

The Oriental Watchman.

Watchman, blow the trumpet! Warn the people. Eze. 33.1, 2.

O earth! earth! earth! hear the word of the Lord. Jer. 22. 29.

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God of our Fathers.

O God of Abraham, thy friend,
Wilt thou in mercy condescend
To hear the prayer we offer thee
Before thy throne on bended knee?

Thy love for Isaac never failed;
And Israel in thy strength prevailed.
To Joseph thou didst show thy power,
And shield him in each trying hour.

And whether in a prison cell,
Or did he in a palace dwell,
Thy gentle hand was guiding still,
For Joseph sought to know thy will.

The God of Daniel listened when
They cast him in the lion's den.
There he could safely pray and sing
As in the palace of the king.

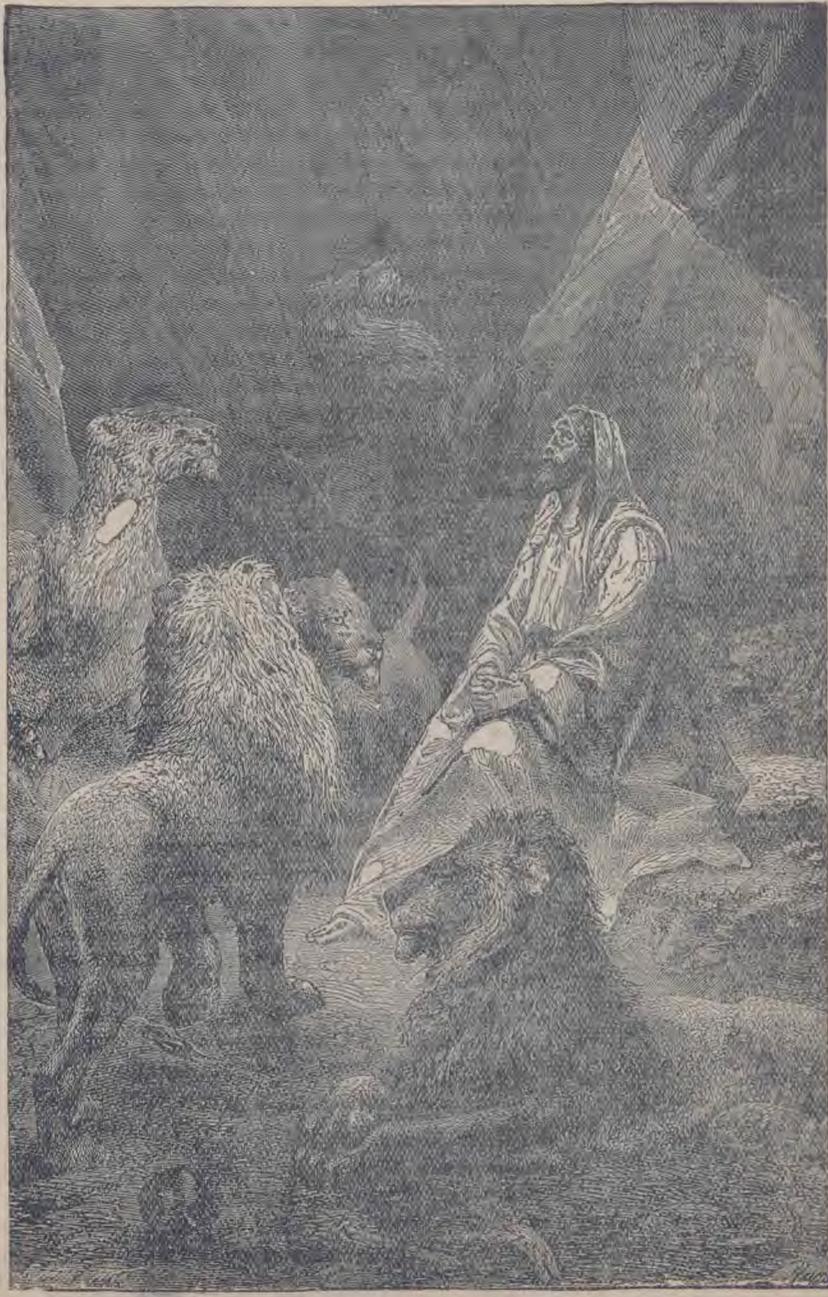
O God of Daniel, does thy name
As yesterday remain the same?
Our father's hearts were strong and brave:
Is thy hand now too short to save?

In sorrow here before thee now,
In penitence we humbly bow:
We did not as our fathers live,
God of our fathers, O forgive.

G. K. OWEN.

A MAN OF PRINCIPLE.

BUT few men ever had their faith more severely tried than Daniel, and still fewer endured the tests given them, as successfully. In his long experience of over sixty years in the courts of the Babylonians and the Medo-Persians, no word of reproof is recorded against him. At the age of eighteen years, when but a boy, he was taken as a captive to Babylon, and because of his cleverness, was placed in the court of the king to be instructed in the wisdom of the Chaldeans. The very first inducement placed before him,—to eat of the same food served to the king, revealed his strong determination not to disobey God by the gratification of appetite. "He purposed in his heart not to defile himself with the portion of the king's meat nor with the wine which he drank." For a mere boy to take such a stand as this in the court of a powerful monarch, at the peril of his life



DANIEL'S TRUST.

revealed Daniel as a man who loved principle and truth more than his own life; and he was so strong in his stand against evil that he was willing to take his life in his hand rather than deviate from the cause of right.

What was it that made Daniel so staunch for principle at so early an age? It must have been the teaching which he received at home. No doubt he had a God-fearing mother who repeated to her son the words of God, that some day Hebrew children must stand in the courts of Babylon; and being an exemplary mother she must have followed the divine instruction of the Prophets, and taught her son the Law of God and history of God's dealings with the children of Israel.

"And these words, which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart: And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates." Deut. 6: 6-9. The laws of his own being were studied, and he was taught that excess in eating and drinking would so stupify and becloud the mind that he could not hear the voice of God.

It is a law of our being that we are influenced by our environments; and if Daniel had not had wholesome teaching, he would not have displayed such a remarkable character. At the age of eighteen most boys are wild and reckless and careless for right than at other times in their life; but Daniel would rather eat pulse and water than partake of food offered to idols, though pleasant to the taste. Where are such lads to be found in these days? Boys that will deny appetite because they fear God and honour Him?

We say that children of to-day are lacking in moral stamina and why? Shall the condemnation rest upon them alone and parents and teachers excuse themselves? By no means. The children of to-day are what they are because of their environments. If they are corrupt it is because of corrupting influences surrounding them. Bad books and evil associates are ruining thousands of bright and intelligent youths; and a solemn responsibility rests upon every parent and teacher to do all in his power to arrest these elements of destruction.

Again we see Daniel in the lion's den. He has refused to obey the decree of the king. He would not bow down and worship any man, though he be king of Medo-Persia. Three times a day with window open his petitions have been made to the true God, and for this he has been placed in the lion's den. He might have closed his window or drawn the shade, but he knows that the princes and great men of the empire are watching to see what he will do, and with the same firmness displayed sixty years before, he shows his loyalty to God. These years of court life have not swerved him; with all the responsibility placed upon him, he has been true to God. He went to the lion's den at the instigation of evil men, but their devising placed Daniel where he

could preach a mighty sermon in favour of Israel's God. As he was in authority next to the king, his going into the lion's den was known to all, and the people eagerly watched to see what his end might be. When those roaring lions that had eaten many a man before, came to Daniel, their mouths were stopped and the man of faith and trust walked about among them without fear. We can safely conclude that Daniel's integrity became known to all; the whole kingdom must have been aroused by this man's experience, and the fame of the God of the Hebrew captive was heralded from one province to another throughout the vast domain of Darius.

J. L. S.

HOW SHALL WE?

"How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein?"

How shall we? Can you tell?

Can a man live in what he dies of? When any person dies of any disease, can he live any longer in it?—No; that is why he died—he could not live any longer in it.

Having died of that disease, and were he even brought back from the dead into that very disease, could he live any longer in it?—No; he would certainly and immediately die again. A person simply cannot live any longer in the thing of which he has died. This is perfectly plain to everybody.

Very well, then: Have you died to sin? Have you grown so sick of sin that you died of it? Have you grown so sick of it that you could live no longer in it, and so died to it?

If you have, do not be afraid; you cannot live any longer therein. Were you even taken back from that death, and put once more in the presence of sin, you would certainly and immediately die again. You could not live any longer in it when you were there before; and because you could not live any longer in it, you died; and if you were brought back to it again, you could not live any longer in it any more than you did before.

Remember, this is being sick unto death, of sin; not sick of a few, or even many, particular sins, while at the same time you choose others, because they are pleasing to you, and become fat and flourishing on them. In this way you can live in sin forever, and then die in it, and then die the second death for it.

No; it is not sins, so that we can die to one and live to another, that are contemplated in the Scripture: it is sin,—sin in the essence.—so that when you die to it, it is a death indeed to sin in every phase and of every sort. Then, being thus dead to sin, you simply cannot live any longer therein. The very presence of the thing, the very suggestion of it, is death to you.

And being thus dead to sin, the Lord intends that we shall not live any longer in it. And intending that we shall not live any longer in it, he intends that we shall live ever longer without sinning.

There is power in Jesus Christ to keep

the believer from sinning. There is virtue in the grace of God to hold back the believer in Jesus from serving the sinful propensities and passions that dwell in the human flesh. Praise His holy name forever and ever.

"Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound: that as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord."

Are you dead to sin? Then how shall you live any longer therein?

A. T. JONES.

THE MAJESTY OF BIBLE PRECEPTS.

THERE is no weakness in them. No one of them is emasculated by the modern prefix "try." The Bible says: "Cleanse your hands, ye sinners; and purify your hearts, ye double minded." "Cease to do evil, learn to do well." "Depart from evil and do good." And thus through the whole book, from Genesis to Revelation, a moral precept is never prefixed by the enfeebling "try," now so universally common.

Just think of the Bible saying, "Try to depart from evil." "Try to cleanse your hands, ye sinners." "Try to speak the truth to one another." And, instead of "Do not kill," "Do not steal," "Do not commit adultery," suppose we had, "Do try not to kill," "Do try not to steal," "Do try not to commit adultery." It is time to stop experimenting in morals. None of it is from above. It is all from beneath, a device from the devil to break down the force and majesty of the precepts of the Bible.

That glorious Book never uses the word "try" in any such connection. It knows nothing of experimental morals. "Try" is never properly used except where a failure may be justifiable. A failure in morals never was and never can be justified.—*The Examiner*.

A GREAT SIN.—If I were called to point out the most alarming sins of to-day—those which are the most deceitful in their influence and the most soul-destroying in their ultimate effects—I would not mention drunkenness, with all its fearful havoc; nor gambling, with its crazed victims; nor harlotry, with all its hellish orgies; but the love of money on the part of men, and the love of display on the part of women.—*Rev. C. L. Thurgood*.

THE TONGUE.—The tongue of the slanderer is forked like the tongue of a snake, inflicting three wounds at a single thrust; it injures him who speaks; it injures him who hears, and makes him partaker of the sin; it hurts him of whom the slander is spoken. A long tongue has the slanderer; it can reach around the world; a sharp tongue, it pierces the solitude and quiet of the grave.—*Rev. F. M. Munson*.



THE PERFECT SALVATION

"BE OF GOOD CHEER."

ADAM'S FAILURE AND CHRIST'S TRIUMPH.

