

The Oriental Watchman.

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

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Oriental Watchman

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Scriptures for himself. However strong may be his convictions, however confident he may be that the minister knows what is truth, this is not his foundation. He has a chart pointing out every waymark

The Word of God gives men no liberty to set up a standard of righteousness of their own, as many do who claim to be without sin. They do not compare their characters with the great standard, the

MAKE USE OF ME, MY GOD.

Thou usest all Thy works—
The weakest things that be ;
Each has a service of its own,
For all things wait on Thee.

Thou usest the High stars,
The tiny drops of dew ;
The giant peak, and little hill ;
My God, O use me too !

Thou usest tree and flower,
The river vast and small ;
The eagle great, the little bird
That sings upon the wall.

Thou usest the wide sea,
The little hidden lake,
The pine upon the Alpine cliff,
The lily in the brake :

The huge rock in the vale,
The sand grain by the sea,
The thunder of the rolling cloud,
The murmur of the bee.

All things do serve Thee here,
All creatures great and small ;
Make use of me, of me, my God,
The weakest of them all.

—Dr. Bonar.

"WALK IN THE LIGHT."

"THERE is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Ignorance is no excuse for error or sin, when there is every opportunity to know the will of God. A man is travelling, and comes to a place where there are several roads, and a guide-board indicating where each one leads. If he disregards the guide-board, and takes whichever road seems to him to be right, he may be ever so sincere, but will in all probability find himself on the wrong road.

God's Word is given us that we may become acquainted with its teachings. We there read that if we do his will, we shall know of the doctrine. Ignorance will not excuse young or old, or release them from the punishment due for the transgression of God's law, because there is in their hands a faithful presentation of that law and of its principles and its claims. It is not enough to have good intentions; it is not enough to do what a man thinks is right, or what the minister tells him is right. His soul's salvation is at stake, and he should search the



on the heavenward journey, and he ought not to guess at anything, but to know what is truth. He should search the Scriptures on bended knees; morning, noon, and night, prayer should ascend from secret places, and a continual prayer should arise from his heart that God will guide him into all truth.

law of Jehovah. While they are holy, judged by their own imperfect standard, the Scriptures present them as sinful Pharisees, under the condemnation of the law of God, which they transgress daily. They walk after the imagination of their own heart, and follow their own devices. Yet many of these persons are sincere.

They think they are right; for "there is a way which seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." Feeling is no criterion for any one; the assertions of men are no evidence of truth. "To the law and to the testimony; if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

Men present many theories and doctrines, and this is the reason that so many claim to be sinless while they are transgressors of the law. Should they look into God's great mirror, they would start back with horror. They would say with Paul, "I was alive without the law once; but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." Oh, how many forsake the "Fountain of living waters," and hew them out "cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." This is a correct representation of the spurious holiness so prevalent in the world to-day. But God's way is the humble way of penitence, faith, and obedience, and no human substitute will be accepted. "Thou desirest not sacrifice, else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart. O God, thou wilt not despise." But all this vain boasting of holiness is not of God.

The Lord declared to ancient Israel, "Ye shall not do . . . every man what is right in his own eyes;" but ye shall "observe and hear all these words which I command thee." And he promised them, "If thou wilt diligently hearken to the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments," he "shall keep unto thee the covenant and the mercy which he swore unto thy fathers," and "thou shalt be blessed above all people."

Will you, dear reader, examine critically the reasons of your faith by the law and the testimony? Satan has many bypaths strewn with tempting flowers, that lead directly to the broad way to death and hell. Our only safety is in the path of obedience. Men cannot follow their own desires, and be right. They not only involve their own souls in ruin, but by their example they imperil others also.

God is exact to mark iniquity. Sins of thoughtlessness, negligence, forgetfulness, and even ignorance, have been visited by some of the most wonderfully marked manifestations of his displeasure. Many who have suffered terrible punishment for their sins, might have pleaded as plausibly as do those of to-day who fall into similar errors, that they meant no harm, and some would even say that they thought they were doing God's service; but the light shone on them, and they disregarded it.

The Lord sent Samuel to king Saul with a special message. "Go," he said, "and smite Amalek, and utterly destroy all that they have, and spare them not, but slay both man and woman, infant and

suckling, ox and sheep, camel and ass." Saul was faithful and zealous in performing a part of his commission. He smote the Amalekites with a great slaughter; but he took the proposition of the people before the command of God, and spared Agag, the king, and "the best of the sheep, and of the oxen, and of the fatlings, and the lambs, and all that was good"

The Lord commanded Saul to "utterly destroy the sinners, the Amalekites, and fight against them until they be consumed." The Lord knew that this wicked nation would, if it were possible, blot out his people and his worship from the earth; and for this reason he had commanded that even the little children should be cut off. But Saul had spared the king, the most wicked and merciless of them all; one who had hated and destroyed the people of God, and whose influence had been strongest to promote idolatry.

Saul thought he had done all that was essential of that which the Lord commanded him to do. Perhaps he even flattered himself that he was more merciful than his Maker, as do some unbelievers in our day. He met Samuel with the salutation, "Blessed be thou of the Lord; I have performed the commandment of the Lord." But when the prophet asked what meant the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the oxen which he heard, Saul was obliged to confess that the people had taken of the spoil, sheep and oxen, the chief of the things which should have been utterly destroyed, to sacrifice to the Lord in Gilgal.

Did the Lord accept this justification of Saul's conduct? Was he pleased with this partial obedience, and willing to pass over the trifle that had been neglected out of so good a motive? Saul did what he thought was best, and would not the Lord commend such excellent judgment? No. Said Samuel, "Hath the Lord as great delight in burnt offerings and sacrifices as in obeying the voice of the Lord? Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry. Because thou hast rejected the Word of the Lord, he hath also rejected thee from being king."

These instances show how God looks upon his professed people when they obey part of his commandments, while in other respects they follow a course of their own choosing. Let no one flatter himself that a part of God's requirements are non-essential. He has placed no command in his Word that men may obey or disobey at will, and not suffer the consequences. If men choose any other path than that of strict obedience, they will find that "the end thereof are the ways of death."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

AS the shadows of the sun are largest when its beams are the lowest, so we are always least when we make ourselves the greatest.—*Selected.*

EFFECTUAL PRAYER.

MUCH of our prayer is vague and pointless. Some pray for God's blessing on those around them for the out-pouring of God's Spirit on their land or the world, and yet have no special field where they wait and expect to see the answer.

To all the Lord says, "What is it you really want and expect Me to do?" Every Christian has but limited powers, and as he must have his own special field of labour, so with his prayers. Each believer has his own circle, his family, his friends, his neighbours. If he were to take one or more of these by name, he would find that this really brings him into the training school of faith, and leads to *personal and pointed* dealing with his God.

We all know with what surprise the whole civilized world heard of the way in which trained troops were repulsed by the Transvaal Boers at Majuba. And to what did they owe their success? In the armies of Europe the soldier fires upon the enemy standing in large masses, and never thinks of seeking an aim for every bullet. In hunting game, the Boer had learned a different lesson; his practised eye knew how to send every bullet on its special message, to seek and find its man.—*Rev. Andrew Murray.*

ONE MAN AGAINST WORLD.

WHEN Elijah stood before Ahab on Mount Carmel (See I Kings, chapters 18 and 19), it seemed to him that he stood alone as to human aid. So it was with Moses, the man of God, at different times. And when the Redeemer of the world was dying on the cross, not a friend dared to show his head; but at His death, Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus, were filled with holy courage, and went forward to perform the last sacred rites of burial. Praise the Lord that they did so, for the credit of our race, there were found two men who had a little sympathy and courage.

It often happens that a single person or family in a neighbourhood have the courage to keep all of God's commandments. They sometimes feel all alone, and almost disheartened in their endeavour to keep holy the true Sabbath. To such, we would say, we are not alone. God and the universe are on our side; nature is on our side. The sun, and moon, and stars, roll on in their accustomed paths, in obedience to God. The stars are true to the Divine law. Man alone thinks to change times and laws. They will not be always in the hands of man.

Obey God; this is always safe and pleasant in the end. Obey Him, and you will range yourselves by the side of angels, and all the host of heaven, who never yet disobeyed. If God is so kind as to forgive the past, we can well afford to stop sinning.

JOS. CLARKE.

WISDOM is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom; and with all thy getting get understanding.—*Solomon.*



Bible Studies in Christian Life.

THE POWER OF SIN.

ALL would find the way of salvation easy if they would make the right calculation at the beginning. Jesus says, "My yoke is easy;" and it is so. But many people who are in the way do not find His yoke easy nor His burden light. And all the difficulty is that they do not make the right calculation as to the contest that is met in the way. Jesus said: "What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand? Or else, while the other is yet a great way off, he sendeth an embassy, and desireth conditions of peace."

Many start in the way, and this is the right thing to do. But by not properly estimating the force against them nor their power to meet it, they do not prosper in the way as they should, nor as they expected. They do not rightly estimate the power of sin, nor their power to meet it successfully. In a little while they find themselves failing repeatedly, and then, after many "ups and downs," they begin to think that that is the way, and then begin to excuse sin, and apologize for it, and try to strike conditions of peace in that sort of experience. But this will never do. Victory can never come that way.

No; sit down first, and "consult" as to what are the forces against you, and whether you are able to meet them, and if not able to meet them, then what to do in order to meet them successfully; for no apology, no compromise, no peace must ever be sought or allowed with sin. "Consult" the chart of the field of battle, the Bible. "Consult" the One who knows, as to the power of the enemy. "Consult" the Great Commander of the field, as to what equipment and power are essential to assure victory, not only "at last" but at *first*. Time, even much time, spent in this consultation at the beginning, would be always a gain rather than in any sense a loss.

The difficulty does not lie with anyone in any failure to acknowledge the *fact* of sin. With every one the whole difficulty lies in failure to acknowledge the *power* of sin. Everybody is willing to admit that he has done wrong,—that he has aimed to do right,

but has missed the mark; and this is only to acknowledge the fact of sin, for to sin is only to miss the mark. Many are willing to be specific, and to say that they have actually sinned, and are altogether sinners, and to confess it to the Lord. It is well, it is right, to do all this, and yet all this can be done, and, in fact, is done by many, without their acknowledging or confessing the power of sin.

