of time, they would return, of their own accord, to a more virtuous and regular course of life. There is no sort of doubt that, by this permission, Gregory allowed the Christians to dance, sport, and feast at the tombs of the martyrs upon their respective festivals, and to do everything which the pagans were accustomed to in their temples during the feasts celebrated in honour of their gods."

Neo Cæsarea was one of the most important cities in Pontus. Yet so diligently did Gregory thus employ the talents committed to him by Origen, that it is related of him that whereas "there were said to be only seventeen Christians in the whole city when he entered it as bishop, there were said to be only seventeen pagans in it at the time of his death." It is manifest, however, from Gregory's practice, that those who were by him brought to the Christian name were as much pagan

as before except in the mere matter of the name.

The New Imperial Religion at last Created.

IN the time of the Emperor Diocletian, that which was known as paganism was so far different from the original paganism of Rome that Milman plainly designates it as "the new paganism." This new paganism was so little removed from the apostate form of Christianity which we have traced, as really to differ from it only in name.

Diocletian himself really contemplated the same fusion of all religions into one, with the sun as the one great universal deity, which Elagabalus had contemplated in his day; but by Galerius his adopted son, and the leading philosopher of the new paganism, he was persuaded to use all the power of the State in the effort to make paganism alone supreme. The result, however, was that Galerius was compelled to issue a public edict confessing his failure.

Then came Constantine, the best imperial representative of the new paganism, and the most devout worshipper of the sun as the supreme and universal deity, with the avowed purpose, as expressed in his own words, "first to bring the diverse judgments formed by all nations respecting the Deity to a condition, as it were, of settled uniformity." In Constantine the new paganism met its ideal; and the New Platonism—the apostate, paganised, sun-worshipping form of Christianity—met its long-wished-for instrument. In him the two streams met. In time the aspiration of Elagabalus, the hope of Ammonius Saccas and Origen, and the ambition of the perverse-minded, self-exalted bishops, were all realised and accomplished—a new, imperial, and universal religion was created. Therefore, in Milman's words,

"The reign of Constantine the Great forms one of the epochs in the history of the world. It is the era of the dissolution of the Roman empire; the commencement, or rather consolidation, of a kind of Eastern despotism, with a new capital, a new patriciate, a new constitution, a new financial system, a new, though as yet imperfect, jurisprudence, and, finally, a new religion."

The epoch thus formed was the epoch of the Papacy; and the "new religion" thus created was the PAPAL RELIGION.

A. T. JONES.

SEEING.

It takes more than eyes to see. Try it on a dark night. Worldly wisdom, unassisted by Divine illumination, can no more discern spiritual truths than eyes alone can see objects on a dark night. Your wisdom is as helpless as ignorance in spiritual things unless God helps you, my brother. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned."

It is not the sight of human wisdom you need. It is God's light to refract the object to your dilated but practically blind eyes. The light says to your eyes, "Without me ye can see nothing." P. GIDDINGS.



EYE HATH NOT SEEN.

O CITY of my God, I long for thee,
 The shadows of this earth oppress me sore.
 Oh, when shall I thy glorious beauties see,
 And pass thy portals to return no more?
 This earth is beautiful, but ah, how vain!
 Her pleasures fleeting as a passing breath;
 Her joys are false, her gladness mixed with pain,
 Her gilded pathways lead to sin and death.
 But who can tell the glories of that land
 Whose confines lie beyond these shades of night,
 Unmarred by sin's all devastating hand,
 Where God Himself shall ever be the light?
 Those mystic beauties ne'er have been revealed
 By sage or prophet through the ages long;
 To mortal eye those glories still are sealed,
 But dimly pictured by the poet's song.
 "Ear hath not heard," nor eye of man hath seen;
 The wondrous story still remains untold;
 No eye hath gazed upon those pastures green,
 No human foot hath trod those streets of gold,
 Though favoured seer in ages long ago
 A faint portrayal of that land hath given,
 Yet finite minds can never, never know
 The grand realities and bliss of heaven.
 How shall the sweetest joys that earth can bring
 Compare with joys that man hath never known?
 How shall the sweetest songs that mortals sing
 Compare with angels' music round the throne?
 Oh, land of Beulah, blessed land of light!
 Eternal refuge of the good and blest!
 No sin, no death, no darkening shades of night,
 All joy and peace and everlasting rest!

L. D. A. STUTTLE.

THE HOME OF THE SAVED.

"AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." Rev. xxi. 1. The fire that consumes the wicked purifies the earth. Every trace of the curse is for ever swept away.
 One reminder alone remains: our Redeemer will ever bear the marks of His crucifixion. Upon His wounded head, upon His side, His hands and feet, are the only traces of the cruel work that sin has wrought. Says the prophet, beholding Christ in His glory, "He had bright beams coming out of His side; and there was the hiding of His power." Hab. iii. 4, margin. That pierced side whence flowed the crimson stream that reconciled man to God,—there is the Saviour's glory, there "the hiding of His power." "Mighty to save," through the sacrifice of redemption, He was

therefore strong to execute justice upon them that despised God's mercy. And the tokens of His humiliation are His highest honour; through the eternal ages the wounds of Calvary will show forth His praise, and declare His power.

The First Dominion Restored.

"O TOWER of the flock, the stronghold of the daughter of Zion, unto Thee shall it come, even the first dominion." Micah iv. 8. The time has come, to which holy men have looked with longing since the flaming sword barred the first pair from Eden,—the time for "the redemption of the purchased possession." Eph. i. 14. The earth originally given to man as his kingdom, betrayed by him into the hands of Satan, and so long held by the mighty foe, has been brought back by the great plan of redemption. All that was lost by sin has been restored. "Thus saith the Lord . . . that formed the earth and made it; He hath established it, He created it not in vain, He formed it to be inhabited." Isa. xlv. 18. God's original purpose in the creation of the earth is fulfilled as it is made the eternal abode of the redeemed. "The righteous shall inherit the land, and dwell therein for ever." Ps. xxxvii. 29.

A fear of making the future inheritance seem too material has led many to spiritualise away the very truths which lead us to look upon it as our home. Christ assured His disciples that he went to prepare mansions for them in the Father's house. Those who accept the teachings of God's Word will not be wholly ignorant concerning the heavenly abode. And yet, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him." 1 Cor. ii. 9. Human language is inadequate to describe the reward of the righteous. It will be known only to those who behold it. No finite mind can comprehend the glory of the Paradise of God.

In the Bible the inheritance of the saved is called a country. Heb. xi. 14—16. There the heavenly Shepherd leads his flock to fountains of living waters. The tree of life yields its fruit every month, and the leaves of the tree are for the service of the nations. There are everflowing streams, clear as crystal, and beside them waving trees cast their shadows

upon the paths prepared for the ransomed of the Lord. There the widespreading plains swell into hills of beauty, and the mountains of God rear their lofty summits. On those peaceful plains, beside those living streams, God's people, so long pilgrims and wanderers, shall find a home.

"My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places." "Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise." "They shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat: . . . Mine elect shall long enjoy the work of their hands." Isa. xxxii. 18; lx. 18; lxxv. 21, 22.

There, "the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose." "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." Isa. xxxv. 1; lv. 13. "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; . . . and a little child shall lead them." "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain," saith the Lord. Isa. xi. 6, 9.

Pain cannot exist in the atmosphere of heaven. There will be no more tears, no funeral trains, no badges of mourning. "There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, . . . for the former things are passed away." Rev. xxi. 4. "The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick; the people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity." Isa. xxx iii. 24.

"The City of the Great King."

THERE is the New Jerusalem, the metropolis of the glorified new earth, "a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord, and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God." Isa. lxii. 3. "Her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal." "The nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it; and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it." Rev. xxi. 11, 24. Saith the Lord, "I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in My people." Isa. lxv. 19. "The tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God." Rev. xxi. 3.

In the city of God "there shall be no night." None will need or desire repose. There will be no weariness in doing the will of God and offering praise to His name. We shall ever feel the freshness of the morning, and shall ever be far from its close. "And they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light." Rev. xxii. 5. The light of the sun will be superseded by a radiance which is not painfully dazzling, yet which immeasurably surpasses the brightness of our noontide. The glory

of God and the Lamb floods the holy city with unfading light. The redeemed walk in the sunless glory of perpetual day.

With the King in His Beauty.

"I SAW no temple therein; for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it." Rev. xxi. 22. The people of God are privileged to hold open communion with the Father and the Son. Now we "see through a glass, darkly." 1 Cor. xiii. 12. We behold the image of God reflected, as in a mirror, in the works of nature and in His dealings with men; but then we shall see Him face to face, without a dimming veil between. We shall stand in His presence, and behold the glory of His countenance.

There the redeemed shall "know, even as also they are known." The loves and sympathies which God Himself has planted in the soul shall there find truest and sweetest exercise. The pure communion with holy beings, the harmonious social life with the blessed angels and with faithful ones of all ages, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, the sacred ties that bind together "the whole family in heaven and earth" (Eph. iii. 15),—these help to constitute the happiness of the redeemed.

