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# THE ORIENTAL WATCHMAN

"I have set thee a watchman unto the house of Israel; therefore thou shall hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me."

Vol. 7.

CALCUTTA JANUARY, 1904.

No. 1.

## NEW YEAR.

'Tis Eventide;  
UPON the hearth the fire burns bright and clear,  
While festive hearts, both young, and old,  
Around it sit, meanwhile the merry village bells  
With gentle chimes, declare the wheel of time  
Another course has run: another year  
Has flown. And as they ring the old year out,  
They ring the new year in.

With setting sun,  
The old year passed away. And briefly now  
Shall we review the past? Oh, no. What then?  
'Tis better far that we confess our sins,  
Our faults and failings all: and let them with  
The dying year be lost to view. O God!  
Forbid that we should let the new year's sun  
Shine on the old year's wrongs.

Our years are few:  
And there are homeless, friendless ones with  
hearts,  
Less cheerful than our own, who need to-day  
Our sympathy and love. Too oft their path  
Of life, so steep, is slippery made with grief  
And falling tears. Shall we withhold the light  
Of love which shines within our hearts and let  
It like a smouldering fire consume in self  
Away? The flowers that bloom their  
fragrance give,  
We too will live to bless. Each new born day  
Shall see some task of love begun. So will  
We crown the coming year with deeds of love:  
Nor shall the memory of the past have place  
To spoil our glad new year.

H. A.

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## AN OPEN BIBLE.

BEFORE this paper reaches the home of our readers, the merry bells of Christmas-tide will have sounded forth their peals of laughing music throughout the land. Also from many a belfry tower the last knell will have sounded for the dying year. But while they ring the old year out, they will ring the new year in. It is a good time to express our good wishes to our friends, and we gladly take this opportunity of wishing for all our readers and contributors a happy and a prosperous New year.

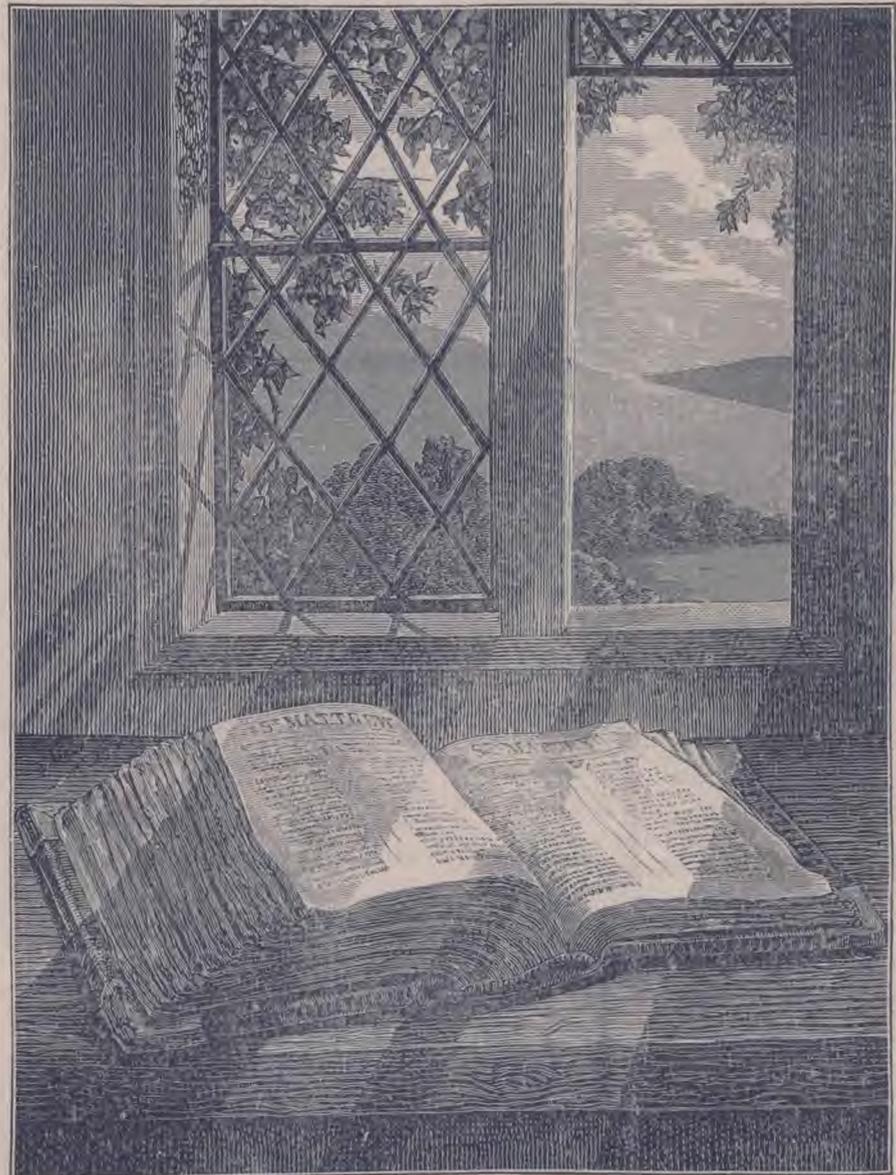
We do not make this wish in a formal way. We sincerely desire to contribute to the happiness and prosperity of all by placing before them, month by month, the source of all real happiness and prosperity. The Psalmist says: "Happy is that people whose God is the Lord." And again, "Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help; whose hope is in the Lord his God."

Since true happiness consists in knowing God, and since God has given unto us a

revelation of Himself through His holy Word, our one object in publishing this paper will be to make people better acquainted with the Bible and its Author.

We are thankful to-day for an open Bible. All the combined forces of evil

It is the true source of all happiness and prosperity. "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of Thy countenance. In Thy name shall they rejoice all the day: and in Thy righteous-



have not been able to obscure its precious precepts. Infidelity and scepticism have failed to make any impression on its rock foundation. Divine light still shines upon the sacred page, and hearts are warmed and cheered by its heavenly rays.

ness shall they be exalted." Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all wisdom, and happiness and prosperity of eternal worth will follow you throughout this new born year.

H. A.

## EATING THE WORD.

"As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent. Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me. To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne."

The reception of the Word, the bread from heaven, is declared to be the reception of Christ Himself. As the Word of God is received into the soul, we partake of the flesh and blood of the Son of God. As it enlightens the mind, the heart is opened still more to receive the engrafted Word, that we may grow thereby. Man is called upon to eat and masticate the Word; but unless his heart is open to the entrance of that Word, unless he drinks in the Word, unless he is taught of God, there will be a misconception, misapplication, and misinterpretation of that Word.

As the blood is formed in the body by the food eaten, so Christ is formed within by the eating of the Word of God, which is His flesh and blood. He who feeds upon that Word has Christ formed within, the hope of glory. The written Word introduces to the searcher the flesh and blood of the Son of God; and through obedience to that Word, he becomes a partaker of the divine nature. As the necessity for temporal food cannot be supplied by once partaking of it, so the Word of God must be daily eaten to supply the spiritual necessities.

As the life of the body is found in the blood, so spiritual life is maintained through faith in the blood of Christ. He is our life, just as in the body our life is in the blood. He is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, just as the bone, sinew, and muscle are nourished, and the whole man built up, by the circulation of the blood through the system. In vital connection with Christ, in personal contact with Him, is found health for the soul. It is the efficacy of the blood of Christ that supplies its every need and keeps it in a healthy condition.

By reason of the waste and loss, the body must be renewed with blood, by being supplied with daily food. So there is need of constantly feeding on the Word, the knowledge of which is eternal life. That Word must be our meat and drink. It is in this alone that the soul will find

its nourishment and vitality. We must feast upon its precious instruction, that we may be renewed in the spirit of our mind, and grow up into Christ, our living Head. When His Word is abiding in the living soul, there is oneness with Christ; there is a living communion with Him; there is in the soul an abiding love that is the sure evidence of our unlimited privilege.

A soul without Christ is like a body without blood; it is dead. It may have the appearance of spiritual life; it may perform certain ceremonies in religious matters like a machine: but it has no spiritual life. So the hearing of the word of God is not enough. Unless we are taught of God, we shall not accept the truth to the saving of our souls. It must be brought into the life practise.

When a soul receives Christ, he receives His righteousness. He lives the life of Christ. As he trains himself to behold Christ, to study His life and practise His virtues, he eats the flesh and drinks the blood of the Son of God. When this experience is his, he can declare, with the apostle Paul: "I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

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## WALKING IN THE SPIRIT.

It is a glorious promise, and the divine truth, that when we "walk in the spirit," we "shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." Gal. 5: 16.

But, you see, our not fulfilling the lust of the flesh depends altogether upon our *walking in the Spirit*. Do you walk in the Spirit?

Our walking in the Spirit also depends upon something yet back of this: "If we *live* in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit." Gal. 5: 25.

How can we walk in the Spirit unless we live in the Spirit? How can we walk at all unless we live?

There is suggested and emphasized the great truth that the first of all things is *the life*.

And in that is also suggested and emphasized the great truth that we must first *be* before we can *do*; we must first be *something* before we can do *anything*.

And what we *are*,—this itself decides what we will *do*.

When Jesus said, "Ye *are* of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye *will do*," it was not a taunt. It was simply the statement of the truth, so long as any *are* such, they will *do* so; and it is impossible to do otherwise.

"Either make the tree good, and his fruit good; or else make the tree corrupt, and his fruit corrupt: for the tree is known by his fruit." "A good tree *can not* bring forth evil fruit, neither can a corrupt tree bring forth good fruit." Matt. 12: 33; 7: 18.

So long, and just as certainly, as a person is a child of the wicked one, the lusts of his father will he do. And just as certainly as a person is a child of God, the virtues of his Father will he show.

It all depends upon what you *are*. And what you *are* depends upon whose child you *are*. Look to your parentage; whose child are you?