Many do all this, and yet depend upon themselves, and what is of themselves, to defeat sin. They insist that they could do better if only they had a better chance, but circumstances are unfavourable—the neighbours are bad; the church-members are not all converted, and therefore matters of church or Sabbath-school work are unpleasant and "trying;" their own family relations are not the best. All these things and such as these are counted hindrances to progress in the Christian life; and they themselves could do better, and be better Christians if circumstances were only as favourable as they should be. These persons hold that inside they are all right: the good is there; it is the outside where the evil lies, and the good that is in them does not have a chance to show itself. If only all the evil influences without, and all opposing circumstances were taken away then, ah! *then*, they could easily enough be Christians of just the right kind.

But this is all a deception. It is but an argument presented by the deceitfulness of sin. It is not anything outside of us nor around us, but only what is *in* us, that can hinder us from being Christians of just the right kind. It is only the power of sin working in us that can ever hinder us in the least from being straight-forward Christians. And until that *power* is recognized and confessed, we cannot be delivered from it. But when it is recognized and confessed, we can be delivered from it; and just as constantly and just as thoroughly as it is recognized and confessed, just so constantly and so thoroughly can we be delivered from it. And deliverance from the power of sin is Christianity. The life that is delivered from the power of sin is a Christian life in truth, and it cannot be anything else.

The Word of God has made this as plain as anything can be made. The whole

thought of Scripture is to show that there is power in sin. The Scripture does not want men to entertain any other view of sin than that there is power in it, and that this power is absolute so far as man himself is concerned. The statements of Scripture, and the very terms in which these statements are framed, show this.

A. T. JONES.

WILL YOU NOT COME?

FRIEND, your heavenly Father gave you life (Acts xvii. 28); but you have forfeited that life (Rom. iii. 23; vi. 23).

Without the Saviour you must surely die (Acts iv. 12); but Jesus wants you to live (John x. 10).

God has no pleasure in your death (Eze. xxxiii. 11); but He greatly desires to save you (1 Tim. ii. 3, 4).

Your Father is not even willing for you to perish (2 Peter iii. 9); therefore He has made to you the greatest gift of all the universe (John iii. 16), because He is full of mercy and goodness (Ex. xxxiv. 6), and His very being is love (1 John iv. 16).

All this goodness leads me to my Father (Rom. ii. 4); He wants *you* to come (Isa. i. 18; Matt. xi. 28; Rev. xxii. 17). There is only *one* way (John xiv. 6); but it is easy and joyful, though narrow (Matt. xi. 30; vii. 14; Rom. xiv. 17).

This way leads to eternal life (John x. 28); every other way leads to eternal death (Prov. xiv. 12). The ways of the world do not satisfy (Eccl. i. 14); the Lord's way gives complete satisfaction (Acts ii. 28). At the end of this way is a home (John xiv. 2, 3); will you spend eternity in that home?

J. C. ROGERS.

HOW THE PRIEST HELPED HIM.

A FRENCH preacher says:—

"My mind was helped, and I received a truth from a Catholic priest over forty years ago. I told him I was honest in taking the Holy Scriptures as a sufficient rule of faith and practice, because they are able to make us 'wise unto salvation,' furnish us unto every good work, and because by them we have eternal life, and I pledged myself to renounce every religious doctrine and practice not found in the Bible. He replied that the change of the Sabbath was not taught by Holy Writ; that the Roman Catholic Church had changed the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week; that Protestants were very inconsistent in keeping Sunday, while claiming that the Bible was a sufficient rule of faith and practice in religious matters; and that they should either give up Sunday-keeping and sanctify the seventh-day Sabbath, or add to the Bible tradition, or the unwritten word, embrace all the doctrines of the Catholic Church based on tradition and on the authority of the mother church, and turn Catholics. I have often thanked God for this interview with that priest, and seeing no good reason to repudiate the doctrine that the Holy Scriptures are a sufficient guide in religious matters, I have kept the ancient Sabbath for more than forty years."

"IT IS BEST to think twice before taking upon us the burden of hatred for any fellow-being. It weighs heavier every year, and exhausts the strength that ought to go in loving and bettering others."



THE SEAL OF GOD.

(Continued.)

IN your examination of the law, you have found that the fourth commandment is the only one of the ten, that contains the three essential elements of a seal. In it you have found not only the *name* of the lawgiver, but also his *office* (Creator.) and his *Territory* (heaven and earth). Now you have "preached the law." Now you can say with Paul, "Ye establish the law."—Rom. iii. 31. (Perhaps you have established one more commandment than you intended).

But you left off where Paul commenced. He knew which is the only one of the ten commandments that will prove who is the true God. And so, when he came to Athens, and found the city wholly given to idolatry, he brought the issue right before them. Acts xvii. 22, 23. "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, 'To the unknown God.' Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you." And how did Paul declare the true God who was unknown to those heathen men of Athens? Not by skipping the fourth commandment, and trying all the others first; but, in verse 24, he introduces the great truth that contains the seal. "God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands."

This fact is presented for the same purpose (to distinguish the true God from all false gods), in Jer. x. 10—12: "But the Lord is the true God; He is the living God, and an everlasting king. At His wrath the earth shall tremble, and the nations shall not be able to abide His indignation. Thus shall ye say unto them, The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens. He hath made the earth by His power, He hath established the world by His wisdom, and hath stretched out the heavens by His discretion."

We have found that the fourth commandment is the only one of the ten that shows who is the true God, and the Author of that law; and that it contains the three essential elements of a seal; The *Name*, the *Office*, and the *Territory* of the lawgiver. We have also learned that sign means seal. We will now prove that God claims the Sabbath as His sign, or seal; and that He gave it that we might know who is the true God.—Eze. xx. 12, 20. "Moreover also I gave them my Sabbaths, to be a sign between me and them, that they might know that I am the Lord that sanctify them. And hallow

my Sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between Me and you, that ye may know that I am the Lord your God."

Having learned from the Bible what the seal is, we are now prepared to understand the sealing brought to view in our text.—Rev. vii. 1. "And after these things I saw four angels standing on the four corners of the earth, holding the four winds of the earth, that the winds should not blow on the earth, nor on the sea, nor any tree." We learn from Jer. xxv. 32, 33, and from Daniel vii, that the wind, in prophecy, is a symbol of war and political commotion; and from Rev. xvii. 15 and Isa. viii. 7, 8, that the waters represent "peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues." Therefore, in the last days, the elements of war and strife will be held in check to such a degree as not to hinder the sealing work from being accomplished; for, we read in Rev. vii. 2, 3, "And I saw another angel ascending from the east, having the seal of the living God; and he cried with a loud voice to the four angels, to whom it was given to hurt the earth and the sea, saying, Hurt not the earth, neither the sea, nor the trees, till we have sealed the servants of our God in their foreheads."

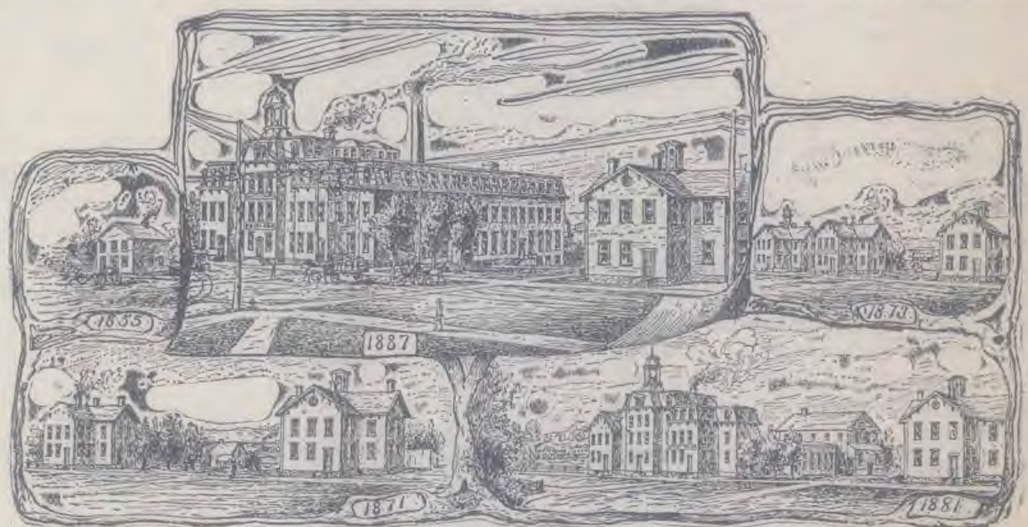
We should have no evidence of the wind being held, were its power never manifested. So there has been an occasional outburst of war during the present generation. There was the war in Europe in 1848; and just as the political horizon seemed to be the darkest, suddenly, and unexpectedly came the news across the ocean, "The war in Europe has closed!" About a dozen years later, the fierce winds of war broke loose in the great American Republic; and right in the darkest hour came the glad shout thru the land: "Richmond is taken! Lee has surrendered! The war has closed!"

quelled; and this generation, in the midst of hopes and fears, is permitted to enjoy a time of comparative peace.

And for what purpose is this little time of peace given? Thousands will be ready to say, "It is that I may add farm to farm and tear down my barns and build greater." Others will say, "To give me opportunity to develop and display my talents, and to fill the world with my fame, and the sound of my name." And thousands more are saying (by their actions). "It is for me to rob the weak, the widow and the fatherless by putting the bottle to my neighbour's lips." But He whose name, office, and territory are revealed in the fourth commandment, declares that this time of peace is given that He may send a message bearing the seal of His law to the last generation of earth.

