

# The Oriental Watchman

watchman, blow the trumpet! warn the people! Eze. 33. 2.

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

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{ No. 9.

## THE SHEPHERD IS COMING.

Dark was the night while fierce and wild,  
Exploding thunders rent the air,  
The lightnings flashed from storm clouds piled  
O'er hills and mountains every where :

Until the rocky mountain sides  
Seemed all ablaze with chains of fire :  
Then suddenly the darkness hides  
The dazzling view. O night, retire !

Another lightning flash reveals,  
Among the rocks, a trembling form :  
Its pleading look, in prayer, appeals  
For shelter from the raging storm.

And we might tremble, could we see  
The weary scattered flock that roam,  
And from pursuing lions flee  
Mid mountain peaks away from home.

Then who will go and seek the lost  
Who have not known a shepherd's care ?  
Who'll bring them home at any cost ?  
To face this tempest who will dare ?

Chief Shepherd, when wilt thou appear,  
To gather home thy waiting flock ?  
Thy word of truth declares thee near :  
Salvation's Everlasting Rock.

G. K. OWEN.

## THE HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

THE parable of the lost sheep places man in the position of one who is helpless and undone. All are lost unless they are transformed in character. The lost condition of the sheep necessitates the coming of the True Shepherd, that, at any cost to Himself, He may seek and save those who are perishing. Those who are wise in their own conceit do not realize the position in which they are placed by this parable. The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost. Doth not the shepherd leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness and go after that which is lost until he find it?

In giving His only begotten Son to save us, the Lord God shows what is the estimate He puts upon man. To the question, What is the price of the soul of man? the answer is, The life of the only begotten



Son of God. And as Christ came to save man, high or low, rich or poor, white or black, are any to be treated with contempt? Satan has studied to lay in ruins the image

of God, and, through intemperance and sin, obliterate all trace of His character in man. Christ came, clothing His Divinity with humanity, that He might meet humanity



and not extinguish humanity by Divinity. He came to save the lost sheep, and became a servant in lowly ministry to lift up the lowly.

The science of salvation is a grand theme, and all the glory of restoring the image of God in man is to be laid at the feet of the Eternal. Holy angels have left the royal courts, and have come down to earth to encamp in the valleys in chariots of fire, a vast army, not to despise, not to rule, or require man to worship them, but to minister unto those who shall be heirs of salvation. Could human eyes be opened, they would see in times of danger when Satan goes forth as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, that heavenly beings encamp around the little flock who love and fear God.

The heavenly Shepherd left the ninety and nine to seek the lost one. However dark the night, however severe the tempest, the Shepherd goes forth, at every step calling by name His lost sheep, until He hears its terrified, faint, and dying cry. Then He hunts amid the dangerous places, crosses the tangled briars, and finds His sheep. He rescues it from peril, places it on His shoulder, and with rejoicing returns to the fold. At every step He cries, "Rejoice with Me; for I have found My sheep which was lost." "And when he cometh home, he calleth together his friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost."

Could we see the heavenly angels watching with intense interest the steps of the Shepherd as He goes into the desert to seek and to save the lost, what wonder would fill our hearts! "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons [in their own estimation], which need no repentance." It is he who is sick that feels the need of a physician, and the mission of Christ to the world was to seek and to save those who are perishing. "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

#### INFIDELITY CURED.

A YOUNG man was inclined toward infidelity, and, like others of his age who have imbibed such notions, he was more or less proud of his advanced ideas. He took occasion one day to go to the study of a minister of his acquaintance, and state to him his doubts and disbelief in Christianity. He expected, of course, that the minister would undertake an elaborate argument to prove the truth of the Scriptures and the reality of the religion founded on them. This would give him just what he wanted,—the opportunity to argue and combat.

But the pastor, with a wisdom not born of earth, after listening until he had concluded his harangue, said quietly, "Let us tell Jesus about it," and dropped on his

knees. The young would be infidel was surprised into following his example. As the two knelt side by side, the man of God poured out his petition from a full heart for the young man beside him, but without any allusion to his condition of sceptical unbelief. He simply pleaded for him as a sinner needing salvation.

The prayer was answered. Before he rose from his knees, the doubter doubted no longer. Instead, he was convinced and converted, and ready to ask, with Paul, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" The answer came, and that young man now preaches the Gospel he once sought to destroy with his infidel arguments. That quiet, "Let us tell Jesus," followed by the simple, earnest prayer, did what argument would have failed to do.

There is the lesson. Will soul-winners learn it? Go tell Jesus—alone, if need be, with those you would win if you can—but tell Jesus, and ask of Him the needed grace. It is not argument with man that is needed so much as telling Jesus. Take Him at His word, "Ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you." Go and tell Jesus.—*Mid-Continent.*

#### BELIEVING GOD'S WORD.

WHEN God placed man in the garden of Eden, He said to him, "Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Gen. 2: 16, 17.

Had man believed God's word he would not have eaten of this fruit. So sin entered because man did not believe God. For it is plain that if he had really believed death would be the result of disobedience, he would not have disobeyed. But Satan told him he would not die. So he believed Satan instead of God.

We are "justified by *faith*." Rom. 5: 1. The just "live by *faith*." Heb. 10: 38. *Faith* is taking God at His Word. Faith comes by hearing "the Word of God." Rom. 10: 17. So the terms of life are the same to-day as they were in the Garden of Eden. And if we are saved it will be because we believe God's Word and not the errors of Satan.

All that has been accomplished in the past by the faithful was the result of their *believing God's Word*. The salvation of every soul depends on his faith in God's Word. And if we do believe, we will obey that Word. Obedience is the best test of faith.

The Lord told Noah the flood was coming. He showed his faith by preparing the ark. Heb. 11: 7. God told Abraham to leave his country, his kindred, and his father's house, and He would give him a land. "By faith Abraham . . . obeyed." Heb. 11: 8.

So if we really believe the Word of God we will obey everything that Word says

to us as far as we learn it. It is this faith that purifies the soul from every defilement, Eve trusted appearances and failed. Satan will tempt us to do the same thing. But we will surely fail if our faith does not rest on God's Word alone. There are true joy and peace to every soul that believes God's Word. "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Luke 18: 8.

O, the blessing of having Jesus dwelling in the heart! But he abides there by faith.

F. L. MOODY.

#### Transformed.

"Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken."

One day a fearful sight I saw:  
I passed the mirror of God's law,  
And lo! my dress, that once I deemed  
So pure and clean, all filthy seemed;  
My hands, which erst looked pure and white,  
Were stained and loathsome in my sight;  
My very heart was black with sin,—  
I found it vile, and stained within;  
And e'en the good deeds I had done  
Seemed only selfish, every one.  
Ah, yes; a fearful sight I saw  
In this strange mirror of God's law.

And then I said: "I'll make me white;  
I'll purge and cleanse me day and night;  
I'll wash these filthy stains, and so  
I shall be clean once more:" but lo!  
Nor soap nor niter cleansed my stain,  
Which red as crimson did remain.

Then, quick, Damascus' streams I sought,  
And all my sin-stained garments brought  
Where, proud Abana's banks beside,  
I dipped them in the 'whelming tide;  
And there, where mighty Pharpar flows,  
I sought to hide my guilty woes.  
As leprous Naaman, thought, I ween,  
"I've but to wash me, to be clean."  
I eager sought, but sought in vain;  
These could not cleanse me from my stain.

At last, O joy! the news I heard,  
That there was One whose mighty Word  
Could heal my soul, and cleanse my sin,  
And make me pure and white within.  
"What! can he cleanse *my* soul?" I cried;  
"Lo, I am very vile," I sighed.

And then an angel oped mine eyes;  
"See what his Word hath wrought!" he cries.  
I looked. Disease and suffering fled.  
I saw him raise the moldering dead;  
E'en he was stirred; death's angel heard,  
And quick obeyed th' almighty Word.

I looked again. Again I heard  
The echo of that strange, strange word:  
"Let there be light!" and dismal night  
Quivers with beams of glory bright.  
That word through "empty chaos" rung;  
Worlds from "abysmal darkness" sprung,  
Each to his own appointed place;  
And suns went wheeling into space.

And then I cried, with trembling soul:  
"Lord, if thou wilt, I may be whole.  
Speak thou the word, and set me free—  
That word which makes me clean in thee."

Again I heard that mighty word:  
*I will; be clean;* thy prayer is heard."  
I looked; and once again I saw  
The perfect mirror of God's law;  
But where was once my filthy dress,  
I saw Christ's robe of righteousness;  
And where my guilt-stained hands once shone,  
I saw those pierced hands alone.  
My form was gone, and in its place  
I only saw my Saviour's face;  
Again I heard that mystic word:  
"Now ye are clean, through Christ the Lord."  
MRS. L. D. A. STUTTLE.





**EXACTNESS OF PROPHECY.**

(No. 2.)

WE find the eighth and ninth chapters of Daniel characterized by the same precision that distinguishes the seventh chapter.

**What Daniel Saw.**

Reading in Daniel 8: 3, 4, of the ram that Daniel saw in this vision, we ask: what does the ram represent? and Dan. 8: 20 replies: "The ram which thou sawest having two horns are the kings of Media and Persia." What is meant by the goat? Dan. 8: 21: "And the rough goat is the king of Grecia." What does that great horn between his eyes mean? Dan. 8: 21: "The great horn that is between his eyes is the first king." Alexander the Great is here recognized at once by the student of history: And as we read in verses 5-7, of the movements of the ram coming from the west with such bounding leaps as to appear not to touch the ground, and rushing so suddenly upon the ram that stood before the river, conquering him with such surprising fury, we hardly need be told that this is

**A Picture of Alexander**

with his invincible army, bounding forward toward the east on their foaming steeds, with banners flying, thundering onward amid clouds of dust, until they reach the river Granicus whose waters scarcely check their progress, for they behold their prey, the Persian army, just across the river, along the eastern shore, drawn up in battle array, outnumbering the Grecian army eight to one; and yet the fearless Grecians, without pausing to build boats or bridges, plunge in, ford the river and trample that mighty Persian army in the dust. "Therefore the he goat waxed very great; and when he was strong, the great horn was broken; and for it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven."