There, immortal minds will contemplate with never-failing delight the wonders of creative power, the mysteries of redeeming love. There is no cruel, deceiving foe to tempt to forgetfulness of God. Every faculty will be developed, every capacity increased. The acquirement of knowledge will not weary the mind or exhaust the energies. There the grandest enterprises may be carried forward, the loftiest aspirations reached, the highest ambitions realised; and still there will arise new heights to surmount, new wonders to admire, new truths to comprehend, fresh objects to call forth the powers of mind and soul and body.

At the Fount of Knowledge.

ALL the treasures of the universe will be open to the study of God's redeemed. Unfettered by mortality, they wing their tireless flight to worlds afar,—worlds that thrilled with sorrow at the spectacle of human woe, and rang with songs of gladness at the tidings of a ransomed soul. With unutterable delight the children of earth enter into the joy and wisdom of un-fallen beings. They share the treasures of knowledge and understanding gained through ages upon ages in contemplation of God's handiwork. With undimmed vision they gaze upon the glory of creation,—suns and stars and systems all in their appointed order circling the throne of Deity. Upon all things, from the least to the greatest, the Creator's name is written, and in all are the riches of His power displayed.

And the years of eternity, as they roll, will bring richer and still more glorious revelations of God and of Christ. As knowledge is progressive, so will love, reverence, and happiness increase. The more

men learn of God, the greater will be their admiration of His character. As Jesus opens before them the riches of redemption, and amazing achievements in the great controversy with Satan, the hearts of the ransomed thrill with more fervent devotion, and with more rapturous joy they sweep the harps of gold; and ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands of voices unite to swell the mighty chorus of praise.

"And every creature which is in heaven, and on the earth, and under the earth, and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them, heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." Rev. v. 13.

The great controversy is ended. Sin and sinners are no more. The entire universe is clean. One pulse of harmony and gladness beats through the vast creation. From Him who created all, flow life and light and gladness, throughout the realms of illimitable space. From the minutest atom to the greatest world, all things, animate and inanimate, in their unshadowed beauty and perfect joy, declare that God is Love.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

A LITTLE child with loving thought
Plucks from the bush a rose,
And on its toddling eager feet
Straight to its mother goes.
'Tis not the value of the rose,
But 'tis the loving thought,
Makes precious to that mother's heart
The gift so gladly brought.
So Christ above, in dearest love,
Accepts the gifts we bring;
And through His Merits He presents
Our offering to the King.

—N. O. Lincoln.

THE RIGHTS OF CONSCIENCE.

THE Union of Church and State would never have been thought of on the part of the Church if it had not first lost the power of God. But finding itself destitute of that because of her departure from the Gospel, which is "the power of God," she began to form unholy alliance with the world and to seek for political power. The Romish Church has set the world an example in this, but Protestantism has not been free from the same fatal mistake. Protestantism was a protest against this principle, but very early the power of the Reformation was weakened by compromise. We have not to look far to find examples of this. An excellent work, "The Two Republics," which traces the dreadful story of Church and State union from the days of the Roman Republic down, remarks the inconsistency of the Puritan colonists of America who fled to the New World to escape Episcopacy in power only in turn to harry those who dissented from Puritanism in power.

In all the American colonies, except that of Rhode Island, founded by Roger Williams, the clergy were ready to make use of civil power to silence those who did not re-

cognise their authority. In Georgia, for example, where Episcopalianism was in power, John Wesley was cited before the Courts for ecclesiastical offences. The grand jury thus framed the grave indictment:—

"That John Wesley, clerk, has broken the laws of the realm, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord the king, his crown and dignity.

'1. By speaking and writing to Mrs. Williamson against her husband's consent.

'2. By repelling her from the holy communion.

'3. By not declaring his adherence to the Church of England.

'4. By dividing the morning service on Sundays.

'5. By refusing to baptize Mr. Parker's child otherwise than by dipping, except the parents would certify it was weak, and not able to bear it.

'6. By repelling Wm. Gough from the holy communion.

'7. By refusing to read the burial service over the body of Nathaniel Polhill.

'8. By calling himself ordinary of Savannah.

'9. By refusing to receive Wm. Agliorly as a godfather, only because he was not a communicant.

'10. By refusing Jacob Matthews for the same reason, and baptizing an Indian trader's child with only two sponsors.

"The prosecution was made to drag along with Wesley neither convicted nor acquitted, but held, as he described it, as a sort of 'prisoner at large,' until, willing to bear it no longer, he determined to go back to England. That he should leave Georgia and go somewhere was just what the Georgians wanted, and although a pretence of opposing his going was made, they were glad when he left."

The author concludes his survey of this chapter in these words, which need to be taken to heart by those who still are ready to run to the Civil Authorities for help in advancing the cause of religion:—

"From this review of Protestantism, it plainly appears that after Martin Luther, until the rise of Roger Williams, not a single Reformer preached in sincerity the principles of Christianity and of Protestantism as to the rights of conscience, and that in not a single place, except the colony of Rhode Island, was there even recognized, much less exemplified, the Christian and Protestant principle of the separation of Church and State, of the religious and civil powers.

"Throughout this whole period we find that in all the discussions, and all the work, of the professed champions of the rights of conscience there everywhere appears the fatal defect that it was *their* own rights of conscience that they either asserted or defended. In other words, their argument simply amounted to this: It is our inalienable right to believe and worship as we choose. It is likewise our inalienable right to compel everybody else to believe and worship as we choose.

"But this is no assertion at all of the rights of conscience. The true principle and assertion of the rights of conscience is not our assertion of our right to believe and worship as we choose. This always leaves the way open for the additional assertion of *our* right to compel others to believe and worship as we choose, should occasion seem to demand; and there are a multitude of circumstances that are ever ready strongly to urge that occasion does demand.

"The true principle and the right assertion of the rights of conscience is our assertion of *every other man's* right to believe and worship as he chooses, or not to worship at all if he chooses. This at once sweeps away every excuse and every argument that might be offered for the restriction or the invasion of the rights of conscience by any person or any power.

"This is the Christian doctrine. This is the Roger Williams' doctrine. This is the genuine Protestant doctrine, for it is the logical consequence of either of the two great distinguishing principles

of the Reformation, as well of justification by faith alone as of the equality of all believers.

"In the promulgation of the principles of Protestantism, and in the work of the Reformation, the names of Martin Luther and Roger Williams can never rightly be separated. Williams completed what Luther began; and together they gave anew to the world, and for all time, the principles originally announced by Him who was the Author and Finisher of the faith of both—JESUS CHRIST, THE AUTHOR OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY."

Unchristian and therefore mischievous are all efforts of any church or class of religionists to enforce under pains and penalties, or to cause the State to enforce by legal enactments any of the doctrines of the Christian religion or of any other religion, because all men possess the right to worship or not to worship just as they deem best. Each man is accountable not to the State nor to any other man for what he believes or does not believe, but to God alone. The only power which legitimately belongs to the Church of Jesus Christ is the "power from on high" which He has given for the benefit of all who will receive it.

D. A. R.

MAJORITIES AGAINST THE TRUTH.

THERE are those who magnify the numbers that give countenance to their cause, forgetting that in both morals and religion the word of God is the only rule and guide, and not the sentiments of any number of fallible men. In other words, they assert that truth must lie with the majority. But is this an infallible method of determining truth and right? How was it when Israel worshipped the golden calf? or in the days of Ahab, when from among the millions of Israel only *seven thousand* were found who had not bowed the knee to Baal? or when Elijah stood, single and alone, to meet the four hundred and fifty prophets of Baal? Who were right, and who received the approval of Heaven!

How was it upon that dark and tragic day when Jerusalem and its environments rang with the maddened cry, "Away with Him, crucify Him, crucify Him"? Who were right during the Dark Ages, the multitudes that followed "the man of sin" and worshipped the virgin, or that little band of Christians who in the valleys of the Alps kept alive the sparks of true religion that ultimately kindled into the blaze of the Reformation? Who stand upon the safest ground at the present time, the *few hundred thousand* who profess the true religion, or the *countless multitudes* who are virtually unbelievers?

No, the race is not always to the swift, the battle to the strong, nor truth with the multitude; and when assailed with such logic let us not be intimidated or discouraged, but rather let us remember the babe in the ark of bulrushes, the stripling of Bethlehem before the giant of Gath, the little band of Gideon, and the eleven fishermen of Galilee. Let us not forget these illustrious examples of Divine strength made perfect in human weakness, of the

power of minorities when God is on their side, and the Saviour's precious words of promise: "Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—*Rev. John T. Chalmers.*



THE COMING OF THE LORD.

A CRY rang throughout Judea
Like Sinai's trump of old;
It shook the rocks of old, grey Carmel
And the temple's gates of gold.
Jordan heard it, and the cedars
Of Lebanon bowed at the word,
For it was as a storm, "Make ready
For the coming of the Lord."

The vale of ancient Hebron heard it,
And Machpelah's dust was stirred,
See redemption's plan unfolding
In the shining of His word.
Priest and Levite paused to hear it,
While the victim's blood was poured.
Perish now the type; make ready
For the coming of the Lord.