OF man it is written, "I have created him for My glory." This expresses the true object of every man's existence. He was created, and he exists, that he may glorify God. In that grand consummation when the object of their creation is accomplished in all who will have it so, it is shown how this is done. For of that time and of those people it is written: "Then cometh the end, when He [Christ] shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even the Father. . . . For He [Christ] must reign, till He [the Father] hath put all enemies under His [Christ's] feet. . . . And when all things shall be subdued unto Him [Christ], then shall the Son also Himself be subject unto Him [the Father] that put all things under Him [Christ], that God may be all in all." 1 Cor. 15: 24-28.

Thus the object of man's creation and existence is that he may glorify God: and this is done by God being manifest in him by God being all in him; so that a man is properly himself, and meets the object of his existence, only as God is manifest in him. Man was never made to manifest himself nor to glorify himself nor anybody else but God; and when he does glorify himself or anybody else but God, he misses the purpose of his creation and the object of his existence; and if he continues to do so to the end, he completely frustrates the object of his existence. God's ideal of a man is not found in man alone, nor in any combination of man with any other except God. God and man united, God and man being one, and God the one, God all that there is in the man, and this upon the man's own free choice, —this and this alone is God's ideal of a man.

The First Adam's Failure.

It was so in the beginning when man was first created. He was made in the image of God. God was reflected in him, and was glorified in him, so that he was "the image and glory of God." "And did not He make one? . . . And wherefore one? That He might seek a godly [godlike] seed." Mal. 2: 15. Thus would it ever have been had Adam remained faithful to God, but he chose to and did give

himself up to another, and became one with that other; and then this other one, the evil one, was reflected in him and is manifested through him; so that man is not really himself even in evil. Man is not strictly himself, even in the way of evil which he has chosen.

Yet God did not leave the man without hope, enslaved under the power of the evil one whom he had chosen. God said to Satan: "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed." By this word the Creator of the man set him free again to choose between good and evil—to choose the service of God or the service of Satan. By this word God again set the man free to choose whether God shall be manifest in him or not; to choose whether God shall be glorified in him or not; to choose whether the object of his creation and existence shall be accomplished, or whether it shall be frustrated in him. And therefore the Lord is ever saying to all men, "Now is the accepted time; . . . now is the day of salvation." "Choose you *this day* whom ye will serve."

And to show, in spite of a world of sin and against the disadvantage of sinfulness, how fully, how completely, *whosoever chooses* can glorify God in this world,—for this cause God sent His only begotten Son, and for this cause Jesus freely came, He freely *chose* to come, into the world of sin. For this cause the Son of God became the second and "last Adam." He came and lived a whole lifetime on the earth; and as His course on earth was closing in perfect fulness of truth, He could say to God, "I have glorified Thee on the earth."

How different is this from the first Adam! Yea, how different in everything was the "last Adam" when He succeeded from the first Adam when he failed! The first Adam stood in a perfect world—a world in which every conceivable thing bore the living impress of the goodness and glory of God. Yea, more than this, he stood in the most beautiful place in the perfect world—in "Eden, the garden of God," where there was "every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food; the tree of life also." Yes, yet more than all this, the man himself, the crowning piece of God's creation, was perfect and upright; he was acquainted with God; he was crowned with glory and ho-

nour; he was in possession of faculties of such power and precision as to be able at first sight so fully to comprehend the essential nature of every beast of the field and every fowl of the air,—yea, of "every living creature,"—that he could immediately speak the name of it.

In every faculty and every feature he stood "the image and glory of God," in a world that in all things reflected only the goodness and glory of God. And *this* man, in *such* a place, chose to abandon all that he was—all that was about him, and God who was above him, he chose a leader and a way that were contrary to God; he chose to abandon the object of his own existence; he chose to frustrate the purpose of God in his own creation; he chose not to glorify God on the earth. Instead of choosing that God should be manifested in him, glorified in him, and that in this he himself should be manifested and glorified, he chose that the arch-enemy of God should be manifested in him, and that he himself, with the whole world that had been committed to him, should be sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, and lost. What a failure was this! For such a man, in such a place, what a deplorable, what an inexcusable, what an altogether wretched failure!

The Second Adam's Glorious Triumph.

FOUR thousand years after this failure of the first Adam, the second and last Adam came into the world. But what a world it was, compared with the world in which the first Adam stood! It was now a world in which the curse which had been let loose by the failure of the first Adam, had been raging furiously for four thousand years—a world which had been completely ruined once, and which was ripe for utter ruin the second time, a world in which "sin had become a science," and which had thus been brought to such a condition that demons nor men nor even angels could see any alternative but that the race must be blotted from the earth.

How widely different also was the second Adam Himself from the first! The second Adam came not at the point where the first Adam stood when he failed, but at the point at which mankind stood at the end of four thousand years of degeneracy; not in the condition of power and glory in which the first man stood when he failed, but in the condition of weakness and dishonour in which the race was involved at the end of this long period of the reign of sin. He came at *that* point—"a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief," bearing our infirmities and our sicknesses, with the iniquities of us all laid upon Him, made "in all points" like sinful man, "made . . . to be sin." And under all this disadvantage, yet further, He became so weak that of His own self He could do nothing (John 5: 30) any more than any other man who is without God. Chapter 15: 5.

And yet in all this fearful contrast from the first Adam, and this terrible disadvantage, "this Man," putting His trust in God, went

from birth to death, a whole lifetime, through this forlorn world; and as His course was ending, He could truthfully and in grand though solemn triumph say to the Father: "I HAVE GLORIFIED THEE ON THE EARTH," and to all mankind could ring out the glad word, "BE OF GOOD CHEER; I HAVE OVERCOME THE WORLD." What a victory was this! For such a man, in such a place, what a joyous, what an altogether commendable, what an all-over glorious victory was this!

Oh, there is good cheer in it! There is not only good cheer in it, it is itself altogether good cheer; for it has demonstrated that however great the abundance of sin, however low a man may have been brought by it, he can overcome the world, he can glorify God on the earth.

O then, poor, sin-laden, weak, discouraged soul, "Be of good cheer." By the Divine faith brought by Jesus Christ to every human being, you can overcome the world, you can glorify God on earth. Rest on that Divine faith which is given to you, and say with "this Man," "I will put my trust in Him;" and then also with "this Man" and in "this Man" you, too, can glorify God on the earth; for He says, "The glory which Thou gavest Me I have given them."

And let every soul that has named the name of Christ take up this blessed note of "good cheer," and sound it louder and yet more loud, until the whole earth shall be filled with the continuous joyful sound, like the noise of many waters, yet "sweet as from blest voices uttering joy," ringing in the ears and in the heart of every soul: "Be of good cheer, in Him you can overcome the world, in Him you can glorify God on the earth. Be of good cheer!"

"And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge [that glorifies Himself] by us in every place."

A. T. JONES.

THE SOON COMING OF OUR LORD.

To the faithful servants of Jesus Christ these words are fraught with sweetest music. What the first pink flush of the dawning morn is to the night-lost traveller; what the sound of a friendly voice is to one in trouble amid an unknown people; what the announcement of a coming pardon is to a weary prisoner,—all this and much more is the meaning of Paul's brief announcement, "The Lord is at hand."

Watchman, what of the night?—"Dark, dark," comes the answer. Mind not the darkness, watchman. Heed not the blackness. A Star is soon to appear, whose light shall shine until heaven and earth and all things are bathed in his glory. "The Lord is at hand."

Soldier, what of the fight?—"It presses hard. I grow exhausted: the enemy is increasing rapidly. Men are falling on every side. Satan smiles. His triumph seems

certain." Nay, soldier, nay. Take courage. Hold high the royal banner. Help is coming. The tide of battle will soon turn. In a little while we shall triumph. Our cause shall be crowned with victory. Sound out the good news among the shattered ranks. Let the call re-echo, clear and loud, "The Lord is at hand."

Sinner, what of your soul?—"Why, all is well; life's days are sweet, and many joys are mine; I care for naught. I am happy." O sinner, why wilt thou die? God is not willing that any should perish. Your race is almost run. The spark of life is nearly extinguished. Hark! already the sound of the coming judgment reaches our ears. See! already the brightness of his glory can be faintly seen. Soon every knee shall bow; soon shall his name be exalted above every name. Sinners, Jesus died for you, for all. Are you his through his blood? He is coming for his own—for those who trust him. Are you one of them? "The Lord is at hand."

L. W. AXTON.

HANDLING THE WORD DECEITFULLY.

THERE are two ways in which we can handle the Word of God—truthfully and deceitfully. We handle it truthfully when the word of truth which we pass on through our lips is our experience; we handle it deceitfully when the word that we utter is foreign to that which we know exists in our own lives.

When Christ who was "the Truth" was manifested among men He was the Word "made flesh." In Him we saw the walking Word. The words that fell from His lips correspond with the words that became flesh. Grace was poured into His lips; therefore when He stood up in the synagogue of Nazareth to preach the word the people "wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth." He handled the Word truthfully, because in handling it He was handling His own experience.

When the Apostle Paul wrote about this mystery of the incarnation which is to be repeated in every believer, he said of Christ: "Whom we preach, warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom; that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus: whereunto I also labour, striving according to His working, which worketh in me mightily." It was useless for Him to seek to lead others into an experience that he had not had for himself. While he sought to present every man perfect in Christ Jesus, he also laboured that this might be his own experience, and the power that wrought in him to make this a fact was equivalent to the power that wrought through him to lead others into the same experience.

It does not follow that because the Word handled truthfully will appeal to every man's conscience that therefore all will accept it, "But and if our Gospel be veiled, it is veiled in them that are perishing: in whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds

of the unbelieving that the light of the Gospel of the glory of Christ, who is the image of God, should not dawn upon them." It is enough for the servant of Christ to be as his Master, and bear witness unto the truth, confident of the fact that, as his whole life is bearing testimony to the truthfulness of the Word, so also there is another Witness, passing from heart to heart, bearing the same testimony to those who hear and see again the Word made flesh. "And we are His witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost, whom God hath given to them that obey Him." Thus the testimony of two witnesses establisheth the truth. John 8: 17, 18.

But what a high and holy calling is this to which we are called! Who would dare to attempt to witness until he had come into contact with the True witness and learned of Him? "He that hath received His testimony hath set to his seal that God is true. For he whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God: for God giveth not the Spirit by measure unto Him." God will have His sealed witnesses in these last days who will handle His Word truthfully. Sealed with the seal of the living God they will stand before this last generation bearing the impress of the living Word, being simple enough to believe that God means just what He says when the Word says: "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." Reader, have you taken your stand on the testimony of the True Witness? He invites you to open the door that He may come in and bear the same evidence to the world to-day through sinful flesh that He did nearly 1900 years ago. "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father) full of grace and truth."

HARRY CHAMPNESS.

SOMETHING GOOD TO EAT.

"WHEREFORE do you spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? Eat ye that which is good." Isa. 55: 2.

One of the most important questions about food is "What kinds contain the elements needed in the living system to build up and constantly renew every organ of the body, satisfy all its natural demands, and keep it in the most perfect state of health; and in what condition must the food be prepared to accomplish these results?" Perverted tastes and appetites have no place in the question. The inhabitants of our planet have been experimenting upon many different kinds of food for thousands of years, and most of the time in the wrong direction. The first experiment was with some forbidden fruit, and a vast multitude of equally unwise experiments have followed with similar results. They have cost a very great and unnecessary expense of time and force, for the one who formed all human machinery, and has a perfect knowledge of its proper management, has given two guide books of instruction, treating upon this very interesting science. Now turn to the first

chapter in the Bible, and read the last three verses, and you will find they leave no room for doubt. All animal organizations were designed to be nourished, not by contributions from the mineral nor the animal kingdom, but from the vegetable kingdom. Now turn to the first page of the book of nature, and study the muscle of a beast or of a man, and without any experiments in slaying, chewing, swallowing or digesting, your mind will be convinced that this wonderful piece of mechanism was designed for a more noble purpose than to be devoured. Then study the bone of a beast or of a man. Examine carefully the hinge joint, the ball-and-socket joint, the gliding joint. Now speak out your inward thought: was this all designed only for you to gnaw?