When the Grecian army had conquered the world, and shown itself strong above all other nations, the great horn (Alexander) was broken. He died in a fit of

drunkenness. What is meant by the four horns arising in the place of the broken one? Dan. 8: 22: "Now that being broken, whereas four stood up for it, four kingdoms shall stand up out of the nation, but not in his power." Thus it was; after the death of Alexander, his kingdom was divided between his four leading generals: Cassander, Lysimachus, Seleucus and Ptolomy. Dan. 8: 9:—

"And out of one of them came forth a little horn, which waxed exceeding great, toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land. This was fulfilled by Rome, that broke the power of Grecia in the western horn, Macedonia, and, carrying its conquests in the directions foretold in the prophecy, Rome in its turn became the ruler of the world."

**What Daniel Heard.**

Having learned about what Daniel saw in his vision of the eighth chapter, we now inquire about some very important things that he heard. How long a period would intervene before the cleansing of the sanctuary? Dan. 8: 14: "And he said unto me Unto two thousand and three hundred days; then shall the sanctuary be cleansed." Was the entire vision of Daniel eight to be understood by Daniel? Dan. 8:16: "And I heard a man's voice between the banks of the Ulai, which called and said, Gabriel, make this man to understand the vision." Was it all understood by the explanation given in the eighth chapter? Dan. 8: 27: "I was astonished at the vision, but none understood it."

How long had the Lord foretold that the children of Israel should remain in captivity in Babylon? Jer. 25: 11: "And the whole land shall be a desolation, and an astonishment; and these nations shall serve the King of Babylon seventy years." As Daniel was seeking for light, and studying the books of prophecy, how did he understand this prediction of Jeremiah? Dan. 9: 2: "I Daniel understood by books the number of the years, whereof the word of the Lord came to Jeremiah the prophet, that he would accomplish seventy years in

the desolations of Jerusalem."

Knowing that they were near the close of the seventy years of their captivity, in what do we find Daniel engaged? Dan. 9: 20: "And whilst I was speaking, and praying and confessing my sin and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God for the holy mountain of my God;"

**Gabriel Appears Again.**

While Daniel was thus engaged, who came to make him another visit? Dan. 9: 21: "Yea, whilst I was speaking in prayer, even the man Gabriel, whom I had seen in the vision at the beginning, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation." Having been commanded (as we learn from chapter 8) to make Daniel understand the vision, for what purpose has he now come? Dan. 9: 22: "I am now come forth to give thee skill and understanding." Understanding of what? Dan. 9: 23: "Therefore understand the matter and consider the vision." During how much of the period of 2,300 days had the Lord determined that Daniel's people should be offered the opportunity of proving themselves the true people of God? Dan. 9: 24: "Seventy weeks are determined upon thy people, &c." At the time of what event would the first seventy weeks of the 2,300 days begin? Dan. 9: 25: "Know therefore and understand, that from the going forth of the commandment to restore and to build Jerusalem unto the Messiah, the Prince shall be seven weeks, and threescore and two weeks: the street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times."

**The Starting Point.**

Turning to Ezra 7: 11, we find a copy of the letter, or commandment, authorizing the Jews to rebuild Jerusalem, and in the margin we find the date of the "going forth," (or going into effect) of this commandment, to be 457 B. C. As seven weeks were assigned for the rebuilding of the streets and the wall, so it did take seven weeks of years, or 49 years to accomplish that work; and as 62 weeks were to be added to the seven, making 69 weeks to reach to the Messiah, the Prince, (or the anointed one), the 69 weeks, or 483 years were to reach to the anointing, at the baptism, of Christ as the Messiah. 483 years from the going forth of that commandment in the autumn of 457 B.C., would reach to the autumn of A.D. 27. Turning to Matt. 3: 16, 17, we find a record of the anointing of Christ with the Holy Ghost at his baptism, and the date in the margin, A.D. 27. He was to confirm the covenant with many for one week, and in the midst of the week he was to cause the sacrifice and oblation to cease." This locates the crucifixion in the spring of A.D. 31, and the seventieth week would end in the autumn of A.D. 34.

**Confirming the New Covenant.**

THE work of confirming the new covenant was to be "with the house of Israel.



and the house of Judah." Heb. 8: 8. In this work of confirming the covenant during the last of the seventy weeks, Jesus said:—"I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." and he instructed his disciples to take the same course in their teaching. Matt. 15: 24; 10: 6. But when the seventy weeks determined upon the Jews had closed, the work of the disciples was no longer confined to the Jews; but we read in Acts 8: 4: "Therefore they that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the word;" and we find the date in the margin A.D. 34. Subtracting the seventy weeks of years, or 490 years, from the 2,300 years, there remain 1810 years, which added to A.D. 34, brings us down to 1844 A.D. And what great event is this foretold in the days of Daniel, and to be fulfilled, not in the near future, but at a date already 58 years in the past? The prophecy says: "Unto 2,300 days, then shall the Sanctuary be cleansed." We learn from Numbers 14: 34, and from Ezekiel 4: 6, and other Scriptures, that a day, used as a symbol in prophecy, represents a year; and as B.C. 457 is given as the starting point, the 2,300 years would reach to 1844. After the voice of the angel made the prediction in the hearing of Daniel, year after year and century after century rolled on; empire after empire arose, conquered, ruled and sank in ruin; gorgeous palaces, lofty towers and proud monuments were piled high; and like the hands that formed them, crumbled back again to dust; but 1844 came and passed by, and how many of the millions that had the plainly printed book of Daniel lying on their tables, thought of that important date as it passed?

G. K. OWEN.

### GOING BACK INTO EGYPT.

WHEN the apostles went out preaching the word, they were not telling curious tales nor "cunningly devised fables" to "interest" the people and draw them to attendance at "their church." They did not draw the world into the church, but drew sinners out of the world and into the church. Persecution came, and for a time it kept the church pure in its first love and primitive faith.

But soon a change came. The romancing novelist and clergyman, Mr. S. Baring-Gould, like most theologians, approves of the change. In the style of the romancer he says:—

When Christianity emerged from the dungeon and the catacomb, it was to find herself in a situation, if less precarious, certainly of more perplexity. In the first period of her career all that concerned her was the proclamation of certain elementary facts, and the confession of her faith in these facts. When the age of persecution passed, she was brought face to face with questions more complex.

The problem of the early Christians was how men are saved from sin. This later complex situation was how to make men in sin church members. This is how they did it according to Mr. Baring-Gould:—

"Fortunately Christianity was not in the hands of a caste or a sect. Human nature took possession of Christianity, and evolved its own answers to these questions, in spite of the efforts of a few bigots to retain Christianity in the narrow bonds of her swaddling clothes. Even before the sword had been sheathed, and the rack thrust aside, the craving intellect of her educated converts had demanded something to feed on beside bare facts, and had begun to spin out of the dogmatic statements of the baptismal creed a web of theological speculation. Christianity in Alexandria became a philosophy."

So the church that had been saved out of spiritual Egypt, now went back into Egypt. This Alexandrian philosophy stamped its moulding influences upon so-called Christian theology so completely that to-day it is an absolute fact that one meets its influence in the religious world continually. Preachers trained in the popular theology, filled full as they can hold of the philosophy of the Fathers, treat the Bible just as the Alexandrian theologians did. But God is again leading His people out of Egypt that they may serve Him. Let all who would rather have truth than romance, the Divine nature than human nature, come along, for the Lord is leading by the pillar of light—His own Word.

W. A. SPICER.

### HIS TENTH.

THE text did not please Silas Bent that day, and he knew the sermon would please him less. He was tired of hearing the same old story, "Give, give, give," to first one board and then another, to missions and missions without end. He knew from the very beginning of it, that Dr. Week's entire discourse would be an urgent call to his people to adopt the old tithing system, and give at least that much, as a matter of course, to the Lord. A tithe, indeed! Why Silas Bent was worth two hundred thousand dollars, with an annual income of twenty thousand. A tithe of that would be two thousand dollars a year, thrown to the winds. So long as he rented a pew, took his wife to the meetings, and put ten cents each sabbath morning into the contribution basket, he didn't see the sense in being everlastingly preached at for money, money, money. No, he wouldn't listen to the sermon. It took an unusually fine one to keep him awake at any time, and he certainly wouldn't even try, this morning, to fight off his drowsiness. A tithe! Absurd! If he had only a dollar, he might not mind giving a tenth of it, but two thousand dollars—never!

There lay a snug roll of bills in his vest-pocket, and these he poked down deeper, lest unwarily his nervous fingers, in fumbling for the usual dime, might clutch one of them instead. And then the voice of good Dr. Weeks sounded more and more distant, and presently old man Bent, to the silent amusement of the younger members around him, was sleeping peacefully. Did I say peacefully? Let us follow him to the mystical "Land of Nod."

Bonnets and pew-backs had barely faded from his vision, when he found himself

hurrying along a business street. Yes, of course—Monday morning, and he must not be late at the office. Mail to attend to, and employes to direct; and yet, with all his hurried walking, he enjoyed the fresh air, the sunshine, and the sounds of active life about him.

Suddenly, he became aware of a figure at his side, a slender form, in neutral colours. He tried to inspect it closely, but his glasses needed rubbing or something was wrong, for he had only an indistinct impression of a calm countenance and misty gray apparel. It made him nervous,—this ephemeral figure, keeping step with him.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well," an answer came in measured voice; "I bear a message. You who will not give even one-tenth to the Lord, shall now receive but a tenth from him—a tenth of happiness, of health, of the good things of life. He will give you more than you are willing to give him. He will give you a full tenth."