Put down pride and all oppression;
Perish craft and hate and wrong;
For He comes, the Prince of Judah,
The Deliverer promised long.
'Twas the voice of the desert prophet—
Scorning prison chain and sword,
Speaking yet to us, "Make ready
For the coming of the Lord."

Put down pride and all injustice;
Give the toiler his reward.
Think no evil, and make ready,
For the coming of the Lord.
Let thy barns be widows' houses;
Let the oil and wine be poured;
Feed the hungry and make ready
For the coming of the Lord.

O our Father, O our Father,
Give us tender hearts to feel,
For already on the highway
Hear we now Thy chariot wheel!
Give to Him thy life, thy service,
E'er forgetful of reward.
Faithful work will ever hasten
The blest coming of the Lord.

MARIE D. THORNE.

THE LOST LAMB.

DR. BAEDERER, who has made a journey to Eastern Siberia from the Transcaucasus, was ascending on one occasion a mountain side near Shemaka, at night. In the grey dawn his party was hailed by an Armenian shepherd, who was followed by his flock, and who bore a weakly lamb in his arms. Presently, the man stood still, and bent in an attitude of anxious listening for some time, then gently laid the lamb on the ground, and, calling his dog, committed the flock to its keeping, while he started off alone into the rocky solitude. Dr. Baedeker and his guides waited to see the result; and, in about an hour, the shepherd's figure stood out in the sunrise on the heights above, and with it that of the lost sheep he had gone into the wilderness

to seek. What poem on earth could be more touching or more beautiful than this scene, older than history, yet new every morning.—*Selected.*

WHAT ARE YOU SEEKING?

MULTITUDES are engaged in a mad rush after worldly wealth, position, and glory. At the expense of many, one occasionally grasps the glittering prize, and becomes the envy of thousands. But the successful one sadly discovers that the possession of wealth and position does not insure happiness and contentment, and many an occupant of stately hall envies the condition of the lowly cottager; many an honoured one longs for solitude, many a monarch for rest. Another multitude, small, very small comparatively, have also sought for riches, and none have sought in vain. Unlike the possessor of worldly treasure, they have obtained their heart's desires without causing poverty and sorrow on the part of any. Unlike the mocking worldly search, all have found the sought-for treasure, and none have been disappointed with its value, for they would not exchange it for all the accumulated riches of earth. Its possession insures happiness, contentment, peace, and joy unspeakable.

Reader, through God's bounty and love, thousands who have sought Him have become richer than the kings of earth, and still His treasure-house remains full. In our Master's name we invite you to share the blessings of his family. If you will hear the Saviour's voice and accept Him as your Counsellor and Friend, He promises that you will be:—

Rich.—"Wealth and riches shall be in his house." Ps. cxii. 3.

Of royal family.—"Of the household of God." Eph. ii. 19. "Sons of God." 1 John iii. 1. "Heir of God." Gal. iv. 7.

Well spoken of.—"Be called great in the kingdom of heaven." Matt. v. 19.

Well fed.—"Verily thou shalt be fed." Ps. xxxvii. 3.

Well clothed.—"If God so clothe the grass of the field, . . . shall He not much more clothe you?" Matt. vi. 30.

Wise.—"For God giveth to a man that is good in His sight, wisdom, and knowledge." Eccl. ii. 26.

Contented.—"My people shall be satisfied with My goodness, saith the Lord." Jer. xxxi. 14.

Happy.—"Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord." Ps. cxliv. 15.

Joyful.—"Ye rejoice with joy unspeakable" 1 Peter i. 8.

Healthy.—"Thine health shall spring forth speedily." Isa. lviii. 8.

Have long life.—"With long life will I satisfy him." Ps. xci. 16.

Live eternally.—"He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life." John iii. 36.

Thousands can testify that He who has promised is faithful to fulfil. Come, dear reader, respond to His invitation and find

treasure that the world cannot give. Seek not for that which fades and dies, but make haste to secure the blessing of God, which maketh rich, and to which no sorrow is added.

W. H. B. MILLER.

FOUND AT LAST.

AN old man confessing how slow and poor a learner he had been, said:—

"God stripped me of earthly good that I might seek for true riches. Yes," he continued meditatively, "when my wife was taken I was passionate and headstrong, and would not listen to the warning, 'Be ye also ready.' Then my property went; but I was yet worldly-minded, and thought to retrieve my broken fortunes. Children passed away, and still I clung to the things of earth. Lastly, strength was gone, and I was placed here, in an almshouse, friendless and alone; yet not alone," he added, with a brightening smile, "for I have found my Saviour."

UNHARMED BY A SERPENT.

DAVID BRAINERD was a missionary to the American Indians in colonial days, when many of them were hostile to the European settlers who had crowded them from their lands. But he trusted God, and God restrained savage hearts and gave His servant a door of entrance into many tribes. The influence of this Divine protection in one case where he was saved from a serpent's bite is thus told by a recent writer:—

"Near the middle of the last century David Brainerd left his mission among the Indians at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, and travelled southward to the 'forks of the Delaware.' He had heard of a savage tribe in the heart of the New Jersey forests, and yearned to bring them under Christian influences.

"With his pocket-Bible, his tent-cloth and a few simple utensils for preparing his food strapped in a bundle on his back, he pushed on through the wilderness till he found himself in the neighbourhood of the Indian village. He was tired, and mounting his little shelter-tent on sticks, he camped under the trees to rest and to fortify himself for the new undertaking that lay before him. What peril was near him from savage hands he could not know, and like his Master in 'a solitary place apart,' he talked with Heaven until he felt refreshed and strong.

"When he finally reached the wigwams, he was an astonished man. His faith and hope had made him bold, but he little expected when he faced the enemies of his race that a 'whole village' would come out to meet him as if he had been a long-looked-for friend. Led by their chief, the Indians welcomed him as their guest, and seemed almost to reverence him as a prophet. He stayed among them and preached, winning the hearts and the faith of the untutored natives, until he gathered a church of between seventy and eighty Christian Indians.

"Brainerd never knew, until they told him, the secret of his welcome. The savages had discovered the white stranger in the woods, and a party of them had waited to steal upon him and kill him as soon as he entered his tent. Peering between the folds of the canvas, they saw him on his knees, praying.

"Ignorant wonder held them back, and their wonder turned to awe when they saw a rattlesnake crawl over the stranger's feet and pause beside him, with its head raised as if to strike; but it only gazed at him a moment, flickered its red tongue, and glided out of the tent on the opposite side. The Indians hurried back and reported that the white man was under the protection of the Great Spirit."

Bible-Reading.

EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE MILLENNIUM.

1. THE Lord comes, raises the righteous dead, changes the righteous living, and both classes are caught up to meet the Lord in the air.

"For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first; then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we ever be with the Lord." 1 Thess. iv. 16, 17.

2. Jesus comes to fulfil the following promise:—

"In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also." John xiv. 2, 3.

3. The glory of His coming destroys the wicked.

"The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels, in flaming fire; taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ." 2 Thess. i. 7, 8.

4. The earth is reduced to a chaotic condition.

"I beheld the earth, and, lo, it was without form and void; and the heavens, and they had no light." Jer. iv. 23.

5. It is desolate of inhabitants.

"I will cut off man from off the land, saith the Lord." Zeph. i. 3.

"I beheld, and, lo, there was no man, and all the birds of the heavens were fled. I beheld, and, lo, the fruitful place was a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and by His fierce anger." See Jer. iv. 23-26.

"Then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the Spirit of His mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of His coming." 2 Thess. ii. 8.

6. The saints during the thousand years shall reign in judgment with Christ in heaven.

"And they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years." Rev. xx. 4.

"Do ye not know that the saints shall judge

the world? . . . Know ye not that we shall judge angels?" 1 Cor. vi. 2, 3.

7. During the thousand years (the millennium), Satan is bound, as there are none living on earth upon whom he can practise his deceptions.

"And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years, and cast him into the bottomless pit." Rev. xx. 2, 3.

8. The wicked do not live again till the end of the thousand years.

"The rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished." Rev. xx. 5.

9. At the end of the thousand years, when the wicked are raised (giving Satan opportunity to deceive and thus losing him) and the holy city comes down from heaven, will be fulfilled what is written in Rev. xx. 7-15.

G. W. ROGERS.

THERE'S THE LORD'S ANSWER.

MANY years ago, when in my country charge, says a Scotch minister, I returned one afternoon from a funeral, fatigued with the day's work. After a long ride, I had accompanied the mourners to the churchyard. As I neared my stable door I felt a strange prompting to visit a poor widow, who, with her invalid daughter, lived in a lonely cottage in an outlying part of the parish. My natural reluctance to make another visit was overcome by a feeling which I could not resist, and I turned my horse's head toward the cottage. I was thinking only of the poor widow's spiritual needs; but when I reached her little house I was struck with its look of unwonted bareness and poverty. After putting a little money into her hand, I began to enquire into their circumstances, and found that their supplies had been exhausted since the night before. I asked them what they had done. "I just spread it out before the Lord!" "Did you tell your case to any friend?" "Oh, no, sir; naebody kens but Himsel' and me! I kent He would not forget, but I didna ken hoo He wad help me till I saw you come riding over the brae, and then I said, 'There's the Lord's answer!'" Many a time has the recollection of this incident encouraged me to trust in the loving care of my Heavenly Father.