During this time of peace such a message has been going to the nations of the earth; and it arose in the manner here represented by the angel ascending from the east; or in the manner of the sun's rising; its first rays of light touching in a few spots in the country on the highest mountain tops; then sending its beams across the many hill tops; and, finally, flooding all the land with light. A man who possessed but one shilling, commenced to write a book on the claims of the fourth commandment. He succeeded in getting it published; and as the result the light was received in a few spots in his own country. Then those who accepted the light, united their efforts and began to publish a small paper; the first edition of which was carried to the post office in a hand sachel, and the light touched in many more places.

The work has continued to increase until large Publishing Houses have been established in Michigan, California, New York, London, Norway, Switzerland, and Australia.



GROWTH OF THE PUBLISHING WORK.

Then the dark cloud rolled away, and the sunshine of peace cheered the Northern and Southern hearts that had so long been wrung with sorrow. Since that time what continent or important group of islands has not been shaken into perplexing confusion by the convulsions of war? But these fearful eruptions have been as suddenly

One of these offices at Battle Creek, Michigan, employs 320 hands, runs thirteen large steam printing presses and five book sewing machines. During the month of July 1891 that office sent out fifty-eight and one-half tons of books. During one week, ending August 14 of the same year, they sent out over 25 tons, averaging over four tons per

day. One day they sent out eight tons of books from that office.

But did any work of reform ever move forward without opposition? The present Sabbath reform and the opposition everywhere arising against it are plainly foretold in several different prophecies.

What mean these Sunday-law associations that are being formed in so many countries?—Isa. viii. 9: "Associate yourselves O ye people and ye shall be broken in pieces; give ear all ye of far countries; gird yourselves and ye shall be broken in pieces." What good is to result from these councils to "speak the word" (in the form of a Sunday-law?)—Isa. viii. 10. "Take counsel together and it shall come to naught; speak the word and it shall not stand; for God is with us." Shall we join the confederacy that is being formed for the purpose of enforcing religious opinion by law?—Isa. viii. 12, 13: "Say ye not a confederacy to all them to whom this people shall say a confederacy; neither fear ye their fear nor be afraid. Sanctify the Lord of hosts himself; and let him be your fear, and let him be your dread."

Then let us go right on with the sealing work as directed in Isa. viii. 16, "Bind up the testimony, seal the law among my disciples." But this wicked opposition will continue and increase; for we learn from Daniel xii. 10, that at the time of the end, "Many shall be purified and made white and tried; but the wicked shall do wickedly: and none of the wicked shall understand; but the wise shall understand." Then those who are truly wise, will study these prophecies, and learn *the truth that is unfolding in them*. To those who will read carefully the seventh chapter of Revelation, it will be evident that eternal destinies will be decided in connection with this sealing work.

G. K. OWEN.

IS THE BIBLE CAPABLE OF SELF DEFENCE?

WE would not occupy space in our paper, nor the time of our readers, for the purpose of stating our opinion on this or any other topic; but would briefly and plainly deal with facts of the most vital importance and interest to the world. If the Bible is what it claims to be, it is capable of defending itself. It is claimed by millions of people to be the oldest book in the world; and will be generally admitted to have the widest circulation, among the nations of the earth, of any book written in human language: and from the very nature of the subjects with which it deals, the question is of universal interest: "Is the Bible able to defend itself?" If this be true in regard to every subject upon which it treats a plain demonstration upon any one of them will be possible. Take for instance the Sabbath question, which has already overleaped the bounds of religion, and is being rapidly wheeled into the whirlpool of politics among the nations of the earth. It is a question on which the

human mind is already kindled to a white heat. Now, if the Bible can defend itself on this subject, the plainest and most direct questions that can be asked, may be answered in Bible language, without man's comments, and all the answers will be in harmony. Should any one who reads these words be dissatisfied with the Bible answers that are given, will they, without comment, please send us, in figures, the chapter and verse where the Bible will give the answer that suits them?

1. What day does God command us to remember?—Ex. xx. 8: "Remember the Sabbath day."

2. Are we to make it holy, or keep it holy?—Ex. xx. 8: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

3. What day is the Sabbath? The first day?—Ex. xx. 10: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath."

4. The Sabbath of whom? Of the Jews?—Ex. xx. 10: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

5. In what day shall we not do any work? In the first day?—Ex. xx. 10: "But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work."

6. Are we to commemorate the Sabbath in honor of the crucifixion, the resurrection, the ascension, or the creation?—Ex. xx. 11: "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it."

7. Were those days of creation week composed of a dark part and a light part as our days are now?—Gen. i. 5: "And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night."

8. Did they have an evening and a morning?—Gen. i. 5: "And the evening and the morning were the first day." (See also verses 8, 13, 19, 23, 31.)

9. Were they ruled by the sun and moon as our days are now? Verse 16: "And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night."

10. Is the Author of this ten commandment law changeable?—Mal. iii. 6: "For I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

11. Did He give us a law that could be changed?—Eccl. iii. 14: "I know that whatsoever God doeth, it shall be forever: nothing can be put to it, nor anything be taken from it: and God doeth it that men should fear before him."

12. Does God ever alter any of His commandments?—Ps. lxxxix. 34: "My covenant I will not break, nor alter the thing that has gone out of My lips."

12. How many of His commandments are still standing fast?—Ps. cxi. 7, 8: "All His commandments are sure. They stand fast forever and ever, and are done in truth and uprightness."

G. K. O.

RIGHTEOUSNESS BY LAW.

THE Jews sought righteousness by the works of the law—so the epistle to the Romans tells us—and they failed to obtain righteousness. And the fact that they sought righteousness in this way is the reason, we are told, why they failed.—Rom. ix. 30-32.

Yet there was nothing the matter] with the law. It was the law which God gave them, and was just as good a law as God Himself could make. It cannot be claimed that any legislature of men can enact a better one.

If, then, the Jews, who were scrupulous observers of God's law in outward conduct, and had great zeal for it, could not through it become righteous, how can it possibly be that righteousness can come through a human law which is imposed upon people against their wills?

Is righteousness to come by the law, or can it come by faith only? It really seems as though the situation warrants the asking, in all seriousness, for an answer from the churches to the question.

If the churches still believe that righteousness can come only through faith, why are they uniting their forces in a great movement to control the politics and shape the legislation of the country?—*American Sentinel*.

"DIALOGUES OF DEVILS."

DIABOLUS.—One of the greatest foes to our cause, next to the power of Christianity, is honest industry. It keeps the minds and hands of the people busy with other things than those we would have them engaged in.

BEELZEBUB.—That is true; but I have a plan in mind which will remedy that.

D.—Ha! what is it?

B.—Why; I will have a Sunday law passed, making honest industry a crime one day in each week, and innocent recreation as well. That will fix things just as we want them. The Christians, of course, will not be affected. They will spend the day in worship the same as before; but they are only a few. All the rest will then be where we can have full swing of them, and our job will be dead easy. We know well enough that minds and hands must have employment of some kind, and the Sunday law will give us a monopoly of furnishing the same to every one who does not care for Christianity. How is that?

D.—Good! We'll attend the reform ministers' meeting this evening, and have a committee of them sent to work the legislature right away.

Moral: Enforced idleness on Sunday might not be so bad if the law could force the devil to be idle too.—*American Sentinel*.

He that saveth his time from prayer shall loose it. But he that loseth his time for communion with God shall find it in a life of multiplied blessing.—*Wilder*.



THE LESSON OF HISTORY.

WE do not say "a lesson from history," but "the lesson of history;" for there is but one great lesson that history teaches, yet it is one that is rarely learned. For want of learning this one lesson, thousands study history in vain; while he who learns the simple, fundamental lesson in the beginning of his study will read to profit.

The reason why the lesson referred to is so almost universally overlooked, is that the records that are usually studied are so crowded with details that the mind becomes confused; history becomes to the student only a mass of occurrences, in which the underlying truth taught by history is lost. This melancholy result would be avoided if people began at the right place to study, taking the simplest history first, and afterwards that which is more complex.

"The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and the Bible is the book that teaches the fear of the Lord; therefore it is in the Bible that the beginning of wisdom is found. It is the simplest book in the world, as would naturally be expected of a book of beginnings. That it is really a book very easy to be understood is proved by the fact that it teaches the way to the kingdom of heaven, which can be entered only by children and those who become like children. See Matt. xviii. 3. It is manifest, therefore, that the Bible can be understood by children, and consequently must be an easy book. It is the first book that children should study. But the whole of a thing is found in the beginning, just as the entire tree exists in the germ; and so the Bible, which teaches the fear of the Lord, contains the sum of knowledge, and may be studied by the gray-haired sage as profitably as by the little child. Its treasure of wisdom is inexhaustible.

Now for the first lesson in history. Very fittingly it begins with the beginning of time. We will quote a page from it, that we may clearly see what is the simple underlying truth taught by all history since the creation of the world. Here it is:—

"This is the book of the generations of Adam. In the day that God created man, in the likeness of God made He him; male and female created He them; and blessed them, and called their name Adam [man], in the day when they were created.

"And Adam lived an hundred and thirty years, and begat a son in his own likeness, after his image; and called his name Seth. And the days of Adam after he had begotten Seth were eight hundred years; and he begat sons and daughters. And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years; and he died. And Seth lived an hundred and five years, and begat Enos; and Seth lived after he begat Enos eight hundred and seven years, and begat sons and daughters; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years; and he died. And Enos lived ninety years, and begat Cainan; and Enos lived after he begat Cainan eight hundred and fifteen years, and begat sons and daughters; and all the days of Enos were nine hundred and five years; and he died."—Gen. v. 1-8.

Thus the record continues to the end of the chapter, of which we have quoted just one-fourth; yet the chapter covers a period of more than fifteen hundred years.

What is the sum of history, as indicated by this record?—Simply this, that men lived a certain number of years, and then died. With this first historical record agree all that have been written since. The whole of history can be summed up in the words, They lived so long, and then they died. The one thing, therefore, that history teaches, is that a man's life is but "a vapor, that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." Yet this is the thing that is seldom thought of in reading history. Histories written by man are so filled up with accounts of the incidentals,—the things that people did, the battles fought, the kingdoms established, the cities built, and the "glory" gained,—that unless one has begun the historical study with the primary book, that is, the Bible, he will lose the main point.