Silas stopped where he stood, polished his glasses, adjusted them and stared. The figure had gone. What had it said? "A tenth?" He hardly understood, and started on, intending to forget the gray vision and the calm voice, in his own business pursuits.

But what has got into his legs! He could hardly lift his feet or place them one before the other. Odd thing! Why, he had prided himself upon his health and briskness, for the last twenty years. He shook as though with ague. Every breath of air chilled him through and through; he must hurry the faster to the office, and have that rascally Tim build a heaping fire. But the office seemed growing farther and farther away, and harder and harder to reach. He ached in every bone. "The Lord will give you a tenth of your health." The words rang in his ear, and he turned pale with horror. The pleasant bustle of the street had grown less clear; he hardly heard the tread of feet, the call of voices, the rumble of wheels. If only he had had Craddock drive down with him that morning—it was too chill to have walked. The very sunshine seemed growing dim—not half so bright, nor a third, nor a fifth, nor—a tenth as bright perhaps. He shuddered. Then the air, the very air he breathed, seemed to be growing thinner and thinner. He gasped and choked, and fell heavily to the pavement.

"Help! help!" he shrieked, smothering and terrified; "help!"

A busy man rushed toward him, and poked him viciously in the side with a gold-tipped cane. His head was swimming, his pulses beat but feebly; life, health, sunshine, power, everything—seemed flying from him. Then that fiend with the cane and the gray moustache, instead of helping him up and fanning a bit of breath into his body, still punched him mercilessly. He writhed and groaned, and clutched to



catch the cudgel and thrust it from him. It felt queer and warm, and larger than it looked. He opened his eyes with a start, and found himself holding with both hands—his wife's elbow.

There were smothered giggles sounding behind him. Cold drops stood on his forehead. He could actually feel the pallor of his face. Maria looked pale, too, and her glance was full of meek reproach.

A dream! thank the Lord, only a dream! He had suffered untold agonies in twenty minutes by the clock. Brother Weeks was just concluding his eloquent appeal; the deacons passed down the aisles with the baskets, and when Silas felt the cold little coin in his pocket, it made him colder. Out came the roll of bills, and softly they fell in among the contributions. No one saw it but Maria; she thought he had lost his mind, till he said to her during their quiet walk home: "Maria, who could help giving his tenth, after hearing that powerful sermon!"

"It was a good sermon," Maria replied; and when Silas Bent's two thousand went to the mission work that year, she thanked the Lord that her husband had awakened in time to really hear that sound, good sermon, and to gain so lasting an impression from its stirring truths.—*Maud Rittenhouse, in Herald and Presbyterian.*



#### IMMORTALITY—ETERNAL LIFE.

THE terms "immortality" and "eternal life" indicate two entirely different things; and it is a matter of great practical importance, and not a mere theological quibble, to note the distinction. Mortality and immortality apply solely to the body, meaning corruptible and incorruptible, while eternal life is never an essential attribute of man, but is the manifestation of the Divine Spirit.

THIS life is freely offered to all. Not only is it offered, it is given, but very few will "lay hold on eternal life." Since it is the life of God, it cannot be had apart from God. God in Christ must dwell in the heart by faith, in order that the life may be there. This life, the life of Jesus, is manifested in the mortal flesh of those who are yielded to Him. 2 Cor. 4: 11. The Holy Spirit received in His fulness, bringing the personal presence of Christ into the soul, is eternal life. "This is life eternal, that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." John 17: 3. We can know God, and Jesus Christ, whom He

has sent to reveal Him, only as He dwells in the heart.

ALL men are mortal. Mortal means corruptible, decaying, subject to death; immortal means of course just the opposite. Now that men are subject to decay and death, is amply demonstrated by every cemetery, by every physician's sign, and by every man's own body. Immortality, incorruptibility, the condition of absolute immunity from death, so that the lapse of time will make no change in the body, is bestowed only at the coming of the Lord and the resurrection. "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory." 1 Cor. 15: 51-54.

THIS portion of Scripture alone is amply sufficient to show that all men, Christians as well as sinners, are now mortal. It is only at the resurrection of the just that men are made so that they cannot die any more (Luke 20: 35, 36), "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." Rev. 21: 4.

WITH eternal life, however, it is different. "This is the record, that God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life [the life, R. V.], and he that hath not the Son hath not life." 1 John 5: 11, 12. This record which God has given concerning His Son, is so plain and positive, that nobody can disbelieve it without charging God with lying. See verse 10.

CHRIST is the life. He says, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." John 14: 6. And His life is eternal; "for the life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." 1 John 1: 2. This life is God's own life, and is superior to everything. Temptation cannot make any impression upon it, nor can it be in any way affected by sin or disease. It is this life, and this life only, that enables a person to resist temptation, and to live free from sin. The possession of it by faith is what makes a man a new creature.

THIS is the life of righteousness. Circumstances of life, or conditions of the body, have no effect on it, since it is God's own life. Even death itself cannot affect it. The life, being hid with Christ in God, will continue the same even though the man die. The life may be laid down, and taken again, as in the case of Jesus. So long as a man keeps the faith, he keeps the life, and if he dies in the faith, he sleeps in Jesus, and awakes in life. The

life is his—held for him—while he is sleeping in the grave, just as surely as though he were awake. When the Lord comes, then the eternal life that we have possessed in our mortal bodies, and which has been our righteousness, will be ours in our immortal bodies, and will be our righteousness to all eternity.

THE trouble over this question has all arisen from people supposing that they were God. Men do not fear God, and give glory to Him, but assume that they live and move by some inherent power. They think that they have life in themselves. Everything would be right if they would but remember that man is in himself nothing—"less than nothing and vanity." He is but dust, into which God has been pleased to breathe His own life. Man has sinned, but God has in mercy continued His life to us, that we may be saved from sin. If we appreciate the gift, and acknowledge it as a gift from God, so that He can exercise it in His own way, it will at last work out immortality for us; and the immortality and the life will always be held directly from Him. "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen"

E. J. WAGGONER.

#### TO THE UTMOST.

JESUS is able to save to the *utmost* all who will come unto God by Him. He says so in His Word. Heb. 7: 25. There is no limit to His power to save. The lowest living man has not yet become dead, utterly corrupt physically. But Jesus is able to raise the dead, and did. This is His pledge of saving every sinful soul. Howsoever dark the sins, howsoever black the record of the past life, if you desire to be rid of it and become a new man or woman in Christ Jesus, go to Him. He will not turn you away. He will welcome *you*, heal *you*, save *you*, even to the utmost if *you* will let Him. Will you not?

M. C. WILCOX.

#### THE FIRST LOVE.

THE Ephesians had laboured, and kept themselves from evil workers bent on sowing disaffection, and had not fainted; the pitiful Lord had seen it all. But there was one thing that had robbed them of the joy and peace in labour. "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love." One writer truly says:—

The only way we can retain our first love and keep that light aglow which was kindled in our hearts when Jesus spoke the words to us, "Thy sins be forgiven thee," is by lighting the lamp of love in other hearts, and helping those who need help.

And the only way of doing this is to have the oil in our own life's lamp filled daily with the fresh supply of oil. The knowledge of sins forgiven must be a daily experience. All the time, as we walk in the light, the blood of Jesus Christ is cleansing us from all sin. That is the experience all the way, and every day.—*Sel.*





### THE PERILS OF THE LAST DAYS.

"AS it was in the days of Noah, so also shall it be in the days of the Son of man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all. Likewise also as it was in the days of Lot; they did eat, they drank, they bought, they sold, they planted, they builded; but the same day that Lot went out of Sodom, it rained fire and brimstone from heaven, and destroyed them all. Even thus shall it be in the day when the Son of man is revealed."

Christ sees the wickedness on the earth to-day. He sees that the sins of Noah's and Lot's time are being repeated. What terrible revelations of crime are being made. Everything seems to be stirred with an intense activity from beneath. Excitement is continually kept up. Feasting, buying, and selling, are brought into the churches. The watchman cries, "The morning cometh, and also the night." The night symbolizes prevalence of error, misinterpretation and misapplication of Scripture. Every species of delusion is now being brought in. The plainest truths of God's Word are covered with a mass of man-made theories. Deadly errors are presented as the truth to which all must bow. The simplicity of true godliness is buried beneath tradition.

By traditions received from the Roman Catholic Church, the fourth commandment of the Decalogue is made of none effect. By their acceptance of a spurious sabbath, men have dishonoured God, and have honoured the usurper, who thought to change times and laws. Dan. 7: 25. This is one of the lies forged in the synagogue of the enemy, one of the poisonous draughts of Babylon. "All nations have drunk of the wine of the wrath of her fornication, and the kings of the earth have committed fornication with her, and the merchants of the earth are waxed rich through the abundance of her delicacies. And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Night, dark and portentous, is enclosing the Christian world. Apostasy from God's commandments is evidence of this night, deep, dark, and apparently impenetrable. Systems that make the truth

of God of none effect are cherished. Men are teaching for doctrine the commandments of men; and their assertions are taken as truth. The people have received man-made theories. So the Gospel is perverted, and the Scriptures misapplied. But before the Lord punishes men for their iniquity, He sends them messages of warning. Before He visits them with His judgments, He gives them a chance to repent. He remembered the sins of the antediluvian world, but He did not punish them without warning them. For one hundred and twenty years this warning was sounding in their ears; but they did not repent. The last year of their probation found them more stubborn and defiant than ever. "And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." "And God looked upon the earth, and, behold, it was corrupt, for all flesh had corrupted his way upon the earth. And God said unto Noah, The end of all flesh is come up before Me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth."

Had these men placed themselves under the control of the Spirit of God, had they co-operated with the heavenly intelligences, what a world of beauty and happiness we would now look upon. Had these long-lived mentally strong men been vitalized by the Holy Spirit, they would have been a power for God.