EXPLICIT DIRECTIONS.

A CERTAIN lord bishop was once going from Bedford to London, says an exchange. The train having to stay a few minutes after time, the following conversation ensued between two porters:—

"I say, Bill, the bishop is in one of these carriages."

"Oh, is he?" responded the other. "Well, I could give him a nut to crack with all his religion."

The bishop, hearing this, put his head out of the carriage window and said, "I am the bishop. Now, what nut do you want cracked?" The porter looked amazed, but drawing himself together, said,

"Well, sir, which is the nearest way to heaven?"

The bishop replied, "Turn to the right and keep straight on."



THE ORCHESTRA.

Upon the mountain's morning side
The players, all in feathered coats,
On treetops swing, in thickets hide,
And sound preliminary notes.

The violinists here and there
Tune up their many strings unseen;
Long sloping tones are in the air,
With pizzicato bits between.

Hark, 'tis a flute's roulade so near
That revels gay and unafraid!
And there! the clarinet rings clear
Its mellow trill from yonder glade.

The gentle tappings of a drum
Sound where the beeches thinner grow;
Nearer a humorist is come
Upon his droll bassoon to blow.

Then down a sylvan aisle I gaze,
And to my musing sense it seems
A leader mounts a stump, and sways
His baton like a man of dreams.

And here behold a marvel wrought!
For marshalled in a concord sweet
The blending fragments are all brought
To tune and harmony complete.

Is it a masterpiece that men
Have heard before—and found it good?
Is this the Rheinland o'er again?
Am I with Siegfried in the wood?

Nay—for this priceless hour, 'tis mine
To share with Nature's audience
A symphony too rare and fine
For skill of human instruments.

Leader, what music hast thou stirred!
Players, still heed him every one!
And God be thanked for every bird
That sings beneath the summer sun.

—M. A. Howe.

NOT ALONE FOR US.

THE forest is old, centuries old; but each spring decks it anew in the fresh garment of eternal youth. Does the pine-tree's ancestry outdate the birds?—I do not know. But for ages back, hermit and hermitage must each have joyed in the possession of the other. We mortals are prone to think that earth, with all that it contains, was made for us. The birds know better. That exquisite warbler who wears the forest colours on his back, and from his "sweet divided throat" sings "Trees, trees, murmuring trees!" but extolls his counterpart, and knows that when God thought a bird, His thought nestled in a tree bough. The meadows too, with their springing gladness of buttercup and clover, were they not pre-empted by the lark to serve his finer uses, long before man invented the scythe? The field sparrow claims his sheltering

bush in that trill of absolute ownership and content therewith. And the thrush—he is the Chrysostom of the wood by virtue of his golden mouth; and hard the heart that would not melt under his eloquence.—*Selected.*

WHEN THE BUSY BEE TAKES TO DRINK.

THE late Dr. Richardson said that the appetite of animals could be cultivated to demand alcoholic drinks as well as that of man, and the following paragraph shows that the busy bee can also lose his character for business industry and orderliness by taking to the cup. There is so good a temperance lesson in it that it may be we should print it on our health and temperance page instead of here:—

"Dr. Bulhoer has published an interesting report upon the experiments which he has recently carried out for the purpose of ascertaining the effects of alcohol upon working bees. By placing them on a regimen of alcoholised honey the most astonishing effects were produced. He discovered unmistakable signs that they revolted against their queen, and gave themselves entirely over to idleness and to habits of pillaging and pilfering, until they were cast out by their fellows."

BRAIN POWER IN PLANTS.

WHAT the botanists have discussed as the problem of brain power in plants is very simple when it is understood that God is "the fountain of life," and that his life is manifested in "the grass of the field" even as in animal life. It is all the one life, manifested in different forms, sometimes in plant life perverted even as in the animal world; for all the earth shares the curse with man. Having one life, it is not a great mystery that plants should possess many characteristics closely allied to the life of the animal creation.

The *Review of Reviews* gives the following summary of a recent paper on this subject:—

"Mr Arthur Smith contributes to *Gentleman's* for August a very suggestive paper on 'The Brain-power of Plants.' For such power he argues that they have. One of his first points is that plants sleep and need sleep. But sleep is the rest not of the merely physical, but of the nervous organism. And if plants are not allowed to sleep, they suffer from the symptoms of insomnia:

"Electric light has been used to stimulate the growth of plants, and, coupled with other means of forcing, a continual period of growth secured, thereby obtaining earlier maturity than would have been the case under ordinary circumstances. In most cases plants treated in this way were prevented from sleeping, the result in the case of perennials being to greatly weaken their constitution, the following year's growth being poor and scanty, and in some cases they were scarcely alive.

"Carnivorous plants possess the faculty of digestion:—

"The animal digestion can only be carried on by the brain-force acting by means of a nerve

upon the gastric glands. We may therefore concede that it is the action of the same power in the plant that produces the same effect. The motor is absent but the motion is there.

"Plants low in the scale of organisation are subject to the influence of anæsthetics:—

"Then there are the unicellular plants, the desmids and diatoms, which dart about hither and thither in the water. It is noteworthy that all these movements can be arrested by the application of chloroform or a weak solution of opium or other soporific.

"What but brain-power, asks the writer, guides the shoot of the germinating seed upwards and the root downwards?

"This cannot be caused by gravitation, although Darwin once thought so, as the force of gravity would have the same effect on the shoot as on the root. There can only be one reason, and that is the existence of a directing force or brain-power. There is no structure in plants more wonderful than the tip of the root. The course pursued by the root in penetrating the ground is determined by the tip. Darwin wrote: 'It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the tip of the radicle, endowed as it is with such diverse kinds of sensitiveness, acts like the brain of animals.'

"These are some of the arguments which the writer thus sums up:—

"It is unnecessary to adduce further illustrations in proof of the fact that brain-power can, and does, exist apart from a visible brain. When we see the irritability of the sensitive plant, transmitted from one part to another, exhausted by repeated artificial excitant, and renewed after a period of repose, it is difficult to dissociate it from animality. Still less can we witness certain organs taking determinate positions and directions, surmounting intervening obstacles, moving spontaneously, or study the manner in which they are affected by stimulants, narcotics, and poisons, and yet declare these phenomena to be caused by a different power which produces similar actions and effects in animals."

THE BIRD KNEW WHAT TO DO.

GOD "teacheth us more than the beasts of the earth, and maketh us wiser than the fowls of heaven," said Elihu. Job xxv. 11. But God is the teacher of all, and so there is no need to discuss about the source of instinct in animals. A striking story of bird knowledge is told by a Brazilian traveller.

While passing through a forest one day he was attracted by the rapidly-uttered cries of alarm of a bird, and, wishing to learn the cause, he made his way to the tree whence he thought the sound proceeded, and on looking up saw that a serpent was slowly winding itself up toward a nest of unfledged little ones. While watching its movements the male bird arrived, who, circling twice or thrice over the top of the tree, swiftly darted away further into the forest, and in a few seconds returned with a large leaf in its little mouth, which it instantly placed over the nest, and then flew up higher. Meantime the serpent wound itself slowly up the tree and reached the nest, but on putting its head over the side started quickly back, descended the tree, and was lost in the underwood. The traveller, being deeply interested in the singular incident, afterwards learned from some of the natives that the leaf of a certain tree is a deadly poison to the serpent.



MY BOOK.

God gave me a book, a little child,
 With pages fair, heart undefiled,
 Each day I write one tiny page,
 Then turn it down: some other age
 Shall read what I have written there,
 For soon those leaves so clean and fair
 Must be unfolded. Men will look
 To see what fruit the little book
 Will bear; then shall they know
 To name the seeds I daily sow.
 Then shall they know to read aright,
 The pages which each day I write.

Each morning, when the rising sun
 From the bright east her course doth run,
 The little book to me is given,
 While holy watchers, sent from heaven,
 With faithful watch observe with care
 Just how I fill the page so fair.
 O God, I ask that hand Divine
 May guide my own, to keep each line
 All pure and free from stain and blot.
 This thing I ask; forbid it not,
 And may, O Lord, each closing eve,
 Each page thy seal of love receive.

HARRY ARMSTRONG.

MOTHER FAIRCHILD'S TEA-PARTY.

A NEW-ENGLAND STORY.

WHEN Mrs. Sylvester Chadwick built a cottage at Palfrey and determined to spend her summers there, she had no intention of establishing herself in isolated grandeur. A very splendid-looking woman she was. With her three daughters about her, she inevitably suggested the old comparison of a full-blown damask rose encircled by buds.

Palfrey, though a plain, uncultured community, in which pride and independence luxuriated unchecked, fell promptly under her spell, and forgot to eye with suspicion the lady who liked to accept friendly services as well as she did to render them.

While the house-building was in progress she was frequently on the ground, and became acquainted with most of the men in the neighbourhood, all of the children, and a good part of the wives.

In course of time the house was finished, and the Chadwicks moved in. It was then thrown open for three successive afternoons, and an informal invitation extended to every one. The bolder spirits—chiefly well-seasoned matrons—ventured first. These having spread a reassuring report, the hard-working men-folks and sharp-faced spinsters followed their lead, while

half-bold, half-bashful youths, and maidens undergoing a kind of blissful embarrassment, formed the main part of the company on the third day.

