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JUNE, 1916



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"I WOULD . . . THAT . . . THOU . . . WERE ALTOGETHER SUCH AS I AM,
EXCEPT THESE BONDS."

GENERAL ARTICLES

The Revelation of Jesus Christ

Unsealing the Sealed Book—The Keynote of the Entire Prophecy
Seven Phases of the Christian Church

By JEAN VUILLEUMIER

"THE Revelation of Jesus Christ, which God gave him to show unto His servants, even the things which must shortly come to pass; and He sent and signified it ["them," margin] by His angel unto His servant John; who bare witness of the word of God, and of the testimony of Jesus Christ, even of all things that he saw." Rev. 1: 1, 2, A. R. V.

A celebrated court preacher of Louis XIV, Bossuet, the eloquent bishop of Meaux, says that in this book Jesus Christ is the true prophet; and if we are prepared for something out of the ordinary when we open the prophecies of Isaiah and Jeremiah, how much more may we be thrilled when we read as the title of a book, "The Revelation of Jesus Christ"! Then he adds:

"Everything in it corresponds to such an exalted title. In spite of the great depths of this divine book, such a sweet impression of the majesty of God is received in reading it; conceptions so exalted of Jesus Christ; such a vivid gratitude on the part of the people ransomed by His blood; such noble pictures of His victories and reign, with such marvelous songs to celebrate its grandeur, are there found, that there is enough to enrapture heaven and earth.

"Indeed, one is also terrified by the effects of God's justice, the bloody executions, the trumpets announcing His judgments, the golden vials of wrath, and the incurable plagues falling on the impious; but the lovely and ravishing pictures intermingled with these horrors soon restore to the soul its lost composure and serenity. All the beauties of Scripture are pressed into this book."

The book of Revelation, like its companion the book of Daniel's prophecies, has often been declared by Bible teachers to be a sealed book, and thus the people have been turned away from reading it. But its very name, "Revelation," contradicts the statement that

it is a sealed book. "Revelation" means an unveiling of things that have been veiled. What Daniel was told to seal and shut up to the time of the end, John, now that the time is at hand, is directed to reveal.

Demand a Careful Study

Verse 3: "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of the prophecy, and keep the things that are written therein: for the time is at hand."

The truths of this book are addressed to the people living in the last days; and as we are nearing the close of this world's history, the prophecies relating to the last days demand careful study. They are a hidden mystery to many even in the religious world; but not so to those who heed the above injunction. To these, "the veil whose apparent mystery has kept many from lifting it, God's own hand has withdrawn. . . . We are standing with the veil removed in the holy place of sacred things. We are not to stand without. We are to enter, not with careless, irreverent thoughts, not with impetuous foot steps, but with reverence and godly fear." "This book contains so much that is large with immortality and full of glory, . . . we will be given such glimpses of the open gates of heaven, . . . that all who read and search it earnestly shall receive the blessing to those that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein."

The Universal Church Signified

Verses 4-6: "John to the seven churches that are in Asia: Grace to you and peace, from Him who is and who was and who is to come; and from the seven Spirits that are before His throne; and from Jesus Christ, who is the faithful witness, the first-born of the dead, and the ruler of the kings of the earth. Unto Him that loveth us, and loosed

us from our sins by His blood; and He made us to be a kingdom, to be priests unto His God and Father; to Him be the glory and the dominion forever and ever. Amen."

Proconsular Asia, here meant, governed by a Roman proconsul, consisted of Phrygia, Mysia, Caria, and Lydia. There were more than seven churches in that region. Why are just seven singled out? Why only the province of Asia? Why is not the book sent to all believers in all the world?—It is, indeed, but under a symbolic and highly significant number. The number seven represents totality. These seven churches represent the universal church of all future times and places. And we shall find that the seven seals and the seven trumpets are also complete series in themselves, fulfilling God's dealings with mankind.

word of the Saviour as He leaves His servant on the earth's battle ground.

Seven Periods Symbolized

Verses 9-11: "I John, your brother and partaker with you in the tribulation and kingdom and patience which are in Jesus, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus. I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and I heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet saying, What thou seest, write in a book and send it to the seven churches: unto Ephesus, and unto Smyrna, and unto Pergamum, and unto Thyatira, and unto Sardis, and unto Philadelphia, and unto Laodicea."