Man can be exalted only by laying hold of the merits of a crucified and risen Saviour. The finest intellect, the most exalted position, will not secure heaven. Satan had the highest education that could be obtained. This education he received under the greatest of all teachers. When men talk of higher criticism, when they pass their judgment upon the Word of God, call their attention to the fact that they have forgotten who was the first and wisest critic. He has had thousands of years of practical experience. He it is who teaches the so-called higher critics of the world to-day.

The world's Redeemer warned His disciples against the false teaching which was and would continue to be the greatest obstacle to the progress of the truth. "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and

wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Behold, I have told you before." The leaven of false doctrine will be accepted in preference to the truth. "Beware," writes Paul, "lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ."

Under whose banner are we standing? Where are we? and what is Christ to us? By our course of action we decide our own destiny. By the society we choose, we determine what influences shall mold our character. If we choose the world, earthly influences make their imprint upon our minds, and though we may not realize it, we sink lower and lower; for if we do not grow in grace, we must deteriorate.

It makes every difference with the future, eternal well-being of men whether they follow God's way or their own way. Their way may be entirely wrong. Are there many paths to heaven? If so, man may take any path that suits his fancy. But there is only one true way. Christ said to His disciples, "Whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto Him, Lord we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way? Jesus saith unto Him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me."

The Lord will uplift us if we will consent to be uplifted. He who recognizes God in Christ, who receives Christ as the world's Redeemer, and his personal Saviour, enters in at the door. He does not climb over some other way. Of all such it is written, "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on His name." The truth, the light, the life, shining into our hearts, sanctifies and elevates us. What greater elevation can earth present? What greater honour can earthly potentates bestow? Man is taken from his degradation, cleansed from moral defilement, and made an heir of God and a joint heir with Jesus Christ. His life is hid with Christ in God, and when He who is His life shall appear, he also will appear with Him in glory. This glory will be revealed at the second appearing of Christ. Then the saints will be exalted indeed. They will sit with Christ on His throne, and with Christ they will judge the world.

"The day is far spent, the night is at hand." The end is near. Soon the Lord will come with ten thousands of His saints, and Satan's system, which has destroyed so many that Christ came to save, will be broken up. Despotism is now seeking to obtain a foothold in every clime, but its day will soon be ended. "For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities. . . . Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her."

Satan is in controversy with Christ, and



with all who follow in His footsteps. This conflict will continue until the voice is heard, saying, "It is done." "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And, behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

"The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night: in which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up. . . . Ye therefore, beloved, seeing ye know these things before, beware, lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own steadfastness. But grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

**BROKEN CISTERNS.**

THE Lord, by the prophet Jeremiah (2 : 13), charges His people with two grievous things; He says, "My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." It would be very foolish in a man desiring a supply of water to forsake a living spring, bright and sparkling, and endeavour to supply its place by the use of a leaking cistern; yet many are in spiritual matters doing this unwise thing. They seek the Lord and find Him, but immediately conclude that their final salvation depends upon merits being found in themselves. Therefore, as the man who lives upon the thirsty plain prepares cisterns in which to store up the water when it rains, so they begin to labour to store up blessings to draw upon in the interval between revival meetings. Instead of being connected with the Lord, who is himself a living fountain of grace and glory, they depend upon drawing upon the supply that they have stored away in themselves. But, behold, when they go to the cistern, they find it broken, and the supply leaked out. The Lord gives warning against this kind of life where He says, "We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip [or "run out as leaking vessels," margin]. Heb. 2: 1. If all would give the proper heed to the teaching of the Gospel, the truth would come into the mind as God designs it should, and in that case it would not leak out and leave the heart dry and barren. All self-stored good or enthusiasm is as sure to leak out as water is sure to run out of a broken vessel.

WM. COVERT.

**SOME FACTS ABOUT THE DEVIL.**

THE devil has a strong grip on the man who thinks more of money than he does of salvation.

The devil with a preacher's coat on is none the less a devil.

The devil doesn't care two straws for your profession. All he is afraid of is your practice.

When the devil paints, he always does it in dazzling colours.

If the devil can get your feet, he doesn't care what you do with your head.

The devil is always ready to walk arm-in-arm with the man who says: "I don't have to join the church to be a Christian."

All the power the devil has is to make men believe a lie, but the moment they believe wrong they will behave wrong.

The devil has no better helper anywhere than the man with a fault-finding spirit.—*Bible Echo.*

**A GOOD PILOT.**

A MISSISSIPPI boat captain advertised for a pilot. A tall, awkward man applied.

"Do you know where the snags and sawyears are?" asked the captain.

"Wa'll, no, cap'in, I reckon I do not;" was the reply.

"You do not; well, how dare you apply for the place of pilot? Clear out."

It was the pilot's turn to show a little indignation; straightening himself up, he said,

"Look-a-here, cap'in, I'll tell you what I do know. I know where the snags and sawyears a'n't."

The captain's eyes opened wide; he stared at the man a moment, then an appreciative smile chased away the wrathful look, and he exclaimed,

"You are my man!"

That pilot did not have occasion to reply to another advertisement.—*Selected.*

**IMPORTANCE OF PRAYER.**

A life of prayer—of close and constant dependence upon and submission to the Divine will—is the ideal Christian life, and is calculated to develop the highest type of spiritual character. If the praying Christian is the child at his Father's knee, he is also the soldier fully armed and prepared for every emergency in the battle of life. He is shoulder to shoulder with deity. Prayer drives out pusillanimity and it infuses courage, even in the most timid soul. It brings out to best advantage all the virtues, and moulds us more and more into the likeness of Jesus, the Mediator, by virtue of whose promise no sincere petition, offered in his name, ever remains unanswered.

**The Christian a Child of Privilege.**

"Prayer does not change the purposes of God, for God purposes to answer prayer." God acts according to the laws which He has made, and one of those laws is that the prayers of His own children shall bring about that which otherwise would not occur. Therefore to be a Christian, a child of God, and to know how to pray, is a supreme privilege. A parent may fail in answering his child's request, because he is not all-powerful, but with the King of the Universe, our Father, there is no such limitation.

Thou art coming to a King.  
Large petitions with thee bring.

God is no respecter of persons, and large faith receives always large returns. George Muller is an illustration of this. He asked for land, buildings and money to support orphans, and God permitted eight million dollars to pass through his hand, in answer to prayer.

**Prayer is Spiritual Life.**

Prayer is the Christian's greatest source of power, because it is instantly at his command (Isaiah 65 : 24). "Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear." What an incentive to prayer, to feel that, in times of sorrow, trouble or temptation, God our Father is ever waiting to hear the cry of his children for help, and even while we are yet speaking, the answers are flashing back over the wireless telegraphy of heaven! Prayer is life. Life without prayer could best be compared to a vessel at sea without a chart, driven with the fierce winds and tossed in the storms of life; but to the prayerful life, what an anchor to the soul!

F. M. B.

The life of Abraham, the friend of God, was a life of prayer. Wherever he pitched his tent, close beside it was built an altar, upon which was offered the morning and evening sacrifice. When his tent

was removed, the altar remained. And the roving Canaanite, as he came to that altar, knew who had been there; and when he had pitched his tent, he repaired the altar, and worshipped the living God.

So the homes of Christians should be lights in the world. From them, morning and evening, prayer should ascend to God as sweet incense. And as the morning dew, His mercies and blessings will descend upon the suppliants.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Perseverance in prayer has been made a condition of receiving. We must pray always, if we would grow in faith and experience. We are to be "instant in prayer," "to continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving." Peter exhorts believers to be "sober, and watch unto prayer." Paul directs "In every thing by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God." "But ye, beloved," says Jude, "praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God." Unceasing prayer is the unbroken union of the soul with God, so that life from God flows into our life; and from our life, purity and holiness flow back to God.

There is necessity for diligence in prayer; let nothing hinder you. Make every effort to keep open the communion between Jesus and your own soul. Seek every opportunity to go where prayer is wont to be made. Those who are really seeking for communion with God, will be seen in the prayer-meeting, faithful to do their duty, and earnest and anxious to reap all the benefits they can gain. They will improve every opportunity of placing themselves where they can receive the rays of light from heaven.

We should pray also in the family circle; and above all not neglect secret prayer; for this is the life of the soul. It is impossible for the soul to flourish while prayer is neglected, family or public prayer alone is not sufficient. In solitude let the soul be laid open to the inspecting eye of God. Secret prayer is to be heard only by the prayer-hearing God. No curious ear is to receive the burden of such petitions. In secret prayer the soul is free from surrounding influences, free from excitement. Calmly, yet fervently, will it reach out after God. Sweet and abiding will be the influence emanating from Him who seeth in secret, whose ear is open to hear the prayer arising from the heart. By calm, simple faith, the soul holds communion with God, and gathers to itself rays of divine light to strengthen and sustain it in the conflict with Satan. God is our tower of strength.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



# HEALTH HINTS

## FOMENTATIONS—WHAT THEY ARE AND HOW TO USE THEM.

A FOMENTATION is a local application of moist heat to some part of the body. Applications of dry heat are often spoken of as fomentations, but this is an incorrect use of the term.

The necessary equipments for giving the fomentations are—

1st.—A pair of woolen blankets, each one at least a yard square, but preferably three and one-half or four feet long by three feet wide. An ordinary sized woolen blanket cut into four pieces of equal size will make two good pairs of fomentation cloths.

While it is not necessary that the blankets should be square for fomentation cloths, it is very important that they be approximately the shape described. If the cloths are of irregular shape it is difficult to wring them nicely, and it is quite impossible to fold them so as to give even heat and pressure to the surface treated; for there will surely be some ends or corners hanging down to either burn the patient, or feel cold to them, or perchance to cause a small stream of water to trickle down over the body of the patient to the bed. It is needless to say that any of these experiences would be exceedingly disagreeable to any patient, and would also greatly detract from the good effects of the treatment.