Do you do evil things? Do you fulfil the lusts of the flesh? It is all because of your parentage and birth. But do not be discouraged: get a new parentage; get a new birth. Then, being of a new parentage, being born again, being a new creature, being a child of God, you will "show forth the virtues of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light."

Nor is it enough to *have been* born again. We must *be* born again. It is well to *have been* born again, if we *are* born again. But for a person to *have been* born again, and yet he be not *now* born again,—this counts nothing.

No; "Ye must *be* born again." Ye must *be* that all the time. The new birth must be continued in all its newness and power. We must be born into newness of life,—larger experiences, new experiences, and greater grace, every day, and every hour of the day.

This is what it is to be born again, in truth. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature." 2 Cor. 5: 17. Are you in Christ? If so, then you *are* a new creature. Not you *were* a new creature; but you *are*. And *being* a new creature, it is easy to *do* new things: indeed, new things are only what are done; for "old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

Born of the Spirit, living in the Spirit, led of the Spirit, and walking in the Spirit, ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. This is Christian experience.

"Have ye received the Holy Ghost since ye believed?" "Ask and it shall be given you." "Every one that asketh receiveth." "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." "Be filled with the Spirit," "whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." A. T. JONES.



**SEEKING AFTER GOD.**

"I AM sought of them that asked not for Me; I am found of them that sought Me not: I said, Behold Me, behold Me, unto a nation that was not called by My name. I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that was not good, after their own thoughts."

It is true that there are many, even multitudes, outside of those who are known as Christians, who are seeking after God. They are crying out for Him in the bitterness of their souls even as did Job and the Psalmist David, saying, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat." "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God; when shall I come and appear before God?"

The desire to find God is heaven born. For as the Lord causes the dry barren ground to desire, that He may visit it with refreshing showers, even so He causes the barren soul with its unsatisfied

longing to feel and sense its need of Him, so that He may supply the need according to His riches in glory by Jesus Christ.

There is nothing that gives the Lord more pleasure than to make Himself known to His children. He loves the companionship of man, to dwell with him and to walk with him. He does not wait until the man expresses his desire to find in words but He answers the soul's need and responds to the unsatisfied longing. He says "I am sought of them that asked not for Me; I am found of them that sought Me not: I said, Behold Me, behold Me, unto a nation that was not called by My name."

**Where we may find God.**

"Then Paul stood in the midst of Mar's hill, and said, Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, TO THE UNKNOWN GOD. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, Him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that

He is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life, and breath, and all things."

In this scripture the Apostle Paul declares "The Unknown God" to be the creator of heaven and earth, the "God that made the world and all things therein." And then He shows where He does not dwell, saying, He "dwelleth not in temples made with hands." Stephen, the martyr, also uttered the same truth in his "apology," saying, "But Solomon built him an house. Howbeit the most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands as saith the Prophet." Turning to the prophecy referred to we read: "Thus saith The Lord, The heaven is My throne, and the earth is My footstool: where is the house that ye build unto Me? and where is the place of My rest? For all those things hath Mine hand made, and all those things have been, saith the Lord: but to this man will I look, even to him that is poor and of a contrite spirit, and trembleth at My word."

**God in His dwelling place.**

The Lord does not look to the heaven or to the earth for a dwelling place or sanctuary, for He says, "all those things hath Mine hand made, and all those things have been; but to this man will I look" for a dwelling place. The Lord desires to dwell in man, to tabernacle in the flesh, for He dwelleth not in temples made with hands but in the temple of the body, the true tabernacle which the Lord pitched and not man. "For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy; I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones."

And so the Apostle continues, saying, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us: for in Him we live, and move, and have our being; as certain also of your own poets have said, For we are also His offspring."

**Christ the word is nigh thee.**

This much then is true; God dwells in us whether we recognize it or not, and we dwell in Him, for "in Him we live and

move and have our being." "But the righteousness which is of faith speaketh on this wise, say not in thine heart, who shall ascend into heaven? (that is to bring Christ down from above;) Or, who shall descend into the deep? (that is, to bring up Christ again from the dead.) But what saith it? The word is nigh thee, even in thy mouth, and in thy heart: that is, the word of faith, which we preach; that if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture saith, whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed. For there is no difference between the Jew and the Greek: for the same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him. For whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

#### Why Men Cannot Find Him.

"I have spread out my hands all the day unto a rebellious people, which walketh in a way that is not good, after their own thoughts." This is what hinders men from finding God, even walking after their own thoughts. So long as a man follows the path of his own choosing, he walks in the wilderness of sin. "It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death." It is not until a man is willing to give up his own thoughts, his own way of thinking, and forsake his own way, that he finds God. Therefore since it is true that "as man thinketh in his heart so is he," to give up his own way of thinking means a complete denial of self a complete surrender of all that he is.

When such a surrender is made, the man sees no man save Jesus only. The self life is crucified and Jesus is raised from the dead to dwell in His own tabernacle of flesh. "I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me; and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the son of God, who loved me and gave Himself for me."

#### Seek ye the Lord.

"They that seek Me early shall find Me." "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call upon Him while He is near: Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." H. A.

#### THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE.

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DEAR LORD, I love Thee so,  
I fain would follow where Thy feet have led,  
Tho' thick with thorns the path is overspread,  
Dispersed with many a foe,  
And clamouring creeds call loud,  
And stretch enticing arms to draw me where  
Their banners wave upon the sunny air,  
Above the thronging crowd.  
Each claims Thy Holy Word  
As the foundation upon which they stand,  
And speak so plausibly, so fair, so grand,  
My very soul is stirred.  
And then dear Christ, and then  
I heard them speak with bitter hate and scorn,  
Each of the others; then I thought upon  
Thy blest command to men,  
"By this shall all men know  
That ye are My disciples," if ye do  
"Have love one to another," kind and true.  
My heart was full of woe,  
Because I knew not where  
To look and walk, that my faint soul  
Might be refreshed, and free from sin's control  
And Satan's snare.

Then I beheld a "little flock,"  
With meekness clothed, while patience sweet  
Shone on their brows, and lo, their feet  
Were planted on "the Rock!"  
The world passed by with jeers  
At their simplicity of faith and life,  
Without a creed, without the pleasures rife  
That filled their ears.  
My weary soul drew near.  
I prayed them tell me truly what they had  
To make their hearts so numb and so glad.  
They gave a smile of cheer,  
And answered soft and low,  
"The faith of Jesus, and the law of God;  
We walk the paths our blessed Master trod."  
I cried, "Yea, I would go."  
They said, "Each bears a cross."  
I shrank and trembled when I saw it lie,  
Heavy and rough, the narrow pathway by.  
I asked, "Can this be loss?"  
They answered, "Lift and see."  
I, faltering, stooped, the while tears dimmed  
my sight,  
When lo, Christ lifted with me and 'twas light  
And now, behold, I'm free!  
MINNIE ALEXANDRINA SANDERSON.

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#### THE CHRISTIAN'S ONLY SOURCE OF POWER.

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place. For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ, in them that are saved, and in them that perish." 2 Cor. 2:14, 15. The power is the Lord's; so, also, the influence is His. The fragrance which goes forth from you and me must be the same that Christ carried, or we cannot influence anybody for good. Of all things this

must be so of those who profess to know Christ, who are "set on an hill," and therefore "can not be hid." The Lord not only tells us not to judge other people, not to set them at nought because they do not follow exactly as we say, or observe exactly as we observe; but He tells us the secret of why we should not do so: it is because all power and influence are His.

It is influence which draws. Jesus said, "I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me." It is only by having an influence which draws that we can do any soul any good; and the only influence that can draw is that of Christ.

There is another notable instance in illustration of this great principle. Everything that is recorded in the life of Jesus is a living lesson to us.

The Pharisees were always trying to entrap Him in every way they could. At one time they found a woman who was taken in the very act of adultery; and they brought her to the Lord, thinking they had a fatal trap ready this time. After explaining the circumstances of the case, they said: "Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned; but what sayest thou?" They did not care how Christ answered that question. If He had said, "Go ahead; that is the right thing to do; stone her," they would have gone straight to the Roman authorities, and said, "This man sets himself up to be the king of the Jews, and is usurping Roman authority."

If He had said, "You can not stone such any more that comes to an end now; Moses is to be set aside," they would have spread it everywhere that He would not observe the teaching of Moses, and was therefore an imposter. They intended to accuse Him, whichever way He might answer. But He disappointed them. He answered their question in the way of Christ; not in the way of the Pharisees, nor in the way of the Romans. He said: "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," and stooped down and wrote on the ground. When He rose up, about half of the people were gone. Saying nothing, He stooped down again, and wrote with His finger on the ground; and when He rose up again, all were gone but the woman and Himself.

Now He had said to them, before He began to write on the ground, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." But none of them threw

any stones. Why? He opened the way freely. Ah! none of them could, because none of them was without sin. The only thing they could do to escape the condemnation of their own consciences was to go away. So there was none left but Himself and the woman, and *He was without sin*, and HE DID NOT STONE HER. Yet He said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." None of them could because they were *not* without sin; and He was without sin, but didn't. And this teaches the great Christian truth that he who is *not* without sin *can not* throw stones; and he who is without sin WILL NOT throw stones. And all this teaches the mighty Christian truth that with *Christians* there is NEVER any throwing of stones.

Then Christ turned to the woman, and said, "Woman, . . . hath no man condemned thee?" She said, "No man, Lord." Did He reply: "Well, I do; you must get out of here; it is not fit that I should be seen in the company of such persons as you are; go away; you will bring reproach on the cause"?—No; thank the Lord! This is what He said: "Woman, . . . hath no man condemned thee?"—"No man, Lord." "*Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.*" Those who *have sinned* can not condemn others who have; and those who have NOT sinned, WILL not condemn those who have.

That one sentence of Jesus, "*Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more.*" had more influence and power to hold back from sin that poor sin-laden woman than all the condemnation of all the Pharisees of Jerusalem, Palestine, and the world put together.