Mrs. Chadwick's house was a revelation in itself. Each of the three daughters entertained the guests in her own way, with the most delightful readiness and good humour, played with the children, laughed off accidents, and when the visitors were gone, though the tongues buzzed merrily, not a word was said that reflected unkindly on eccentricities of costume or infringements of etiquette. Every one of these young ladies had inherited something of the mother's rooted graces of character.

"Oh dear! oh dear! how dreadful it is to be poor!" cried Mary Fairchild, on coming home fresh from the splendours of Amity lodge, as the new house was called.

"I don't see anything so dreadful," remarked her brother Dick, philosophically.

"You'd change your mind, I think, if you could see their piano, and splendid books, and the walls just covered with pictures, and the girls with real tortoise-shell brushes—oh dear! —"

"Their hair is no prettier than yours, if they do brush it with turtle-shells," said Dick, soothingly.

"Nonsense!" replied his sister, with an impatient shake of her locks. "You ought to have seen their brother, looking as if he'd come straight out of a bandbox."

"I have seen him lots of times, and he's an uncommon good chap," responded Dick, the imperturbable, beginning to whistle.

Mary Fairchild was not really poor, except by comparison. She lived in a comfortable, though very old-fashioned, house, her father being a dairy farmer whose name appeared in big letters on the village milk-wagon. He himself frequently appeared on the front seat, which began to be a trial to Mary. Mrs. Fairchild was an admirable, judicious woman, with a gift for quietly achieving her ends when you were least expecting it, and the young people, who were both pupils in the high school, enjoyed a wholesome active life with a fair share of "advantages."

Of course the Chadwicks were not dependent upon Palfrey for their society; they entertained a succession of what Juliet, the youngest of the girls, called "long-haired artists, and long-tongued lawyers, and their long-suffering wives;" but they maintained their cordial attitude toward the country-people, and Mary soon became a favorite with them.

But though from time to time one and another of the Chadwicks dropped in at the farmhouse, they never penetrated beyond the somewhat chilly front parlour.

Mary, I fear, was a little bit of a snob about her own way of life. People with three servants couldn't understand what it was to have grandma picking chickens in the back hall, and mother hurrying to get the bread kneaded up, and Dick, in a dreadful old jacket, doing—one didn't know what. But toward the end of the

season she resolved, and announced to her family with due solemnity, that the Chadwicks must all be invited to tea.

"Why, of course, have them here whenever you like," said her father, with a man's fatuous disregard of details. They were all gathered in the sitting-room after evening prayers.

"It isn't so simple and easy as you seem to think," returned Mary, who was anxious that the home circle should be impressed with the full seriousness of the undertaking before she began. "They have everything and I do want them to think that we live like civilized beings, at least. I have the supper pretty well planned in my mind, and we can get Katie Foley to come over and wait on table. I've been to the Chadwicks' so many times that I know just what it's proper to have, and how to serve the courses and all that, and I can do the cooking as well as any one. Of course we shall have to have the table in here—"

"In here? Humbug!" interrupted Dick. "Why not have tea in the kitchen, as usual? It's the pleasantest room in the house. I say what's good enough for us—"

"Oh, of course—you'd ask Mrs. Chadwick to eat bread and cold sausage standing up in the pantry, I dare say," retorted Mary, whose temper was not proof against opposition; "however, as this is my party, not yours—"

"And the lounge, and the sewing-machine, and grandma's work-table, and my desk will all have to be lugged out into the shed, I suppose, and the big table squeezed in?" pursued Dick.

"Exactly; now do be quiet. I shall take them up to my room when they come," she went on to her mother, giving Dick a decided cold shoulder. "It looks so nice since I stained the floor and fixed up a dressing-table. Then they can amuse themselves a little while in the parlour while we get tea dished up.

"I'll amuse 'em, never you fear," put in grandma, who was a remarkable old lady and a great conversationalist.

"Goodness, grandma!" began Mary; she caught her father's eye and went on in a modified tone. "Of course I mean you to come in, and hope you'll enjoy yourself, but please don't go off into one of your endless stories about people and things that they don't know anything about. Remember they're strangers here, and not absorbingly interested in the Hawkeses and the Billingses. Now about the invitations, mother. I thought I'd have written ones, in the third person: 'Mrs. Fairchild presents her compliments—'"

Mrs. Fairchild, who had been listening quietly, pushed up her spectacles at this suggestion.

"That'd be silly," she said, with the serene lack of emphasis which made her speeches very effective. "You must recollect, child, that all the trouble you take won't make it anything out of the common to them. It's proper enough, though, that it should come from me, and I'll stop in there in season to ask them down."

"Oh, very well, mother," replied Mary, a little taken aback by this unexpected conversance with the proprieties. "I shall have to fix up my blue dress to wear, I suppose," she continued.

"That purple striped thing of yours is ever so much more becoming," commented Dick, with brotherly frankness.

"Well, I only hope you'll look decent, and try to show some manners, if you can," said his sister, reprovingly.

"I sha'n't, for I sha'n't be at your old tea-party. I'm going eeling that night with Jim Perry," returned Dick, who had taken a rapid resolution.

"Just as you please. Their brother is off on a bicycle trip, and I dare say we can get on without you," answered Mary, in a tone of relief.

The following Thursday was the appointed day, and Mrs. Fairchild, who called on Monday, reported that the ladies "would come with pleasure."

"Seems to me it's all foolishness, her turning things upside down, and wanting me to wear my Sunday clothes," grumbled Mr. Fairchild in private, but Mrs. Fairchild only replied, "Don't you worry, now, William; all that young folks need is a little regulating."

On Wednesday father went to mill for a load of grist, while mother placidly did her usual baking and "cleaning up," leaving, as Mary gratefully observed, an immaculate field for to-morrow's operations.

At four o'clock that young lady put on the striped percale and sat down to sew. Half an hour later, happening to glance up, she saw four well-known figures, in dainty attire, approaching the gate. She turned white and then red, and rushed to the kitchen, where mother stood by the window sponging a coat.

"Mother, mother!" she cried. "The Chadwicks have mistaken the day, and here they all are, and no tea or anything! What on earth shall I do?"

"Where are they?" asked Mrs. Fairchild, quickly.

"Just coming in. Oh, what shall we do?"

"Why, make the best of it, of course; you can't send 'em away again. Take 'em into my room to lay off their hats—yours is all cluttered up with dressmaking, I expect. There! They're knocking, so run right along."

"But what about tea?" implored Mary, distractedly.

"I'll see to that. Run along, child; I never saw you look better."

Mary felt her cheeks burn more warmly at this unusual speech. She hurried to the door, and greeted her guests with as much grace and naturalness as she could summon.

"I hope we didn't come too early," observed Olivia, calmly, as they were ushered into her mother's room. No tortoise shell, brass work, or triplicate mirrors there, but so many little records and indications of character that Mrs. Fairchild's life as well as her ancestry might have been read in its sober appointments by any one

versed in such writing.

The girls merely glanced with veiled interest at the old-fashioned furniture, but Mrs. Chadwick ventured to say with an unusual brightness in her eyes, "My dear, how this takes me back to my own mother's room, with the little Bible and overfilled work-basket always on the same stand at the head of her bed!"

On reaching the parlour, Mary was somewhat surprised to find grandma ensconced there, company knitting in hand. She remained discreetly quiet, however, and conversation was eddying amiably about the public school system, when a meteoric figure shot across the front lawn, and an excited but jovial boy's voice shouted:

"Mary! Mary! Come quick! The pig has got out!"

"Oh, do let's go and help, and see the fun anyway," cried Juliet, starting up, while an irrepressible smile went round. Poor Mary could do no less than comply, fervently wishing meanwhile that the pig and all his kin were in the depths of the sea.

Back and forth went the quarry, with Dick in hot pursuit, dashing through flower-beds, squeezing under fences, and scattering poultry and cabbages in his mad career, while Mary flourished a stick, and Juliet waved her handkerchief, and cheered on the competitors equally with her smiles. After some ten minutes of this inspiring race, piggy was finally captured on the barn floor amid prodigious squealings, and the girls retired from the scene leaving Dick, spent with exertion and laughter, perched on the meal-barrel, and mopping his brow.

"Oh, what a lark! I wouldn't have missed it for anything!" declared Juliet, nodding gaily to Mr. Fairchild, who at that moment drove into the yard with his load. "I do think a farm is the most delightful place in the world."

"Especially the menagerie," said Mary, relaxing in spite of herself.

As they went up the steps they heard grandma holding forth, and found that dear old lady launched upon the tale of Andrew Hawke's school-keeping experience. Her glasses were far down on her nose, and she was using her knitting-needle, from which the stitches had half run off, to emphasize the dark points in Sammy Hawke's character. Mrs. Chadwick was throwing in a word now and then, and the others listening with an interest which, if not real, was certainly well-feigned.

Mary, who had heard the story before, wondered if it would ever end, and apprehensive regarding supper, she went into the kitchen. Her mother passed her on her way to the parlour, and after a three minutes' chat—"as if nothing at all was the matter"—begged the guests, with reassuring cheerfulness, to step out to tea.