2nd.—A bucket of boiling water. If possible, this should be kept boiling during the treatment. If this cannot conveniently be done, the water may be kept sufficiently hot by covering the pail with a piece of carpet, a woolen cloth or a large towel folded several times.

3rd.—A small basin of cold water.

4th.—A small cloth or napkin.

5th.—A large dry towel.

The method of procedure is as follows:—Spread one of the fomentation cloths over the surface of the body which is to be treated. The area treated should be three or four times as large as the area affected. For instance, if the pain extends through an area as large as a person's hand, the fomentation should cover at least a square foot of the skin covering that part of the body.

Now take the other cloth, and fold lengthwise three or four times, until from nine to twelve inches in width, (if the fomentation is to be given to the spine fold to about six inches in width). Grasping the ends of the cloth let the body of it drop into the bucket of water, being careful to keep the ends dry in the hands. Wring the cloth by twisting the ends until

the whole blanket is well twisted, then pull them apart until it is nearly its full length. By pulling hard two or three times the water will be sufficiently wrung out. Then untwist the cloth, shake very little until it is smooth, (do not unfold it at all) and lay it upon the dry flannel over the surface to be treated. Then fold the dry cloth over so that the wet one is thoroughly protected. This may be left for from three to five minutes, but as soon as it becomes comfortably warm, it should be again wrung out of the hot water. To do this the dry blanket is unfolded, the wet one only should be removed.

After the cloth has been reheated three or four times, the patient is ready to be cooled off. Remove both cloths. Dip the small napkin into the cold water,—the colder the water, the better the effect—and with it sponge off the entire surface which has been heated. Afterward dry the surface thoroughly with the dry towel. Do not rub, but dry by patting the towel over the skin, especially if it be very red or sensitive. Then cover the patient at once with a sheet or blanket.

In giving fomentations, care should be taken in regard to the following points:—

1st.—Do not burn the patient. If he complains of its being too hot, gently raise the cloths from the skin by placing the hand underneath them, and lifting them in different places where the burning sensation seems to be the most severe. Do not remove the cloths entirely. If the patient seems to be especially sensitive, it is best to place two thicknesses of the dry cloth over the skin before putting the wet one on at all. This should always be done if the patient is a person of fair complexion, or in cases of very young or very old persons, one whose vitality is low as a result of protracted illness, or patients who may be under the influence of opiates or narcotics. Persons suffering from paralysis, or diminished sensibility of the skin, should also be very carefully watched by the one giving the treatment.

2nd.—Do not allow the fomentation to become cool. Effects the very opposite from those desired may be produced.

3rd.—Do not expose the patient.

4th.—If the fomentations are to be given daily for some time, rubbing the skin with vaseline before each treatment will prevent the skin from disagreeable changes.

The effects of the fomentation may be divided into two classes, *vis.*, immediate, and after effects. The immediate effects are strongly excitant. The after-effects are quieting, or sedative. They produce a dilatation of the small vessels in the skin, increasing the amount of blood in them, thus causing a corresponding diminution in the amount of blood of associated areas, or in associated deeper structures or organs. They also lessen the sensibility of the nerves of the skin. In other words, they increase congestion in the skin, and thus diminish congestion in the corresponding deeper tissues, and internal organs.

By relieving the congestion they relieve pain, also relieving pain by the action upon the nerves themselves.

Fomentations may, then, be used to advantage in the following conditions:—

To relieve pain, as in acute and chronic inflammations of the stomach, liver, intestines, peritoneum (as in peritonitis or appendicitis) in chronic enlargement or congestion of the spleen, or in inflammations of the pelvic organs. In sprains, or strains either of tendons or muscles, in rheumatic or neuralgic pains, in toothache, earache, and the like, the fomentation has remarkable effects. In sciatica, or in severe colic pains the effects are equally noticeable. In some severe cases it may be necessary to continue the treatment for a much longer time than is usually required, but in such cases the fomentations may be kept up for hours, being really the only means of relief to the patient. If necessary to keep up the applications so long, it would be advisable to interrupt occasionally (about once every half hour) by a short cold application.

To reduce swellings. In beginning abscesses or boils, the fomentation may possibly altogether prevent the formation of pus.

To cause absorption of fluids or effusions, as in enlarged joints.

To excite the heart to activity, as in cases of collapse due to heart failure under opium or some other sedative drug poisoning. In such cases the application should be very short and very hot, (applied directly over the heart) and followed by a very cold application which should be of a much longer duration. The heat may again be repeated if necessary.

To check hemorrhage. In bleeding from the lungs, a fomentation to the upper part of the spine and back of the neck, in connection with a cold compress to the chest, will often prove effectual when other measures fail.

Many other special conditions might be mentioned, but these are quite sufficient to show that by this simple method of treatment which may be easily carried out in any home, many sad experiences may be avoided and much suffering relieved. It needs only a thorough trial to prove its worth.

OLIVE P. INGERSOL.

IN his address at the London Hospital on "An enemy of the Race," the late Sir Andrew Clark concluded: "As I looked at the hospital wards to-day, and saw that seven out of ten owed their diseases to alcohol, I could but lament that the teaching about this question was not more direct, more decisive, more home-thrusting than ever it had been. When I myself think of all this, I am disposed to rush to the opposite extreme, to give up everything, and go forth on a holy crusade, preaching to all men, "Beware of this enemy of the race."



**DON'TS FOR THE SICK ROOM.**

DON'T light a sick room at night by means of a jet of gas burning low; nothing impoverishes the air sooner. Use candles, or tapers which burn in sperm oil.

Don't have the temperature of a sick room over seventy degrees.

Don't give the patient a full glass of water to drink from, unless he is allowed all he desires. If he can drain the glass he will be satisfied; so regulate the quantity before handing it to him.

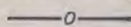
Don't neglect during the day to attend to necessaries for the night, that the rest of the patient and the family may not be disturbed.

Don't ask a convalescent if he would like this or that to eat or drink, but prepare the delicacies and present them in a tempting way.

Don't jar the bed by leaning or sitting upon it. This is unpleasant to one ill and nervous.

Don't let stale flowers remain in a sick chamber.

Don't appear anxious, however great your anxiety.—*Health Paper.*

**TREATMENT OF TYPHOID FEVER.**

IT is not the purpose of this article to discuss fully the treatment of typhoid fever, but only to give a few brief hints about the use of water in this very common and very grave disease. Under ordinary treatment the mortality from this disease is about twenty to the hundred. Under skillful treatment by baths, the mortality has been reduced to two or three per cent. and even less.

First, let us remark the importance of water-drinking as a means of washing out the poison through the kidneys and the skin. The patient must drink half a glass of water every hour when awake and more if he will, and whether he is thirsty or not. He does not drink to quench thirst, but to cleanse the blood from the typho toxin and other poisons produced in this disease. The water may be advantageously flavored with fruit juices of various sorts, but should not be sweetened with sugar. If the patient will not drink, an enema at 80° F. must be given three times daily, and retained as long as possible. An enema to cleanse the bowels must be given daily besides.

The fever is best controlled by the cooling wet-sheet pack.

Headache is best relieved by the head compress, changed as soon as it begins to be warm, and an ice collar about the neck, or a towel wrung out of ice water.

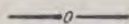
The cool abdominal compress must be applied from the beginning of the disease during its entire course.

For the cough, which is sometimes troublesome in typhoid, apply a chest pack.

If the patient becomes delirious, the prolonged wet-sheet pack or the long full bath at 92° F. will afford relief. The bath may continue from one to three hours or even longer. The patient must be gently rubbed from time to time, to prevent chilling.

The diet in typhoid fever should be grape juice or fruit juice of some sort, with little or no cane sugar, for the first three to six days. Then cereal food, such as zwieback, granola, browned rice, or malted nuts, may be added. Avoid beef tea and milk. Buttermilk is to be preferred to raw sweet milk. Fresh ripe peaches, baked apples, prune puree, and ripe fresh figs are wholesome for the fever patient.

J. H. KELLOGG, M. D.

**Breathing Exercises.**

BREATHING exercises are of great value, most easily practised, and give excellent results. It is not necessary to have an elaborate system. The nostrils are the proper organs of breathing. Man, unlike some other animals, is capable of breathing through the mouth if the nostrils are obstructed, and many from habit or debility continually do so,—a practice, whether by day or by night, attended with many evils; whereas every breath of pure air a man inhales through his nostrils is a breath of life.

One exercise, repeated fifty or a hundred times a day, requiring no more than ten minutes altogether, is of the greatest advantage and can be done out of doors as well as in, at almost every season of the year. It consists in inhaling through the nostrils a deep breath, retaining it a few seconds, and then, with the lips adjusted as if one intended to whistle, expelling it slowly through the contracted orifice. There is no physiological objection to exhaling through the mouth; there are no muscles whereby the course of the breath can be restrained through the nostrils; but the lips contain sufficient muscular strength for this purpose. If students would rise from their studies, book-keepers from their desks, women from their sewing or reading, two or three times a day, and take from fifteen to thirty such breaths, the results would surprise them.—*Dr. J. M. Buckley.*

The vices of the age cause three-fourths of the poverty. If we could look at the homes to-night, the wretched homes where women will tremble at the sound of their husband's foot as he comes home, where little children will crouch down with fear upon their little heap of straw, because the human brute who calls himself "a man" will come reeling home from the place where he has been indulging his appetite—if you could look at such a sight and remember it will be seen ten thousand times over to-night, I think you would say, "God help us by all means to save some."