Secular history alone is sufficient, if one reads it thoughtfully, to show that it is utterly impossible for man to inherit or possess this earth. "For he seeth that wise men die, likewise the fool and the brutish person perish, and leave their wealth to others." Notwithstanding this, "their inward thought is that their houses shall continue for ever; they call their lands after their own names." "This their way is their folly; yet their posterity approve their sayings."—Ps. xlix. 10-13. Each generation imagines that it is an exception, and that its works will stand for ever.

DULL STUDENTS.

PEOPLE refuse to learn the lesson of history, even when it is spread out before

their eyes. They contemplate the ruins of former greatness, and even while looking, think, "How superior we are to those who lived in ancient times; their empires have all vanished, and their cities are in ruins, or utterly extinct." But that is most short-sighted reasoning. A man might as well claim to have more vitality than Methuselah, because he himself is living in the possession of full strength, while Methuselah, forsooth, is long since dead; Ah, but wait, my friend, and time will tell a different story. You will not have to wait one-tenth the length of Methuselah's life to learn your mistake.

So with the works of which men boast to-day. There are now no structures so massive and so strongly built as many of those of ancient days that have been utterly demolished by time. Should time continue as much longer as it has already continued, nothing would remain of the glory of the nations that now inhabit the earth, and their names would be forgotten unless some few fragments of stone preserved them.

No, this earth is under a curse, and unsuited for man's dwelling-place. He cannot live here. Do what he will to establish himself here; he is swept away before he can fairly get a foothold. The princes of the earth are brought to nothing, and the judges of the earth are as vanity. "Yea, scarce are they planted, scarce are they sown, scarce hath their stock taken root in the earth, when He bloweth upon them, and they wither, and the whirlwind taketh them away as stubble."—Isa. xl. 24, R.V., margin.

In spite of this truth, which is the one thing that is most evident in all history, men go on planning for this earthly life as though they were to abide here for ever. We see them throwing all their energies into a political struggle, fiercely excited over the outcome, scrambling and crowding for a place, perfectly oblivious to the fact that even if they succeed in attaining the coveted object, it will disappear, and they themselves with it, almost as soon as they seize it. So it always has been, and so it will be to the end. They are as foolish as children on the beach, fighting over the sand houses they have built, which the next wave of the incoming tide will wash away, and at the same time overwhelm them.

What hope is there then for man?—Much, every way. Go back again to our elementary history book. Surely we can believe a record that is so conclusively substantiated by facts. That tells us that God created the earth not in vain, but to be inhabited (Isa. xlv. 18), and that when He had completed it, with man upon it, He "saw everything that he had made, and, behold, it was very good."—Gen. i. 31. The critical eye of the Master could detect no flaw, nothing that could be improved, either in man or his condition and circumstances. Everything was as good as God himself could make it.

Now we know that, "whatsoever God doeth, it shall be for ever."—Eccl. iii. 14. Therefore the condition of the earth in the beginning, and of man as well, is that which is to be through all eternity. God did not place men on the earth in order that they should be swept away like gnats, but that they should *possess* it for ever, even for ever and ever. Therefore, "we according to His promise look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness."—2 Peter iii. 13. Even though there were not many repetitions of that promise, the fact that in the beginning God placed a perfect man in a perfect earth, is sufficient promise that so it will be. In view of this promise we can confidently say, even when about to be carried away by the flood of time, "God will redeem my soul from the power of the grave; for He shall receive me."—Ps. xlix. 15.

Who will begin to read history from the beginning, and learn the great lesson that it teaches? Who will cease to chase the bubble that collapses as it is grasped, and begin to plan and live as citizens of a better country, that is, an heavenly, whose capital is a city that has everlasting foundations, whose builder and maker is God?

E. J. WAGGONER.

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FORGETTING GOD.

To forget God—not to defy him, not to deny him, but to forget him—is one of the prevailing sins of the day. Not only the youth, but old people as well, are guilty of the sin of forgetting God. In the morning you forget to thank him for his care during the night. You forget to open his word for instruction to guide you through the day. You hurry from your room, forgetting to bow in earnest prayer and thanksgiving, seeking God's presence to be with you, and his Holy Spirit to lead you in the way of truth.

You forget to seek the strength you need to perform aright the duties of the day. You meet with temptations, with perplexity, and attempt to "fight it out" in your own strength. Of course you fail, forgetting to call upon God, who has promised to help you in times of trouble. Forgetting God in the morning, you will forget him in the evening. You forget to return thanks for the air you have breathed, for the beautiful sunshine or the refreshing shower. Still forgetting him, you seek your pillow without returning thanks for his love.

God is forgotten in the home, in the schoolroom, in the shop, in the office, in all places of business. Yes; the Creator, the Redeemer, the Giver of all good, is forgotten.

This is a busy world, and there is much to claim the attention of both old and young. The daily paper is eagerly scanned for the latest news of war and of other important events. All these things are well enough, but do not forget God in order to learn about them. Let thoughts of his love linger with you every moment. Do not take such

large contracts from the world that you can not even think of God, to say nothing of working for him. Much that passes as *harmless* in the world has *damnation* in it, because it leads people to forget God. God never forgets you. Suppose he should forget, in so small a matter as supplying you with fresh air to breathe into your lungs, what would be the result?

MARIETTA CARPENTER.

"Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone." Looking at our own shining face is the bane of the spiritual life. O for closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face, and heart—shine with divine brilliancy. But O for a holy ignorance of our own shining."—Bonar.

"BEING JUSTIFIED by faith, we have peace with God;—that is we enter into the state of peace immediately. He is a rich man who has a thousand acres of corn in the ground, as well as he who has so much in his barn or the money in his purse. So Christians have rest and peace in the seed of it, when they have it not in the fruit. They have it in the promise, when they have it not in the possession."—Flavel.



CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

While nature was sinking in slumber to rest,
The last beams of daylight shone dim in the west;
O'er fields by pale moonlight, to lonely retreat,
In deep meditation, with wandering feet,
While passing a garden, I paused there to hear
A voice faint and faltering, from one that was near;
The voice of the mourner affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.

In offering to heaven his pitying prayer,
He spoke of the torments the sinner must bear,
His life as a ransom He offered to give
That sinners redeemed in bright glory might live,
I listened a moment, and then turned to see
What man of compassion the stranger might be,
When lo! I discovered, knelt on the cold ground
The loveliest being that ever was found.

His mantle was wet with the dew of the night,
His locks by pale moonlight were glistening and bright;

His eyes like pure diamonds to heaven were raised
While angels in wonder stood round Him amazed,
So deep was His sorrow, so fervent His prayer,
That down o'er His bosom rolled sweat, blood and tears.

I wept to behold Him, and asked Him His name;
He answered "'Tis Jesus; from Heaven I came.

I am thy Redeemer, for thee I must die;
The cup is most painful, but cannot pass by.
Thy sins like a mountain, are laid upon Me,
And all this deep anguish I suffered for thee."
I heard with attention, the tale of His woe,
While tears, like a fountain of waters, did flow,
The cause of His sorrow, to hear Him repeat,
Affected my heart; and I fell at His feet.

I trembled with horror and loudly did cry,
"Lord, save a poor sinner: O save, or I die."
He smiled when He saw me, and said to me, Live;
Thy sins, which are many, I freely forgive,
How sweet was that moment, He bade me rejoice;
His smile O, how pleasant, how cheering His voice;
I flew from the garden, to spread it abroad;
I shouted "Salvation! O glory to God!"

I'm now on my journey to mansions above;
My soul's full of glory, of peace, light, and love,
I think of the garden, the prayer, and the tears,
Of that lovely stranger who banished my fears,
The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel descending, the trumpet shall sound,
My soul then in raptures of glory will rise,
To gaze on the stranger with unclouded eyes.

S. H. D.

THE BIBLE—NOT TRADITION.

IN every age those who have been called of God to preach the truth have been confronted with the argument of custom. Children look through the spectacles of their fathers, and are loath to think that they have been in error.

In proof that practices are right, long-established precedents are often cited; and those whose duty it is to raise their voices against these long-established customs are many times sneered at as fanatics or alarmists. When the lion-hearted Luther started out to expose the corruptions of popery, he met the same opposition. When the brawling Dr. Eck met him in debate, and was smitten by his thunder-bolts of truth, he sneeringly said:—

I am surprised at the humility and modesty with which the reverend doctor undertakes to oppose, alone, so many illustrious Fathers, and pretends to know more than the sovereign Pontiffs, the councils, the doctors, and the universities. It would be surprising, no doubt, if God had hidden the truth from so many saints and martyrs—until the advent of the reverend father.

To accept custom as always correct is only to reiterate the pagan maxim, "Whatever is, is right." Custom is often wrong, and hoary age can never make truth out of a falsehood. Satan is very old, but he is Satan still, possessing the same diabolical subtlety as when in Eden. The question with Christians should not be, Does a practice exist? but, By what right does it exist? The query should be, Who ordained it? Sun-worship can be traced back into the days of ancient Egypt, and the ancestors of Abraham were idolaters; but sun-worship and idolatry are wrong.

The conflict between truth and error has been long, and the lines of the conflict have been sharply drawn. While in every battle truth has been victorious, its heavenly beauty has become tarnished, and its immaculate purity many times destroyed through the weakness of mortals. Says Gibbon:—

The theologian may indulge the pleasing task of describing religion as she descended from heaven arrayed in her native purity; a more melancholy duty is imposed upon the historian: he must discover the inevitable mixture of error and corruption which she contracted in long residence upon earth among a weak and degenerate race of beings.

For this reason it becomes unsafe to appeal to existing customs as a guide. To do so is but to step back into that gloom which covered the world with the pall of midnight, when the "Mystery of Iniquity" sought to make Christianity—so-called—popular by mixing in heathen errors. The Word of God is pre-eminently "the truth." It is the Word of Him who "spake as never man spake." "To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them."

GEORGE B. THOMPSON.



STARRY TIME-KEEPERS.