Under the Roman emperor Domitian, brother of Titus, John was exiled to the island of Patmos, now called Patino, about



"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE"

Keystone of the Book

Verses 7, 8: "Behold, He cometh with the clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they that pierced Him; and all the tribes of the earth shall mourn over him. Even so, Amen. I am the Alpha and the Omega, saith the Lord God, who is and who was and who is to come, the Almighty."

The exclamation of the seer gives the key-note of the whole book. To it corresponds the answer given in the very last chapter of the book: "Yea: I come quickly." The object of all these visions is summed up in these two declarations,—the one the outburst of adoration and expectation of the prophet as he takes his pen, the other the parting

eighteen miles in circumference, which is one of the Sporades Islands, near the southwestern coast of Asia Minor. At Domitian's death, 96 A. D., the apostle, then probably more than eighty-five years of age, returned to Ephesus under Emperor Nerva.

The "Lord's day" on which this vision was given was not Sunday, as is generally supposed. This expression, throughout the Bible, is used to designate the seventh day of the week; and there is no trace in the entire New Testament of any inclination on the part of the first Christians to adopt a new day for the weekly rest day. This change came later, as we shall have opportunity to show.

Characterized by Their Names

A confirmation of the view expressed about the symbolical character of the seven churches is found in the meaning of each name, in which we shall find a correct description of the period to which it applies. These names are in Greek, and here is the translation given of them: "Ephesus" means the beloved or desired; "Smyrna," myrrh, bitter, and at the same time, sweet perfume; "Pergamum," a castle, or elevation; "Thyatira" is given diversely as "sacrifice of contrition," "consuming the victims," "unwearied about sacrifices"; "Sardis" is rendered "that which remains," or "song of joy"; "Philadelphia" means brotherly love; and "Laodicea," judging the people, or the righteous people.

From the very names given to the different periods, the seven phases through which the church of Christ was to pass during the Christian era, or the seven chapters of her history, could thus be expressed: 1. The church beloved. 2. The church bitterly persecuted. 3. The church on a pinnacle. 4. The church slowly consumed away. 5. The joyful rescue of the remnant. 6. The Church of brotherly love. 7. The Judgment church. The truthfulness of this prophetic labeling will be seen in the messages to, and in the history of, the seven churches.

A Vision of Christ

And now to the apostle is given a view of the glorious Son of God, as Daniel had seen Him in his last vision. See Dan. 10: 5, 6.

Verses 12-16: "And I turned to see the voice that spake with me. And having turned I saw seven golden candlesticks; and in the midst of the candlesticks One like unto a son of man, clothed with a garment down to the foot, and girt about at the breasts with a golden girdle. And His head and His hair were white as white wool, white as snow; and His eyes were as a flame of fire; and His feet like unto burnished brass, as if it had been refined in a furnace; and His voice as the voice of many waters. And He had in His right hand seven stars: and out of His mouth proceeded a sharp two-edged

sword: and his countenance was as the sun shineth in his strength."

If anything was needed to impress the venerable apostle with the solemnity of his mission, with the power and glory of his resurrected Master, and with the sure triumph of the church militant over all earthly foes, this vision would most certainly attain this object. John adds:

Safe in His Hand

Verses 17-20: "And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as one dead. And He laid His right hand upon me, saying, Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living One; and I was dead, and behold, I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of death and of hades. Write therefore the things which thou sawest, and the things which are, and the things which shall come to pass hereafter; the mystery of the seven stars which thou sawest in My right hand, and the seven golden candlesticks. The seven stars are the angels of the seven churches: and the seven candlesticks are seven churches."

A French liberal translation gives the second part of verse 1 thus: "And He has expressed them in signs by sending His angel," etc. The "signs" by which the future was to be "signified" to the church are even now beginning to appear; but they are not left without explanation when such is necessary. Here we learn that the seven stars held by the Son of God in His right hand are the "angels," or messengers—this being the meaning of the Greek word "angel"—of these churches. Thus the Ruler of the kings of the earth holds the shepherds, or ministers, of His flock in the same hand that governs the universe; and when He walks in the midst of the seven candlesticks, He thus shows His close touch with His struggling church on earth. Let not therefore the people of God be terrified or dismayed by the most infernal errors or the most violent persecutions. He who holds "the keys of death and of hades" is the same One who declared, "The gates of hades shall not prevail" against you, and, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." Matt. 16: 18; 28: 20.