*There is where the power lies.* The power of the Christian lies in the influence of Jesus Christ, which goes forth from the Christian as fragrance from a rose, as he stands with a heaven-sent reverence in the presence of even the worst sinner.

The Christianity of Jesus Christ in the true believer looks reverently upon the conscience of the worst sinner, holds him back from anything that would seem like condemnation or judgement, and lets God reach that soul by the fragrance of the influence of Jesus, which goes forth from the true believer.

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us *in every place.*" That is Christianity; that is divine regard for human right; because only he who is altogether divine can rightly estimate a human right. He has estimated it, defined it, and respected it; and He calls upon every soul to recognise that human right which, in His Word, He who is altogether divine has set up above all things and all people, *to be respected.*

A. T. JONES.



### VICTORY IN THE LORD.

#### Perfection and Endurance by the Word.

In the preceding chapters we have found that all things were made by the word of God. In the following chapters, let us study the perfection of God's work, and how this perfection might have remained if man had continued true to His word. Also let us see that even though sin has come, bringing its blight and decay, mar- roring the perfection of God, yet there is an opportunity presented to every man by which he may regain that which was lost. That he may be restored to a perfect man in Christ Jesus by submitting himself to the Word of God and continuing therein. That he may also have restored to him the perfectly delightful inheritance which was given to Adam and Eve in the begin- ning.

In the beginning everything was abso- lutely perfect. "I know," says Solomon, "that whatsoever God doeth it shall be forever, nothing can be put to it, nor any- thing taken from it, and God doeth it that men may fear before Him." Eccl. 3: 14.

Whatsoever God doeth shall be forever. Why? Because it is perfect in every way, therefore perfect in endurance. It is wrought by that word which "liveth and abideth forever." It is true that sin has brought in a change, and decay and death with its accompanying misery is seen on every hand. But it is sin that has done it, and not because of any failure on the part of God's Word.

#### Giving man his choice.

In giving man his choice whether he would obey or not, the possibility that he would disobey was involved. He chose to disobey, thus choosing imperfection. In- stead of choosing that which would bring him unalloyed happiness and lasting pleasure, he chose that which would bring him disappointment, sorrow and death.

He chose this and God let him have that which he had chosen. Sin however must come to an end. Though for a time it may flourish like a green bay tree it must pass away, for it is arrayed against

## THE PERFECT SALVATION

God's eternal Word. Those who continue to walk in the path of sin must certainly perish with it. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Eze. 18: 4.

Nevertheless, the Word of God will surely accomplish His purposes in the earth. Isa. 55: 11. It will cleanse away sin from all who will take heed to it, (Psa 119: 9,) and will keep men from sinning. Ps. 119: 11. It will give him a passport again into the realms of the blest where men will "delight themselves in the abundance of peace" (Ps. 37: 11), and where "there are pleasures forever more." Psa. 16: 11.

#### The Eden Home.

Think of man in Eden before sin came. The word "Eden" means delight. That delightful place with its pleasing provisions for the happiness of man was but the working out of the perfection and power of God's word. "He spake and it was done." Psa. 33: 6, 9. God said, "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth." Gen. 1: 26. "And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food." Gen. 2: 8, 9.

Man was given the rulership over all. Let us note carefully the fact that the power to rule was given to man when he bore the image and likeness of God. To such it was spoken "Let them have dominion."

By the word of God man came into existence. By the word he received his likeness to God. By the word he was given the dominion. Only as he continued to cling to the word of God could he re- tain his existence, uprightness and do- minion.

Only in that way could God, the supreme Ruler, continue to rule through man and accomplish His purposes of wisdom and love toward all. Thus it was when the

first Sabbath dawned upon this earth.

We are told that God rested from all His work and was refreshed. Ex. 31:17. He ceased from His work, but His words which had brought all into existence were still active to perform that which He had spoken. The sun, and moon, and stars were circling in the heavens as He had bidden. The grass, herbs, and trees were growing as He had commanded. Everything in the air, sea and earth, were in perfect submission to man, and man in perfect submission to God. Everything was in harmony with its surroundings, being guided and controlled by the word of God. God rested and was refreshed. The angels beholding the glad scene raised their voices in joyous song. "The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job. 38:4, 7. The only begotten Son was there, "The bright and morning Star," (Rev. 22:16) and rejoiced, being delighted with the prospects of the sons of men. Prov. 8:26, 31.

What a sense of delight must have also thrilled the heart of man as the happy songsters of the wood, the beasts of the field, the fish of the sea and even the earth itself, with its wonderful elements of power, all yielded to his loving and righteous rule. Eden it was indeed,—perfect. But sin, evil in its action and terrible in its consequences, has come, and from a human standpoint the plan and purpose of God seems to be defeated. But it is not so. The eye of faith can discern a time of restitution of all things. Acts 3:19-21. God will "Comfort Zion: He will comfort all her waste places, and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving and the voice of melody." Isa. 51:3. When that is brought to pass, God in the midst of His redeemed people will again rejoice over them with joy; He will again "rest" in His love. He will joy over them with singing, and they shall not see evil anymore. Zeph. 3:14-19.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away."

ELLERY ROBINSON.



### REVEALED SECRETS. Revealing of Righteousness.

THE righteousness of God is revealed in His law: Psa. 119:172: "All Thy commandments are righteousness." Salvation comes when Christ comes; Heb. 9:28: "So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many; and unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time without sin unto salvation. When that time is near, there will be a special revealing of God's law: Isa. 56:1: "Thus saith the Lord, keep ye judgment and do justice; for My salvation is near to come and My righteousness to revealed."

When the Son desires to employ angelic agencies, he has an innumerable company at His command. Innumerable? Yes, at one time John beheld a company of them, assembled round about the throne, and commenced to number them; but when he had counted ten thousand times ten thousand, he seemed to abandon the effort, crying out in astonishment, "and thousands of thousands."

Next to the Father, the Son is to be revealed as the "Chiefest among ten thousand," and the one who "is altogether lovely."

Paul was called by the grace of God, and used as a burning and shining light to reveal Christ to the world. He says, in Gal. 1:15, 16, It pleased God to reveal His Son in me, that I might preach Him among the heathen." This great privilege was not designed for Paul alone, but for every one who will choose Christ. This secret or mystery that has been hid from ages and from generations, is revealed to the world in the Gospel. Paul clearly defines this mystery in Col. 1:27: "To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." The secret most sought in this world is how to be rich. A clue to this secret is found in 2 Cor. 8:9: "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that though

He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich." How rich He is able to make us is revealed in Eph. 3:20: "Now unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." Human language has no power to express the value of the riches in store for those to whom the Son is revealed, but a very expanding thought is found in Col. 2:3: "In whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." In this inexhaustible mine of wealth, is found an abundance of all that a pure mind can desire. "Behold I will bring it health and cure, and I will cure them, and I will reveal unto them the abundance of peace and truth." Jer. 33:6.

#### Turning on the Searchlight.

A great revealing day is coming when hidden things will be brought to light. Matt. 10:26: "There is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; and hid, that shall not be known." Eccl. 12:13, 14, tells when this will be. "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter: Fear God and keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man, for God will bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil." Do you ask how all these secret things will be found out? Read Psa. 44:21: "Shall not God search this out? for He knoweth the secrets of the heart." This is the answer to Jer. 17:9:—

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked; who can know it?" He not only knows, but also reveals the secrets of the heart. 1 Cor. 14:25: "And thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and falling down on his face he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth."

There is encouragement in the thought that if what God reveals to us at one time is not sufficient to guide us aright He is willing to give us more light. Phil. 3:15:—"Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded: and if in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."

**Wireless Telegraphy.**

Could we better understand the character of the loving Father who gave His Son to die for us, we would better appreciate the exalted privilege of communing with Him. Very sweet were the messages of communication between Father and Son while Jesus was on the earth, though in some cases a full report is not given.

What a beautiful message from the Father in Matt. 3:17: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

What a full recognition of that love in John 17:24: "Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." In Matt. 11:16-24, Jesus had been giving sharp and cutting rebukes to some of the corrupt cities and their wicked inhabitants, when suddenly he seemed to receive a communication from His Father. The message from heaven is not recorded; but, as His scorching words of rebuke die away upon the air, in what mellow tones of love His voice ascends to the Father in verse 25: "At that time Jesus answered and said, "I thank Thee O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so Father: for so it seemed good in Thy sight." The Holy Spirit, by which the Creator controls the Universe is the medium by which He is able to communicate with every intelligent being in the universe, and it may be with a far greater velocity than has yet been attained by the swiftest human messages that have yet been sent. May this heavenly communion be our exalted privilege according to the benediction of Paul in 2 Cor. 13:14:—"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

G. K. OWEN.

—:o:—

**OUR INTERCESSOR.**

He ever liveth to make intercession for us. Heb. 7:25:

What does Jesus live for?—"To make intercession" for us.

When it is said of a man that he "just lives to make money," the force of the expression is that he is devoted to that one thing; that his whole mind and heart are absorbed in that as the one great matter above all others; that he is wrapped up in this, and has no time for anything else.

Very good. That is the force of this blessed word of the Lord Jesus: "He ever liveth to make intercession" for us.

He is devoted, given up, to that one thing of making intercession for us.

The one great thing above all others, the one thing which He considers most worthy of His attention, the one thing in which His whole mind and heart is absorbed, is making intercession for us.

The one thing in which He is so wrapped up that He has no time for anything else, is making intercession for us.

Thank the Lord for that. "He ever liveth to make intercession" for us. That is the one thing that He ever lives for. Then there is no danger of His ever forgetting us. There is no danger of our ever being left out.

For though "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me" When does He think upon me?—"Ever," certainly. For "He ever liveth to make intercession" for us.

And because of this He saves to the uttermost all who come unto God by Him.

—Selected.

—:o:—

**THE LAW OF GOD.**

A WRITTEN law is always the expression of the mind of the lawgiver; the mind of an individual is that which controls his actions. Therefore the mind or will of anyone is an expression of his character.