A MAGAZINE writer describes the use which the observers of Greenwich make of the "clock stars" or fixed stars in the computation of sidereal time. Of the instrument used he says:—

Upon looking through this telescope the observer's eye is first arrested by a vertical row of what seem to be iron bars placed at equal distances from each other. They are, however, neither more nor less than spiders' webs, the centre one, passing through the focus of the object glass, being the meridian line.

What could afford a finer illustration of the intermingling of the great with the little in this world of ours than the fact that the meridian of Greenwich is formed by so insignificant a thing as a spider's thread! Nothing that the human hand can fabricate is fine enough for the purpose.

By observing the time at which the "clock stars" pass over these web-lines, or "wires," as they are called, is sidereal time regulated. The adjustment of the instrument has to be extremely exact in order to obviate error. The slightest thing will put it out, even so small a matter as too much sunshine.

The sun, moon, and planets have all appreciable discs, which are wondrously enlarged by the telescope; but the fixed stars, however high the magnifying powers of a telescope may be, appear not the slightest bit larger. Their distance is so great that they only look brighter and clearer. From these are selected the "clock stars" with which the observatories have to deal.

HOW THE SEAMAN KNOWS.

Of the practical use in navigation of the tables which the staff of assistants make up, showing the position of the moon and stars at all times and places, several years in advance, the writer says:—

Let us suppose we are on board a ship, and somewhere on the Atlantic. The sun has not been visible for several days, and a heavy gale has driven us we know not where. During the night a slight opening in the clouds reveals some few dozen stars.

Two of these are recognised, and the height of each above the horizon is carefully noted with the sextant. One is due south, the other is south-west. At the instant that the observation of the south-west star was made the time shown by the ship's chronometer (which has been rated at Greenwich) is noted.

Upon reference to the *Nautical Almanac*, we find the correct position in the heavens of these two stars. By aid of the star in the south the ship's latitude is at once obtained, whilst by the aid of the second, the sidereal time of the observation is reckoned.

This sidereal time can, by the aid of the tables and data supplied from Greenwich, be converted into mean time, which will be the mean time of the ship. The chronometer shows Greenwich time, and hence the difference of the time between the two localities gives the longitude of the ship, and thus its exact position on the ocean.

Thus we see how those patient watchers and workers on the quiet tree-shaded hill overlooking the Thames have so potent a hand in guiding ships over the trackless deep, in saving life that would otherwise be lost, and generally in fostering commerce, and so aiding in the growth of the empire—and all this—as Emerson so forcibly puts it—by getting the moon and stars into harness.

THE "GLORY OF THE STARS."

DID you ever stand, on a bright, clear night, and gaze upon the sparkling heavens? Did you ever realize that those tiny scintillating points are the centers of far-distant systems of worlds, immensely greater than this globe of ours, which we sometimes look upon as the ideal of greatness and stability,—that the great hazy track of brightness that spreads across the sky is but an immense aggregation of starry suns, too far away to be distinguished separately by the naked eye? It was on such a night that God took Abraham, and showed him the the spangled canopy that spread above him, saying, "Look now toward heaven, and tell the stars, if thou be able to number them: . . . so shall thy seed be." The patriarch, as he gazed upward in solemn wonder and simple faith, could not realize all that God meant even as far as the number of the stars was concerned. Yet he must have been touched to the heart, as you and I are to-day, when he thought of the graciousness of the loving Father, who, stooping from the care of his stupendous universe, came to speak the word of love and promise to the poor, expectant human heart. After many centuries of study, of investigation, and of wonderful inventions to aid astronomical research, to-day we are still on the brink, peering into the unknown immensity of the universe.

Two thousand years ago, Hipparchus gave to science his first catalogue of the stars, containing one thousand and twenty-two. This was received with astonishment by his contemporaries. The catalogues used by astronomers of the present day contain upward of one million. There are now in preparation, in the great observatories of the world, two general charts, the first of which will contain two and one-half millions of stars whose proportions are to be calculated and tabulated; and the second will contain some thirty millions.

The stars whose existence at this time we are able to realize are divided by astronomers into fourteen magnitudes, according to their brilliancy, the second being a little less brilliant than the first, and so on. All those beyond the sixth magnitude are invisible to the naked eye. Of the more than forty millions of stars that come within the ken of science, only 6,591 are visible to the human eye alone. The presence of the rest can be realized only by the use of powerful telescopes and very sensitive photographic plates.

This number is too great for humanity even to attempt to catalogue, and yet it may be that this is but a corner in the universe, whose immensity, crowded with great worlds and planetary systems, stretches out far beyond the remotest conception of the human mind. As we stand with bowed heads in the presence of the great God of the awful universe, realizing our own infinitesimal smallness in his sight, there comes to our hearts, like the voice to Abraham, the loving words of the Son of God: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear ye not therefore." Although our minds, with all the advancement of knowledge and development of training, cannot comprehend even the least of his works, yet truly "the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him; and he will show them his covenant."

WALTER K. JAMES.

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THE BOY WHO BECAME A GREAT ASTRONOMER.

ANY boy who determines to learn all that he can that is useful, will be a useful man. Here is the story of Professor Barnard, whose name is often seen now in scientific journals:—

Some years back, perhaps thirty or more, a little lad was loitering along the street of an American city. As he passed the shop of the local photographer, a man came out and spoke to him. "Do you want a job?" he asked. The boy said promptly, "Yes, sir!"

"If you get it, will you attend to it?" the man asked.

Again the answer was. "Yes, sir!"

"It is not a lively one. You have to sit still and watch things," the man said. "Do you think you can keep awake?"

"I can try, sir!" the boy said; so, after a little more talk, he got the job.

It was not a lively one. He had to sit upon a housetop and watch a lot of photographic negatives, to make certain that they got just enough light and none too much. He did the work well. The photographer never caught him napping, no matter how suddenly he came upon him. In a little while he showed that he was as intelligent as he was trusty. Then the photographer noticed that the lad's clothes, tho worn, were always clean and decently mended. A little inquiry proved that the new boy was a widow's son—a widow who had very little besides her children and her trust in the Lord. The little her son earned was a very material help to her. She was eager to have him in school. All told, he had been there less than two months; but she could not send him; he had neither the time nor the clothes for it.

Sitting aloft day after day, the lad fell to studying the heavens. Chance had thrown into his hands a volume of Dr. Thomas Dick's "Practical Astronomy." At first he found it dry reading, but in a little while the study of it had redoubled his interest in his ever-beloved sky. He longed above everything for a telescope, which would enable him the better to search out its glories, its mysteries. By help of his kind employer, he at length rigged up an apology for one—something whose limited powers only served to whet his appetite for real telescopic revelations.

He began to go to Sunday-school. His teacher there grew interested in him and his ambition. Through her aid and counsel, joined to that of other friends, he went seriously to work to secure the coveted instrument. A second-hand one was offered to him for two hundred dollars. He sent for it, but found it so unsatisfactory that he returned it. Expressage both ways cost him twenty dollars he could very ill spare. However, he got the money's worth in experience—experience which determined him to be satisfied with nothing less than a telescope of the very first class.

To get money for such a one he worked and saved. A shabby coat had no terrors for him if the shabbiness meant something toward the desire of his heart. Yet he was only frugal, never niggardly, and always generous to a friend. Pretty soon he was able to buy a telescope of the very best pattern. It had a five-inch refractor. When it was duly in position upon the roof, where he had spent so many working hours, he was about the happiest young fellow in the world.

His friends were almost as happy—particularly that first friend who had given him the aerial job. The roof became a favourite resort for everybody in the city who had the least hankering after a sight of the stars. The young owner of the telescope was glad to let them look. As for himself, he nightly scoured the heavens, noting and recording by means of drawings the many wonderful things he saw there.

Besides a good telescope he had phenomenally keen sight. That is evidenced by the fact that with this five-inch refractor, an instrument below the first power, he discovered and described a dozen comets. Providence perhaps had put it into the mind of a rich man to offer prizes for just such discoveries. They were not very big prizes, but altogether this self-taught astronomer won enough of them to give him a welcome thousand dollars.

He had, however, rebuffs as well as helps from the big outside world. The American Association for the Advancement of Science met in his native city not long after he had begun his study of the heavens. He was presented to its President, Simon Newcomb, and began modestly to speak of what he had done and hoped to do. "Humph! You had better put away that telescope! It is too big, any way. You can do nothing with it; you had better study mathematics than waste your time star-gazing," said the great man. The beginner left him half heart-broken. But after the first smart he resolved that he would study mathematics, and he did.

Time's whirligig brings some revenges that are precious. Fifteen years later, Prof. Simon Newcomb, writing to Prof. Edward Emerson Barnard, upon whom Vanderbilt University has conferred the degree of Doctor of Science, and whom the Royal Astronomical Society of London has been proud to make a Fellow, asked if Professor Barnard "knew anything of a young fellow with a telescope, who had lived in Nashville when the Association for the Advancement of Science met there?" and added after some further inquiry, "It cannot be possible that you are the one I mean."

It was not only possible but actual. Professor Barnard, to-day the foremost of American astronomers, who has mastered not merely mathematics, but the whole college curriculum, who has discovered more comets than any other living man, and who has mapped and measured the fifth satellite of Jupiter, is the lad who made his beginnings by faithfulness over a few things, upon the roof of a Nashville photograph gallery. It is pleasant to have to add that now when fortune smiles, when big colleges almost fight for the prestige of employing him, that when he revisits his native city those he seeks first and stays with longest are the friends who in the beginning gave him a helping hand.

—M. M. WILLIAMS.

MODERN astronomers have learned that our sun revolves around the star Alcyon, one of the Pleiades. Dr. Dick held the opinion that the center of the universe is where the throne of the Creator is. Others have expressed the thought that the center of the universe is right up thru the constellation Orion. But one who knows all about it has spoken in Job 38, 31: "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades? or loose the bands of Orion?"



"I DIDN'T THINK."

If all the troubles in the world
Were traced back to their start,
We'd find not one in ten begun
From want of willing heart.
But there's a sly woe-working elf
Who lurks about youth's brink,
And sure dismay he brings away—
The elf "I didn't think."