His Masterly Tenderness Displayed

Unselfish Love and Sympathy Manifested—Divine Estimate of the Value of a Soul—The Most Sinful May Hope—The Sympathy We Should Have for Others

BY MRS. E. G. WHITE

NOT because we first loved Him did Christ love us; but "while we were yet sinners" He died for us. He does not treat us according to our desert. Although our sins have merited condemnation, He does not condemn us. Year after year He has borne with our weakness and ignorance, with our ingratitude and waywardness. Notwithstanding our wanderings, our hardness of heart, our neglect of His holy word, His hand is stretched out still.

The Saviour's example is to be the standard of our service for the tempted and the erring. The same interest and tenderness and long-suffering that He has manifested toward us, we are to manifest toward others. "As I have loved you," He says, "that ye also love one another." John 13: 34.

Reveal His Unselfish Love

If Christ dwells in us, we shall reveal His unselfish love toward all with whom we have to do. As we see men and women in need of sympathy and help, we shall not ask, "Are they worthy?" but, "How can I benefit them?"

Rich and poor, high and low, free and bond, are God's heritage. He who gave His life to redeem man, sees in every human being a value that exceeds finite computation. By the mystery and glory of the cross we are to discern His estimate of the value of the soul. When we do this we shall feel that human beings, however degraded, have cost too much to be treated, with coldness or contempt. We shall realize the importance of working for our fellow men, that they may be exalted to the throne of God.

A Piece of Silver Still

The lost coin, in the Saviour's parable, though lying in the dirt and rubbish, was a piece of silver still. Its owner sought it because it was of value. So every soul, however degraded by sin, is in God's sight accounted precious. As the coin bore the image and superscription of the reigning

power, so man at his creation bore the image and superscription of God. Though now marred and dim through the influence of sin, the traces of this inscription remain upon every soul. God desires to recover that soul and to retrace upon it His own image in righteousness and holiness.

We need more of Christlike sympathy; not merely sympathy for those who appear to us to be faultless, but sympathy for poor, suffering, struggling souls, who are often overtaken in fault, sinning and repenting, tempted and discouraged. We are to go to our fellow men, touched, like our merciful High Priest, with the feeling of their infirmities.

It was the outcast, the publican and sinner, the despised of the nations, that Christ called and by His loving-kindness compelled to come unto Him. The one class that He would never countenance was those who stood apart in their self-esteem, and looked down upon others.

The Invitation a Compelling Power

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in," Christ bids us, "that My house may be filled." In obedience to this word we must go to the heathen who are near us, and to those who are afar off. The "publicans and harlots" must hear the Saviour's invitation. Through the kindness and long-suffering of His messengers the invitation becomes a compelling power to uplift those who are sunken in the lowest depths of sin.

Christian motives demand that we work with a steady purpose, an undying interest, an ever-increasing importunity, for the souls whom Satan is seeking to destroy. Nothing is to chill the earnest, yearning energy for the salvation of the lost.

Those Who Have Fallen the Lowest

"We are saved by hope." Rom. 8: 24. The fallen must be led to feel that it is not too late for them to be men. Christ honoured man with His confidence, and thus placed

him on his honour. Even those who had fallen the lowest He treated with respect. It was a continual pain to Christ to be brought into contact with enmity, depravity, and impurity; but never did He utter one expression to show that His sensibilities were shocked or His refined tastes offended. Whatever the evil habits, the strong prejudices, or the overbearing passions of human beings, He met them all with pitying tenderness.

As we partake of His Spirit, we shall regard all men as brethren, with similar temptations and trials, often falling and struggling to rise again, battling with discouragements and difficulties, craving sympathy and help. Then we shall meet them in such a way as not to discourage or repel them, but to awaken hope in their hearts.

God bids us, in dealing with the tempted and the erring, consider "thyself, lest thou also be tempted." Gal. 6: 1. With a sense of our own infirmities, we shall have compassion for the infirmities of others.