There was one dreadful moment when they passed on unmistakably into the kitchen, but really the room did not look so very bad, with its broad, western windows, and spotless table set out with grandma's

china, and plates of biscuit and rye bread, pitchers of milk, cottage cheese, baked apples, peaches, cold chicken, honey, and "snaps" in homely profusion. Alas for the salad and the pineapple ice—for Katie Foley and her waitress's cap!

Father asked a long blessing. He had on his second-best coat, and looked absent-mindedly benevolent. Dick sat by Juliet, and talked and joked, unburdened by ceremony. Alice begged permission to sketch the fireplace, and photograph the pump, while Olivia invited suggestions for a harvest festival.

"I do hope you'll invite us again," observed Juliet, like any spoiled child, as she tucked a loaf of brown bread under her arm preparatory to saying good-bye; "the people about here are very pleasant, but their ideas of entertaining are so—so—exclusive!"

Mary darted her mother a side glance, but she was beaming impartially upon her guests.

"Mrs. Fairchild and I have lived long enough to learn that true hospitality lies in letting people share our every-day lives; but like other best things, it's the rarest and I'm afraid the most difficult"—and Mrs. Chadwick shook hands with that simple warmth to which her fine presence lent a peculiar charm.

"Well, I don't see but things were very well enjoyed," said Mr. Fairchild, mildly, as he loosened his boots that night, "but 'twas odd their making that mistake about the day, now wasn't it, mother?"

"You can't see through a stone wall any further than other folks, can you, William?" replied his wife, with an air of quiet amusement, and not another word could she be got to say on the subject.

Mary, meanwhile, was thinking that mother would repay further study.—*Dora Read Goodale, in Youth's Companion.*

CLUES TO CHARACTER.

OFTEN we shall find these clues in seeming trifles.

"How long have you been out of work?" asked a lady of a girl who came to apply for a position.

"Ten days," was the reply.

"And in that time you have not found opportunity to mend your frayed-out dress? I do not think you would suit me," the lady said.

"I was on the point of asking that lady to be my wife some twenty years ago," said one of New York's prominent lawyers, indicating a maiden lady of his acquaintance, "but she was needlessly late in keeping two appointments with me, and I didn't ask her. The woman who makes a friend wait will be liable to try her husband's patience too sorely for happiness."

"Why, you engaged that governess for your children without a recommendation," said a lady to a friend.

"Her neat, plain dress and pleasant manners were a better recommendation than any written one," the friend replied; "and

then in the hour's conversation I had with her, I weighed every word, every movement, and I am convinced that Miss Snow is a lady worthy to be intrusted with my children."

TEACHING POLITENESS.

A MOTHER noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son. From being rough, noisy, and discourteous, he had suddenly become one of the gentlest and most considerate little fellows in the world. He was attending the kindergarten, and his mother naturally inferred that the change was somehow due to his teacher's instruction.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite?" she remarked, in a note of interrogation.

"No," said the boy, "she never says a word about it."

The mother was puzzled, and all the more when further questioning brought only more emphatic denials that the teacher had ever given her pupil lessons in good breeding.

"Well, then," the mother asked, finally, "if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?"

"She doesn't do anything," persisted the boy. "She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as anything."

That was all he could tell about it, and his mother began to see through the mystery.—*Educational News.*

HEALTH HINTS

ALWAYS A LIAR AND A MOCKER.

"WHOSOEVER IS DECEIVED THEREBY IS NOT WISE."

A THICK-SET, ugly-looking fellow was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand. "You seem to be much interested in your writing," I said.

"Yes; I've been figuring my account with Old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead, I suppose?"

"Every time, and he has lied all along."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see, he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering round, and then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and become the laughing-stock of my enemies."

"He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my

health. He ruined the little I had, and left me sick as a dog."

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death."

"He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens."

"He said he would give me strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"He made me a coward; for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child."

"He said he would brighten my wits; but instead, he made me act like a fool, and talk like an idiot."

"He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he made me a tramp."—*Forward.*

BREATHING.

MUCH suffering is due to thoughtless neglect of very simple measures. How many people whose employment is sedentary—perhaps bending over a desk eight or ten hours a day, or it may be engaging in sewing or household duties—develop weak lungs, which lead to trouble and disease. And yet we so often go on hour after hour in a stooping posture, without once lifting the head, throwing back the shoulders, and breathing deep and long. It is only a little thing to do; but if such workers would but do it systematically and intelligently, it would take no time from work—in fact would enable one to do more work—and would in many cases add years to the life. Don't think about it merely, but do it. A writer on health says:—

"Breathing is an art. We ought to take in fourteen pints of air per minute. At the usual rate of breathing we do so. But if we get into a rarefied atmosphere, we take in at the usual rate of breathing less than the fourteen pints. Sedentary people can get all the advantages to health of a long walk or other exercise by simply increasing the rate of breathing during one or two hours a day, thus adding to the amount of oxygen that enters the lungs."

KING AND DOCTOR.

THE recent death of Dr. Carlo Saglione, private physician of King Humbert of Italy, is spoken of by the Roman correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* as having produced a general feeling of sorrow. He had held the same position under Victor Emmanuel; and King Humbert, although he has a special dislike for doctors, always treated him as a friend. Says the correspondent:

Doctor Saglione spoke to me on one occasion of the strong constitution of the Italian sovereign, his passion for riding, hunting, and other violent exercises. In the chase or at the manoeuvres, King Humbert is always the first on horseback, and the last to dismount, fresh and smiling,

when his companions are jaded and worn out.

Sometimes the king, from his hunting-lodge of Castel Fusano, goes to the sea, and amuses himself by shovelling sand into a cart.

"Take care, your Majesty," said Saglione one day, "not to perspire too much." "Ah! my dear signor doctor," answered the king, resting his chin on his two hands, which grasped the handle of his spade, "this muscular exercise does me much more good than your prescriptions."

"Yes, but one must abuse nothing."

"But I tell you that I feel very well, and you are afraid you see in this poor shovel a competitor." And laughing heartily, the king finished filling his cart.

SOFT FOODS.

HABITUALLY eating soft foods, even soft bread, to the exclusion of everything that is hard or crusty, is not only weakening to the digestive organs, but it leads to rapid decay of the teeth.

When they are not used in the mastication of harder foods, the teeth become covered with tartar, and sometimes loosened in their sockets, or the gums will bleed.

The use of hard bread and other substances requiring thorough mastication will do more to preserve the teeth than all other things put together.

It will also tend to keep them clean; and by insuring good digestion it will help to make the breath fresh and pure.

Those who suffer from indigestion seem instinctively to reject the softer, sloppy foods, as they are apt to make disturbance almost as soon as swallowed.—*Health Culture.*

HE COULD DO IT.

WHEN I lived in the country years ago, I remember one of our friends was a great smoker, and used to smoke morning, noon, and night; and his friends used to say it was a very bad practice, and inconvenient and expensive, and all those arguments with which we are familiar. He always used to smile one of those tranquil smiles which come from parties of that kind. That man could not give up his pipe, and declared that he could not, and that he would smoke till he died. One day there was a mouth trouble. He went to a distinguished physician, who told him that he was afraid the excessive smoking was inducing cancer. Mind, that put his pipe out. It did; he dropped it that very day.—*Rev. W. L. Watkinson.*

THE eminent Dr. Bock, of Leipsic, writes as follows respecting the influence of tea and coffee upon character:—

"The nervousness and peevishness of our times are chiefly attributable to tea and coffee; the digestive organs of confirmed tea and coffee drinkers are in a state of chronic derangement, which reacts on the brain, producing fretful and lachrymose moods."



BRAVE HANS.

He lived in fair Holland, far famed for its dykes,
The valiant young hero whose story is told
By hearthstone and cradle, in castle and hut—
The boy that saved Holland, alone in the cold,
One day it so chanced that he started on foot
A visit to pay for the night to a friend;
And all the long journey it gladdened his heart
To think of the welcome he'd find at the end.
With a song on his lips he fared on his way,
Past windmills and bridges, past village and town,
Then through the wide meadows that stretch to
the sea,
Walled in by the dyke that holds the sea down;
Till hist! hark! a horror that curdled his blood,
And brought him in fright and dismay to a
stop,
Not a boy in Holland but knew what it meant—
That sound of the water, slow falling, drip-
drop!
For, small as it seemed, should he pass on his
way,
And leave there a leakage all night to creep in,
Ere morning brought workmen the break to
repair,
On Holland's fair cities the sea would sweep in,
And swift came a vision of ruin and wreck—
Of horses and cattle all dead in the stall,
Of beautiful homes borne away by the flood,
Of mother and child lying deaf to love's call.
Aghast at the picture, and heedless of self,
He wedged in the crevice his little brown
thumb,
Then shouted for help, but the shriek of the
waves
Alone came in answer, and smote his heart
dumb.
Still waiting and watching, he saw the day wane,
With never a thought of deserting his post,
For better to die there, he said to himself,
Than to let into Holland the sea's hungry host.
The night gathered darkly, with swift-spreading
clouds;
Above the wild marshes there gleamed not a
star;
The winds howled about him like wolves after
prey,
And wild the sea bellowed beyond the low bar;
But through the long hours unflinching he stood,
Though each breath was a prayer for the com-
ing of day;
And while Holland slept, not dreaming of ill,
That brave little hand held the ocean at bay.
At morning they found him still guarding the
dyke,
All spent with the perils the young heart had
braved—
Half fainting with hunger, and chilled to the
bone—
But what mattered that since Holland was
saved?
Men gathered about him in speechless amaze,
Grew pallid with terror, then shouted and wept;
All thought of the battle he'd won for them there,
Alone in the darkness, while other boys slept.
In triumph they bore him safe back to his home—
The home he had feared he might never behold—
And all over Holland, in cottage and hall,
With tears and thanksgiving the story was told.
Three cheers long and loud for brave little Hans,
Who challenged the sea with his thumb for a
spike,

Let us stand by our duty whatever betide,
Like Holland's young hero that stood by the
dyke.