How do you Regard Your Neighbour?

IT is true that albumen is one of the essential elements of food; and it is also true that this element may be found in the muscles of the limbs of your neighbor, or of your most favorite horse or ox; but the right of discovery does not justify you in removing the albumen from the limbs of your neighbor or any of your faithful servants for the purpose of building up your own. Does the memory of some of your feasts seem to affect you like riding on a rough sea? Then let us seek for the elements of nutrition in a different direction.

Four Models of Intellectual and Physical Perfection.

IN the first chapter of Daniel we read of four boys who were selected by the greatest and wisest monarch of that age, because they were "Children in whom was no blemish, but well favoured and skillful in all wisdom, and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science." He seemed determined to secure the most perfectly developed specimens of the genus homo that the world could produce; for he wanted them to be fitted to fill the highest offices in his great and growing empire, which was soon to reach the zenith of its glory. Their physical and intellectual attainments were such that at the end of a term of three years in the University of Babylon, "in all matters of wisdom and understanding that the king inquired of them, he found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers that were in all his realm." And did their diet have any connection with such marvelous results? The secret of the matter seems to be revealed in a few words: "Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor with the wine which he drank. . . . Then Daniel said to Melzar prove thy servants I beseech thee ten days, and let them give us pulse to eat and water to drink." The result of this ten days test was so perfectly satisfactory that "Melzar took away the portion of their meat. And the wine that they should drink, and gave them pulse." We have no time to discuss the question whether the term pulse included other vegetables beside the legumes. It is very evident that Daniel understood the true science of nutrition, was sound on

temperance, and a radical vegetarian. In how many ways the word "pulse" has been translated is not the important question. The interesting fact is we need albumen, and we know where to find it in a pure condition, free from disease; and we can have it without staining our hands in the blood of our fellow creatures. We need not contend about the name for we have the thing.

Food Elements.

FLESH.	Albumen.	Starch.	Fats.	Salts.	TOTALS.
Lean beef ...	19'3	...	3'6	5'1	28'
Lean mutton ...	18'3	...	4'9	4'8	28'
Poultry ...	21'	...	3'8	1'2	26'
White fish ...	18'1	...	2'9	1'	22'
Salmon ...	16'1	...	5'5	1'4	23'
LEGUMES.					
Lima beans ...	21'9	60'6	1'6	2'9	93'
White beans ...	26'9	48'8	3'	3'5	82'2
Garden peas ...	24'6	52'6	3'5	2'6	83'3
African peas ...	23'4	57'8	0'	3'	90'2
German lentils...	33'	30'3	8'7	2'7	74'7
Average flesh ...	18'5	...	4'1	2'7	25'4
Average legumes	25'9	49'4	4'5	2'9	84'6

It will be seen by the above table of food elements, in which five kinds of flesh are compared with five kinds of legumes, that the legumes contain more than three times the amount of nutrition, on an average, than the flesh meats do. German lentils contain 12 per cent. more albumen than the richest of these flesh meats.

There is good reason to believe that lentils (or Däl) have been used and appreciated among different nations, as an important article of diet ever since Esau sold his birthright for a mess of them. It is true that lentils, as well as the other legumes, have a tough skin that is difficult to digest; but there are several ways in which the skins can be removed, so that, when properly cooked, the lentils are very easily digested. Starch is an element that is very difficult to digest without thoro cooking; and a lack of sufficient cooking, is producing almost whole nations of dispeptics.

We may have also a large variety of nuts, that are very rich in albumen and fats, so that we may be supplied with these two elements in abundance, without taking into our systems the diseases with which most of the animals are suffering and dying. But albumen, tho an element so important, cannot fill the place of the other four mentioned in the table. The fruits and grains are rich in just the elements that the system requires: and they furnish an abundant supply of delicious and satisfying food when rightly prepared; the grains by proper cooking, and the fruits by perfect ripening.

G. K. OWEN.

"One thing have I craved of Jehovah: that do I seek after;

To dwell in the house of Jehovah all the days of my life;

To look with glad eyes at the beauty of Jehovah And to refresh my soul at His temple,"

(Geikie.)

GOING TO EXTREMES.

THIS is one of the things that most people are afraid of. To say of a man that he is "an extremist," is to set him down as an unsafe man, one in whose words it will not do to place much confidence. "Extreme positions" are usually considered as dangerous as a rocky coast is to a sailor. Especially are "extremes" in matters of religion by common consent held to be the worst sort of folly. The one who goes to extreme positions in religion is generally called a fanatic—or an enthusiast. Concerning the matter of belief in God, and justification by faith, the writer has often heard it said, "Yes; faith is all right, and the doctrine of justification by faith is well enough; but one must not carry it to extremes."

Now it makes all the difference in the world in what road one is. It may be the worst possible thing to go to extremes, and, on the other hand, it may be the very best. If one is in the way of sin, it is certainly best not to go to the extreme, that is, to the end of it; for the end of that way is death. He should get out of that way as soon as possible. The further one goes in it, the worse it is for him. But if one be in the way of righteousness, then he should by all means follow it to the extreme; for the end of that way is life everlasting. The farther one goes in the way of righteousness, the better it is for him. When we consider that the extreme means simply the end, the farthest extent of a thing, it is easy to see how foolish, and even wicked, is the idea that an extreme position in that which is good is to be avoided. It is impossible to go to too great an extreme in the way of righteousness—in keeping the commandments of God. The Pharisees were very scrupulous, extremely particular in their observance of the law, yet Christ said, "Except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven." Matt. 5: 20. It is impossible to have "too much of a good thing," when that good thing is the Lord Jesus Christ.

And, by the way, the Lord Jesus is Himself an extremist, and one must go to extremes if he comes to Him. He says, "I am the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last." Rev. 22: 13. In Christ, therefore, extremes meet, and we must go to them or else fail utterly. It is the curse of the professed church of Christ to-day, that its members are so fearful of extremes in real Christianity. They halt between two opinions, inclining toward the good, but fearful of carrying it too far. They are so fearful of fanaticism, that they never rise to the level of perfect faith.

Be it known that true faith never leads to fanaticism. It is true that we very often see a man begin in faith and end in fanaticism, but that is because he leaves the faith. He is like a locomotive that has left the line. If it had kept the line, it would have been all right. It is possible for a man to

lose the faith, and then any sort of fanaticism may be expected of him. He will then go to extremes that will be ruinous; but so long as he keeps to the line of faith, he is safe, no matter how far he goes; the farther he goes the better.

How shall we avoid wrong extremes?—Easily enough: stick to the Word of God; hold fast to it. In it there is perfect safety. Run in that way as fast and as far as you can. Say with the Psalmist, "I have inclined my heart to perform Thy statutes for ever, even unto the end," be extreme, and do not fear what people may say about you.

It is worth while, in this connection, to stop a moment upon the word "enthusiast." An enthusiast is one who has enthusiasm, and enthusiasm means filled with God. An enthusiast is one who has God in him. Another name for such an one is "zealot." Jesus was a true enthusiast. He said, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten Me up." Do not, then, be afraid of names, but hold fast to right principles as far as they will carry you. "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." Gal. 4: 18.

E. J. WAGGONER.

Our Need. Rev. 3: 18.

ARISE, O church of God!

The world stands looking on
To see thee don thy garments white
Provided by God's Son.

Those garments dyed in crimson tide
Make ready to put on.

His miracle of grace

He's waiting to bestow,
Thou art diseased, O seek His face!
His cleansing power will flow

To make thee whole, and cleanse thy soul
From power of sin below.

Naught will attract the throng,
Save power from heaven's own King.

O why delay to claim thy dower
Of righteousness within?

He'll not deny a full supply;
He longs to make thee clean.

The purchased flock will then

Be brought from hill and plain,
And waters from the Healing Spring
A multitude will claim.

Make large demands: His outstretched hands
The victory will gain.

Weigh well the dross of earth,

That keeps thee from the prize;
The world but scoffs thy lack of power;
Anoint thy sleeping eyes.

Thy feet are on enchanted ground,
Arise, O church! Arise!

MRS. S. L. STOUT.

"Nobody loves me," said Bismarck during his illness, "for what I have done. I have never made anybody happy—not myself, nor my family, nor anybody else. But how many have I made unhappy! *But for me three great wars would not have been fought, eighty thousand men would not have perished. Parents, brothers, sisters and widows would not be bereaved and plunged into mourning. . . . I have had little or no joy from all my achievements; nothing but vexation, care and trouble.*"

TRUE SABBATH-KEEPING.

TRUE Sabbath-keeping is, as Jesus taught, a resting from our own labors, in the infinite love of the All Father, and allowing that love to flow through us, transmuted into acts of service for all His children. All ordinary labor, and every service for greed or gain or human praise, if wrought on the Sabbath, is Sabbath-breaking. No service on that day that is made an immediate necessity by that highest, most spiritual law of self-sacrificing, serving love, is Sabbath-breaking. The Sabbath is not ceremonialism, it is rest, and worship, and owing service.

—It is the ideal day, what all the week might and should be made like were it not for the demands for physical exercise, and the necessity of laboring for the meat that perisheth.

To teach this truth concerning the Sabbath, Jesus freely gave His life, ignoring the traditions of the elders, thus causing them to put Him to death. If the Sabbath had been, as we are now told, Jewish, and not, as He said, "made for man," would He have done this? If it was a part of His mission to abolish that very Sabbath, and institute another in its place, why did He risk His life in restoring to its true place and meaning this one, which was so soon to pass away? Why did He never say one word about any other?

Our friends who observe Sunday should be able to answer these questions.

It can be easily shown that the whole sacrificial system had been almost as badly perverted as the Sabbath day. Originally those sacrifices were a revelation of the whole blessed, saving, everlasting Gospel, but in the time of Christ they had degenerated into self-righteous formalism. Why did not Jesus throw Himself into the breach here also and seek to restore these to their true meaning?

The only answer is, Because here *we do have something which was soon to pass away, and to be succeeded by something else.* What had been taught in the sacrifices was ever after to be better taught in the "new and living way," by the great sacrifice of Christ's life and death.

So it was not prophesied of Jesus that He should magnify these, or make them honorable, as it was of the Sabbath and law. On the contrary, it was foretold: "*Sacrifice and offering Thou didst not desire; Mine ears hast Thou opened; burnt-offering and sin-offering hast Thou not required.*" Then said I, Lo, I come; in the volume of the Book it is written of Me, I delight to do Thy will, O My God; yea, Thy law is within My heart. I have preached righteousness in the great congregation; lo, I have not refrained My lips, O Lord, Thou knowest."

Could anything be plainer? While Jesus was not to require sacrifices or offerings, He was to live and preach the living power to keep that law all the commandments of which "are righteousness." Are they not

without excuse who associate the Sabbath and the moral law with the law of sacrifices and offerings, and say that all was abolished at the cross? Such should study to rightly divide the word of truth.

G. E. FIFIELD.

"HE SAVED MY SOUL."

AN unlettered preacher, who knew little of books of theology, but who had what was a vast deal better,—a practical knowledge of salvation through Christ,—was before a conference committee for examination.

"Brother," said one of his examiners, "will you please name some of the evidences of the Divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ?"

The brother's face wore an expression of puzzled bewilderment, and he was silent. The examiner repeated his question, "What makes you think Christ is Divine?"