Let the great axe be laid at the root of this deadly upas tree, and let us work constantly with it till the huge trunk of the poison tree begins to rock to and fro, and we get it down, and London be saved from the wretchedness and misery which now drips from every bough.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*

CHILDREN have a right to demand that the same intelligence be directed toward their physical development as toward their mental and moral good. When we realize that seventy-five per cent. of the deaths that occur among children under five years are preventable, and directly due to errors of diet and improper clothing, we can understand how important it is that the child, from the day of its birth, be fed with proper food, in proper quantities, at the proper time, and that it be protected by proper clothing, against exposures and chilling of the surfaces. Indeed, if the child can be physically fed,—and it can be long before it is born,—is it not our duty to do it? If a child does not die from a cause directly produced by cold or by improper food, these conditions place it in a position to be more susceptible to the disease germs ever scattered broadcast. The illy fed, the poorly clothed, have a starved nervous system and an impaired equipment, so that their power of resistance is lessened.—*The New Crusade.*



A FAMOUS oculist once gave this advice to a lady who consulted him about her eyes: "Use much cold water in washing the eyes. It is a tonic to them. One's sight begins to fail as the eyeball begins to flatten, so when you bathe the eyes, gently squeeze them from side to side,—the forefinger at the side of the nose, the thumb at the opposite side of the eye,—and thus the convexity will be preserved. When the eyes are weary, give them rest, and if they smart, bathe them with a weak salt water, allowing it to go inside the lids."

NO drug in pharmacopea can be exchanged for a single apple, nor can any mixture from the chemist's be found to equal the divine alchemy of the orchard and field. Fresh fruit is a specific recreative power, a renovator and rebuilder. It helps to cleanse the system from deposits or from any debris that may be debilitating it. It cleanses and sweetens that great filter of the circulation, the liver, and lessens the chances for zymotic diseases.—*W. H. Maxson, M.D.*



"FLOUR, like butter, absorbs odours readily, and should not be kept in a place where there are onions, fish, vegetables or other odorous substances, nor in a damp room or cellar. Keep in a cool, airy, dry room."



"THE bread-jar and cake-box may be kept sweet and clean by rinsing, after washing with boiling water, in which a little common soda has been dissolved; then set in the sun out of doors for a few hours."



"DON'T forget to give the baby a drink of cold water at frequent intervals if teething; it is very grateful to the fevered gums."





### A TIMELY CORRECTION.

IN one of the important commercial cities of North Germany there once lived a merchant named Muller, who, in his walks about the city, often encountered a bright-faced, well-dressed young man, who always took off his hat and bowed to him in the most deferential manner.

The young fellow was an entire stranger to the merchant, but the latter always returned his greeting with a friendly nod, supposing himself to be mistaken by the young man for some one whom he probably resembled.

One day Mr. Muller was invited to the country seat of a friend, and, arriving there at the appointed time, he noticed this young man walking up and down the shady paths of the garden, engaged in earnest conversation with the host.

"Now I shall know who this young gentleman is," thought Mr. Muller, and hastily approached them.

"Allow me," said the host, after exchanging greetings with his friend, "to introduce—"

"It is not necessary, I assure you," interrupted the young man, eagerly, "we have known each other for many years."

"You must be mistaken," said Mr. Muller, "for though in answer to your greetings I have repeatedly bowed to you, still you are entirely unknown to me."

"And yet I insist," replied the young man, "that I have been acquainted with you for a long time, and am delighted to have the opportunity of meeting you here, and to present my heartfelt thanks for the service you once did me."

"You speak in riddles," said Mr. Muller; "how can you be under obligations to me when I do not even know you?"

"It does seem a little mysterious," laughingly answered the young man; "but let us sit down here on the piazza while I throw a little light on the statement."

"Seventeen years ago, when I was a lad of nine, I started to school one morning with my books under one arm and my lunch of bread and butter under the other. I was a poor boy with a big appetite. My luncheon never seemed enough for my hungry stomach, and I used often to envy boys whose mothers could afford to give them choice fruit for their dinner.

"This morning I had been especially dissatisfied. If I only had an apple pie with my bread, how nice it would be.

"My way to school was through the market-place, and as I arrived there it seemed the fruit had never looked half so beautiful or desirable. I stood there several moments, gazing at the abundant supply, instead of hastening away from the temptation as I should have done.

"Suddenly an old market-woman, who superintended large, rosy-streaked apples, turned her back on her wares to gossip with her neighbours.

"'Such lots and lots' I thought to myself, 'surely one from so many would never be missed, yet would do me so much good.'

"Quick as a flash I stretched out my hand and was just about to thrust an apple into my pocket, when a sharp box on the ears caused me to drop the fruit in an agony of terror.

"'Youngster,' said an earnest voice close to my ear, 'have you forgotten the ten commandments? Now I hope this is the first time that you have ever stretched

went to South America. You will readily believe me when I tell you that there the temptations to a young merchant are not few. I repeatedly had opportunities, which acquaintances of mine did not hesitate to improve, to benefit myself at the expense of others; but every time these presented themselves, those words, 'Let it be the last time, also,' reminded me of my duty, and helped me to distinguish between right and wrong.

"I have been back in my native country about five months. I have come back possessed of considerable wealth—but money earned squarely and honestly. Never have I knowingly reached out my hand and taken a penny even that did not rightfully belong to me."

The young man remained silent for a few moments, overcome with emotion; then, reaching forth his hand, he took that of Mr. Muller, and exclaimed:—

"Allow me to gratefully grasp the hand that once did me such service."



out your hand after goods that are not your own; let it be the last time also."

"I hung down my head for shame, and only for an instant lifted my eyes from the ground to see who my reprover was.

"When I reached school the words heard were still sounding in my ears. My heart was so full I could scarcely keep from crying. 'Let it be the last time also, let it be the last time also,' again and again confronted me. Bowing my head on the desk, I then resolved that it should indeed be the last time, even as it had been the first; that never as long as I lived would I covet what belonged to another, or strive to gain unlawful possession of it.

"After a few years I left school, and became a clerk in my Uncle's counting-room. From there, a year or two later, I

"And permit me," said Mr. Muller, while the tears came into his eyes, "to love the man who is capable of such gratitude, and who, in after life, so faithfully keeps the resolve made in boyhood."

—Selected.

### DON'T DO IT "JUST FOR NOW."

MANY young people form habits which cripple and handicap them for life by doing things "just for now." They let things drop wherever they happen to be, "just for now," thinking that they will put the book, the tool, the letter, or the article of clothing, later, where it belongs.

When these young people grow up to manhood and womanhood, they find that the habit of putting things down anywhere,



"just for now," has become a tyrant that fills their lives with confusion and disorder.

It takes no more time or effort to put a thing where it belongs, in the first place, than it does later,—perhaps less; and the chances are that, if you do not do so at the proper time, you never will.

Even if it costs you a little inconvenience, at the moment, to put everything in its proper place, to do everything at the proper time, the orderly and methodical habits which you cultivate in this way will increase your power and usefulness a hundredfold, and may save you much trouble and mortification in the future.—*Selected.*

—o—  
**HEROISM AT HOME.**

HOW useless our lives seem to us sometimes! How we long for an opportunity to perform some great action! We become tired of a routine of home life, and imagine we should be far happier in other scenes. We think of life's great battlefield, and we wish to be heroes. We think of the good we might do if our lot had been cast in different scenes. We forget that the world bestows no such noble titles as father, mother, sister, or brother. In the sacred precincts of home we have many chances for heroism. The daily acts of self-denial for the good of a loved one, the gentle words of soothing for another's trouble, the care for the sick, may all seem as nothing; yet who can tell the good they accomplish? Our slightest word may have an influence over another for good or evil. We are daily sowing the seed which will bring forth some sort of harvest. Well will it be for us if the harvest be one we shall be proud to gather. If some one in that dear home circle can look back in after years, and, as he tenderly utters our name, say: "Her words and example prepared me for a life of usefulness; to her I owe my happiness," we may well say, I have not lived in vain.—*Christian at Work.*

—o—  
**THE MOTHER.**

IN no relation does a woman exercise so deep an influence, both immediately and prospectively, as in that of the infant mind. Her smiles call into exercise the first affections that spring up in our heart. She cherishes and expands the earliest germs of our intellects. She breathes over us her deepest devotions. She lifts our little hands and teaches our little tongues to lisp in prayer. She watches over us like a guardian angel, and protects us through all our helpless years, when we know not of her cares and her anxieties on our account. She follows us into the world of men, and lives in us and blesses us when she lives not otherwise upon the earth. What constitutes the centre of every home, whither our thoughts turn when our feet are weary with wandering and our hearts sick with disappointment? And if there be a tribunal where the sins and the follies of a froward child may hope for pardon and forgiveness this side of heaven, that tribunal is the heart of a fond and devoted mother.—*Selected.*

**Not Trustworthy.**

ONE afternoon a gentleman was shown into Mr. Lamar's library.

"Mr. Lamar," asked the visitor, "do you know a lad by the name of Gregory Bassett?"

"I think so," replied Mr. Lamar, with a smile. "That is the young man," he added, nodding toward Gregory.

The latter was a boy aged about fourteen. He was drawing a map at the wide table near the window.

"A bright boy, I should judge," commented the visitor, looking over the top of his glasses. "He applied for a clerkship in my mill, and referred me to you. His letter of application shows that he is a good penman. How is he at figures?"

"Rapid and correct," was the reply.

"That's good! Honest, is he?"

"Oh, yes," answered Mr. Lamar.

"The work is not hard, and he will be rapidly promoted, should he deserve it. Oh! one question more, Mr. Lamar; is the boy trustworthy?"

"I regret to say that he is not," was the grave reply.

"Eh!" cried the visitor. Then I don't want him."

That ended the interview.

"O uncle!" cried Gregory, bursting into tears.

He had set his heart upon obtaining the situation, and was very much disappointed over the result.

"Gregory, I could not deceive the gentleman," Mr. Lamar said, in a low tone, more regretful than stern. "You are *not* trustworthy, and it is a serious failing; nay, a fault, rather. Three instances occurred within as many weeks which sorely tried my patience, and cost me loss of time and money."

Mr. Lamar's tone changed into one of reproach, and his face was dark with displeasure.