In the law of God (the Ten Commandments) we have expressed the mind or character of the living God. Not what His mind was, but what it is, and ever has been. He (God) is from everlasting to everlasting, the self-existent One who created all things, the Governor of the universe.

The law of God is then in character like its Author, eternal, and self-existent. Its principles must necessarily exist because of a relationship existing between intelligent creatures and the God who created them.

Some have said that these principles could not apply in all parts of the universe. If that were true, it would still remain a fact that wherever they would apply, they are the mind of God with reference to what intelligent creatures should be in the place where they do apply. But the writer believes they apply in all parts of the universe.

Christ and God are one in character. Therefore in studying the law, we study the character of Christ as well as the character of God. The character of angels and the inhabitants of unfallen worlds must be in harmony with the

character of God. Therefore in the law we find the character of these brought to view. All who are saved from sin will be in character like God before they can enter heaven. In the law of God, we then have the character of God, of Christ, of angels of the inhabitants of unfallen worlds, and of the redeemed of this world.

There are two things which the law of God must do for us who live in this world. It must point out and condemn sin, and it must present to us the true idea of righteousness. Therefore it should be studied by opposites. As it points out sin it goes to the very lowest depths of sin and condemns the very root of the matter, and is a discerner of the intents of the heart; but as we turn away from the condemned sin and turn to the opposite, we see the highest ideal of right doing that it is possible for us to attain unto even in and through Jesus Christ. For we see the righteousness of God, which is perfect righteousness.

J. W. WATT.

—:o:—

**"JESUS WEPT."**

HERE we find Jesus, the Son of God, so touched with the sorrows and woes brought upon His followers that His heart aches. His breast heaves, His whole being is convulsed, and feeling breaks forth in weeping. O the kindness, the love, the tenderness, the sympathy, expressed in those two words, "Jesus wept"! The Saviour's feelings are so completely wrapped up in mine; my joys are His joys, my sorrows His sorrows, to that extent that He rejoices with my feelings of happiness, and smiles as I bask in the sunshine of prosperity; and that same One weeps with me in my sorrows.

"Then," one may ask, "if Jesus is so intimately connected with our every joy and sorrow, perplexity and care, why does He, when He loves us so permit sorrows to come?" The poet has answered it:—

- "If we knew no lacks nor losses,  
Disappointments, toil, or care,  
Would we pity him whose crosses  
Are too wearisome to bear?
- "If we slept on silken couches  
Decked with costly gems of gold,  
Would we pity him who crouches  
By the wayside in the cold?
- "If we left no graves behind us  
Where our loved and lost ones sleep,  
No sweet memories to bind us,  
Would we weep with those who weep?
- "If our paths were strewn with roses  
That concealed no stinging thorn,  
And the hour when one joy closes  
Saw another newly born;
- "If our clouds were all of sunshine  
And our sorrows all of bliss,  
Would we ever think of heaven  
As a better place than this?"

We are purified through affliction. The Refiner watches until He can see His own image in His child. The sculptor takes the rough piece of marble, and by means of chisel and mallet brings forth the beautiful figure of an angel. Then let us not grow weary with the chiseling of the heavenly Sculptor, for by and by He will bring forth the perfect image of Jesus Christ.

S. E. HYATT.

THE  
ORIENTAL WATCHMAN

Editorial.

THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

"For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead: so that they are without excuse: because that when they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful; but became vain in their imaginations and their foolish heart was darkened."

**Glorified Him not as God.**

In these verses we have set forth the first great causes of the first great apostasy from the worship of the true and living God, which made the heavens and the earth. They knew God yet they did not glorify Him as God, neither were thankful. The eternal power and divinity of God displayed in every blade of grass and opening flower which should have commanded their respectful attention and consideration was not appreciated, neither did they recognise that all this wonderful display of power and glory was intended to be unto them a presentation of the Everlasting Gospel, the power of God unto salvation. Having sinned, and come short of the glory of God they could see no farther than the creature itself so that the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world which should have been seen in the things that were made were hid from their eyes.

**Worthy of all adoration.**

By virtue of His character God has always been worthy of all the adoration, worship and praise of all His creatures and so the Psalmist says, "Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength. Give unto the Lord the glory due into His name: bring an offering, and come into His courts. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness: fear before Him, all the earth. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth: the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: He shall judge the people righteously."

We learn concerning the character of

God that "He is good to all and His tender mercies are over all His works." And again, "He maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." "He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good, and gave us rain from heaven and fruitful seasons, filling our hearts with food and gladness." Here is abundant proof in these verses to justify God before the world. What could He have done more for His children? His desire to keep in close and constant touch with His creatures is seen in the divine order of God's way of sustaining life. He made each one of His creatures with a life dependent upon His own. "He giveth unto all life, breath and all things" and all life consists in Him. The air that we breathe, the food that we eat, and all other things that are given unto us richly to enjoy, come directly from His hand. "He opens His hand and satisfies the desire of every living thing," and in this way He keeps in constant touch with all His creatures, "if haply they may feel after Him and find Him."

**Like as a Father.**

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness neither shadow of turning." Blessings both temporal and spiritual are poured out upon all for "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." All who know anything of God and His dealings have learned to love this beautiful expression, "Like as a father." And not only is He like a father, but He is a father, and so we call Him "Our father which art in heaven." Now He says, "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you: for everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. Or what man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? Or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him."

**Unthankful Children.**

Now what the Lord says of His children is this, "They glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful." An unthankful

child causes grief and sorrow to its parents, and the children of God did not do less by their unthankfulness and lack of appreciation for all benefits received. Through the prophet Isaiah Jehovah speaks saying, "Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth: for the Lord hath spoken, I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me. The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib: but Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider."

It is an act of common politeness to thankfully acknowledge any gift received and it would be considered a breach of good manners not to do so. We say "thank you" and thus acknowledge our appreciation of what has been done for us. It may seem a small thing to do, and it is, but it is not a small thing not to do. And yet this is what Israel failed in doing, and so proved themselves to be less thankful than the beasts of the field. If they had always acknowledged in thanksgiving their thankfulness to God it would never have been written of them, that, "they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful." To acknowledge God as the giver, is to know Him as the giver.

**Thanks for daily bread.**

The customary giving of thanks at the table, which is spread for us, each day with daily bread, and other good things, is not a mere form to the one who considers the Lord's goodness, and forgets not all His benefits. And so we say,—

"Be present at our table Lord,  
Be here and everywhere adored,  
Thy creatures bless, and grant that we  
May feast in paradise with Thee.  
And again—

We thank Thee Lord for this our food  
But more because of Jesus' blood,  
Let manna to our souls be given,  
The bread of life sent down from heaven."

"O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise unto the rock of our salvation. Let us come before His presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms. For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods."

"When they knew God, they glorified Him not as God, neither were thankful," and so they did not come before Him with thanksgiving, nor worship Him as a great God, and a great king above all gods: "but became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened. Professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the

glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and fourfooted beasts and creeping things, who changed the truth of God into a lie, and worshipped and served the creature more than the Creator, who is blessed forever. Amen." This is where the spirit of unthankfulness led them away from the knowledge of God to trust in their own imaginations, or image-making even to the worship of idols, and into the great system of idolatry.

#### Counterfeit Worship.

This system introduced a counterfeit of the worship of God. It brought in a new development of the old controversy which has existed between Christ and Satan, between the true and the false, since the fall of man. This new development is known as the worship of the work of man, versus the worship of the work of God. This new work of man comes upon the scene as an image of man and as an idol of worship. To the blinded soul it seemed like an advanced step, but it was in reality a step which led farther away from God, for they worshiped the creature rather than the Creator. Yet they did this "professing themselves to be wise" "for their foolish heart was darkened." "Assemble yourselves and come; draw near together, ye that are escaped of the nations: they have no knowledge that set up the wood of their graven image, and pray unto a god that cannot save."

"Not unto us O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory, for Thy mercy, and for Thy truth's sake. Wherefore should the heathen say, where is now their God? But our God is in the heavens: He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased. Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. They have mouths, but they speak not: eyes have they, but they see not: they have ears, but they hear not: noses have they, but they smell not: they have hands, but they handle not: feet have they, but they walk not: neither speak they through their throat. They that make them are like unto them; so is every one that trusteth in them."

This then is man's attempt at making God. How vain! At the best it is only an image of man. In the beginning, God said, "Let us make man in our own image" but now man has so sadly departed from God that he is deceived into believing, and saying, "Let us make God in our own image." And the God made by man is seen to be inferior to man in respect of life. It does not possess life and therefore it is a work of vanity and

lies, and the making of graven images is to no profit. They do not take the place of God, because they cannot. They are idols, and are idle; because they never do anything. They have mouths, but they do not speak: they have ears, but they do not hear: feet have they, but they do not walk: neither speak they through their throat. "But our God is in the heavens, He hath done whatsoever He hath pleased."

The work of image-making is recorded through the prophet Isaiah "They that make a graven image are all of them vanity; and their delectable things shall not profit; and they are their own witnesses; they see not, nor know; that they may be ashamed. Who hath formed a god, or molten a graven image that is profitable for nothing? Behold, all his fellows shall be ashamed: and the workmen, they are of men: let them all be gathered together, let them stand up; yet they shall fear, and they shall be ashamed together. The smith with the tongs both worketh in the coals, and fashioneth it with hammers, and worketh it with the strength of his arms: yea, he is hungry, and his strength faileth: he drinketh no water and is faint."

#### Idol worship condemned.

This evidence is sufficient to condemn all image worship. It is all to no profit. That is to say there is not any thing to be gained by it, not even a living not to mention a life. Even those who are working hard to make them! are hungry and faint and have to renew their strength. Not from anything which their god can do for them, but by receiving the meat and drink which our God has provided so abundantly for all. There is no sustenance in image service, "but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary; and they shall walk and not faint."