With his eyes full of tears, the humble preacher started to his feet, and, stretching out his arms and hands, exclaimed:—

"How do I know He's Divine? Why, bless you, He saved my soul, and I love Him for it."—*Presbyterian Banner.*

"THOU HAST HEARD, O MY SOUL!"

THE prophets were often permitted to view scenes of desolating destruction that were to spread over Jerusalem and Palestine. And quite as often were their minds led on by vision to behold the still greater desolations that would completely break the world down in the last days. A very clear illustration of this is found in Jeremiah, chapter four. In the first part of the chapter the prophet is addressing Israel and Jerusalem. And in the last part of the chapter he is dwelling upon the terrible last-day scenes. And the destruction of ancient Jerusalem is only a faint shadow of the rapidly-approaching time when the mountains tremble, the hills move lightly, and the "fruitful place" becomes "a wilderness, and all the cities thereof were broken down at the presence of the Lord, and by His fierce anger." See Jer. 4: 24-26.

One thing in particular that engages the prophet's attention in a most wonderful manner is the "alarm of war" that is heard in the land amid these last-day scenes. His language in both feeling and power is among the most thrilling utterances of all the inspired volume. He says:—

"My bowels, my bowels! I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me. I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war. Destruction upon destruction is cried; for the whole land is spoiled; suddenly are my tents spoiled, and my curtains in a moment." Jer. 4: 19, 20.

The "sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war" are heard by the prophet. But it is no ordinary scene that is passing before his prophetic vision. What he beholds is so soul-stirring, so awful, and so filled up with "destruction upon destruction," that he cries out, "I am pained at my very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou

hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war."

The trumpet is sounding among the nations, and the war-cry is heard everywhere. Nations that have claimed to be standing for peace are being plunged into the awful maelstrom of strife. Superhuman agencies seem to have taken possession of men, and they have gone fairly wild in their unprecedented endeavors to prepare for human slaughter. From the small boy to the gray-haired man you will hear the situation discussed. Every one grows pale before the thought of this incoming tidal wave of war. Here and there all over the land you may hear a few warning voices against it. All are united in saying that even the contemplation of a modern battle is terrifying beyond description. Peace societies are formed, and kind-hearted and noble-souled men and women seek to raise a standard that will turn aside the threatened flow of blood; but all to no purpose. Everything is borne down before the swelling tide. War! war! is the cry. Even the minister, who claims to be a representative of the Prince of Peace, joins in swelling the battle din and call to arms.

Why is all this? What does it all mean? We have been told of a millennium of peace. But instead of peace the whole world is gathering for such a war that all the battles of all the legions in all the past would seem but little more than child's play beside it.

The frowning after-part of the battle-ship *Oregon*, shown in our accompanying cut, would have been sufficient, previous to fifty or sixty years ago, to have completely unnerved the navies and armies of the world. A few batteries of the little four-inch guns shown on this page, if accompanied by their skilled manipulators, would have enabled the Corsican of a hundred years ago to march in triumph from country to country, laying all the world under tribute at his feet. While a battery or two of the modern mortars, favorably placed at the entrance to a harbor, could have made the authoritative demand that all who enter this port must first secure our permission or else lie beneath the wave.

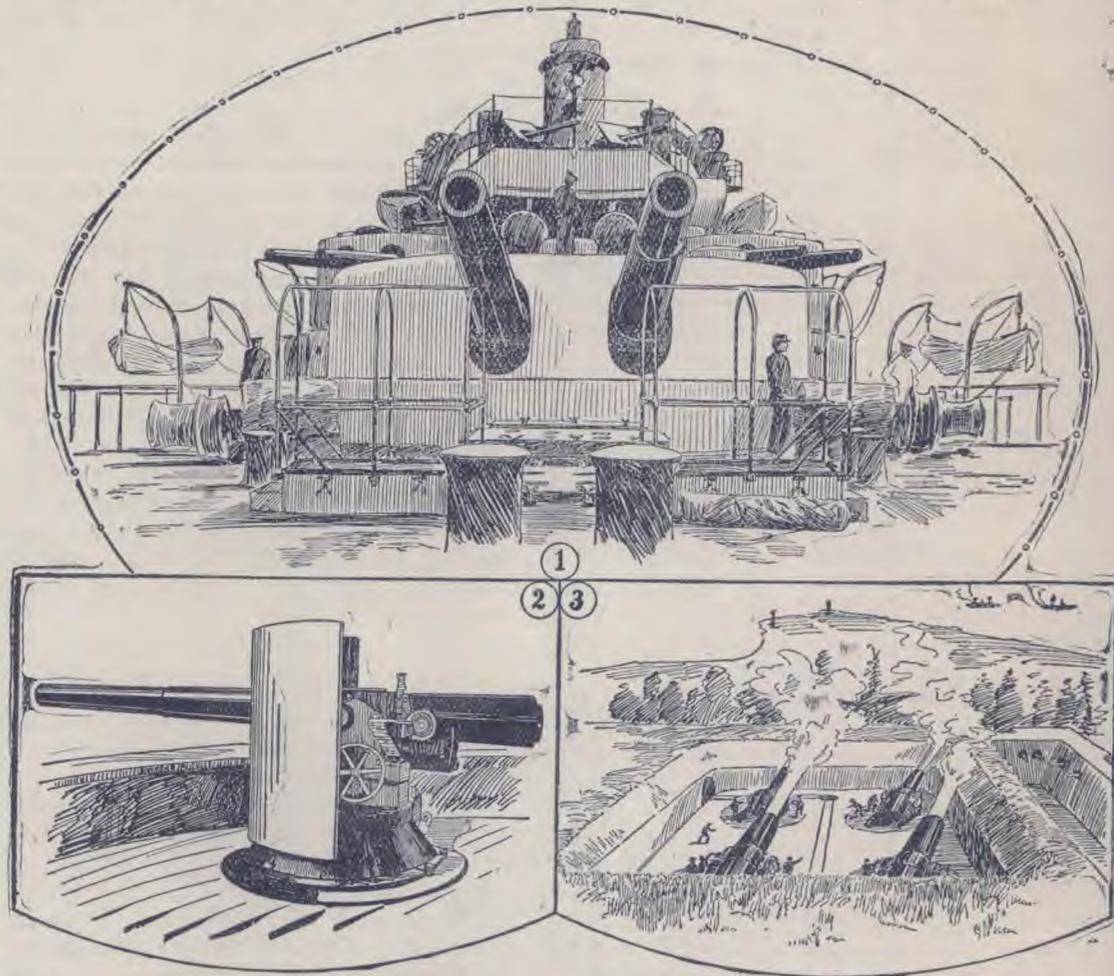
And only to think that a short twenty-five years in the closing part of the nineteenth century is able to produce these marvelous machines of war! It seems incredible! But here it lies before us, and we are compelled to believe it. The dizzy spheres into which the imaginary stories of our nursery days carried us are outdone by the wonderful realities of to-day. And so can there be any doubt that Jeremiah had a wonderful and most intensely realistic view of these times? Nothing short of the modern engines of war could have called forth such vivid language. Such a flame of intense expressions would not burst forth from a vision of a few thousand men stabbing each other with swords and spears. But modern rapid-fire and machine-guns, the great high-power cannon and bursting torpedo, are belching forth their "destruction upon destruction" when the ancient seer is caused to say, "I am pained at my

very heart; my heart maketh a noise in me; I cannot hold my peace, because thou hast heard, O my soul, the sound of the trumpet, the alarm of war."

The last days are here; and not simply by the "alarm of war" that is heard all over the world, but by multiplied signs on every hand, the Lord is seeking to press this great truth home on every heart. If we discern and receive the truth for our time, divine power will shield us from

every evil that confronts this age. Satan is seeking by every means to destroy men, but the Father above is speaking to your heart and conscience, and by the most touching appeals is bidding you enter that haven where we may rest in eternal safety. You hear the voice of God speaking through His Word, and your soul is stirred to respond to a Father's invitation and love. You must soon decide. What will you do?

A. O. TAIT.



No. 1. The after part of the battle-ship *Oregon*, showing her aft revolving turret with two of her 13-inch guns protruding from the same. On either side may be seen one of her broad-side revolving turrets with two of her eight 8-inch guns projecting from each. Some of her small rapid fire guns may be seen near the top of the cut. The 13-inch guns use a charge of 550 lbs. of powder and throw a shell weighing 1,100 pounds, with a velocity of 2,100 feet, or nearly half a mile, per second. The 8-inch guns use 115 pounds of powder and throw a 250-pound shell with a velocity of 2,080 feet per second. The forward part of the *Oregon* has the same heavy guns, while her secondary rapid-fire battery, of twenty 6-pounders, six 1-pounders and four Gatling guns, can shoot out a regular hailstorm of steel.

No. 2. A 4-inch rapid-fire gun, with revolving shield, such as is used on the man-of-war. It uses a charge of from 12 to 14 pounds of powder, and throws a 33-pound shell with a velocity of 2,000 feet per second. At the muzzle its projectile would pierce 10 inches of wrought iron. It is fired with such rapidity that in the ordinary range, 5 balls may be kept in the air flying toward the mark. Thirty-six years ago the iron-clad *Monitor* pounded the sides of the *Merrimac* for over half a day with her two 11-inch smooth-bore guns. And, altho the *Merrimac* had only 4-inch-iron armor, yet no shot perforated her during the whole fight. This 4-inch gun would have made a veritable pepper box out of her in short order.

No. 3. A section of a battery at the entrance to New York harbor. Ships may pass and repass this battery without being seen by the men within; neither would those on board the ship get any idea of a battery being there from any outward appearance. The mortars are down behind great earthworks, and within these earthworks are massive walls with an intervening space so as to protect them from a charge from the enemy's infantry if they should succeed in landing. As shown in the engraving, some machine guns are so arranged in the diagonally opposite corners of this outer space that they could mow men down as fast as they could rush in. The harbor is all carefully mapped off in squares, and an officer on a prominence a mile or so away from the battery, by means of his range-finder and chart can tell what square the enemy's ship is occupying. He telegraphs this to the officer in charge of the mortar battery, and he immediately gives his pieces the proper elevation and fires them, either one, two, three, or on up to sixteen at a time, just as he likes. They have the matter so accurately figured out, and the men have become so skilled in their work, that a shot from one of these mortars can be dropped down on the space of a vessel's deck anywhere within a radius of five miles, the plan of a mortar being, of course, to throw a shell high into the air, and let it fall on its target, bursting as it strikes. The shells thrown by the mortars shown in our cut weigh 1,000 pounds and are charged with 100 pounds of a high explosive. They would make short work of any hostile war ship that came within their range.

HEALTH HINTS

THE CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.

THERE is probably no disease more common, or at least more troublesome, than dyspepsia. The word "dyspepsia" is rather a general term, and as used by the laity, is applied to all forms of indigestion and stomach affections, without any reference to the particular nature of the disorder. The fact that this trouble is so prevalent is sufficient reason for every one, but especially for those afflicted with it, to consider the causes which produce it.

Undoubtedly many people think that dyspepsia, as well as every other ill to which the human family is subject, comes as a matter of course, and that the only way to get rid of it is to swallow some artificial digestive agent or patent nostrum. It is a fact that no disease exists without a cause; and if we investigate, we shall find that in dyspepsia as well as in nearly every other disease, the cause, to a large extent at least, lies in the habits of the individual and his methods of living.