He seems so sorry when he's caught,
His mien is all contrite,
He so regrets the woe he's wrought,
And wants to make things right,
But wishes do not heal a wound,
Or weld a broken link.
The heart aches on, the link is gone—
All through "I didn't think."

I half believe that ugly sprite,
Bold, wicked "I don't care,"
In life's long run less harm has done
Because he is so rare.
And one can be so stern with him,
Can make the monster shrink;
But lack-a-day, what *can* we say
To whining "Didn't think."

This most unpleasant imp of strife
Pursues us everywhere.
There's scarcely one whole day of life
He does not cause us care;
Small woes and great he brings the world,
Strong ships are forced to sink,
And trains from iron tracks are hurled
By stupid "Didn't think."

When brain is comrade to the heart,
And heart from soul draws grace,
"I didn't think" will quick depart
For lack of resting-place.
If from that great unselfish stream
The Golden Rule we drink,
We'll keep God's laws and have no cause
To say "I didn't think."

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

I AM going to tell you of a girl who, from being one of the most careless girls it was possible to meet, became a gentle follower of Christ, and, as her mother often said, "an angel in the house." A friend and I were staying at a little village by the sea, and in the house next to where we were lodged lived a mother and her daughter, of whom we heard the following:—

"The mother, a widow, was very delicate, but she worked for her child from morning till night. Before she left for school in the morning, Bessie would go to her mother and say: "I don't like the way you have done my hair; you must do it over again." Then she would pull off the ribbon and tangle her hair, and worry her mother until it was to her liking.

She would play on her way from school, and reach home at the last minute, late for dinner. Then she would call out: "O mother, I must have my dinner this minute, or I shall be late for afternoon school! What is there for dinner?" And if it was not what she fancied, she would put herself into a terrible temper, and go to school dinnerless.

I cannot repeat the many ways in which she proved to be a trouble rather than a blessing to her invalid mother, whose failing health made her unable to cope with the ill-temper of her self-willed child. At last, just after Bessie's fifteenth birthday, when chief thoughts were of going out, reading, and dressing, the doctor called her aside, and spoke seriously to her: "For years," he said, "your mother has waited on you, and in this way she has increased her illness. She will never walk again, and it is your turn—you wait on her. There is One whom your mother knows and loves, who will take all you do for her as done for Him; it is the highest service; are you prepared to enter it?"

Bessie was ashamed. In a moment her heart was touched. "Oh! I see how willful and selfish I have been!" she cried. "O Dr. Blair, is it true what you say of my mother?"

"Every word of it," was the reply. "Just ponder on it."

Bessie crept up-stairs weeping, with a feeling in her heart that the world had somehow suddenly come to an end.

She listened outside her mother's door, and she heard her praying: "Dear Father, who lovest my child more and better than I can ever love her, soften her young heart, and help her to bear this burden. O Jesus, open Thine arms very wide, that I may more closely lean upon Thee, for I need Thee in my helplessness more than ever."

Bessie heard, and, rushing into the room, she fell at her mother's bedside, and in a fit of remorse, exclaimed: "O mother, my heart is broken! Forgive me all the past, and by God's help I will devote myself to you every hour."

Mother and daughter became united in the sweetest bonds, for Jesus was their Saviour and Comforter, and it was beautiful and touching to see them together in the days of the mother's dependence on her daughter—the elder leaning on the younger.

"What first touched you most? we asked Bessie.

"Mother's gentle trust in God, and the way she prayed for me," was the reply. "I had often heard her pray before, but the doctor's words, 'She will never walk again,' seemed to break my heart, and I felt as if God had put her into my idle arms to fill them."

We used to watch Bessie wheel her mother into the sunshine, and the mother's happy smile would follow her as she went in and out, and waited upon and cheered the invalid every hour of the day.

A letter came one day from an uncle in

America, asking Bessie to go out to him and his wife, and they would make her heir to all they had, for they were childless. Bessie wrote: "I have a most blessed charge in a sick mother, whom I would not leave for all the wealth in the world. For fifteen years she spent her life for me, and God had to lay her aside before I could be brought to see the evil of my heart and ways, and the selfishness and uselessness of my robust health."

This so stirred up the uncle and aunt that they came to England to see the widow and Bessie, and the perfect unity and sweet Christian life of mother and daughter won them both for Christ.

Bessie's is a bright example. Many careless daughters have seen Christ in her so really that they have been caught by the beautiful likeness, and in the desire to be like Him, have been "transformed by the renewing of their minds."—*The Christian*.

SHIELD THE DULL CHILD.

THERE is usually one of a family of children who is slower to learn than the others, just as some develop physically less rapidly than others; and it is for those slow ones that we plead.

These children are often allowed by the negligence or ill-judgment of parents to be made the butt of jests on the part of other members of the family. This is wrong.

Many times these slow children are sensitive to remarks on the subject, and are not only made miserable and unhappy by it, but their mental development and growth are retarded by the discouragement, and a fear of asking questions.

Lives are embittered by the cruel jests of brothers and sisters far oftener than careless people imagine, and what is a natural peculiarity of a certain child's constitution is spoken of as if it were a fault or crime to be ashamed of or hidden.

The seemingly dull boy of a family is often the one who makes the family name illustrious.—*Selected*.

MENTAL LOAFING.

IT is considered a disgrace to be lazy. He who is too indolent to work for his own living becomes a by-word and a reproach. But there is a very common form of laziness, which is not always noticed; it is that of the mind. We first become conscious of it in our young days when we "don't feel like study." We dawdle over the books with our thoughts half asleep, and as a result give a fine exhibition of stupidity in the recitation room. This sort of indulgence in youth is very dangerous; for it becomes a habit, and the mind grows rusty and dull in the very prime of life, when it should be at its best.

On the heels of this form of laziness comes another bad habit—that of intellectual loafing. What loafing is in the common sense we all know; it is hanging about with no definite aim or purpose, idling away the time

without profit. Well, there is mental loafing as well, and it is known in the dictionary as "reverie." It is a dreamy state of the mind, when the thoughts go "wool-gathering." This habit, so common to young people, is fatal to mental growth; many a promising youth is ruined by over-indulgence in it. It wastes time, and enfeebles the mental powers. It is really a form of laziness, and should be sternly corrected at the very outset. The action of the mind should be kept under control. When the thoughts begin to wander, it is time to whip them into order. A resolute will will do it.—*Selected.*

TO REMOVE mildew from linen, mix soft soap with powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon. Lay it on both sides with a painter's brush, and put the linen in the open air, on the grass, if possible. The brighter the sunshine the quicker will be the disappearance of the stain.

* *

TO FRESHEN flowers when they are somewhat withered, plunge the stalks for a few seconds into very hot water, to which a few drops of camphor have been added.

* *

To prevent the smell of burning, when anything has boiled over in the oven, or on the stove, sprinkle on plenty of salt.

* *

MAKING starch with soapy water is a good way to produce a gloss, and prevent the iron from sticking.

HOW TO MANAGE CHILDREN.

Child.—Mother, I want a piece of cake.

Mother.—I haven't got any; it's all gone.

Child.—I know there's some in the cupboard: I saw it when you opened the door.

Mother.—Well you don't need any now; cake hurts children.

Child.—No, it doesn't: (*whining*) I do want a piece; mother, mayn't I have a piece?

Mother.—Be still, I can't get up now, I'm busy.

Child (crying aloud).—I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.

Mother.—Be still, I say: I shan't give you a bit if you do not leave off crying.

Child (still crying).—I want a piece of cake; I want a piece of cake.

Mother, rising hastily, and reaching a piece.—There, take that, and hold your tongue. Eat it up, quick: I hear Ben coming. Now, don't tell him you have had any.

[*Ben enters*] *Child [to Ben].*—I've had a piece of cake; you can't have any.

Ben.—Yes, I will; mother, give me a piece.

Mother.—There, take that; it seems as if I never could keep a bit of anything in the house. You see, sir, (*to the child*) if you get anything another time!

[*Another Room*] *Child.*—I've had a piece of cake.

Younger Sister.—Oh! I want some too.

Child.—Well, you *hawl*, and mother will give you a piece. I did.

Let us see how many errors were committed by the mother during this short conversation.

In the first place, she tells a downright lie, and the child detects her in it: "I haven't any cake." "You have; I saw it in the cupboard."

We must mention, also, the spirit by which her conduct through the whole is marked, and which makes the child feel that she has at last yielded to his wishes, not because she loves him, but to save herself the vexation of being teased any longer. The practical commentary which he made in his advice to his sister, shows that he fully understands the springs of her domestic machinery.

Yet this is probably a mother who loves her offspring, who is toiling early and late for their comfort and respectability; but

BUT WE WERE
GENTLE
AMONG YOU EVEN AS A
NURSE CHERISHETH
HER CHILDREN.
1 Thess. 2:7

And the
Lord's
Servant
MUST NOT STRIVE BUT
BE GENTLE
TOWARD ALL.
2 Tim. 2:24, R.V.

Secondly, she gives a false reason, "cake hurts children," for not gratifying the child's wishes,—at least her next reply would lead him to suppose so.

Thirdly, she encourages the child to cry for what he desires, by offering, as a reward for leaving off, the gratification which he could not obtain by continued good humour.

Fourthly, she breaks her promise, and rewards the child for crying and disobeying her.

Fifthly, she fosters a spirit of selfish greediness, the lowest and most debasing of all passions, "eat it quick, and don't tell Ben."

Sixthly, she utters a threat she has no intention of acting upon, "see if you get any next time."

who will, perhaps, have to complain that her old age is embittered by the neglect and unkindness of her children. They are not wholly in the fault. A mother may sacrifice her health, and even life itself, for her family, and yet not make them happy; they will not value her. A child cannot comprehend the value of that affection which keeps his mother busy from morning till night, when her industry is continually crossing the track of his enjoyment: when it is made an apology for petulance, injustice, and neglect of those little things which make up the happiness of childhood. Nothing but a constant hourly flow of kindness, prompt in gratifying, gentle in refusing, a kindness which knows no ebb, unruffled by passion, unpolluted by selfishness can gain the entire confidence of a child.