—Mary B. Sleight.

WHAT A CHRISTIAN BOY CAN DO.

THESE are some of the few things a
Christian boy can do if he wants to work
for Jesus:—

Be frank.
Be polite.
Be prompt.
Be truthful.
Be obliging.
Obey his parents.
Keep himself tidy.
Refuse to do wrong.
Never use profanity.
Never learn to smoke.
Be useful about home.
Never cheat in his play.
Spend his nights at home.
Keep out of bad company.
Never laugh at a coarse joke.
Learn his lessons thoroughly.
Never be disrespectful to old age.
Never make unnecessary work for his
mother.
Be kind to his brothers and sisters.
Take the part of those who are ill used.
Never make fun of another because he
is poor.
Fail, if he cannot pass his examinations
honestly.
Never tell or listen to a story that he
would not repeat to his mother.
Try to lead his companions to Jesus by
speaking a little word when he can.—
Selected.

LIFE IN THE SEA.

WE have the beautiful flowers and birds
to brighten the earth, and make us cheerful
and happy; but how many have thought
that the sea is also full of life and beauty?
It has been found that in the bottom of the
ocean there are many kinds of grasses,
and plants of all colours, and groves of
great seaweeds which grow like trees.

But the sea has also other beautiful
things which have animal life instead of
only plant life. The sea anemone resem-
bles a large flower, but it can move about
slowly in the water and catch insects to
eat. The pink one is the prettiest; others
are pale, blue, green, yellow, brown, or still
other colours.

Then there is the jelly-fish, which looks
like a plate of jelly floating around in the
sea. Although these are so beautiful and
innocent-looking, they are not pleasant
things to handle, for they sting like nettles.

There are several kinds of star-fish, some
of which can always be found on the sea-
shore. The strong-looking kind, with five
points, is called the cross-star. Their flesh
is quite soft, being mostly water, but the
skin is very tough and hard. There are
some which have five long legs, all joined
in the centre to a small body or head. One
is called the brittle-star, because when it is
frightened it will drop to pieces, and each
leg will run away by itself.

Another family of star-fish are called sea-
cucumbers, because of their shape. But,
though they are like a cucumber in shape
and size, they are dark-brown in colour
instead of green. The Chinese use them
for food; so, after they have been gathered
and dried in the sun, they are sold to tra-
ders, and shipped to China.

IVA CADY.

Tahiti, South Pacific Islands.

BELIEVING IN JESUS.

"It is easy to believe Jesus," said a
little boy. "I don't see why every one
does not believe Him. I can't see how any-
one can help believing Him." Like many
grown people, this little boy was sure that
he believed in the dear Saviour. But be-
fore night he quarrelled, teased, pouted,
and spoke cross words, all because he was
a little boy who wanted his own way. Did
he really believe in Jesus, who was always
meek, and ready to deny Himself? Re-
member what the apostle says:—

**"If any man have not the Spirit
of Christ, he is none of His."**

To really believe in Jesus means to have
His kind, obedient disposition. He always
obeyed His father's commandments, and
spent His life in doing good to others. To
believe in Jesus means to lead a quiet,
helpful life, always kind and ready to do
good.

**"Believe on the Lord Jesus
Christ, and thou shalt be saved.—
Little Friend.**

AT SCHOOL IN THE FAR NORTH.

WHAT would our young people in India
think of going to school by moonlight
before sunrise, and not getting out of
school until after dark? Yet this is what
the children do in the Far North in winter,
and the school hours are not so long
either; for the days are very short in win-
ter, and long in summer. A school-teacher
in Alaska, where the finding of gold has
lately caused towns to spring up, writes
thus about her school:—

"During the short winter days, it would
often be noon before all the children put
in an appearance. When I arrived at nine
o'clock, it would either be dark or brilliant
moonlight. Smoke might be seen lazily
rising from four or five cabins out of the
four or five hundred. I would light one
lamp, and wait.

"By ten o'clock a few children would
straggle sleepily in, just as day began to
dawn. By eleven o'clock, shortly after
sunrise, the majority of the children were
at school, some coming without their
breakfasts. By half past twelve all who
were coming that day would have appeared.
It was hard to get up before daylight on
those cold, dark mornings.

"It was necessary to light the lamps at
half past one, which was trying to the eyes,
as we could not get enough lamps to light
the large room. The children would crowd
about the lamps, sitting on the floor, plat-
form, and seats.

"A visitor might get the impression that there was little order in the school, but strict order was a necessity. Perhaps one reason why I liked the school so much was because it kept me so busy. Recess was limited, in order to make up for the tardiness of the morning.

"At half past three, fifteen or twenty of the little ones were sent home. If it was moonlight, they would race away noisily over the snow. If it was dark, the more timid ones would take my hand and whisper, 'Please, I want to go with you.'

"Most of the children were so used to the dark that they did not mind it much. The majority of the nights, though, were filled with glorious moonlight. It seemed to me that for days at a time the moon never set. It would shine through the day about as bright as did the weak, pale sun. For about three weeks the sun would slowly rise in the south, skim along for a short distance, its lower rim almost touching the horizon, and then drop suddenly out of sight.

"When at length the days grew longer, and sunbeams began to steal in at the schoolroom windows, the children greeted them with shouts of welcome, fairly dancing with delight, and running to the window sill to lay their cold little hands in the warmth and brightness."



If all the available fighting men of Europe were called out, there would be 34 million soldiers in the field. To keep them in the field for a long campaign would beggar the Continent.

* *

THE Congo Railway has just been completed to Stanley Pool. When Stanley made his journey across Africa, this place was long days of wearisome marching from the coast. Now it is brought within a few hours. Above the Pool the river is navigable right away into the heart of Africa.

* *

The Papacy and Spain.—The Papacy has felt keenly the blow which Spain has received; for the Vatican has not only large religious interests at stake in the history of Catholic Spain, but large financial interests as well. The *American Review of Reviews* says:—

"In the early part of the present century, the property of the church in Spain had so accumulated that it might be said almost without exaggeration that the ecclesiastical establishment had absorbed the wealth of the country. Whereas there are now perhaps 35,000 priests and monks in Spain, there were in 1820 not less than 150,000 of these Spanish clergymen, not to mention the thousands of nuns (of these are now only about 15,000). Clericalism has played a very large part in the struggle of dynasties, factions, and parties in Spain throughout the entire century. The success of a particular dynastic faction in 1835 meant the defeat of the clerical party; and this was followed by

sweeping confiscatory decrees [by which church property was confiscated to the Government], which led to a protracted quarrel between the Vatican and the Spanish Government. This quarrel was kept up for nearly a quarter of a century, and was finally compromised in 1859 by a new concordat between the Spanish Government and the Pope, in accordance with which a large amount of church property was sold off, and there was issued to the church several hundred millions of dollars of interest-bearing Spanish bonds. This huge block of securities held by the Roman Catholic Church to-day must of necessity make that ecclesiastical organization especially anxious for the maintenance of Spanish credit."

* *

THE French army is being supplied with a new field gun which fires twenty-four shots a minute. Two ammunition wagons instead of one must now be attached to each gun.

* *

AT one time or another nearly every Roman Catholic State has expelled the Jesuits from its bounds. But the Society has made its way back again in every case. In the Philippine Islands they quarrelled with the Dominican friars, and the Dominicans happened to have the most influence at Madrid, and so the Jesuits were expelled. The law stood against their readmission for nearly a hundred years. In 1852 it was repealed.

* *

By the time this paper appears the German Emperor will doubtless be in Palestine, and at least Two Powers, France and Russia, will be jealously regarding the influence of his visit. As the easiest way to advance political interests in that country these Powers are ready to pour out money in helping missions. Professor Curtiss, of the Lebanon district, says that French money is continually pouring into Syria to help the French missions and the Maronites, who are a Syrian sect affiliated with the Roman Catholics. Russia also is building many schools in which the Russian language is taught, and hospices for pilgrims are being established about the country under Russian priests. These efforts are by no means designed to teach the people the religion of Christ. For instance, it is said, if a member of these bodies, a nominal Christian, commits a murder or other crime, powerful ecclesiastical machinery is set in motion to secure his release, and generally with success.