"I gave you some money to deposit in the bank," he resumed. "You loitered until the bank was closed, and my note went to protest. One evening I told you to close the gate at the stable. You neglected to do so. The colt got out in the night, fell into a quarry, and broke its leg. I had to shoot the pretty little thing, to put an end to its suffering."

Gregory lifted his hand in a humiliated way.

"One day I gave you a letter to post. You loitered to watch a man with a tame bear. The nine o'clock mail will do, you thought. But it didn't. On the following day I went fifty miles to keep the appointment I had made. The gentleman was not there to meet me, because he had not received my letter. I lost my time, and missed all the benefit of what would have been to me a very profitable transaction. It is not too late for you to reform; and unless you do reform, your life will prove a failure."

The lesson was not lost upon Gregory. He succeeded in getting rid of his heedless ways, and became prompt, precise, trustworthy.

**Mother's Counsel.**

**Shielded Children Become Weaklings.**

THE parent, both loving and wise, will wish indeed to shield his child from stress and struggle, and yet will wish that child to have all the strength, physical and moral, that only stress and struggle can develop. How then shall he guide the child to the perfect result? Wishing to make life on the one hand not too easy, on the other hand not too hard, one seems to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. No positive rules can be laid down; but good common sense, supplemented by Divine guidance, can lift one over the impossibilities and give success. As trees grow strong wrestling with winds, so let the children wrestle more or less with hard lessons and work, and later on with varied duties and toils, that they may grow strong; for "to be weak is to be miserable."

AMELIA HOYT.

**We are Made Stronger by Trial.**

CHILDHOOD should be happy, free from care, full of sunshine; boyhood and girlhood full of wholesome pleasure and recreation. If children can be kept in this happy, evenly balanced frame of mind, without responsibility—that is the responsibility of men and women—and allowed to mingle socially with each other; being taught and being so reared and trained that their lives will teach them that the world is a good and pleasant place to live in; when they have reached young manhood and young womanhood, they are best equipped for life's battle. Work will then be a pleasure, and the memory of their childhood will ever be an inspiration and a help in the dark times which come to all of us. Putting the boy or girl at work too young, dwarfs mind and body, narrows the intellectual view and shortens life; but allowing them too much liberty without work, is still more dangerous. Many boys and girls are forced to work while young by stress of circumstances. In any event, the "stress and struggle of life" must be met with sooner or later. The young tree is made stronger by the storm, as well as by the nourishment received from the earth and air. So the young man or young woman becomes strong by meeting and overcoming life's difficulties.

M. L. GOSS.

**"Hot-house Children."**

WE frequently see parents who err in mistaken kindness or over-carefulness toward their children. The father and mother endure countless, unappreciated self-sacrifices, in order that their children may be care-free, and "have a chance to enjoy their youth." The future men and women who must shortly take their places in the active world, for failure or success, are reared in an atmosphere so cloudless and serene, that "the stress and struggle of life" seem to them vague as dreams. Their hard problems are all solved for them, and their difficulties smoothed out as by invisible hands. Small wonder if they develop selfish, thoughtless natures. After a while their peaceful surroundings fall away from them. Death strikes down the careful protector; financial loss, or some other of life's many ills, overtake the home, and these hot-house boys and girls must face new and hard situations, for which they are entirely unprepared. They are as helpless as tender hot-house plants are to withstand wind and sun. Many a young man so carefully reared finds himself unable to cope with the stern realities of business and mature life. Let the child grow "in wisdom and stature," by putting forth his own individual efforts, on tasks that correspond with his years. Small responsibilities will fix his thought and attention, and help him to develop self-reliance.

MRS. SARAH W. DONES.

FATHERS and mothers, morning and evening gather your children round you, and in humble supplication lift your hearts to God for help. Our dear ones are exposed to temptation and trial. Daily annoyances beset the path of young and old. Those who would live patient, loving, cheerful lives, must pray. Victory can be gained only by a resolute and unwavering purpose, constant watchfulness, and continual help from God.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.





### COUNTING THE STEPS.

"Oh, how many steps there are to take,"  
Said Madge in her own sweet way;  
"There are steps for Baby and grandmamma,  
And it's nothing but steps all day.  
Now Papa calls me, I must surely go,  
And Tommy says 'Find my ball,  
But the steps I take for you, mamma,  
I never count them at all."

"And why does my darling never count  
The steps that she takes for me?"  
"Because," and closing her lips with a kiss,  
"I love you so, don't you see?"

She drew away but the tears ran fast  
From the eyes that had weary grown;  
For I had so long been counting the steps,  
As I took them one by one—  
A child of His, yet needing to learn,  
With so many steps to take,  
That we never count them as we go,  
When taken for Christ's own sake.  
—Illustrated Monthly.

### COALS OF FIRE.

FARMER DAWSON kept missing his corn. Every few nights it was taken from his crib, although the door was well secured with lock and key.

"It's that lazy Tom Slocum," he exclaimed one morning, after missing more than usual. "I've suspected him all the time, and I won't bear it any longer."

"What makes you think it's Tom?" asked his wife, pouring out the fragrant coffee.

"Because he's the only man around who hasn't any corn—nor anything else, for that matter. He spent the summer at the saloons while his neighbours were at work. Now they have plenty, and he has nothing—serves him just right, too!"

"But his family are suffering," rejoined his wife, "they are sick and in need of food and medicine; should we not help them?"

"No; growled the farmer; "if he finds his neighbours are going to take care of his family, it will encourage him to spend the next season as he did the last. Better send him to jail and his family to the poor-house, and I'm going to do it, too. I've laid a plan to trap him this very night."

"Now while Tom is reaping the bitter fruits of his folly, is it not the very time to help him to a better life?" suggested the wife.

"A little course of law would be the most effective," replied the farmer.

"In this case coals of fire would be better. Try the coals first, William, try the coals first."

Farmer Dawson made no reply, but finished his breakfast, and walked out of the house with the decided step of one

who has made up his mind, and something is going to be done.

His wife sighed as she went about her work, thinking of the weary, heart-broken mother, with her sick and hungry babes around her.

The farmer proceeded to examine his cribs, and after a thorough search found a hole large enough to admit a man's hand.

"There's the leak," he exclaimed; "I'll fix that," and he went to work setting a trap inside.

Next morning he arose earlier than usual, and went out to the cribs. His trap had caught a man—Tom Slocum, the very one he had suspected!

He seemed to take no notice of the thief, but turned aside into the barn, and began heaping the mangers with hay, sweet-scented from the summer's harvest field. Then he opened the crib door, and took out the golden ears, the fruit of his honest toil.

All the time he was thinking what to do. Should he try the law or the coals? The law was what the man deserved, but his wife's words kept ringing through his mind. He emptied the corn in the feeding troughs, then went around where the man stood with one hand in the trap.

"Hello! neighbour, what are you doing here?" he asked.

Poor Tom answered nothing, but his downcast, guilty face confessed more than words could have done.

Farmer Dawson released the imprisoned hand, and, taking Tom's sack, ordered him to hold it while he filled it with the coveted grain.

"Here, Tom, take that," said the farmer, "and after this when you want corn, come to me, and I'll let you have it on trust or for work. I need another hand on the farm, and will give steady work with good wages."

"Oh, Sir," replied Tom, quite overcome, "I've been wanting work, but no one would hire me. My family was suffering, and I was ashamed to beg. But I'll work for this and every ear that I've taken, if you'll give me the chance."

"Very well, Tom," said the farmer, "take the corn to the mill, and make things comfortable about home to-day, and to-morrow we'll begin. But there's one thing we must agree to first."

Tom lifted an inquiring gaze.

"You must let whisky alone," continued the farmer; "you must promise not to touch a drop."

The tears sprang into Tom's eyes, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said:—

"You are the first man that's ever asked me that. There's always enough to say, 'Come, Tom, take a drink,' and I've drank until I thought there was no use in trying to be a better man. But since you care enough to ask me to stop drinking, I'm bound to make the trial; that I will, sir."

Farmer Dawson took Tom to the house, and gave him his breakfast, while his wife put up a basket of food for the suffering family in the poor man's home.

Tom went to work the next day and the next. In time he came to be an efficient hand on the Dawson place. He stopped drinking and stealing, attended church and Sabbath-school with his family, and became a respectable member of society.

"How changed Tom is from what he once was!" remarked the farmer's wife one day.

"Yes," replied her husband, "'t was the coals of fire that did it."—*Royal Road (U. S. A.)*

### STEEPLE-CLIMBING.

STEEPLE-CLIMBING is in truth "dark business," says the Boston *Transcript*, for it is the custom of experts to make the first ascent, and place the rigging at night. Then when the townspeople wake, they are amazed at finding the steeple conquered. The man who makes a success of steeple-climbing must be determined, persistent and ingenious. He must solve many a practical problem in hoisting great bodies aloft. He must know how to fasten a hook over the top of a sky-scraping chimney. He must have the nerve to paint a steeple that sways like a pendulum at the slender top. He must be able to tear down, build up, gild, paint, place electric wires and do many other tasks that would be a problem on the solid earth.

There are many ways of getting up a steeple, and when all others fail, the man will tie a rope round it, and then, with a coil on his back, walk round and round it until the entire steeple is covered with rope, and he has probably been round it fully three hundred times.

But a steeple is not the most difficult height to climb. Straight, tall chimneys are the hardest of all. There a man has to work with might and main, to lift himself inch by inch from the ground to the top. Sometimes the top is three hundred feet high. When it is reached a hook is placed over the edge, a pulley is made fast, the swinging chair is hauled up and work begins.

When the chair is near the top it is easier to work, because the ropes are short; but when they lengthen, as the ground is approached, there is a tendency to swing; and the wind gives impetus.