—*Mother's Journal.*



SAVING FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.

IT is a beautiful story told by Lafcadio Hearn, of an old man, whose great deed belongs to Japanese history. He was Hamaguchi, and his farmhouse stood on the verge of a small plateau overlooking the bay. The plateau, mostly devoted to rice-culture, was hemmed in on three sides by thickly wooded summits; and from the outer verge, the land sloped down to the sea. Below were ninety thatched dwellings and a temple; these composed the village.

One autumn evening, Hamaguchi Gohei was looking down from his balcony on the preparations for some merrymaking in the hamlet below. All the villagers were out, and he would have gone with them, had he not been feeling less strong than usual.

Suddenly there came an earthquake shock, not a very strong one; but Hamaguchi, who had felt many before this, thought there was something odd in its long spongy motion. As the quaking ceased, he chanced to look toward the sea, and there he saw the strangest possible sight; it seemed to be running away from the land.

Apparently the whole village had noticed it, for the people stood still in wonderment; only Hamaguchi drew any conclusions from the phenomenon, and guessed what the sea would do next. He called his little grandson, a lad of ten, the only one of the family left with him.

"Tada! Quick! Light me a torch!"

The child kindled a pine-torch, and the old man hurried with it to the fields, where hundreds of rice-stacks stood ready for transportation. One by one he lighted them in haste, and they caught like tinder, sending skyward masses of smoke that met and mingled in one cloudy whirl. Tada, astonished and terrified, ran after his grandfather, weeping and calling: "Why? why? why?"

Hamaguchi did not answer; he thought only of four hundred lives in peril. He watched for the people, and in a moment only, they came swarming up from the village like ants.

And still the sea was fleeing toward the horizon. The first party of succour arrived, a score of agile young peasants, who wanted to attack the fire at once; but Hamaguchi, stretching out both his arms, stopped them.

"Let it burn, lads!" he commanded. "Let it be. I want the whole village here."

The whole village came, mothers and children last of all, drawn by concern and curiosity.

"Grandfather is mad. I am afraid of him," sobbed little Tada. "He set fire to the rice on purpose. I saw him do it.

"As for the rice," said Hamaguchi, "the child tells the truth. I set fire to it. Are all the people here?"

"All are here," was the answer; "but we cannot understand this thing."

"See!" cried the old man, at the top of his voice, pointing to the open. "Say if I be mad!"

It was the returning sea, towering like a cliff, and coursing swifter than the kite. There was a shock, heavier than thunder, as the colossal swell smote the shore, with a foam-burst like a blaze of sheet-lightning.

Then a white horror of sea raved over the village itself. It drew back, roaring, and tearing out the land as it went. Twice, thrice, five times it struck and ebbed, each time with lesser surges, and then it returned to its ancient bed, and stayed there, although still raging. Of all the homes about the bay, nothing remained but two straw roofs tossing madly in the offing. All lips were dumb, until Hamaguchi observed gently:

"That was why I set fire to the rice."

He was now poor as the poorest in all the village; but he had saved four hundred lives.—*Youth's Companion.*

A BLIND CHILD'S DISCOVERY.

I ONCE heard a clergyman tell a true incident of a little blind child, who had never known the blessing of sight until some wonderful operation was performed, and, to her mother's joy, she was pronounced cured. He described the poor child's excitement when the bandage was first removed, and she was allowed to take her first look upon God's beautiful world.

One seemed to see the trembling little creature, and hear her gasp in almost painful rapture and amazement as, clinging to her mother's hand, she stared around the country scene in which she had lived all her little life, yet never known until that wonderful moment.

The parent waited, almost as much excited, to hear what the child would say, for had she not been the patient one to try and explain all that upon which the freshly-opened eyes were now gazing? Had she not toiled with all her ability to make the afflicted one to behold fair sights by careful description, by living word-pictures? And yet the little child turned now, and at last, finding her breath, cried out with great reproach:

"Oh, you never told me the world was like this!"

Then the poor mother burst into tears.

"I did, my darling, I did, but you were deaf because you were blind, and could not understand my words."

How many of us are like that poor blind little child? We hear the beauty of God and His love told into our ears; we hear the entreaty to look up, to realize all that is in store for those who acknowledge Him

their King and Master; but our eyes are sealed, and our ears hear, but do not understand.

And how many, too, like the child, when first a glimpse of heaven shines before us, are as startled at the thoughts of the joy (that might have been ours long ago) around and above us, and cry aloud to our teachers: "You never told us God's love was like this!"

Well might they reply:

"You were deaf; you were blind." But, unlike the child, we are free, if we will, to see; and "he who hath ears, let him hear."
—*Friendly Greetings.*

WHAT PERSEVERANCE DID.

ONE of the most touching lives that I have ever read about is that of Cæsar Ducornet, a French painter. If all the people who feel discouraged because their lives are hard and their endowments or opportunities are not great, could know of Cæsar Ducornet, it seems as if they never again would say, "I cannot," or moan at "fate."

It was on Jan. 6, 1806, in Lille, France, that a child was born with scarcely the semblance to a human being. He had a splendid head, it is true, but otherwise his body was like nothing else under the sun. There were no arms or hands, and only the merest stumps of legs, with four-toed feet. Who would have blamed this child if he had been a sad and bitter burden to himself and his parents all his life? But he was not.

His parents were poor, and what to do with their son's future was a very serious question with them. He decided it for himself. Everything other boys did with their hands, he did equally as well with his feet; and one day he was discovered drawing upon paper "some masterly capital letters." An old writing-master saw them, and immediately took the child as a free pupil. In a year he excelled in the writing-school, and had begun to fill his copy-books with remarkably correct designs. The professor of design in the Lille Academy fell in love with Cæsar Ducornet, and the unfortunate child became a pupil in the Academy.

Through many years of hard work Cæsar Ducornet kept up his courage, and never ceased from his indomitable energy. With all his physical disability, he became an artist of considerable note, and painted some large pictures, and received several prizes. The following quotation will give some idea of the energy, bravery, courage, and intellect which made this misshapen little being a man—and it is such qualities alone which make any man a man, in the best sense of the word:—

"We never shall forget the impression we received upon first entering his painting room. There, extended upon an easel, stood a huge canvas, across the whole extent of which ran, with incredible agility, like a fly upon a wall, the stunted trunk of a man, surmounted by a noble head with expansive brow and eye of fire; and wherever the apparition passed along the canvas, he left the traces of colour behind him. On ap-

proaching a few paces nearer, we were aware of a lofty but slender scaffolding in front of the canvas, up and down and across the steps and stages of which climbed and couched and twisted—it is impossible to describe how—the shapeless being we had come to see. . . . By one of his feet he held a palette; by the other a pencil; in his mouth also he carried a large brush and a second pencil; and in all this harness he moved and rolled and writhed and painted in a manner more than marvellous! For some minutes we had remained standing in the middle of the room, forgetful of ceremony, and stupefied and mute, when there proceeded from this shapeless being a voice musical, grave, and sonorous, saluting us by name, and inviting us to be seated."

Cæsar Ducornet lived fifty years; and as in life, so in death, he was brave and loving. When a life that had been rendered hideous, so it would seem, by such a horrible prenatal misfortune, is glorified by the *man within the misshapen physical form*, what are the possibilities of those born to the common lot of mankind? There can be no limits to their possibilities for goodness and nobility unless the limits be in the mind—as a man "thinketh in his heart, so is he.

MYRTA B. CASTLE.

WORMS AND THEIR HOMES.

THE worm's home is a row of long halls dug in the ground. These halls are lined with a kind of glue from the worm's body. This glue makes the walls firm; then they will not fall in.

The halls are not very deep underground. If the weather is very cold, or very dry, the worms dig down deeper. They enjoy warmth. They also like water and wet soil.

When winter comes, the worms plug up the doors of their houses. This is done by dragging into it a plant stem that will fit and fill it. The worms carry into their homes leaves and stalks to eat. They bring out, and throw away, things which they do not like.

Worms show much sense in the way in which they carry things in and out of their holes. If a stem will not go in, they turn it over, and try it in some other way.

Worms usually come out of their holes at night or in wet weather. If they go far from their house, they cannot find their way back. Then they make a new hole. Each worm lives alone.

Often in the evening or early morning, or during rain, you will see worms near their houses. You may find them with their heads just put out of their doors. You will see the worm houses open in early day or after rain. It is then that the worms dare to come out. Sun and heat dry worms up very fast, and so kill them.

The birds know all these ways of the worms. Watch a robin or a bluebird. He searches for his food at sunrise, or after sunset, or while it rains.

Now his keen eyes see the worm at his door. In goes his sharp bill. He pulls like a good fellow. He is hungry. He wants his breakfast. The worm holds fast by his hooks. The bird braces his feet and his tail and tugs hard. Out comes the worm to feed Mr. Bird.

The bird shows great skill in the way he pulls the worm out of his hole. He does not break off one little bit of his soft body. No boy could get him out in that way.

Some say that the worm lies by his door at sunrise for warmth. I do not think that is so. I think what he likes is the fresh dew. He loves dampness. He fears cold, but he also dies of heat.

A worm will die in one day in dry air, but he will live for weeks quite down under water. He needs an even, moist warmth. His home must not be hot, nor cold, nor dry.

Little young worms know how to dig houses, make worm casts, carry out the soil, find food, and plug up the door of their houses. They know at once all that old worms do. But then worm houses do not require as much skill as bee or wasp houses.

Now, you see how much is to be learned even of such a small humble thing as a worm. Think how much even such a weak creature can do.—*Seaside and Wayside.*

"DO SOMETHING FOR SOMEBODY QUICK."

NOT long ago I read a story about a little girl who had a parrot. Among the funny things which this parrot could say was the line that stands at the head of this story. She had heard Madge, her little mistress, say it over and over as she learned it in a piece to recite at school.