* *

The Philippine Friars.—All along, the Philippine rebellion has been as much against the Church as the State. It was because the Roman Catholic ecclesiastics have been as much in evidence in the State as in the Church. They believed, as many do nowadays, that the Church ought to guide politics, and the various orders of friars have grown enormously wealthy. Aside from securing possession of much of the best land in the settled districts, and using ordinary ecclesiastical pressure to get money from their flocks, they secured a law about ten years ago giving any official of the church the right to apply to the Government for free labour for building churches or doing any work

thought necessary. So anyone who had fallen behind in paying taxes, through sickness or misfortune, was liable to be dragged off to work for his bishop for nothing. Thus the friars have been able to lay up fortunes which are banked in Eastern banking houses. They are said to own millions of real estate in Hongkong and along the China coasts. It is to be hoped that their day has passed for continuing this work in the Philippines. Still it is by no means certain that they will be dispossessed of their power even if the United States hold the islands; for the Roman Church is the chief power in politics in America, and the politicians fear to offend the Church. But at least the friars will no longer be able to rob the people openly with both hands, as they have done.

* *

The lot of the Siberian exile is apparently not now so hard as when the country was first made a prison house for Russian offenders against State or Church. A writer says that not more than a fourth of the time expired convicts return to Russia. He says:—

"The fact is that they have found life in Siberia pleasanter, the road to ease, a competency, and even to wealth, less rugged, less crowded with competitors; so they become colonists, and of their own free will and choice remain in Siberia, throwing their fortunes in with the destiny of the new land; and I, knowing something of the conditions of life which obtain in Russia, think they do well."

* *

THE assassination of the Empress of Austria was the crowning tragedy in the long line of misfortunes that have fallen upon the House of Hapsburg during the reign of the present Emperor. Summing them up, the *London Daily News* said:—

The Emperor's life has been one long illustration of the text "vanity of vanities," varied in every exquisite experience of woe. He came to the throne a youth with an inheritance of trouble, and with his empire crumbling to ruin. That empire still has a prospect of the same fate. Precious parts of it have been lost to his crown for ever. In losing them, it was his hard fate to expiate the sins of his fathers. His personal fortunes should have brought consolation, but they have been tragic almost beyond human experience. His only son, the one hope of the House, died a violent death in circumstances which remain a mystery of State to this day. His brother Maximilian went to Mexico to establish an Empire, but as it turned out, only to find a grave. He fell under the weapons of his own subjects—if he could ever have been entitled to regard in that light men whose loyalty was never but a question of interest or of compulsion. Maximilian's wife, the Empress Charlotte, lost her reason under the blow. The sister of the murdered Empress, the Queen of Naples, was driven from her throne during the movement for Italian independence. She came to Francis Joseph a fugitive from the ramparts of Gaeta, where she played the man's part, for want of a man capable of playing it, by encouraging the garrison, at the hazard of her own life, to a heroic but vain resistance. Now, comes the last blow. No wonder the Emperor cries in his agony, "Is nothing to be spared to me in this world?"

NEWSPAPER reports say that the French have at last really got an air ship which has proved its ability to keep afloat. It is by no means impossible that the next great war may witness men grappling with one another in the air.

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THE people of a Chinese village have presented one of the Missionary Societies with the local Buddhist temple as a meeting place for Christian worship.

WE are glad to report that two more physicians are coming out to join in the medical missionary work of our society in India. During the last month also an additional trained nurse has arrived and entered upon her work.

DID somebody hurt your feelings? Well, you ought to ask God to forgive you. "For ye are dead," says the Apostle of the believer, and the dead feel nothing. If your feelings were hurt, it shows that self is not altogether dead. Sensitiveness or, in other words, sinful pride must die.

It was proposed to form a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in a certain Spanish town, and the municipal officers were so desirous of helping it on that they volunteered to get up a bull-fight to raise funds for the society. This is about as reasonable as getting up a "calico ball" or other such frivolous function to raise money for church purposes.

ACCORDING to the report of a missionary from Madagascar, the Jesuits are still using their influence with the French Government to overthrow the work of the Protestant missions. Protestants are liable to the charge of disloyalty, and the people generally are forbidden by the priests to read Protestant literature, or allow the L. M. S. missionaries to enter their houses. This is clericalism in power.

ROME'S major excommunication not only consigns the offender to everlasting perdition, but forbids his fellows to have any dealings with him in this life. The church has freely used this weapon so long that it must make the ecclesiastics open their eyes when an excommunicated Chicago priest enters suit against his archbishop to learn whether that dignitary has the legal right to incite his neighbours to boycott him.

"THE New Testament model of the Church," says the London *Christian*, "is something utterly alien from the artificial types of modern times." The series of papers now appearing in these columns on the corruption of the faith in early centuries shows how this change has come about. From the days of the Great Reformation, when the power of the Dark Ages was broken by the light of the Word, God has been calling His church back toward the primitive simplicity of the faith. The Reformation is not ended yet.

WHEN the Apostle Paul told the elders of the church at Ephesus of the falling away from the faith that was coming, he pointed them to the one tower of defence:—

"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." Acts xx. 32.

The falling away came, and we can look back at the history of it, and see the fruits about us. Now, the same word of grace, the Holy Scriptures, are to light the way back to first principles. Still the Word is able to build up all who build upon it.

LAST year one of our Society's workers from Denmark went to Iceland. He reports that, in that out-of-the-way region, the hearts of the people are ready to hear the message of the coming of the Lord and the preparation to meet Him. "Both priests and men in official positions attend the meetings, and listen to the truth with thankful hearts."

THE Czar's suggestion of a conference on disarmament has been followed by a period of more than ordinary unrest and anxiety. Even in Russia the press is forbidden to discuss disarmament, and it is even suggested that the conference will not discuss it.

THE press generally has reflected the feeling of anxiety abroad. A certain section of the religious press is always crying peace and safety, and talking as though the Bible had never said a word about the warlike activities which are the more to fill the earth as the end draws nearer, but others can read the signs of the times. The *Christian and Missionary Alliance* says of the peace talk which followed the Czar's manifesto:—

It is a very encouraging sign of the times, but if the prophetic Scriptures are true, it is only the lull before Armageddon.

THE *Statesman's* London correspondent has said that "the air is thick with rumours of complications and burning questions in Europe, Asia, Africa, and America." And Mr. Arnold White of London, an authority of repute in political journalism, has written:—

"The preparations of the universal world for a great killing were never more complete. Amity or Armageddon,—which is the end? Armageddon, notwithstanding the 'open door' in China, is a necessity of existence.

It is said to be necessary to secure the markets for the next generation. But the fact is overlooked that the Armageddon toward which the nations are rushing is the end of time.

THUS, month by month the evidence increases that we are rapidly coming into that time of "distress of nations, with perplexity," which Christ said would immediately precede His second coming. Luke xxi. 25. He wants men to open their eyes, and observe these things, for He says: "When these things begin to come to pass, then look up, and lift up your heads; for your redemption draweth nigh." Looking down there is perplexity, looking up, glad-

ness. Jesus is coming. The day and the hour, He has said, no man can know; but He tells us to watch and be ready: and that means a daily life of consecration and witnessing to the truth. The man who is not helping to "make ready a people prepared for the Lord" is not ready for His coming.

THE European Press is discussing the revival of anarchist activity. One journal, the London *Chronicle*, lets in light upon the awful problem when it says:—

The less Europe deals in ideas of violence and disorder, the less will she breed violent and disorderly men.

Exactly. In fostering the war spirit from the cradle, the nations are preparing the way for men at war with society to resort lightly to force to avenge their real or fancied wrongs.

ABOUNDING lawlessness is the characteristic sin of the last days. The working of the "mystery of lawlessness," the Word tells us, will increase until the end. As men throw off the restraints of God's law, it is natural that they should have less regard for human law and order. God's special message to meet this condition is the final message of the everlasting Gospel, emphasizing "the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus." Rev. xiv. 12. Yet, strange to say, from many pulpits nowadays we are told that the Ten Commandments are of no force. It only shows how rapidly "that lawless" one is being revealed in the final rebellion against God's government.

Walk in The Light.—"The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." Yet the light itself ever remains the same. The light that shines from God was as great and as bright in the beginning as it is now, or as it will ever be. How then is it that the path of the just becomes brighter and brighter?—Evidently because he keeps advancing, walking in the light. The only way to get more light is to walk in the light that we now have. He who stands still, waiting for the light to become brighter, before he will take a step, is in danger of losing that which he has. "Walk while ye have the light, lest darkness come upon you."

An Old Bill.—A writer in the *Windsor Magazine*, who was sketching the history of some of the first Archbishops of Canterbury, quoted an old account which shows how much it cost to burn a heretic three centuries ago and more. He says: "To defy the authority of the Church meant in those days certain excommunication, which in turn entailed that the culprit should be dealt with by the laws of the State. That my readers may realise what this course implied, I give the following significant extract which appears in the municipal records of Canterbury dated 1535:—

For the expenses of bringing a heretic	
from London.....	14s. 8d.
For 1½ load of wood to burn him.....	2s. 0d.
For gunpowder.....	1d.
A stake and staple.....	8d.