This is a glorious promise. The one who joins the service of God, does not have to be over-anxious about the cares of this life, saying, "what shall we eat? and what shall we drink? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of these things." He pledges Himself to care for all the needs of His children, and says, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee." The gods of the nations cannot do this, for all who serve them grow hungry, and faint. And perish in their labours. But the Lord our God can even do more than keep them alive, and give them a living, He promises them a life in this world, and in the world to

come life everlasting. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

H. A.

#### —:o:— IDLE WORDS.

God's word is constructive; it creates. "By the word of the Lord were the heavens made; and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth." "For He spake, and it was." Psa. 33:6, 9. Here, again, we see that right language is not the mere naming of things, but the utterance—the bringing forth—of that which is within. A real word is a thing as indicated by the Hebrew, which has but one term for both words. The real word has substance, for Christ upholds all things "by the word of His power." Heb. 1:3. The word of God works in all who receive it (1 Thess. 2:13), and it works to build up. Acts 20:32.

This, taken with the truth that God has given us His word (for "the word is nigh thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart"), makes plain to us the justice of this statement: "I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned." Matt. 12:36, 37.

The word "idle" in this passage is the same as that in Matt. 20:6, addressed to the labourers standing in the market-place. "Why stand ye here all the day idle?" They were not doing anything. So for every word that we speak, which does not do something, we shall be called to account in the Judgment.

The Word of God is the capital that is entrusted to us. If allowed free course it will accomplish much; but if we pervert it,—if we hinder it in its appointed mission, or use it to express our own empty ideas,—we are justly chargeable with misappropriating funds.

Can we not from this brief study see what a responsibility rests upon us in being able to talk? What a terrible thing to abuse the precious gift! Our part is to "study to be quiet," for that is an art, and to speak only as the Spirit within gives utterance. "Turn you at My reproof," says the Lord; "behold, I will pour out My Spirit unto you, I will make known unto you." Prov. 1:23. Thus only can we be true witnesses for Christ (Acts 1:8); for "He whom God hath sent speaketh the words of God" for God giveth not the Spirit by measure." John 3:34.

E. J. WAGGONER.

# HEALTH AND TEMPERANCE.



## TO BREATHE OR NOT TO BREATHE.

A PARODY.

To breathe or not to breathe, that is the question,  
Whether 'tis nobler for our sex to suffer  
The pain and torture of a steel-girt corset,  
Or to take up arms against Dame Fashion's tyrannies  
And, by opposing end them. To unlace, to breathe  
Once more, and with full breath to say we end  
The sideache, and the thousand unnatural ills  
We make flesh heir to,—'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wished. To unlace, to breathe  
To make, perchance, the waist too large—ay  
there's the rub:  
For in that time of peace what form may come  
When we have shuffled off this girdle snug  
And are at ease! There is the respect that  
makes tight-lacing of so long life:  
For who would bear the sneers and scoffs of  
men?  
The corset tight, the dress's burdening weight  
The pangs of tortured flesh, the lungs disuse,  
The fluttering breath, and all the plaints  
That patient Nature to the unworthy makes,  
When we might restful comfort take  
In a loose bodice! Who would corsets wear  
To groan and ache under their weary pressure  
But that the fear of Madame Grundy's voice,—  
That dread oracle, from whose decree few  
women waver—  
Holds us slaves, and makes us rather bear  
the ills we have  
Than seek for ease that she would frown upon  
Thus Fashion does make cripples of us all.  
And thus the natural form of womankind  
Is changed—transformed, till none would  
recognise:  
And figures, by nature of fine mould and  
movement,  
For this are corseted in garments tight,  
And lose their power of action.

—Woman's Tribune

## A WICKED FASHION.

SIR ANDREW WILSON, as a medical man of long experience, takes frequent occasion to warn womankind against following fashion into physical deformity. In a recent article on tight-lacing he says he sees no indication that the practice is being discontinued; it is, he thinks, rather on the increase, and the deplorable effects are met with in his professional life on every side. He says:—

“Now if anything compresses the chest as tight stays do, just where it is really broadest, what happens? What is bound to happen, I will tell you. First you press the solid liver out of its place; next you displace the stomach; and third, you press down the intestine (or bowel) so as to affect the lower parts of the body. Nor is this all. You compress the muscle of breathing, you are limiting the lungs, and you act on the heart as well. With all this displacement can a woman be healthy? I say, impossible. She cannot breathe properly so as to purify the blood; her heart will get irregular in its action, or may fail altogether when any extra stress is laid upon it, as in the recent lamentable case in London. Then, with the displacement of the liver, the stomach and their organs, digestion becomes deranged, and a whole train of evils follows in the wake of this hurtful and senseless practice.

“Physicians will tell you—what I cannot detail here—of other ailments, peculiar to women, which directly result from tight-lacing, and of the serious effects, not only upon their own health, but upon that of their children, which are thus entailed. It stands to reason that when any deformity of the body is thus caused, we must reap the results in the shape of disease; and that women who tight-lace do experience all I have said is the testimony of medical men all round. We laugh at a Chinese woman who distorts her foot. Might she not have a far better cause for laughing at us when she sees our women distorting a far more important region of their bodies? I think so.”

## BILIOUSNESS.

The great majority of people consume far too much food from meal to meal. The stomach and other digestive organs do their utmost to digest what is eaten, but after a time are unable to perform this

work thoroughly. Poisonous chemical compounds are formed and are absorbed along with the properly digested food. Together they enter the blood, and together they are carried to the liver.

Now the liver is the filter of the blood. Anything of an injurious nature which enters the liver, is there stored until it can be chemically changed into bile; this bile is discharged into the intestines to be largely expelled from the body. Thus the liver is a sentinel which keeps back any dangerous intruder from entering the general circulation.

The liver is also a warehouse; certain foods, especially when eaten to excess, are stored in that organ, to be doled out by it according to the bodily need.

Accordingly, when excessive amounts of food are consumed, the liver is doubly overworked, for it is compelled to store up much that the body cannot immediately use, and in addition must separate and expel poisonous products formed through poor digestion.

The overworked organ fails to adequately meet these demands. Larger amounts of nutrition are sent into the circulation than the body can make use of, the system becomes clogged, the brain grows sluggish and perhaps rheumatism or gout develops. The poisonous matters above referred to are carried by the blood to every tissue and organ, with a combination of resulting symptoms to which has been given the name “biliousness.”

Biliousness is *caused* by overcharging the body with food, sometimes of a pure, more often of an impure character.

Biliousness is *prevented* by eating moderately at all times of clean articles of diet, and by greatly lessening the food consumption during warm weather.

Biliousness is *cured* by doing without food for a day or two, and by partaking, ever afterwards of a well chosen, and readily digested dietary.

—Dr. E. R. Carr.

—:o:—

## AN INDICTMENT.

THE history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, crime, rage and ruin.

He has taken the glory of health from off the cheek and placed there the reddish hue of the wine cup.

He has taken the lustre from the eye

and made it dim and bloodshot.

He has taken beauty and comeliness from the face and left it ill shaped and bloated.

He has taken strength from the limbs and made them weak and tottering.

He has taken firmness and elasticity from the steps and made them faltering and treacherous.

He has taken vigour from the arm and left flabbiness and weakness.

He has taken vitality from the blood and filled it with poison and seeds of disease and death.

He has transformed this body, fearfully and wonderfully and majestically made, God's masterpiece of animal mechanism, into a vile, loathsome, stinking mass of humanity.

He has entered the brain—the temple of thought—dethroned reason and made it red with folly.

He has taken the beam of intelligence from the eye and exchanged for it the stupid stare of idiocy and dulness.

He has taken the impress of ennobled manhood from off the face and left the marks of sensuality and brutishness.

He has bribed the tongue to utter madness and cursing.

He has tuned the lips to songs of ribaldry and revelling.

He has taken cunning from the hands and turned them from deeds of usefulness to become instruments of brutality and murder.

He has broken the ties of friendship and planted the seeds of enmity.

He has made a kind, indulgent father a brute, a tyrant, a murderer.

He has transformed a loving mother into a very fiend of brutish incarnation.

He has made obedient and affectionate sons and daughters the breakers of hearts and the destroyers of home.

He has taken luxuries from off the table and compelled men to cry on account of famine, and beg for bread.

He has stripped backs of their broadcloth and silks and clothed them with rags.

He has stolen men's palaces and given them wretched hovels in exchange.

He has taken away acres and given not even a decent burial place in death.

He has filled our streets and by-ways with violence and lawlessness.

He has complicated our laws and crowded our courts.

He has filled to overflowing our penitentiaries and houses of correction.

He has peopled with his multitude our police houses,

He has straitened us for room in our insane asylums.

He has filled our world with tears and groans, with the poor and helpless, with wretchedness and want.

He has banished Christ from the heart and erected a hell within.

These are the counts of our indictment. Let the world judge of the truth.—*Selected.*

:o:

#### HOW TO STOP THE USE OF ALCOHOL.

THIS is a question which thousands of the vast numbers of men who have unwittingly enslaved themselves to the fascinating vice of liquor-drinking are daily asking themselves. It is a recognized fact that notwithstanding the heroic efforts made by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and other temperance organizations, the liquor habit is rapidly on the increase not only in the large towns and cities, but in most of the smaller ones, in this as well as in other countries. Few, however, would ever become addicted to the use of alcohol if they really appreciated the suffering which they must endure from the galling chain which the habit will sooner or later bind about them.

Alcohol is wholly merciless to its victims. It promises felicity, but gives misery; it promises strength, but gives weakness; it promises vigour, but gives only disease; it promises new life, but gives death in a most horrible form.