It is true that many individuals are born with weak stomachs and with peculiar tendencies to imperfect digestion as well as impaired functions of other organs in the body. This fact of itself should be sufficient reason for us all to consider well if our modes of life are such as to insure to ourselves and to our posterity healthy bodies, with strong digestive organs. But besides this inherited weakness which is so common in the human family at the present time, and which in a sense prepares a way for stomach disorders and other maladies, there are other causes which are found in the personal habits of the individual, and which are really more active in producing disease than hereditary tendencies.

The most common causes of dyspepsia in its various forms may be stated as follows: eating unsuitable articles of food; eating food that is not properly prepared and thoroughly cooked; eating hastily; the use of too much fluid with meals; the use of alcoholic liquors, tea, coffee, and tobacco; the use of condiments, such as spices, pepper, Chile sauce, pickles; overeating, eating too frequently and between meals; eating when the body is tired and exhausted; and eating late suppers. There may be, and probably are, other causes of dyspepsia and indigestion, but those mentioned are the most frequent. We may now consider these more in detail:—

1. *Eating Improper Articles of Food.*—When God created man, and placed him in the garden of Eden, He gave him a bill of fare which was best adapted to his condition. We gather from the record in the first chapter of the Bible that man's original food consisted of fruits, nuts, and grains, Gen. 1: 29. We conclude from this that these articles were intended by the Creator

to constitute man's diet; and without doubt, if man had followed this original plan, and obeyed all the rules and laws given him pertaining to his physical and moral nature, the human family to-day would not be suffering from disease.

It is evident from the diet prescribed at the beginning that it did not include the flesh of dead animals. The eating of meat is without doubt the cause of many forms of indigestion and dyspepsia. That a large percentage of cattle and other animals killed for food are diseased, is well known to physicians and others at the present day. More than this, even healthy meat is not a proper article of diet; for poisons are always present in the animal when killed, and these, when taken into the system, irritate the stomach and other tissues, thus inducing disease.

Besides meat there are other articles of food which cause dyspepsia. The use of coarse vegetables, such as cabbage, beets, turnips, is often the cause of stomach disorder. They contain a large amount of woody matter, or cellulose, as it is called, which cannot be digested in the human stomach, and is therefore of no use to the human economy. What little nutritive matter there may be in them is penned up, as it were, in wooden walls formed by this cellulose, and it is difficult for the gastric juice to act upon it. These substances are therefore very difficult to digest, and frequently ferment in the stomach before they are digested, becoming a source of disturbance and annoyance. People who suffer from weak digestion often have a heavy and distressed feeling in the stomach two or three hours after eating such articles.

Besides meat and these coarse vegetables the use of salads and rich foods is a frequent cause of indigestion.

2. *Eating Food that Is Not Properly Prepared.*—Wholesome food is often spoiled by putting into it substances that are not wholesome, spices, pepper, and other condiments, and rich greases. The more simple and easily digested our diet, the better it is for us.

In the ripening of fruits and other foods, elaborate chemical changes take place which render them more easily digested and more palatable. It is probable that before he retrograded by transgression of nature's law, man received his food from the storehouse of nature without any preparation. His digestive organs at that time were sufficiently strong and healthy to assimilate all natural food without any artificial preparation, but in our time many foods require cooking to prepare them for the stomach of man. One of the greatest needs of the world to-day is cooks,—cooks who can make food palatable and easily digestible without admixture of pepper, spices, and other condiments. When food is not properly cooked, it cannot be properly digested, especially by those whose stomachs are weak or in any way disturbed.

The eating of food that is cold or much below the normal temperature of the body is also a source of indigestion; neither should food be eaten too hot. Either ex-

treme in temperature may be a course of indigestion. Ice-cream, iced tea, and other iced drinks should be discarded, as well as hot tea, hot coffee, and other hot drinks.

3. *Eating too Hastily.*—Many people especially business men, are in the habit of "bolting" their food. In this case it passes into the stomach in large masses, where neither the saliva nor the digestive juices can act upon it; consequently it is not properly digested in the stomach, and is the source of much mischief.

To aid in the deglutition of masses of food not properly masticated, large quantities of fluid are drunk, and this is another source of evil. When much fluid is taken into the stomach, it must be absorbed before the gastric juice can come in contact with the food. The time occupied in the absorption of fluid in the stomach delays digestion and the food lying idle may undergo fermentation and cause numerous annoying symptoms.

The meal hour should be the pleasantest and most enjoyable hour of the day, and no ordinary duty should be of sufficient importance to detract from the pleasures and duties of properly masticating and eating one's food.

W. H. RILEY, M. D.

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HOW TO WALK UP STAIRS.

A PROFESSIONAL athlete says that there is a knack in climbing stairs easily. To throw the body forward, bending at the hips, more than doubles the work. The weight of the body is a load that the muscles of the legs and back must carry, and they can carry it most easily if the centre of gravity is kept directly above. Bending forward imposes on the muscles of the trunk the unnecessary task of keeping the load from pitching forward, and is like carrying it at arm's length, instead of on the shoulder, or on the head, as many Europeans carry burdens. The gentleman gives this advice to stair-climbers: "Do not lean forward; do not hurry; do not spring from stair to stair. Step firmly, leisurely, and stand erect."

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HEALTHFULNESS OF FRUITS.

IT is a mistaken idea that no fruit should be eaten at breakfast. It would be better if people would eat less bacon and grease at breakfast and more fruit. In the morning there is an acid state of the secretions, and nothing is so well calculated to correct this as cooling, sub-acid fruits, such as peaches, apples and pears. Most of us have been taught that eating fruit before breakfast is highly injurious. How the idea originated I do not know, but it is contrary to both reason and facts.

The apple is one of the best of fruits. Baked or stewed apples will generally agree with the most delicate stomach, and are an excellent medicine in many kinds of sickness. Green or half-ripe apples stewed and sweetened are pleasant to the

taste, cooling, nourishing, and laxative, far superior in many cases to the abominable doses of salts and oil usually given in fever and other diseases.

Oranges are very acceptable to most stomachs, having all the advantages of the acid alluded to; but the orange juice alone should be taken, rejecting the pulp. The same may be said of lemons, pomegranates, and all that class. Lemonade is the very drink in fevers, and when thickened with sugar is better than syrup of squills and other nauseous drugs in many cases of coughs.

Tomatoes act on the liver and bowels, and are much more pleasant and safe than blue mass or liver regulators. The juice alone should be used, rejecting the skin.

The small-seeded fruits, such as blackberries, figs, raspberries, currants, and strawberries, may be classed among the best foods and medicines. The sugar in them is nutritious, the acid is cooling and purifying, and the seeds are laxative.—*Food and Medicine.*

THE CARE OF THE TEETH.

THE teeth are most essential to mouth digestion. The state of the teeth may be regarded in general as an index of the condition of the body as a whole. Defective teeth mean a decayed body. Decay of the teeth is nothing more or less than ulceration, and is more to be deplored than ulceration of other parts. It is due to the presence of microbes in the mouth. A coated tongue and a slimy mouth will sooner or later be followed by unsound teeth. It shows that the resistance of the mouth against germs is lost, so that it is not able to defend itself. The teeth ulcerate for the same reason that small ulcers form on the inner surface of the lips and cheeks. The retention of food about the teeth and the neglect to cleanse them after eating encourage the growth of germs in the mouth and decay of the teeth. The use of dry food, whereby plenty of work is given to the teeth and by which their surfaces are, so to speak, scoured by contact with it, is in the highest degree essential to the maintenance of sound teeth.

Premature decay of the teeth is one of the indications of decay of the race. It is rare in these days to find a person twenty years of age who has the complete number of sound teeth in his mouth. Not infrequently school children are found with their temporary teeth in a state of advanced decay. This all means constitutional decay, and calls for improvement of the general health by every possible means.

The teeth should be thoroughly cleaned the first thing on rising in the morning, before going to bed at night, and after each meal. The essentials are a soft tooth-brush—brushes which cause the gums to bleed should never be used—and pure soft water. A few drops of the essence of cinnamon may be added to the water with advantage, and it is likewise well to dip the brush in a little precipitated chalk at least two or three times a week. Soaps and

dentifrices containing soap should not be used on the teeth. The inner as well as the outer surfaces should have attention. Care should be taken to remove all particles from between the teeth, as it is at these points that decay begins. As false teeth retain the food, these should also be cleansed several times a day. For the health of the mouth, the false teeth should be removed at night, placing them, after washing, in a small basin of water. They should not be replaced in the morning until the mouth has been thoroughly rinsed in cold water. Sound teeth should never be sacrificed, and, so far as possible, missing teeth should be supplied by bridge work and other measures so as to avoid the wearing of a plate whenever possible, as plates undoubtedly encourage the breeding of germs by furnishing hiding places for multitudes of these organisms.—*Good Health.*

TRYING HIS APPETITE.

A YOUNG man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit should grow too strong.

"Oh, there's no danger; it's a mere notion; I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so, but I assure you there's no cause for alarm."

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter; "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other one. "But I am trying to escape a dreadful danger, and I fear that I shall be ill, before I conquer. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your timely suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of my appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized how insidiously the habit had fastened itself upon me, and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squaring off pulled me down severely; but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the upper hand after this."—*Selected.*

CHILDREN'S EATING.

NEVER insist upon a child's eating food to save it. Better waste a little food than to waste the child's health. Form the habit of putting a limited amount on the child's plate at once, rather than to overload it and then make the child feel that he has done wrong in not eating it all.

If a child's appetite begins to fail, try to discover the cause and remove it. Never tempt the palate with rich, unwholesome foods, as pastries, preserves, highly season-

ed meats, etc. Failing appetite is often a symptom of some serious acute disease, or of overfeeding or clogging of the digestive or eliminative organs. Fasting for a few meals at such a time will give nature a chance to successfully contend with and remove the waste and other poisons which were hindering the work of nutrition.—*Good Health.*

SHALL WE ESCHEW MEAT.

THERE seems to be a subtle influence at work which aims at the abandonment of a meat diet by the races which are partial thereto. Here and there, we find suggestions that lead in that direction. If good cereals and vegetables, and an abundant supply of wholesome fruit, with cooks to prepare a nice variety of dishes in appetizing form, were available in India, we see no reason why a meat diet might not be safely and even profitably avoided. But in many places the essentials of a vegetable diet are not accessible. No doubt we would all be more angelic in temper if we confined ourselves to a strictly vegetable regimen. The following extract is *apropos* :—

Mrs. Ernest Hart, herself a physician of eminence who accompanied her husband, the distinguished editor of the *British Medical Journal*, in his recent trip around the world, appears to come to the conclusion that meat-eating is bad for the temper. She says that in no country is home rendered so unhappy and life made so miserable by the ill-temper of those who are obliged to live together as in England. "If we compare domestic life and manners in England with those of countries where, meat does not form such an integral article of diet, a notable improvement will be marked. In less meat-eating France, urbanity is the rule of the home; in fish and rice eating Japan, harsh words are unknown, and an exquisite politeness to one another prevails, even among the children who play together in the streets. In Japan, I never heard rude, angry words spoken by any but Englishmen. I am strongly of the opinion that the ill-temper of the English is caused in a measure by a too abundant meat dietary combined with a sedentary life. The half-oxidized products of albumen circulating in the blood produce both mental and moral disturbances. The healthful thing to do is to lead an active and unselfish life, on a moderate diet, sufficient to maintain strength and not increase weight."

"It is as truly a sin to violate the laws of our being as it is to break the ten commandments. To do either is to break God's laws. Those who transgress the laws of God in their physical organism, will be inclined to violate the law of God spoken from Sinai."

AN orange or two before breakfast is an excellent means of preparing the stomach for the morning meal, as it cleanses away the mucus with which the mucous membrane lining the stomach becomes covered when it has been empty for some time.