Madge did not know about this, and one morning she woke up very cross. She crawled slowly out of bed, and began to put on her shoes and stockings. She pulled so hard at the button-hook that the very first button popped off. Pretty soon off went another. This made poor, cross Madge so angry that she pulled off the shoe, flung it across the room, and screamed out:—

"Everything is so hateful! Oh, what shall I do!"

Polly was on her stand by the window, and, being very much excited by Madge's action, screamed back:—

"Bad girl! Do something for somebody quick!"

This made Madge laugh, but it made her think, too. She made up her mind that all that day she would try to do something for somebody, and see if that would not keep her from being so cross. I think it did. Suppose you try Polly's cure for crossness.—*Selected.*

OF one man it was sometimes said that he "lost an hour in the morning, and spent the rest of the day looking for it."

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It is natural for man to be well. The infant, born of healthy parents, is well, and remains so until its health is impaired by some indiscretion which is directly in conflict with God's plan for the health of that child. Within that child's body are placed different means of resisting diseases which might come from outside uncontrollable causes; and if the child is left to nature, *i.e.*, if its natural habits are not interfered with, it is sure to grow up into a healthy man or woman.

Illness is the result of the carrying out of perverted ideas, the indulgence of perverted appetites and passions. The life of excitement is in direct contrast to the word "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength."

Frivolity is likewise discountenanced "Live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world." Many are the illustrations which might be given of the physical and moral results of intemperance. For passing references, two instances will suffice. The experience of the people in Noah's time who were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, and knew not until the flood came and destroyed them all," and the children of Israel who, because of their yielding to their strong desires and perverted appetites, were destroyed of a plague.

God does not forbid anything that is for the real or true enjoyment of his children. He does not approve of lightness and frivolity, but he just as surely disapproves of despondency, for he says "Rejoice evermore." True happiness and a contented mind, which are essential to complete health, are to be found only in careful obedience to all of these requirements, and perfect obedience is possible, only as Christ is in the life. And the health and life which are then obtained, are not only temporal, but eternal.

OLIVE P. INGERSOLL, M. D.

TEMPERANCE is a proper control of the appetites; it implies the moderate use of good things, and total abstinence from poisons.

CONDIMENTS.

WHAT are they, and of what use? Webster calls them—"pungent substances, as pepper or mustard."

People have an idea that they are useful to stimulate the human body.

Animals avoid them, and usually even the household cat objects to pepper and mustard.

These substances are irritants. Mustard will blister the skin in a short time if properly applied. Red pepper will make a very painful sore if moistened and laid upon the skin. Black pepper will also irritate the skin and cause inflammation.

It is a mystery how people came to suppose that the use of such substances was beneficial. The stomach is as easily irritated as the outer skin.

How much "heart-burn," which is generally stomach irritation, is caused by strongly peppered, and spiced food! The stomach is inflamed, the nerves cry out in pain, then the poor victim takes something worse perhaps, to ease the pain caused by the irritating condition.

Then the results of the use of these foreign and irritating substances are not confined to stomach trouble. While inflammation of the stomach, and even cancers no doubt are encouraged by using them.

That is not all. Kidney complaints are becoming more and more prevalent. One fruitful cause is irritation from the use of pepper, mustard, and the like. The kidneys feel the effects at once, when such things are used. Bright's disease and kindred complaints are caused by this bad habit, and those suffering from such complaints should carefully avoid *all stimulants*.

Another bad effect is over-stimulation of the heart.

How sad that even babies are fed on food, seasoned with pepper! The heathen in Africa stuff their new born babes with cayenne pepper, and if they live through it they think they are "worth raising." Some civilized people do about as badly, but seem to not understand results as well as the Africans.

Those who never use them have a more natural taste and enjoy food better. If you want to be really healthy let them alone.—*Vanguard*.

FRUIT cools the blood, cleans the teeth, and aids the digestion. Those who cannot eat it miss the benefits of perhaps the most medicinal food on Nature's bill of fare.

* *

ALARMED by the ravages of strong drink, the Belgian government has ordered the display in all school-rooms of a printed placard setting forth the injurious effects of alcohol.

* *

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Self is the greatest enemy of mankind. It separated man from God in the beginning, and has been doing the same thing ever since.

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"LOVE IS OF GOD." It is a plant of heavenly origin, planted by Him in the heart of every true follower of Christ. Man does not possess it of himself, for it is of God, and is only found in the heart of man as placed there by its author. When this sacred legacy is allowed to remain and develop in the heart, it is the motive force that leads to effectual service for God. Love is the basis of the religion of Jesus Christ. Every service truly done for Him has but one motive, and that is love. How decidedly opposite to this is the false religion which leads its devotee to do service from fear, hoping thereby to appease the wrath of an angry God. "Perfect love casteth out fear; because fear hath torment." As the love of God is accepted into the heart, and is nourished and cherished, it will continually expand more and more until fear, which has torment, will be entirely expelled, and every act of life will be a loving service for its maker.

A Word of Warning—should be sounded in the ear of every boy and girl, and every man and woman, against the vile and corrupt literature that is being placed within their reach. While liquor, tobacco, and other narcotics are ruining health and morals, these worthless, despicable, and villainous novels are following in their wake and ruining the minds of those who read them. The wise man has said "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." By reading this sort of literature the mind is fed upon impure food and corrupted thereby. A few years ago in the State of New York, a train was wrecked by five boys aged fifteen years. The purpose of the boys was to rob the passengers. After having wrecked the train, the boys were seized by fear and stole away to the woods for protection. When they were found, a copy of a book containing the wild adventures of Jessie

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY.

The death of President McKinley has caused the American nation to mourn for a third time the unexpected death of her Chief Executive at the hand of a cruel assassin. The late President enjoyed to a remarkable degree the respect and confidence of his people, not only those of the same political party but of them who were opposed to the national policy of those in control of the Government. Again we see demonstrated that the words of the Psalmist apply to those in highest positions in life as well as to the most lowly:—"As for man his days are as grass; as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it and it is gone." Also 1 Peter 1, 24, 25. "For all flesh is as grass and all the glory of man as the flower of grass. The grass withereth and the flower thereof falleth away, but the word of the Lord endureth forever."

William McKinley was born in 1843 in the State of Ohio, and was shot while holding a public reception at the Buffalo exposition. The treacherous act on the part of the assassin proved fatal, and he died Sept. 14th. "When a lad of 18 he joined the army of the North in the War of Rebellion, and distinguished himself in his faithful performance of duty. After the war he took to the study of law, and later on became absorbed in politics,—as an ardent upholder of the Republican party. In 1876, he was sent to congress, and was returned each biennial period until 1890, and in the following year was made governor of the State of Ohio. The cause of his being brought into national recognition, came through his advocacy of high protective tariff, and in 1896 he received the Republican nomination for president. Being successful in that remarkable campaign, he was elected president of the United States. The manner of his administration during the four years that included the Spanish-American war, gave him still more favour in the eyes of the people, and in 1900 by an overwhelming majority he was returned to the same high office of president of the United States.

His last words were "Good-bye all, good-bye; it is God's way; His will be done."

James was in their hands, and they confessed that the reading of that book led them to the overt act of wrecking the train.

EVANGELIZING THE WORLD.

THE evangelizing of the world in the next five years is a subject that is attracting considerable attention at the present. One is sanguine, and thinks it can be done; another thinks the lack of funds makes it impossible; another, the time is too short. But after all, is it a question of time or money? Can we block off so much time for the accomplishment of God's purpose in the earth? Will the figuring of men place a limit to the proclamation of the gospel in the world? The purposes of God are not bounded by time or money. The great and effectual agency in the work of saving man is the Holy Spirit; and to the degree that this is received by the servants of God, will the good news of salvation spread. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts."

THE TEAPOT IN INDIA.

THE advocates of tea drinking in India see a mine of gold for tea planters and the India Government in the introduction of the teapot into India; But are the commercial interests of the country all that should be considered in advocating a scheme to enslave 250,000,000 people in the tea-drinking habit? Eminent physicians who have made a careful study of the effects of tea drinking, have made very positive statements regarding the deleterious effects of this custom. We quote the following from the Good Health:—

"Dr. Bock, of Leipsic, calls attention to some of the peculiar effects of tea. He says that he has discovered that tea causes a man to be peevish and irritable; that while it gives temporary relief from weariness, nervousness, irritability, grief, and sorrow, nevertheless, the ultimate effect is to make a person more peevish, nervous, and irritable. It is a common thing for

ladies to drink tea to relieve headache, and it does relieve it temporarily, as opium does, but it comes back again the next day, and then tea must be taken again to cure that headache. I have been told by many ladies to whom I have prohibited tea, "Why, doctor, I can't endure life unless I have my tea." Now such a person is a tea-tippler, a tea-drunkard. Dr. Ehrlich, of England, says there are many tea-drunkards in that country. The stomachs of these tea-drinkers are paralyzed with the narcotic in the tea; and they cannot eat because they cannot digest food. They believe that tea is a substitute for food and "that it keeps them up," but they are starving, nevertheless. Dr. Bock also noticed that tea drinking produces a peculiar kind of mania among women, the mania for acting the "persecuted saint." Another characteristic of tea drinking is that it produces fear and despondency. Dr. Morton, a nerve specialist of New York City, has published an account of the experience of a tea-drinker who was so irritable and peevish that it was almost impossible to live with him. He was all the time fearful that some thing was going to happen to him; for instance, whenever he passed a high building, he would look up to see if something was not going to fall upon him. He would look behind to see if he were not pursued. He was afraid of being runover by every team that passed. He was sure that every dog he met was going to bite him, so he always carried an umbrella with which to fight dogs. This poor fellow was brought to this condition by the use of tea. I have met many persons who were in a similar state as a result of drinking tea or coffee.

We must conclude, then, that tea drinking is a sort of tipping, although the results are not so quickly shown as are those of alcohol tipping. We are on the wrong track in encouraging the use of tea and coffee as a substitute for alcohol, because its tendency is to feed a monster that is responsible for enormous mental, moral, and physical devastation."