It is by no means easy to escape from the tyranny of a drug habit of any sort; and alcohol is one of the most difficult to overcome. Some of the following brief suggestions may be helpful to one who is really in earnest in his desire to escape from this body and soul-destroying poison:—

1. Resolve to stop and to stop at once. Determine to be free or to die in the attempt; but have no fears of death. The most abject slave to alcohol may stop immediately without any danger to health or life. The idea that one must leave off gradually, or that the system becomes so accustomed to the drug that it is a necessity is entirely an error. Alcohol is a poison, and the sooner one is rid of it the better. The suffering which results is far less if one stops at once and altogether than if an attempt is made to do so by degrees; and, besides, those who pursue the latter course

seldom get entirely rid of it, as they are all the time relapsing, and the old desire is thus kept alive.

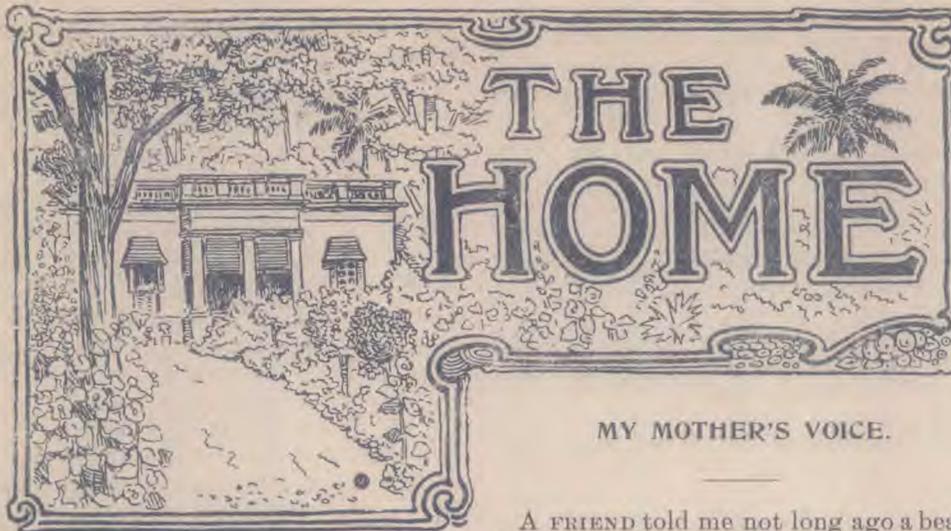
One point must be emphasized; a person who has once been addicted to the use of alcohol in any form must discontinue its use in every form. He cannot use even light wine or beer, cider, or any other alcoholic drink even in the smallest quantity. He must shun alcohol as he would a venomous reptile, or any other deadly poison.

2. If alcohol has been used to an extreme degree, and especially if several attempts at reform have been made without success, the victim should be placed under circumstances which will protect him so far as possible from temptation. Removal for a time to some secluded country place, away from old associates, and where liquor will not be offered him, is advisable in some cases, or even confinement in a house or room.

Not infrequently the nervous disorders are so great that it is impossible for the individual to continue his regular work or duties, in which case he should go to bed and remain there a week, or even longer if necessary. He should receive daily treatment, such as fomentations to the spine followed by sponging with cold water, and rubbing with oil. The nervousness may be wonderfully relieved by applications of this sort. A cool shower bath, following a short hot bath of some kind, is an excellent tonic in such cases.

3. Great care should be exercised respecting diet. Buttermilk is an exceedingly wholesome food for such cases. Milk of all kinds is usually well tolerated, also gruels. Avoid altogether meats, spices, confectionery, tea and coffee, and all kinds of hot and irritating foods.

4. The inebriate suffers most of all from the weakness of will, the loss of resolution and decision of character, which is the natural result of long yielding to the clamours of appetite. But the restoration of the will, while the most essential for a complete and permanent recovery, cannot be accomplished by the individual himself, nor by any mode of treatment which can be applied to him. It is only by divine power acting in co-operation with the human will that mental and moral restoration can be accomplished; but this miracle of grace, the divine Being who created man and who dwells in him is ever ready to accomplish for him who seeks deliverance from the thralldom of vice. Psa. 107. 17-28.—*Selected.*



**"BAIRNIES, CUDDLE DOON."**

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,  
 Wi' muckle faucht an' din ;  
 "O try and sleep, ye waukrif rogues,  
 Your feyther's comin' in !"  
 They dinna heed a word I speak  
 I try an' gie a froom,  
 But aye I hap them up, and cry,  
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon !"  
 Wee Jaimie, wi' the curly heid,  
 He aye sleeps next the wa',  
 Bangs up and cries, "I want a piece !"  
 The rascal stars them a' !  
 I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks,  
 They stop a wee the soun' ;  
 Then draw the blankets up, and cry,  
 "O weanies, cuddle doon !"  
 But scarce five minutes gang, wee Rab  
 Cries out frae 'neath the claes :  
 "Mither, mak Tam gie owre at ance !  
 He's kittlin' wi' his taes !"  
 The mischief's in that Tam for tricks,  
 He'd baither half the toun ;  
 But still I hap them up, and cry,  
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon !"  
 At length they hear their feyther's step,  
 And as he nears the door,  
 They draw their blankets o'er their heids  
 While Tam pretends to snore.  
 "Hae a' the weans been guid ?" he asks,  
 As he pits off his shoon.  
 "The bairnies John are in their beds,  
 And lang since cuddled doon."  
 And just before we bed oursel,  
 We look at our wee lambs ;  
 Tam has his arm round wee Rab's neck  
 And Rab his arm round Tam's.  
 I lift wee Jaimie up the bed,  
 An' as I straik each croon,  
 I whisper till my hairt fills up,  
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon !"  
 The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht,  
 Wi' mirth that's dear to me ;  
 But soon the big warl's cark an' care  
 Will quaten doon their glee,  
 But coom what will to ilka ane,  
 May He who rules abune,  
 Aye whisper, tho' their pows be bald,  
 "O bairnies, cuddle doon !"

—Selected.

**MY MOTHER'S VOICE.**

A FRIEND told me not long ago a beautiful story about kind words. A good lady passed a drinking saloon just as the keeper was thrusting a young man into the street. He was quite young and very pale, but his haggard face and wild eyes told that he was far gone in the road to ruin, and with an oath he brandished his clenched fists threatening to be revenged on the man who had ill-used him. This young man was so excited and blinded with passion that he did not see the lady who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand on his arm, and spoke in her gentle, loving voice, and asked him what was the matter.

At the first kind word he started as if a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then with a sigh of relief he said :—

"I thought that was my mother's voice, it sounded strangely like it ! But her voice has been hushed in death these many years."

"You had a mother, then, and she loved you," said she.

With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine, nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, and sobbed out, "Oh, yes, I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy ! But since she died all the world has been against me, and I am lost to honour, lost to decency, and lost for ever."

"No, not lost forever ; for God is merciful, and His pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady in her soft sweet voice ; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had long been untouched in the young man's heart, thrilling it with magic power, and awakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried deep beneath the

rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house she entered, and wrote the name which was on the silver door-plate, in his memorandum book. Then he went slowly away with a very earnest look on his pale face, and a deeper and more earnest feeling in his heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to speak with her.

Wondering who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a noble looking, well dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. Holding out his hand, he said in a trembling voice :—

"Pardon me, madam, for this intrusion ; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago."

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me ; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should have recognised it anywhere. And your voice, too, is so like my mother's."

These last words made the lady remember the young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the drinking saloon so long before, and the tears flowed freely,—both wept. After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman told the lady how those few gentle words had been instrumental in saving him, and making him what he was then.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost for ever,' followed me wherever I went," "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my transgressions, and resolved to live in Jesus as my mother would have been pleased to have had me ; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation, and keep my good resolutions."

"I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before," exclaimed the lady, "and surely, ever after this I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."—*Sabbath Readings.*

THE POWER OF MOTHER'S VOICE.

A MOTHER sang to her child one day  
 A song of the beautiful home above;  
 Sang it as only a woman sings,  
 Whose heart is full of a mother's love.  
 And many a time in the years that came  
 He heard the sound of that low, sweet song;  
 It took him back to his childhood days:  
 It kept his feet from the paths of wrong.  
 A mother spoke to her child one day  
 In an angry voice, that made him start  
 As if an arrow had sped that way  
 And pierced his loving and tender heart.  
 And when he had grown to man's estate,  
 And was tempted and tried, as all men are  
 He fell; for that mother's angry words  
 Had left on his heart a lasting scar.

—Charles S. Carter.

—:o:—

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

I AM an old woman; I have only a few threads more to weave when the pattern will be completed, and the Master will fold it up and lay it away. It is an imperfect piece, full of broken threads and wrong colours. I do not like to look upon it; I would like to take it all out and weave it over again. But *no*, it must go just as it is. But I will try to add a few good threads and right colours that the finishing up may be better and as the garment is folded up, may they appear upon the outside, and, meeting the gaze of those just weaving their piece, teach them what to put in their pattern.

Mothers, young mothers, listen to my story, and learn a lesson therefrom. You do get so out of patience with that boy of yours. He is never quiet,—whistling, singing, stamping,—making some kind of noise all the time. You think you cannot bear it, your nerves are so weak, so you send him away, out of doors, anywhere, that you may not be so annoyed. Don't do it any more.

Come with me to yonder cemetery. Here in the corner, under the willow, lies my boy "Earnest Clinton, aged twenty-one." Sit down with me near his grave, and I will tell you about him. He was a beautiful babe. How I did love the precious blue-eyed one! How cunningly he would twine those little arms around my neck, and press his little cheek against, mine! Every moment of his little baby-life was a joy and a comfort to me. Soon the little feet began to tottle round, and he would run to mamma for safety. Then the childish prattle came, and how sweetly he would lisp my name, and looking into my eyes, say, "I 'ove 'ou, mamma!"

O Earnest, my precious boy, would he could come back again, and be once more a babe on mother's knee!

But the little fellow kept on growing, and soon arrived to the dignity of his first pair of pants. How proudly he strutted around and called himself "mamma's man." But I cannot follow him along step by step. He soon became the school-boy; and how I used to get out of patience with him as he came rushing in from school, so noisy and boisterous. I would scold him, and try to keep him quiet by seating him

in a chair. After a while he would not come directly from school, but would play by the way. *Mother had so much to do* she did not take much heed of her boy's seeking pleasure away from home.