* * *

THERE is much false economy: those who are too poor to have seasonable fruits and vegetables, will yet have pastries and pickles all the year. They cannot afford oranges, yet can afford tea and coffee daily.—*Health Calendar.*



The Price of a Soul.

Mark 8 : 36, 37.

WHAT art thou doing, young man, to-day?
Serving as drudge for the world's poor pay;
Yielding thy time—all thy God-given power,
For a handful of gold—for the name of an hour:
Bartering Christ and the hope of His heaven
For a flower that dies—for a chain that is riven?
For what a small part art thou yielding the whole;
Buying the world at the price of a soul!

What art thou doing, young man, to-night,
While unimproved hours are taking their flight?
Bidding thy faith for a goblet of wine—
Death comes and darkness—what hope then is thine?

Pouring thy peace upon passion's swift tide,
Giving thy manhood—what is there beside?
Oh, turn from temptation—what gain is the whole,
Gold, pleasure, the world—if thou lose thine own soul?

—Hattie Horner.

"ASK AND YE SHALL RECEIVE."

[A True story.]

THREE in the afternoon of that memorable sixth day of March, found Mrs. Harrington unable to speak or hear; cold, stiff, without pulse, and her eyes set in death. "Just the same as dead," the two hired nurses said to each other as they stood at the bedside.

"Sakes alive! and there is that child in the room! exclaimed the elder woman impatiently, pointing to a forlorn little figure timidly crouching at the foot of the bed, which had been drawn out from the wall, so that the sick woman might be the better able to get her breath.

"Please let me stay," moaned the child, with an appealing look. "I was in the room when papa died, and I was six months younger than I am now; and—and I have only mama left!"

"And she's as good as dead," answered the younger nurse more kindly, but still taking her cue from the elder. "She doesn't know you, and never will again, so you might as well go into the parlor," opening the door into that room as she spoke.

Slowly the child walked in, her bosom heaving with emotion, and with sobs that would not be suppressed.

She was a little thing, yet with an old, wise face, as of one that had lived, and thought, and suffered. It was hard to believe her only twelve, tho she did not look more than eight or ten. But she was the

child of her parents' old age—their companion as well as their pet, the youngest of her father's second family, and the only one that lived. No wonder that she was old and thoughtful beyond her years. She had been a bookworm, this little maid, for over six years, reading everything that she could lay hand on, and that her judicious mother did not interdict.

Now this idolized parent lay dying, "as good as dead," the nurses said. And only six months before her precious father had fallen asleep. O, how could she live through it all! And, throwing herself on her knees at a chair, she cried passionately:—

"Lord, what shall I do? My heart will break."

Instantly rising from her knees, she as promptly turned to the centre table as if she had been sent, and, taking from it a tiny, blue-covered book, began hurriedly turning over the leaves. It had been given her on New Year's day, by her Sunday-school teacher, and contained a text for every day in the year. That for March 6 read:—

"The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save; neither His ear heavy that it cannot hear. Isa. 59 : 1.

"O," exclaimed the child to herself, as if it had been a voice speaking to her, "then I am to pray for my mother's life!" No sooner said than done. Down on her knees she got again.

"Heavenly Father, give my mother back to me for Jesus' sake. Amen."

Only that; what need of more? God had said that His hand was not shortened that He could not save, and that His ear was not heavy that He could not hear. So she took Him at His word and asked; and of course her prayer would be answered.

Going to the bedroom door, she opened it with the air of one that had a right to do so, and in a firm, expectant tone, asked:—

"How is my mother now?"

"Just as she was, child; the same as dead. Can't you stay in there without bothering us all the time?" asked the elder nurse querulously—worn out by loss of sleep, and perhaps naturally petulant. She did not mean to be unkind.

"Ah! but she will be better soon. You don't understand, you see," the child returned patiently. I felt that my heart would break, so I asked the Lord what I should do, and He told me that His hand wasn't shortened that He couldn't save, nor His ear heavy that He couldn't hear. So I asked Him to give my mother back to me."

The nurses stared as tho they thought the child were out of her senses. The elder one muttered, "Much good asking when she's just as good as dead." But the younger one said soothingly, "Well, you go back meantime; it isn't fittin' for a little mite like you to be in this room now."

The child obeyed; but her expectancy

drove her back every ten or fifteen minutes, the same question on her lips (never once did she return to the Lord; between them it was definitely settled), till the elder nurse's patience gave way, and she positively forbade her leaving the parlor to come to them with any more questions.

Fortunately at this juncture her quick ear caught the firm step of the doctor on the terrace steps leading to the house. The little girl was a great favorite with that good man, for he had learned to know her as her father's most devoted attendant during the long months of his tedious illness, spending the most of her time at his side, reading to him, singing and playing for him, and walking out with him till he could no longer leave the house.

Now, slipping her hand in the doctor's, she said expectantly:—

"Please tell me how my mother is now."

Echoing the words of the nurses, he replied:

"My child, she is just as good as dead."

"Ah, but, doctor, you don't understand!" she again patiently explained. "You see I felt as if my heart would break, and I asked God what I should do, and He told me that His hand was not shortened that He couldn't save, nor His ear heavy that He couldn't hear. So I asked Him to give my mother back to me; and that is how I know that she will be better."

"Not, in this world," the doctor answered sadly; "your prayers came too late, my child."

"No, doctor," the child repeated with gentle insistence, "for He told me so."

Shaking his head, the kind-hearted man turned away to brush off the sudden tear, but said no more.

It was 5 o'clock when he left, saying as he did so:—

"I have a patient who needs me; the dead are past help; but I will look in again on my way home."

At 9 o'clock the nurses, who were alone in the house with the mother and daughter sent the little girl to bed. She slept the sound sleep of healthy childhood, and did not even wake till 5 the next morning when the doctor's step aroused her. Jumping up quickly, she ran to the head of the stairs to hear what they would say when they let him in.

"Well, when did she die?" was the form of question he used.

The answer came slowly and hesitatingly:—

"Why, doctor, she isn't dead; and it does seem as tho she were better, for she can see and hear, altho she can neither speak nor move yet."

"That is a miracle," he replied emphatically.

Into her clothes sprang the little maid, and down the stairs she swiftly ran, and into her mother's room. Slipping her hand into the doctor's as was her wont, she looked brightly into his face, as she joyously exclaimed:—

"I told you that she would be better, doctor."

"O my child, don't build on this!" the good man replied hurriedly, as he drew her into the adjoining apartment, and closed the door. "It is impossible that your mother should live in her physical condition. There have been cases known when, after apparent death, patients have come to life again, but never to last longer than a few hours or days at the farthest."

"Doctor," exclaimed the child with energy, "I did not ask the Lord to give her back to me only for hours or days. He knows what was in my heart. He would never treat me so."

"Your prayer came too late, dear child," returned the doctor. "Why, there is only a small portion of one lung through which your mother can breathe at all; and her heart is enormously enlarged: No, no, little one, don't build hopes on this passing improvement. Under existing circumstances it is impossible that she should live. Ask the Lord to help you to give her up."

"She will not die, doctor," persisted the child. "She will get better. I prayed the Lord to give her back to me, and He has done so. God does not break His Word."

Again with tear-wet eyes the good man turned away, for the child's confidence touched him strangely. He was a Christian, and had been one for more years than she had lived, yet her faith was higher and deeper than ever he had known.

And Mrs. Harrington did live. It was a whole month before she was able to be lifted from one bed to another to have hers made; a year before she was able to walk out-of-doors; but for five years—perhaps the most important of all the years of a young girl's life, from twelve to seventeen, she was spared to her little daughter, now a gray-haired woman.

I have often heard her relate the incident and always with this additional remark:—

"And had I asked to have my mother made perfectly whole, that too would have been granted. But I had never known her as anything but an invalid, and hence my only thought was to have her given back to me."

Children, God hears you when you pray, just as much as He hears your elders. And when you plead His promises, and ask what is in harmony with His will, you may be sure that your requests will be granted—unless you begin to doubt and question His doing so.—*Selected.*

WATCH THE LITTLE THINGS.

IN my childhood a faithful teacher taught me this memory verse: "Lost, yesterday, somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, each set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered; for they are gone for ever." Many, many times since, I have repeated that verse with deep regret because of the consciousness that I had lost forever much valuable time that I might have saved. Our lives are made up of little things. There are no trifles.

"One little grain in the sandy bars;
One little flower in the field of flowers;
One little star in a heaven of stars;
One little hour in a year of hours,—
What if it makes, or what if it mars?"

"But the bar is built of the little grains;
And the little flowers make the meadows
gay;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains.
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains."

Those who learn in youth to estimate rightly the value of the moments, and to be intensely resolute in doing little things well, will save themselves many defeats in the warfare of life. The world worships heroes; but true heroism is not found alone in those whom the world calls great. The truest and grandest heroes are unknown to fame. Those who are truest to duty, whatever it may be, display the greatest heroism. We can all be faithful in doing with our might whatsoever our hands find to do.

The little things which we say, and the little things which we do, are the warp and the woof, which when woven and interwoven in the great loom of life, come out the finished fabric—character. The little things we say and do each day should be right, painstakingly right. Then watch the little things. The care of the pennies, that they may multiply into pounds; the watchfulness of the moments, that they may combine into useful hours; the proper attention to trifles, that they may contribute to the success of the whole,—this is what is required of us. MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND SUCCESS.

THOUSANDS of worthy young people have failed to obtain situations simply because they have not learned the art of carrying themselves properly of appearing to advantage. A youth who drags his feet when he walks, who slouches, whose arms, lacking energy, dangle like strings from his shoulders, does not make a favorable impression upon a proprietor or manager, who looks a boy over from head to foot, notices his gait when approaching his desk or office, his carriage or manner, and by every little thing is influenced in his decision.

If a boy could only read an employer's mind while he is talking to him, he would learn a useful lesson; but, unfortunately, he usually goes away ignorant of the things which barred him from the coveted place. This may be a sly, furtive glance of the eye, which indicates lack of self-control or a vicious habit; it may be a failure to look one straight in the eye; it may be twirling the fingers or playing with his cap while talking; it may be a soiled collar or cuff; it may be unkempt hair or soiled finger nails; it may be an ill-fitting, slouchy suit; it may be a cigarette, or any one of a score of other little things which influence the decision,—none of which is small when one's whole career, or success in life, may hang in the balance.

A slouchy appearance, dull dawdling, or dragging of the feet, often indicates slouchy morals and slipshod habits. Employers like a boy who walks briskly, speaks promptly, and is quick and clean-cut in his replies to questions. Such acts indicate a bright, alert, quick mind. Employers are not desirous of having in their service people with slow, irresponsible minds or slovenly bodies.

Brightness, cheerfulness, alertness, promptness and energy of attitude and bearing are things which attract attention very quickly, and secure situations where dullness and carelessness of attire, though joined as they, sometimes are, with unusual intelligence and wisdom, make undesirable employees.—*Success.*

BE ALIVE.

IF you expect to accomplish anything in the world, you must be alive,—very much alive,—alive all over. Some people seem half dormant. They impress you as partial possibilities,—as people who have discovered only a small part of the continent within themselves. Most of it remains undeveloped territory.

A man who does things is one who is alive to the very tips of his fingers. He is alert, always on the watch for opportunities. He does not give idleness time to dissipate him. He fights against that common malady known as a "tired-feeling," and conquers it.

Many a man is wondering why he does not succeed, while his desk, at which he sits, tells the story of his life, and shows the limitations of his capability. The scattered papers, the unfilled letters, the disorderly drawers, the dust in the pigeonholes, the layers of newspapers, of letters, of manuscripts, of pamphlets, of empty envelopes, of slips of paper, are all tell-tales.