A Tender Spirit, A Winning Deportment

It is always humiliating to have one's errors pointed out. None should make the experience more bitter by needless censure. No one was ever reclaimed by reproach; but many have thus been repelled, and have been led to steel their hearts against conviction. A tender spirit, a gentle, winning deportment, may save the erring, and hide a multitude of sins.

When one at fault becomes conscious of his error, be careful not to destroy his self-respect. Do not discourage him by indifference or distrust. Do not say, "Before giving him my confidence, I will wait to see whether he will hold out." Often this very distrust causes the tempted one to stumble.

Misunderstood and Full of Distress

We should strive to understand the weakness of others. We know little of the heart-trials of those who have been bound in chains of darkness, and who lack resolution and moral power. Most pitiable is the condition of him who is suffering under remorse. He is as one stunned, staggering, sinking into the dust. He can see nothing clearly. The mind is beclouded. He knows not what steps to take. Many a poor soul is misunderstood, unappreciated, full of distress and agony—a lost, straying sheep.

He can not find God, yet he has an intense longing for pardon and peace.

O, let no word be spoken to cause deeper pain! To the soul weary of a life of sin, but knowing not where to find relief, present the compassionate Saviour. Take him by the hand, lift him up, speak to him words of courage and hope. Help him to grasp the hand of the Saviour.

Compassionate Consideration

We need to put ourselves in the place of the tempted ones. Consider the power of heredity, the influence of evil associations and surroundings, the power of wrong habits. Can we wonder that under such influences many become degraded? Can we wonder that they should be slow to respond to efforts for their uplifting?

Often, when won to the gospel, those who appeared coarse and unpromising will be among its most loyal adherents and advocates. They are not altogether corrupt. Beneath the forbidding exterior, there are good impulses that might be reached. Without a helping hand, many would never recover themselves; but by patient, persistent effort they may be uplifted. Such need tender words, kind consideration, tangible help. They need that kind of counsel that will not extinguish the faint gleam of courage in the soul. Let the workers who come in contact with them consider this.

The Sun of Righteousness May Shine There

Some will be found whose minds have been so long debased that they will never in this life become what under more favourable circumstances they might have been. But the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness may shine into the soul. It is their privilege to have the life that measures with the life of God. Plant in their minds uplifting, ennobling thoughts. Let your life make plain to them the difference between vice and purity, darkness and light. In your example let them read what it means to be a Christian. Christ is able to uplift the most sinful, and place them where they will be acknowledged as children of God, joint heirs with Christ to the immortal inheritance.

By the miracle of divine grace many may be fitted for lives of usefulness. Despised and forsaken, they have become utterly discouraged. They may appear stoical and stolid. But under the ministration of the

Holy Spirit, the stupidity that makes their uplifting appear so hopeless will pass away. The dull, clouded mind will awake. The slave of sin will be set free. Vice will dis-

appear and ignorance will be overcome. Through the faith that works by love the heart will be purified and the mind enlightened.

Triumphant Life Success

The Plan for Continued Victory over Each and Every Besetment
The Personage and the Power That Assure Success

By GEORGE B. STARR

THERE has been but one absolutely triumphant life lived in this world, one life only that never failed to keep the world, the flesh, and the devil in subjection, and that ever kept them all under, no matter what the circumstances or the temptation or the pressure. He succeeded. He triumphed. That life was the life of Jesus Christ of Nazareth.

Many ten thousands have been charmed by that life, and have tried with all their powers to imitate it, to reproduce it in their own. They have tried sincerely, honestly, earnestly, but have failed, mortifyingly failed, and that for the very simple reason that no one can live the life of Jesus Christ but Christ Himself.

Why then was that one perfect life permitted to appear, and its every victory recorded, if we may not successfully imitate or reproduce it ourselves? That we may be driven, by our very failures, to accept the provisions of the gospel, "which is Christ in you, the hope of glory" (Col. 1: 27); to learn that man is not only saved from past sins by the blood of Christ, but "much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by His Life" (Rom. 5: 10)—His life in us—*Jesus Himself living His own life over again in us, reproducing Himself.*

But Jesus can only do this in the man or woman who is entirely dissatisfied with self, and ready to stop trying to prove that he can live the Christ life if he only struggles hard enough. Crab apples only can be picked from a crab-apple tree; and if it is peaches we want, we must plant the peach-tree. So if it is Christ's character we want, we must have Christ's life to produce it. "Christ liveth in me," is the secret of success. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that ye, being rooted and grounded

in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height; and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fulness of God. 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, unto Him be glory in the church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end." Eph. 3: 17-21.