When he was a little fellow, I always went with him when he went to bed, read to him from the Bible, knelt by him while he said his evening prayer, and talked kindly to him about any wrong he had done through the day. How tender his little heart was at those times! all ready to receive impressions for good. And how he used to enjoy those bed-time talks! But as he grew older, when bed-time came, I would feel tired or be busy, and would send him away alone. He felt badly at first, and would kiss me over and over again before going; but after a while he would go without saying anything or even kissing me. I did not then think much about the change; my mind was occupied with work, which seemed more important than anything else.

Thus he gradually drifted away from me. When he was naughty, I would get all out of patience with him instead of kindly and firmly reproving him. I would dread vacation time, and permit him to go from home to play; I could not stop to amuse and interest him at home, and *it was such a relief to have him away*.

But why need I go on? The loving, affectionate boy was weaned from his mother, and every year found him farther away. Rumours began to come to the ears of his father and me of his being wild. We talked with him; he felt very badly and promised to do better. But, alas! the chain of love which should have bound him to his home and mother had been severed, and other chains woven by wicked companions had been thrown around him and held him fast. We sent him away to school. I wrote many letters to him. I tried to get my influence over him back again, but it was too late. He ran away from school, and for five years we heard nothing from him. Mothers, just imagine those five long, weary years, with no knowledge whatever of my only son!

One evening we sat before the fire talking of our absent boy. The storm raged without, and the tempest in our own hearts could not be stilled. I thought I heard a timid knock at the door. I went, and there stood my long-lost Earnest. But what a change! Was it possible that this was my blue-eyed, curly-haired baby—my robust, ruddy-cheeked son? A pale, emaciated young man stood before me.

"Earnest, my boy," I cried, "is this you?"

"Yes, dear mother, it is Earnest; may I come in? I have come home to die."

We did everything we could for him, but could not save him. Those five years of dissipation had ruined his health, and he only lived a few months.

Dear young mothers, bear with the noisy boys. Make home pleasant for them. No matter if the work is not all done to your satisfaction; the eternal welfare of the child is of far more importance. Lay aside your work sometimes, and enter into their sports and games. Question them about their doings at school; rejoice with them when they are unhappy; sympathize with them when they are trouble. Let them see that mother is a true friend to them. At the same time be firm and

insist upon implicit obedience. They will respect you all the more for that.—*Arthur's Home Magazine*.

—:o:—  
 THE RIVER OF TIME.

Forever flown, the fleeting year,  
 Adown Time's rolling river.  
 Old Chronos smiles, but does not pause,  
 As with his trembling hand he draws  
 An arrow from his quiver.  
 O ever moving river wide,  
 Say, whither art thou going?  
 O tell us when thy swelling tide  
 On which so many millions ride  
 Will ever cease its flowing.  
 I heard a voice from the river say  
 As its waves were onward gliding,  
 "Let me still flow on, for I cannot stay;  
 I carry my burdens by night and by day  
 For a throng on my bosom are riding.  
 I am bound for the fathomless shoreless sea;  
 For me it has long been calling,  
 The sea where the long lost ones shall be;  
 Where the travel worn pilgrims are going  
 with me,  
 Where the sunlight in beauty is falling.  
 I hear the groaning sons of men,  
 And listen to their crying;  
 I find them in their sorrow and then  
 I gather them all to my bosom when  
 They are falling and fainting and dying."  
 Sometimes we hear the shout of joy  
 And songs of triumph ringing;  
 But ah, how soon may Time destroy  
 The beauty of each fading toy,  
 That down the stream he's bringing.

G. K. OWEN.

—:o:—

HIS FIRST SHOT.

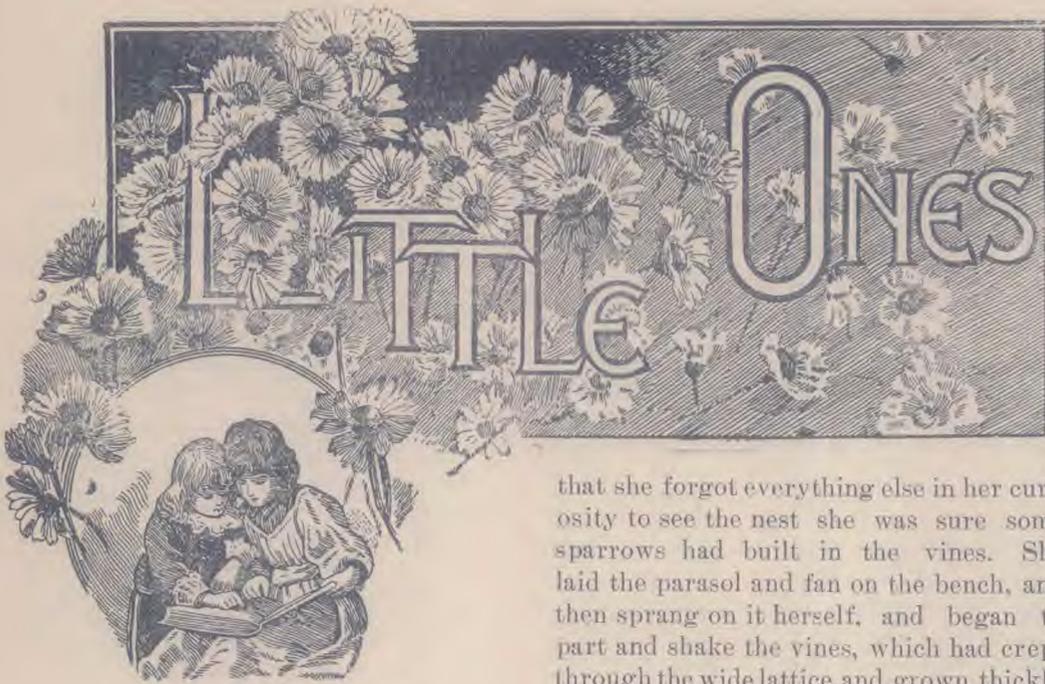
A CELEBRATED Russian author tells a touching incident from his own life:—

When he was a boy of ten his father took him out one day bird-shooting. As they tramped across the brown stubble, a golden pheasant rose with a low whirr from the ground at his feet, and he raised his gun and fired, wild with excitement, when the creature fell fluttering at his side.

Life was ebbing fast, but the instinct of the mother was stronger than death itself, and with a feeble flutter of her wings, the mother bird reached the nest where her young brood were huddled, unconscious of danger. Then, with such a look of pleading and reproach that his heart stood still at the ruin he had wrought (and never to his dying day did he forget the feeling of guilt that came to him in that moment), the little brown head toppled over, and only the dead body of the mother shielded her nestlings.

"Father, father!" he cried, "what have I done?" as he turned his horror-stricken face to his father. But not to his father, his eye had this little tragedy been enacted, and he said: "Well done, my son; that was well done for your first shot. You will soon be a fine sportsman."

"Never, father; never again shall I destroy any living creature. If that is sport, I will have none of it. Life is more beautiful to me than death, and since I cannot give life I will not take it."—*Our Dumb Animals*.



THE BLACK SATIN FAN.

"GRANDMA, won't you lend me your black satin fan?" asked Elsie, putting her head in at the open door of grandma's bedroom, where the old lady sat at her desk. "I want to dress up in Aunt Mary's shawl and hat, and play I'm a lady going to make calls. I've got a parasol; but I must have a fan, you know."

"I'm afraid you might break the fan, my dear," said grandma; "and I value it very highly."

"Oh no, I won't break it, grandma," pleaded Elsie. "I'll be so careful, and I can't play without a fan."

"Well, you may take it, then; but be sure you don't break it, and bring it back as soon as you have finished with it," said grandma, who felt sorry for Elsie because she had no little brothers and sisters, and was obliged to play alone most of the time. They lived a long distance from neighbours, and those who were nearest had no children of Elsie's age.

Elsie ran out with the fan, and put on the hat and shawl she had borrowed from Aunt Mary. The parasol was her own, a recent gift from grandma.

Elsie felt much pleased with herself as she walked up and down the garden paths, fanning herself gently, just as she had seen Aunt Mary do. She pretended that she had friends at the dog-kennel, the chicken-house, and the rabbit-hutch, and held long conversations with imaginary ladies. The arbour was the last place at which she called; and when she entered it, she heard such a twittering overhead

that she forgot everything else in her curiosity to see the nest she was sure some sparrows had built in the vines. She laid the parasol and fan on the bench, and then sprang on it herself, and began to part and shake the vines, which had crept through the wide lattice and grown thickly over the inside. The twittering stopped at once, and at the second shake two sparrows darted out almost into Elsie's face.

Startled, she stepped back quickly, tripped upon the parasol, and came down with a crash upon the bench, the fan under her.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried. "I believe I've broken grandma's fan."

And she had. Two of the sticks had snapped, and the satin part of the fan hung over limply when opened. When the fan was closed, the broken sticks did not show, Elsie cried softly, and felt very unhappy. How could she tell grandma what had happened? And she had promised to be so very careful. After thinking it over a long time, she decided that she *couldn't* tell. Perhaps grandma wouldn't use the fan for a long time; and when she did, and discovered that it was broken, she might, perhaps, have forgotten that she had ever lent it. She might think it had been broken in shutting the drawer.

Elsie, feeling very guilty, went quietly into the house, and listened at the door of the sitting-room. She heard her mother and grandmother talking together, and so was sure she could go into grandma's room and put the fan away without being seen.

She laid it away in its long, narrow box and then hurried out. She didn't venture to go into the sitting-room, for she didn't want to see anyone just then. She went upstairs to her own little room on the second floor, and played with her paper dolls until supper time.

Once her mother looked in on her way to her own room.

"You're very quiet this afternoon, it seems to me, Elsie," she said.