If I were to hire a clerk, I would ask no better recommendation than would be afforded by the condition of his desk, or table, or room, or workbench, or counter, or books. We are all surrounded by tell-tales which are constantly proclaiming the stories of our lives, cover them up as we will. Our manner, our gait, our conversation, the glance of the eye, the carriage of the body, every garment we wear, our collars, neckties and cuffs, are all telling our life-stories to the world.

We wonder why we do not get on faster, but these tiny biographers often tell the secret of our poverty, our limitations, our inferior positions.

—*Selected.*

"ONE of the most common forms of lying, and the most destructive to right character-building, is trying to appear what we are not, to be accounted more learned, more virtuous, more noble, better in every sense than we are, without any effort to be what we would seem to be. This adds the vice of hypocrisy to the sin of lying, and effectually prevents growth in any direction, while it absolutely fails in its purpose, for no one is deceived by pretense except the pretender."



JEM'S MOTHER.

"The mail's a-coming."

"That ain't smoke, father, it's just a cloud."

"I think it's smoke." And both the old people with faces pressed close to the window peered wistfully at the thin gray film wavering above the trees of the distant grove.

"It is moving this way, mother."

"Like enough; the breeze is in the east."

"There!" they both exclaimed as the faint sound of a whistle reached them. The rumble of the car wheels became distinct, but still they stood watching the shifting line of smoke as it came nearer and nearer. Neither moved until the long train rushed through the town, passing only a few rods from the windows where they were watching. Then Uncle Matt turned away and sat down in his old-fashioned splint rocker. His hands, bronzed and knotted with weather and work, were clasped over the head of his walking stick. He leaned forward, heavily resting his head on his hands.

"Aren't you goin' for the mail, father?"

"'Tain't any use. I've been every day for ten years, and never a word from Jem yet."

"But it might come to-day, and I couldn't stand it noways to think may be there was a letter, and we didn't know it."

Uncle Matt rose slowly from his chair. "Seems 'zif I couldn't drag myself up to the post-office many more times. This goin' and goin' every day, and watchin' and watchin' the letters poppin' into the boxes here and there and everywhere, and thinkin' every time that the next one will fly into our box, and it will be from Jem—but there, mother, I'm goin'. May be it will come to-day."

Aunt Betsey rocked back and forth crying softly, while Uncle Matt with labored effort moved around the room getting ready for his walk. He came and stood beside her as he buttoned his worn, faded coat snugly across his chest; then he patted her silvered hair with clumsy sympathy, saying, "There, mother; there mother, I'm goin' now." Aunt Betsey nodded and tried to smile as he went out the door.

It was a snowy, tedious walk, but Uncle Matt trudged bravely on, the heroism of his wife's smile filling his loving old heart and urging forward his aged, rheumatic limbs. Every one in the village knew him—knew the almost hopeless hope of his daily pilgrimages to the office. The group of idlers waiting to catch stray bits of gossip from those who were coming and going, smiled sympathetically when the postal clerk took

a letter from the box and waved it at the old man as he entered the door.

"For me?" he asked. "Is it for me?"

The clerk nodded. "I hope it's all right," he ventured, noticing how the letter shook in the trembling hand that received it. But Uncle Matt could make no reply. He stumbled out into the street again, the precious letter crushed in his intense, eager grasp. He forgot all the heart-breaking anxiety of those long years. He forgot that Jem had left home in a drunken fury, without one word of fare-well, but sullen curses. He forgot the bitter cruelty of his unbroken silence during the long years. He remembered only that he was their son, their bright, beautiful, winning boy. As he neared home he exulted in the thought of the happiness he was taking to his boy's mother. He knew he would find her sitting before the little open stove trying to knit. She had long since stopped asking if there were any mail, and this morning she did not even look up as he came in, lest he should see her too willing tears. He sat down by her and put the letter in her lap. There was no need to ask from whom it came. They had no thought at first whether the news were good or bad. It was enough for the moment that Jem was alive, that he had written to them.

"You open it, mother," Uncle Matt said at last.

She lifted it from her lap, took hold of one corner with thumb and finger, but her hands refused to do their bidding.

"I can't, father. You open it."

He reached to take it, but all the sorrow and loneliness of those long years, all the disappointed pride and ambition, and all the possibilities of happiness or misery concealed by that common yellow envelope, overwhelmed him.

"No, mother, I can't," he faltered; and after a pause, "We'll take it to Lizy."

Lizy's home over on the next street was in plain sight across the open space. They went across the field by the footpath the school-children had worn through the snow. Lizy saw them coming, carrying the letter between them, and opened the door as they turned into the yard.

"You open it," Aunt Betsey said, by way of greeting, holding the letter toward her sister.

Lizy was a plump, comfortable woman, with much sense and little sentiment. "Lost your glasses?" she asked, running her scissors along the edge. "Why! it's from Jem! Now you let me set right down between you, and I'll read it out loud."

"Wait a minute, Lizy," Aunt Betsey pleaded, content at first to see the letter unfolded in her sister's hand. Lizy talked in easy common-places until her sister said, "Now commence; read every word."

"Dear Father and Mother"—Aunt Betsey put out a detaining hand. "Wait a minute, Lizy, read that over again. You see he hasn't forgotten; he says, 'Dear father and mother.' Now go on." And so the letter was read with many interruptions and comments.

When once more they were at home, sitting side by side before the fire, they discussed Jem's letter from beginning to end over and over, until both were nodding in drowsy happiness. Aunt Betsey was the first to start up.

"Do you know, father," she began, with a little break in her voice, "I've always blamed myself for Jem's goin' away. He just had common store stockings that winter. You mind? My hands were lame and I couldn't knit him any. 'N I've thought sometimes if he'd had on stockings that I knit, those boys couldn't have led him into the saloons so easily, and all these years of sorrow might have been different."

"Don't mother, don't blame yourself. It was all because Jem was too anxious to please everybody." The old man rambled on, fumbling for excuses for his profligate son. "'Twasn't because he was bad at heart. He was too good-hearted. Wasn't that it, mother? He couldn't offend anyone."

Aunt Betsey nodded. "If I only could send him stockings that I knit, may be they'd help to keep his feet from paths of destruction."

Uncle Matt brightened up. "Do, mother. Of course it would help him." Then he stopped in dismay, for his wife was crying again. "What's wrong? Haven't you the yarn?"

She shook her head, holding up the cylindrical strip she was working on. "The last bit is in these wrists, 'n if I raveled them out there wouldn't be more than enough to begin a pair of stockings."

Uncle Matt's hand instinctively sought his pocket, and searched hopelessly for the money he knew was not there. Then he went to the book-shelf, and drew from behind the books the well-worn purse. With a desponding glance he replaced it. "There ain't anything we could sell?" he suggested, brightening.

"No, nothing. Everything was gone long ago. The spinning wheels went first and then the old clock; everything has been sold but"—

"Have you sold the foot-stove?"

Aunt Betsey caught her breath. "It's the only thing that's left of mother's."

"Is that so? I wouldn't have said anything if I'd known that."

There was little sleep for the anxious mother that night, but with the morning her spirits rose. After breakfast she wrapped up the old-fashioned foot-stove, and put the package in her husband's hands. "You take that up to Mis' Deering. She said she'd give me five dollars for it if I ever wanted to sell it. Then go on up to the store and get me some yarn; they know what kind I buy. Go quick, before I change my mind."

Uncle Matt made no remonstrance, for he knew the mother rejoiced in the sacrifice she was making for their son. The pang of parting with her treasured relic would be forgotten long before the stitches for the first stocking were cast on the shining needles. O, the warmth from that little old foot-stove and the strength of the hardy pioneer lives it had made comfortable must

have been woven into those sturdy blue woolen hose! When they were finished, the mother spread them in a row on her bed, and with her face bowed on its patchwork cover, prayed Heaven to make them in some way instrumental in saving her dear son. Then, with a letter full of sweet mother-love, she sent them on their way.

Uncle Matt resumed his daily visits to the office. Gradually Jem's letter was worn thin from much reading. The folds cracked and the pieces were held together by zigzag stitches. Many nights during that long, cold winter Jem's letter was tucked under his mother's pillow, while she looked forward with loving certainty to the time when another should come. And one day in the early spring the letter came.

"I was coming home, mother," he wrote. "I've been a long time on the way. I had saved a little money, and I wanted to bring it to you. It is only a little bit, but I will send it, for I can't come now. They say I can't live, but, mother, I want you to know that I have not touched a drop of the stuff that ruined me since I got your package. I couldn't walk up to the bar with stockings on that I knew you had woven so many prayers into. Then, too, your letter was in my pocket, and your love seemed more real to me than it ever had when I was at home."

Here the shaky, uncertain writing broke off; the pen had fallen from Jem's exhausted hand. The nurse wrote in explanation. Jem was in a hospital in Chicago. He had saved a little child from injury by a half-drunken cart driver, but he himself had been knocked down. His injuries were not serious of themselves, but his very life had been burned out by alcohol. His few weeks of abstinence were in his favor, but his recovery was doubtful. Then she forgot that her patient was simply a "case"—one of hundreds—and told with tender sympathy of the manly heroism of Jem's conduct.

Aunt Betsey arose when they had finished reading the letter and put on her bonnet and shawl. There were no tears and sighs now, but a resolute preparation for the inevitable. "I'm goin' over to Mis' Deering's," she said quietly, and carried the letter with her. The few crises in the lives of these humble people had been met by the prompt action of the gentle, submissive wife, and Uncle Matt was more than content to leave the matter in her hands. Nor was he greatly surprised when they found themselves on the Chicago express traveling toward Jem. They gave no thought to danger or fatigue or to the possible failure to find him. He was there, they must see him.

These two old people, so innocent, so genuine, so trustful, won the kindest services of the big, good-natured conductor. At another time the breakneck speed at which the carriage in which he placed them was driven, would have made them faint with terror, but now they only thought, in a dazed way, how kind the driver was to hurry so for them.

When the afternoon began to wane, the

nurse by Jem's bedside gave place to a little woman in a rusty black dress. She sat by him scarcely breathing until he stirred uneasily, then she put her hand on his forehead. She stroked his cheek and patted it as she had been used to do when he came in his little white "nightie" to say his prayers by her knee. Her touch seemed to turn back the stained, blotted leaves of his life to the pure gages of youth. He smiled and murmured, "Now I lay—me—down—to sleep," and then, "No, mother, I have not touched a drop since I got your letter."

Toward midnight he roused, but with the calmness of one to whom death has drawn near, he showed no surprise at seeing his loved ones near him. "Tell the boys, mother, that I wasted my life. Tell them"—his words were coming more slowly now as the ebbing tide carried his soul out toward the dark waters—"tell them I tried to stop drinking, but I forgot to say, 'Our Father.'"

There was an empty cot in that ward in the morning. There was a little procession that wound its way in mute-sadness through the noise of the city. There were two sorrow-laden old people who returned to the lonely home in Brushville.

Jem's life had been a record of time wasted, talents abused, and honor trampled. But at the setting of the sun of his life the golden glory of one honest effort and one deed of noble heroism shone through the clouds of wrong-doing that had darkened his day.—*Emily D. McBride, in Union Signal.*

WHAT WINNIE THOUGHT.

"Do you suppose," said Johnnie, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rasiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of big folks to notice us much."

Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted baby from his cradle. "Do you think," said winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks, helping the girls off to school and papa to his office,—that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of baby first, 'cause he's the littlest and needs it most. God knows how to love as well as mamma."—*Children's Friend.*

TWO GOOD HANDS.