But now to the blessed promise to us all: "If any man . . . open the door, *I will come in*" (Rev. 3: 20), says Jesus. Then all will be changed. The self-satisfaction of being rich and increased in goods and in need of nothing is seen in its true light. The man or woman who has everything but Christ in the heart is truly wretched indeed, blind without His light, poor without His riches, naked without His righteousness.

But opening the heart to Him we have all, "For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in Him." He has "all power in heaven and earth," "power over all flesh." John 17: 2. He has power over your flesh and my flesh, to subdue it and to triumph in it and over it, and to live over again His own life in it, and so glorify God. He prays to His Father: "*I in them, and Thou in Me*, that they may be made perfect in one; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them, as Thou hast loved Me. . . . I have declared unto them Thy name, and will declare it: that *the love wherewith Thou hast loved Me may be in them, and I in them.*" John 17: 21-26.

This is the secret of a triumphant life—Christ Himself by His Spirit in the life. "As many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God." John 1: 12

Eternal Life to Know Him

BY CHARLES THOMPSON

THE purpose of the Holy Scriptures is set forth by the Saviour Himself in His Gospel by John, as follows: "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of Me." John 5: 39.

The Scriptures testify of Jesus Christ, and Jesus Himself makes clear what He means by the term "Scriptures." In His conversation with two of His disciples upon one occasion, as they journeyed to Emmaus, He said:

"Ought not Christ to have suffered these things and to enter into His glory? And beginning at Moses and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself. . . . And He said unto them, These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning Me." Luke 24: 26, 27, 44.

"By the Mouth of All His Holy Prophets"

The apostle Peter, in his sermon on the day of Pentecost, tells us how much of the prophecies are included. He says:

"Repent ye therefore, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord; and He shall send Jesus Christ, which before was preached unto you: whom the heaven must receive until the times of restitution of all things, which God hath spoken by the mouth of all His holy prophets since the world began." Acts 3: 19-21.

Hence there has not been a prophet since the beginning of the world but has spoken of the final restitution of all things through Jesus Christ.

Preached Jesus from Isaiah

Under these three divisions, the Pentateuch (writings of Moses), the prophecies, and the Psalms, we have included the whole of the Old Testament Scriptures, and Jesus says they testify of Him. Philip the evangelist gives a practical example of this in his labour with and for the Ethiopian eunuch. This man was on the road from Jerusalem to Gaza sitting in his chariot, reading the prophecy of Isaiah. Philip, under direction of the Spirit, joined himself to the chariot and asked if the stranger understood what he was reading. Being informed that he did not,

"then Philip" opened his mouth, and began at the same scripture, and preached unto him Jesus." Acts 8: 35.

The reader will remember that this occurrence was after Pentecost, in the full light of what is called the gospel dispensation. If one evangelist, under the movings of the Holy Spirit, in the gospel dispensation, preached Jesus from the prophecy of Isaiah, then every evangelist moved by the same Spirit would do the same. How could he do otherwise? "The prophecy came not at any time by the will of man: but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." 2 Peter 1: 21, margin. The prophecy is a production of the Holy Spirit, to make known Christ. Therefore when this Holy Spirit moves a man to explain the prophecies, he can only preach Christ. That is all there is in them. And until a person gets Christ from them, he gets nothing; and when he gets Him, he gets all there is in them.

Jesus His One Theme

What is true of the Old Testament is equally true of the New. The evangelists Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John narrate the life of Christ from His birth to His ascension after His resurrection.

The apostle Paul affirms, "I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." This same thought he expresses to Timothy in his charge to "preach the Word." 2 Tim. 4: 2. The book of Revelation bears testimony in behalf of itself: "The Revelation of Jesus Christ," Rev. 1: 1. Truly the Scriptures affirm of Christ, "In the volume of the book it is written of Me." Ps. 40: 7; Heb. 10: 7. "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." John 17: 3.

Eternal Life and Revelation

To know God is life eternal. We know Him only through revelation. "No man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him." Matt. 11: 27.