The man's safety depends upon the hook, and until he has raised himself almost to the top, it is impossible for him to see whether or not the hook has been properly adjusted. More than once a steeple-climber has seen, when within ten feet of the top, that corrosion of the iron and the collection of soot has so thickened the wall that the hook is merely balancing on the top, so that the slightest pull in the wrong direction would drag it off. Again, the bricks are often loose at the top, and the hook is likely to tear them away.

One of the natural difficulties to conquer is the swaying of all high steeples and



chimneys. In a gale a steeple point will sway a foot and a half. Usually it sways from seven to nine inches. Painting it means reaching for a spot on the right side, and finding it on the left, and when making a dive for it on the left, to see it sway back to the right. Yet in spite of the constant danger, a born steeple-climber exults in his work, and is at home only when high above the world. He can stand triumphant at any height, if he can have two and a half square inches to bear his weight.

*Youth's Companion.*

—o—  
**LET US BE KIND.**

"COME, Nell, run down to the post-office and get the papers," said Mr. Watkins in a coaxing tone to his fourteen-year old daughter, who was sitting in a hammock, deep in an interesting story.

Two little wrinkles gathered in the young girl's forehead as she said, poutingly, "Oh dear, father, I don't want to now; I'm reading."

"Now, that's a good girl," coaxed her father. "I want to see the news. Come, you're younger than I am."

"I should think you might wait till Uncle James goes, and he can get the mail," Nell argued fretfully.

"Perhaps Uncle James won't go to-day, and I want the papers," said Mr. Watkins, a shade of sternness now in his voice.

"Well, I suppose I'll have to go," Nell declared, petulantly, rising from the hammock and closing her book reluctantly.

She went into the house for her hat, and when she came out a moment later, ready to start for the office, Dr. Newhall, who had been calling on her invalid mother, said with a smile: "Going to the office, Miss Nell? Wait a minute, and I'll give you a ride there."

Half ashamed for fear the doctor had heard her petulant replies to her father, Nell waited while the horse was brought around.

Soon the young girl was seated in the chaise, bowling merrily along beside the kind old doctor, laughing in spite of herself at his funny jokes. Dr. Newhall knew well how to entertain young people, and was much beloved by them. All the boys and girls thought it was a great treat to ride with the doctor.

But by and by, after a short silence, the doctor said gravely, "Nell, I've a little story to tell you;" and then to the gray horse, "Whoa, Billy; slowly down the hill."

"One day when I was a boy of thirteen," the doctor began, "I was coming from school with the other lads of my age. For a week or more we had been planning to go swimming in the pond below my father's house the first warm day. And that was just the day for it at last—hot and muggy. So we were hurrying along, so as to have our swim before supper.

"The school-house was about two miles from our house, on the outskirts of the

village. When nearly home we met my father on the road into town carrying a bundle. He stopped me. 'I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim,' he said, hesitatingly.

"I'm sure I looked disappointed; and my first impulse was to refuse, and rather crossly. But father had not been quite well for a week, and if I didn't go he would; and he was a good, kind father. Something stopped the petulant word—one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it,' I said quite cheerfully. 'Never mind, boys, I'll go swimming some other night.'

"Father gave me the package. 'Thank you, Jim,' he said; 'I'm sorry to have you lose your pleasure. I was going to the village myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day.'

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, giving me some directions about delivering the package. When he was turning back he put his hand on my arm, saying again, 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town, and back again. When I came near the house, I saw some of the neighbours standing about the door, and hurrying forms inside the house. One of the men came to me, the tears rolling down his face. 'Your father,' he said, 'fell dead just as he reached the house after he left you.'

"I'm an old man now, Nell, but I've thanked God through all these years that I didn't refuse my father's last request, and that his last words to me were, 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

The old doctor wiped his eyes at the recollection. Nell had been crying softly during the last of the story; and now, as she dried her eyes, she said "Oh, doctor! and I was so cross to my dear father to-night. I never will be again."

It was a very thoughtful girl that walked from the post-office that night with the papers. It was with a thrill of pleasure that she saw her father sitting on the piazza, awaiting her coming. She went straight up to him, put her arms about his neck, and hissed him, as she said, softly and penitently, "I'm sorry I was cross to-night. Please forgive me, father."

"Of course I will, my daughter;" and he returned her kiss, thanking her for the papers.

Nell kept her resolution pretty well, though she often had a struggle with herself to keep back the petulant word. She wrote on a slip of paper, "*Remember the doctor's story,*" and pinned it on her cushion on the bureau, where her eyes fell on it a dozen times a day.

And who of us ought not to remember the doctor's story? There is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitter regret with which we remember neglect or unkindness which we have shown to loved ones now dead.

And, after all, it is such a brief little while we can be with our friends on earth. Let us be kind.—*Children's Friend.*

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PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

"HOLDING faith and a good conscience; which some having put away concerning the faith have made shipwreck."

THE ship will not be wrecked while Faith and Good Conscience are in command. Increase the faith by prayerful meditation of the Word. Purge the conscience from dead works. Make it good and pure; void of offence toward God. When this is done there will be no shipwreck in Christian experience.

As we behold a steamship plowing its way thru the water, we are convinced that within there is a mighty resource of energy. Under proper management this power does useful work in operating the machinery and moving the ship. If mismanaged and uncontrolled the same power may do bad work in breaking loose, destroying and spoiling the ship, and scalding the men to death, and so on. Whether good or evil results from this energy in the ship is a matter of control. So it is with man. He is endowed by his Creator with living energy to use not to abuse. He is launched into the great ocean of life. The potency granted may carry him, controlled by the Master Pilot, across to the evergreen shores beyond, or, left to human command, may wreck him in the violent storms of the sea of life.

Dear Reader where is your vessel amid the storms of life? Are you at the helm alone, in the angry ocean of life? If so, your bark, doomed to destruction, is fast sinking, and if not committed to Salvation's Captain will be buried in the surging waves of a maddened sea. Why attempt the treacherous voyage of life alone, knowing full well that all captains save one have been lost at sea. Again and again has this great Captain told us in His Word, "Without me ye can do nothing." Why trust in our own strength when He has said: "Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm." Let him take the helm, and all will go well. No sea is too rough and no storm too wild for Him. He can "weather the blast" and land you at last on the celestial plain. He is ruler of the sea. To the furious waters of Gallilee he said "peace be still," and they were still. He is "master of ocean and

earth and sky." Why not trust your fragile bark in His hands? There is joy, peace and infinite satisfaction while he commands, and beyond is the celestial harbour into which He will most surely carry you.

We are pleased, and so is every reader, with the new journal, Good Health. There is no question about it; this journal is a symposium of useful information on questions of health. In India, if anywhere in the world, people should know how to care for themselves. The object of the publishers of this magazine, and our object as agents, is to show people how to be well and keep well. We want every one to know that this journal is not being circulated with mercenary ends in view. Able medical men are uniting their efforts in its publication, and it is their design to place their fund of medical knowledge in simple language in this magazine, so that people in general may get the benefit of their experience and research. One of the foremost contributors is Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who is known the world over as one of the leading physicians of America. The publishers have sent us several thousand sample copies of Good Health, and we are sending the same to our most faithful Oriental Watchman subscribers. Do not delay in sending in your order. You cannot afford to lose a single number. The subscription price is raised to Rs. 2 per year.

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**SPIRITUAL DECLENSION.**

It is true that European Christians, resident in India, do not take the interest they should in missionary effort, and how a better state of things can be reached has become a query which we hope will grow into a burning question, and every follower of Christ be aroused to do his part in the cause of Christ in India. There is but one way to bring about such a condition; "Ye must be born again." It is a new birth that professed Christians need. Any mere change of methods will accomplish nothing; a change of life, a new experience and a regeneration, are the only effectual cure for the apathy and spiritual lethargy abroad. The counsel addressed to the Laodicean Church has its application now: "I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would that thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched and miserable, and poor and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich, and white raiment that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve that thou mayest see."

A terrible deception is abroad in the land, professed Christians have settled down into self-sufficiency, believing themselves rich, they have become, "wretched, miserable, poor and blind, and naked," and do not know it. Is it not time to "blow the

trumpet in Zion, sanctify a fast, call a solemn assembly: Gather the people, sanctify the congregation, assemble the elders, gather the children, and those that suck the breasts: let the bridegroom go forth of his chamber and the bride out of her closet. Let the priests, the ministers of the Lord, weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, spare thy people, O Lord, and give not thine heritage to reproach, that the heathen should rule over them: wherefore should they say among the people, where is their God?"

A united turning unto the Lord is necessary; from the children to the minister in the pulpit. Let the clergy weep between the porch and the altar, and let them say, "Spare thy people, O Lord." Let them cry day and night to God for the flock of their parish. Then, and not till then, will Christians be aroused to take hold of the arm of the Lord.

A contemporary has suggested that it is impossible for Indians to believe that Christianity has taken a strong hold upon Europeans when they shamefully desecrate the Lord's Day. That is true, but what day is the Lord's Day? Where is there any proof that Sunday is the Lord's Day? Notice how the Scriptures answer the question, "Which day is the Lord's Day?" "The Son of man is Lord of the Sabbath day." Mark 2: 28. If He is Lord of the Sabbath, the Sabbath is the Lord's Day. Again, what day is the Lord's day? "The seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord," Ex. 20: 10. Again, "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day." Isa. 58: 13. Can Europeans and Eurasians expect natives to have confidence in unscriptural doctrine? Can they expect Indians to believe that Christianity has taken a strong hold upon them while they persistently hold to doctrines for which there is no foundation in the Word of God?

Mr. W. A. Barlow, who has been distributing literature in the Boer camps, desires Dutch and English Bibles for the prisoners. All wishing to contribute toward this, can send the same to his address Simultala E. I. Ry.

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PUBLIC services are held at the above mentioned place every Sunday, 6-30 P. M., and Saturday (Sabbath) 5-30 P. M. During the month of September the discourses on Sunday evenings will be on the prophecies,