WHEN I was a boy I became especially interested in the subject of inheritances. I was particularly anxious to know what my father's inheritance was, so, one day, after thinking about the matter a good while very seriously, I ventured to ask him. And this was his reply:—

"My inheritance? I will tell you what it was—two good hands, and an honest purpose to make the best use in my power of my hands and of the time God gave me."

Though it is many years since, I can remember distinctly the tone of my father's voice as he spoke, with both hands uplifted to give emphasis to his words.—*Sel.*

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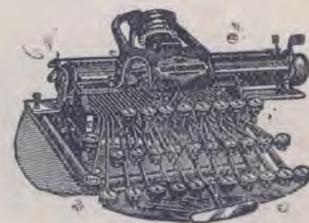
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J. F. CAMERON, of Brooklyn, claims to have perfected a war-ship which will navigate the air, and be able to defend the coasts against hostile fleets. This new destroyer will weigh 20 tons, carry a crew of 8 men, and drop explosives at will. The inventor has applied for space at the St. Louis Exposition in which to demonstrate the workings of his invention.

"THE WORLD MOVES! Electric cars are to be run from Cairo, Egypt, to Mt. Sinai, and thence along the coast of the Red Sea to Mecca. It is believed that the Mohammedans will be glad to avail themselves of such transportation in their yearly pilgrimages to Mecca. American capitalists have the matter in hand and will doubtless accomplish it. Who will form a company and pay millions to carry the gospel to these lost ones?"

"Christian Science" is to be given no sympathy in Germany. The Emperor has decided that "Christian Science" and kindred cults are against the welfare of his people, and he is quite ready to make his influence felt in preventing their propagation in Germany. He has given instruction that all disciples of this belief and kindred beliefs be rigidly excluded from the royal court. It is thought that this means on the part of the emperor will be more effective than legislation. "Fashionable" folk will not henceforth identify themselves with "Christian Science."

The decease of Cecil Rhodes has bereft South Africa of her greatest financier and statesman. Altho not officially recognized, he was the foremost man in Africa; and had more influence in the government of the country than any other single man. The prosperity of the country was in his hands. He had a great work before him; and South Africa looked to him for the expansion of British interests, and the extension of the railroad from Cape Town to Cairo.

Shall we say that Providence shortened his work, or was it his intemperate life? From a knowledge of facts regarding his manner of life, we are led to conclude that it was the latter. No doubt his life might have been spared, had he turned away from the cup which "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder"

A "railway telephone" has been invented by a man named Tillman, and successfully tried near Fulton, Ky. A railway train was stopped, the telephone wire connected with the regular telegraph wire, and conversation was held with the chief operator of the Illinois Central Railway, who was in the railway station in Chicago, four hundred miles distant. Apparently telephonic and telegraphic messages travelling over the same wire simultaneously do not at all interfere with each other.

Dr. Herbert F. Fisk, principal of the academy of Northwestern University, at Chicago, recently addressed the boys of the academy on the subject of tobacco using, condemning the practice in severe terms, and requesting them to abstain entirely from this indulgence. He gives this statement of his reasons for such action: "Whatever may be thought of the use of tobacco by grown men, there can be no division of opinion among educators as to the injurious effects, both physical and mental, when tobacco is used by boys or by young men who have

not yet reached maturity. In many cases it produces serious weakness of the heart. On this account it is prohibited to athletes while in training for competition games. Not less distinctly marked are the effects of tobacco using upon the scholarship than upon the physical endurance of students. It is rarely the case that a student who makes any use of tobacco attains to superior scholarship. A complete tabulation of the scholarship and tobacco using habits of young men in the academy at one time discovered that out of 300 young men twenty-two per cent. of the whole number made more or less use of tobacco. Among the seventy-five having the highest standing, only two or three per cent. were tobacco-users. Among the second quarter in scholarship there were eleven, or fourteen per cent. Among the third quarter fifteen, or twenty-one per cent. while among the lowest quarter there were forty-two, or fifty-seven per cent. Of all forms of tobacco using, cigarettes are without question the most harmful."

"It is related of Leonard da Vinci that when he had finished his great painting, 'The Last Supper,' a friend coming in to examine it, so admired the painted goblet on the table that he had eyes for nothing else. 'How wonderful it is!' he exclaimed; 'it stands out like solid silver.' Whereupon the artist seized his brush, and in a stroke painted the goblet out, with the words, 'Nothing shall draw men's eyes away from my Lord.' That is the spirit that should actuate all christian service. Not what we may do or say, not our success nor wisdom nor our plans nor methods; but only Christ is to be held up before the world. And if he is so exalted by the lives of his children,—so held up in his matchless love for the world,—he will draw all men to himself."

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Guard your tempers, especially in seasons of ill-health, irritation, and trouble; and soften them by a sense of your own shortcomings and errors.

Remember that, valuable as is the gift of speech, silence is often more valuable.

Do not expect too much from others, but remember that all have an evil nature, whose development we must expect, and that we should forbear and forgive, as we often desire forbearance and forgiveness ourselves.

Never retort with a sharp or angry word. It is the second word which makes the quarrel.

Beware of the first disagreement.

Learn to speak in a gentle tone of voice.

Learn to say kind and pleasant things whenever opportunity offers.

Study the characters of each, and sympathize with all in their troubles, however small.

Avoid moods and pets, and fits of sulkiness.

Learn to deny yourself and prefer others.

Beware of meddlers and tale-bearers.

Never charge a bad motive if a good one is conceivable.

Be gentle and firm with children.

Do not allow your children to be away from home at night without knowing where they are.

Do not allow them to go where they please on the Sabbath.—Selected.

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"If you are seeking to make the best of life you will find much truth in the words, "Health is beauty, ugliness is sin, and weakness is a crime."

His way of saying it.—It is a peculiar freak of nature to attribute unworthy motives to those who hold different views from ours. A difference of opinion often leads to violent hatred, when there is really no ground for such feelings. It is related that a French man having been assaulted by a French professor, quietly remarked: "I fancy he must be vexed. He called me a Jacobin, rebel, plagiarist, thief, poisoner, forger, leper, madman, impostor, libeller, grimacing ragpicker. I gather what he wants to say, he means that he and I are not of the same opinion, and that is his only way of putting it. There is in this instance a lesson for all to learn. Not to attribute unworthy motives to those who disagree with us.

England at the Pope's Feet.—On the 8th March the English Mission under the Earl of Denbigh, sent by King Edward VII. to congratulate the Pope on the jubilee of his Pontificate, was received at the Vatican by Leo XIII. The *Daily Mail* Roman correspondent reports as follows:—

The Earl of Denbigh at once knelt before the Pope and made a movement to kiss his slipper, but Leo XIII. bade him to rise and gave him the ring on his finger to kiss, as is customary in such cases.

Kneeling on the steps of the throne, the Earl of Denbigh presented the other Members of the Mission, who each in turn made as though to kiss the slipper of his Holiness, but were in each case offered the ring to kiss. Directly afterwards the Earl presented an autograph letter from King Edward VII., written in the most sympathetic terms, and referring to the intelligence and judgment with which Leo XIII. directed his people.

The Pope expressed himself as highly gratified over the homage paid him, and the English people ought to feel correspondingly humiliated; for that mission represented the king, and in its members the Pope saw the British nation and its king at his feet. Who can wonder that the Pope claims to be the ruler of the kings of the earth? *Present Truth.*

"Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken;
Not myself but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages; all about me forgotten,
Save the truths I have spoken, the things I have done."

THE THIRD FAMINE.

THE third famine in three years is raging in India. The following cablegram was sent by the Viceroy to the Secretary of State for India in England. "A third famine is at hand, no rain has fallen, prospects in affected districts deteriorating, owing to the damage caused by rats, of which there is a plague in Gujerat, Rajputana and Central India. Relief continues to expand rapidly in Gujerat and develops in Rajputana and Central India. In Punjab it is inconsiderable still. Number of persons on relief 280,000." The following by Albert E. Ashton, who has visited the famine field, presents an impressive view of the situation:—

"The heart-rending cries of the almost naked women and children and their sick faint lamenting for food, resounds again and again in my ears. The last two years left the people in a pitiable state, and now the third year sets in with terrible vengeance, and threatens thousands of lives unless substantial help is forthcoming—and that quickly. The Government relief camps have opened up work for the people in many places, (*i.e.*), digging tanks, wells, canals, etc., and by this well-arranged method many lives are going to be saved. But yet there are thousands in the different villages that this does not reach. Many of the sick are also provided for by Government, but their scanty supply only just keeps life in the body. Thousands of the women are simply destitute of clothing, and in the several villages I visited and others that I inquired into, there were from ten to twenty in every village in a semi-nude state. Sick people with the most sickening diseases kept alive by the Government relief, three pice per day are in a most pitiful condition, and call for help from every side. Children who were once bright and playful are now either run down to mere skeletons, or pining away with disease caused by the scarcity of the last two years and unclean, unhealthful food.

Food and clothing is needed, and that right quickly. We are at our post to do our best, and also in touch with other missionaries who are in the midst of the famine field, and will most gladly co-operate with any to lend a helping hand to these poor benighted ones. More information can be had direct from Rev. T. King, Sanand, if required, who is doing a most praiseworthy work to alleviate the sufferings of the people."

BOOKER WASHINGTON'S SCHOOL.

THE Industrial school for negroes of Tuskegee, Alabama has proved itself a great success. Several years ago, in a very humble way, this school was started by Booker T. Washington. His object in starting it was to help his colored brothers, and to teach them how to help themselves by gaining a practical education. The school has steadily grown until it is now one of the largest schools in America.

Practical instruction is given in many different trades and industries.

The cultivation of the soil is made prominent, and the negro is given a knowledge of the chemistry of the soil. It is said that white farmers in the neighborhood of the school respect the colored graduates, because of their superior knowledge and skill, and they come to them for progressive ideas in regard to farming, building and all sorts of things.

India needs such men as Booker T. Washington to teach the people how to labor with profit, and make the soil bring forth its increase abundantly. "My people are destroyed for lack of knowledge." Instead of tilling the soil, many flock to the cities hoping to get better wages, but this state of things is brought about, because the people do not know how to make farming pay. There is hope for India in her soil; and as the people are taught the scientific methods of tilling it, larger crops will be taken from the land, and prosperity will come. It is said that graduates of the Tuskegee raise over two hundred bushels of sweet potatoes from an acre of ground in the same locality where the uneducated colored man raises less than fifty bushels to the acre. Why can not the same thing be done in India, and these terrible famines be averted?

CENTRALIZATION OF WEALTH.

WHAT does the centralizing of wealth mean? From the following statements we can see its effect upon nations in the past and the growing tendency in our times.

"When Egypt went down, two per cent. of her population owned all her wealth. The people were starved to death.

"When Babylon went down, two per cent. of her population owned all her wealth.

"When Persia went down, one per cent. of her population owned the land.

"When Rome went down, eighteen hundred persons owned all the known world.

"In 1850, capitalists of United States owned thirty-seven and one-half per cent. of the nation's wealth.

"In 1870, they owned sixty-three per cent.

"In 1890, statistics show that two per cent. of United States' population owned seven-tenths of her entire wealth."

Chauncey Depew says that "fifty men control the finances of that country and dictate its legislation."

But this situation is not peculiar to that country.

"In England, in 1887, one thirteenth of the people owned two-thirds of the nation's wealth."

"Seventy persons own one-half of Scotland."

"Less than eight hundred persons own one-half of Ireland."

"Where will you spend eternity?" The question is not an impertinent one, but rather of dreadful solemnity. No one can answer it for you, nor can you answer it for another. It must be decided and answered by each for himself. How will you answer it?