"I'm playing with my paper dolls," answered Elsie, not turning her head. She didn't want her mother to see her face; for she felt very guilty, and she knew it showed in her face.

"Did you put my fan away, Elsie?" asked grandma at supper.

"Yes, grandma," answered Elsie, keeping her eyes on her bowl of bread and milk.

Grandma asked no further questions, but that one had been enough to take away Elsie's appetite. She could not eat more than half the bread and milk which was in the bowl, and to her mother's surprise, did not want any cake.

"I hope you're not going to be ill, Elsie," said Mrs. Bond.

Elsie shook her head. "No mamma," she answered in a low voice.

"I think she has been playing too much," said Aunt Mary. "Elsie is a regular romp."

"She is grandma's own dear little girl," said her grandmother; and Elsie felt more unhappy at the praise than she would have been had she been scolded.

Several weeks passed, and Elsie had almost forgotten about the broken fan, when one afternoon the minister, his wife, and four children came to tea. Elsie had on her best white frock, her new slippers, and the string of silver beads which grandma had given her on her birthday; and of course she was on her best behaviour.

She took the minister's four children out into the garden, picked them some flowers, showed them the rabbits and pigeons, and played hide and seek in the big orchard.

All three of the minister's little girls screamed and cried when, in hiding down by the hedge, Elsie stepped on a snake. But Elsie didn't cry or scream at all. She just picked up a stick, ran after the snake, which was crawling away as fast as it could, and killed it with several sharp blows.

"You're brave," said the minister's son, a boy of twelve, who came running up to find out what all the fuss was about. "I hate a coward. What's the use of being afraid of a little garter snake? I knew a boy once who used to catch garter snakes and hang them round his neck."

His little sisters looked horrified. They said they couldn't help being afraid

of snakes, and they wouldn't play hide and seek any more.

Elsie felt proud and pleased because Oscar had called her brave. They all marched to her house, Oscar carrying the dead snake over a stick.

They had just finished telling of Elsie's bravery, when Grandma Bond came into the parlour, her black satin fan in one hand. She sat down and opened it. The afternoon was quite warm.

"Why mother," said Elsie's mamma, "You've broken your fan."

Grandma looked sorely distressed.

"Susan must have broken it in some way," she said. "I sent her into my room after it. Perhaps she let it fall, and stepped on it."

Susan had been Elsie's nurse, and Elsie loved her dearly.

She stood up, trembling from head to foot; but she spoke out in a clear voice.

"No, grandma," she said, "Susan didn't break it. I broke it the day I was playing I was a lady, and I didn't like to tell you." Then she sat down, and covered her face with her hands. Every one was looking at her. She felt sure the minister's wife wouldn't want her to play any more with Oscar and his little sisters.

Then she felt her grandma's arms around her, and heard the minister say: "I think the child very brave to confess her fault before us all."

"Yes, that was braver than killing the snake," said Oscar.

"She has moral courage," said the minister's wife.

Elsie cried a good deal, but she was glad she had told the truth. She was unhappy only because she was ashamed of not having made the confession long before.

"It would have been easier," she thought. "Next time I break anything, I will tell about it at once. It makes it harder and harder to put it off."

"I'm glad you're not a coward, Elsie," her mother said.

"But weren't you dreadfully ashamed of me, mamma, when you heard me tell before all those people about breaking grandma's fan?"

"I should have been ashamed of you if you hadn't told," her mother answered.

Grandma sent the fan to the city and had it mended. It came back as strong as ever. But Elsie never borrowed it again.—*Florence Hollowell.*

WHAT MADE A LITTLE GIRL GLAD.

A PRUSSIAN nobleman, who did not believe in God nor in the Bible, once overheard a little girl singing. It was a sweet strain, and a child's voice is always irresistible. As he drew near he saw tears upon her cheeks, as if she had been weeping.

"Why are you crying as you sing?" he kindly asked her.

"Oh, I am so happy," said the little girl.

"But why do you weep, if you are so happy?"

"I love Jesus so well that I was crying for joy," the little girl said.

"But where is Jesus?" asked the nobleman.

"In heaven."

"How can He do anything for you if He is in heaven? He cannot give you your clothes and playthings, as your parents and friends do."

"Oh, yes, He can do something for me. He comes to my heart, and makes me happy."

"Nonsense!" said the nobleman; "that is nonsense."

"Oh, no, it is not nonsense," answered the little evangelist. "I know it is the truth, and it makes me glad."

The nobleman turned away, but an angel had touched his heart. He sought the little girl's Saviour and found peace and joy.—*Selected.*

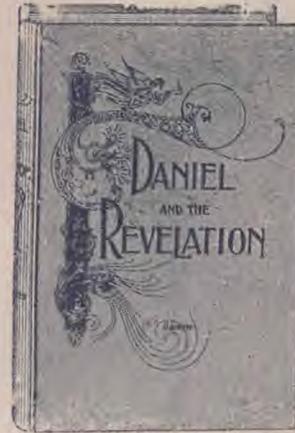
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"I'D RATHER."

PASSING along a busy street the other day, I saw a little boy carrying a basket which seemed to tax his strength to the utmost capacity. Indeed, at times it looked by his jerks and extra efforts as if its weight would bear him down beneath it. I observed to him,—

"My boy, that basket is rather heavy for you to carry, is it not?"

"Yes, sir," he replied. "But I'd rather carry it than that my mother should have to do it."

Brave boy! He had the right idea of life, although his clothes and general appearance would not lead anyone to suspect it. How many so-called accomplished young ladies, playing the piano, or doing fancy-work, while the mother is busy with the cares of the household, might learn a lesson from such a boy! Boys and girls, think how you can help to make your mother's life and labours lighter and less a burden.—*Selected.*



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**A New Beginning**—As the new year is born unto us, many hearts, weary and worn with the old year's toil, will be encouraged to make a new beginning. We look upon it as a most favourable time for making new resolutions and many, so to speak, will take this opportune time in "turning over a new leaf."

**Each New Day**—But what is true of each New Year's day is also true of every day. The only opportune time is the present. And so the poet has beautifully written—

"Every day has a new beginning,  
 Listen my soul to the sweet refrain."

Every new-born day brings with it new opportunities for new experiences and new beginnings. As the glorious sun sinks in the crimson west, it marks the hour for the putting away of all that has cast a shadow over us through the hour of its shining. Therefore, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

**Making and Breaking**—Past experiences have taught us that we have not always accomplished the fulfilling of our good resolutions made in the past. Many good resolutions have been made—and broken. The desire to do better is not enough. Thousands of precious souls, who are desirous of leading a better life are trying to struggle into it but are failing.

In the experience of the disciples of Jesus Christ we notice the same failing. "Then cometh Jesus with them unto a place called Gethsemane, and saith unto the disciples, Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder.

"And He took with Him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, and began to be sorrowful and very heavy. Then saith He unto them, My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me. And He went a little farther, and fell on His face, and prayed saying, O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt. And He cometh unto the disciples and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with Me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

**Spirit is willing but flesh is weak.**—The disciples loved Jesus with a faithfulness which could not be questioned. They fervently desired to put His every wish into execution. Nothing was too great for them to do for their beloved Master, and Peter even testified that he was willing to lay down his life for Jesus. And yet when they were asked to remain and watch with Him for one hour, they failed. Their eyelids were heavy with sleep, and, all unconscious of the Saviour's dying agony, they slept on. They desired to do, but were unable to perform. The spirit was willing but the flesh was weak. It is even so to-day, and thousands of well-meaning souls are struggling with a burden they cannot carry and with a task they cannot perform.

**"Try, try again,"**—And this old adage has become proverbial for we often say "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." Our forefathers tried, and tried in vain; because they did not try the right way. They said, and no doubt conscientiously "All that the Lord hath spoken that will we do, and be obedient." But when they came to put that promise into effect, they failed. They thought to fulfil the covenant of God by their own promises but they were not able, so they were not able to enter into the promised land. They did not take Christ into their reckoning, and who is sufficient for these things?

**In the strength of Christ**—Every good resolution made and kept in Jesus Christ will triumph gloriously. Our forefathers failed, and we must learn from their failure how to succeed, "lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief." Establish your covenant upon better promises, even upon Christ, for He abideth faithful. And the apostle says "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Begin the new year right by putting all your trust and confidence in Him who alone is right, "for if ye do these things, ye shall never fail." "Thou

wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee. Trust ye in the Lord forever: for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength."

**"I make all things new"**—We do not have to wait until we reach "the better world" to live a better life. The Christianity of Jesus Christ makes it possible to live a better life in this world. Indeed that is God's design for us, for He desires to make this world better and brighter by our living in it. He could translate His children as soon as they are converted, but He saves us for service. And there is nothing too hard for Christ. He can make old things new, "therefore if any man be in Christ Jesus he is a new creature: old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." Let us take courage in the light of our possibilities and privileges and, though we have failed many times in the past, let us bury the past with the dying year, so that all our faults and failings may be lost to view.

H. A.

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**THE GREAT TEST.**

THE great test of doctrine, false or true, in these days of multitudinous teaching is God's Word. Bring all things to that. Numerous voices are calling to the flock, "This is the way." Compare these voices with the voice of God as it spake the Great Moral Code from Sinai's glory-crowned peak; compare them with the utterance of the Sermon on the Mount. "If they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them." Isa. 8. 20. Among the myriads of books seek the One Book. In the confused din of voices listen for God's voice. He has spoken in His Word; He will never speak contrary to that Word.—*Signs of the Times.*

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**REASONS FOR LEAN CHRISTIANS.**

THEY own Bibles, but feed on newspapers.

THEY sing about peace, but do not surrender to get it.

THEY pray that the kingdom of heaven may come, but block the way by worldly living.

THEY listen to sermons on unselfishness, but pamper themselves in food and dress.

THEY wear crosses, but shrink from bearing them.

THEY praise Christ with their lips, but declare the things He did to be wholly impractical now.—*Selected.*