(Concluded on page 152)

EDITORIAL

"Almost Thou Persuadest Me"

How often do men and women come up to the hour when they are "almost persuaded." Some incident, or group of incidents in their lives, serves to bring them face with their Lord; some loyal disciple, perhaps like Paul of old, has put before them the claims of the Master with a power never before felt; they are "almost persuaded," and then, fatal delay, across the vision of the torn form on the cross of Calvary, the enemy of souls causes to film the more sensuous vision of the temporal losses, the pleasures, the associations, the sacrifice they must make, should they bow at the feet of the world's Redeemer.

Yet somewhere in the inner consciousness of nearly every soul there is a desire to be right, to "play fair" with their Maker, to recognize His claims upon them for all that He has done in their behalf. Somewhere, somehow, sometime, the claim is recognized in a greater or less degree; but so often, never to be met. This is illustrated in the spiritual consciousness which seems to have been awakened in this war. But it is a moot question if the consciousness of spiritual need will carry many beyond the circumstances and conditions which drive the men to a serious consideration of their relation to their Maker.

We have heard much since men have been compelled to face death momentarily during this great and terrible conflict, of the religious confession of those who face the enemy, their love of their Bibles, their finding comfort in their faith. But a careful analysis of the circumstances causes the *Methodist Recorder* (London) to themselves question about the permanency of much of the work in the following language:

"Something has happened to the boys—something deep, awful, and real—and we are at a loss to know in what terms to describe it. . . .

"There is no apparent realization of sin, no shame, no penitence, no surrender of faith, no joyful sense of sins forgiven.

"Our perplexity would be lessened if we could be certain that when the boys come

home they will "join the church." But we are by no means sure that they will. They may be just as shy of the class meeting, the prayer meeting, and even of the Lord's supper as they were."

And right there lies the question, the vital problem. Either the young men, affected by the nearness of death, are temporarily influenced toward what their souls tell them they really need; are "almost persuaded" to make a full surrender, or their entire experience is a sham, a temporary yielding to fear, a death-bed-repentance sort of experience; or still further, it is possible that the church has failed in the work which she should be able to do, is unable to develop the incipient work of grace and bring home to the deeper consciousness of the boys their need not only of Christ in the trenches at the battle front, but as a keeping power, a saving power in their daily lives. And we are inclined to believe that much of the lack lies not with the reality of the work in the hearts of the men, not with their experience being unreal, but with the church which cannot seem to bind them to her.

It is as true to-day as it was of the early church that to win souls we must preach Christ crucified. We can know and present no other. Christ crucified brings home the reason for his sacrifice, his death on Calvary,—sin, transgression. It must cause a sense of unworthiness, of shame. To repent, to realize sin, to see the shame of their past, the soul must have the old, old story become a part of their existence, must realize that the sacrifice was made for them, must know that the Lamb of Calvary was slain in their behalf. The experience in the trenches is real, it could not be otherwise. The lads, face to face with the future, know that their lives lack the one thing essential if they are to face the God of all the earth. What they need is to know the way, to have the work which God's spirit has begun in their hearts completed: they need to see a vision of the Nazarene on Calvary, and know that it was for them he died. It is for the church to make plain

the way, and not leave the souls of earnest men to but start on the journey toward God.

But she cannot do it while doubt and skepticism pervade her councils, criticism invades her class rooms, worldliness depletes her prayer services, and sin, unrebuked, takes part in her communions. The fault, we feel compelled to reiterate, is not so much with those who realize an immediate need, and would go further were the way made clear, but in the professed representatives of the Master, who lack the power to make known "the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The triumphant Paul could not have brought salvation's Lord to the thousands that he did, had he not *known Him*. He could not have moved the callous, unimpressionable heart of Agrippa, the profligate, renegade Jewish king, had he not felt in his own being the power-giving life of his risen Lord.

"Almost thou persuadest me." Again we turn to our original theme. Who art thou, reader? One who from early childhood hast heard and known your duty to your Lord, yet only "almost persuaded" to the doing of it? One who hast borne the sacred vessels, but with faltering hands and doubting heart? One but just awakened to the realization of a life-need unfulfilled, facing the great beyond without the peaceful assurance that all is well? Ah, the pity of it, when there is a way of rest, when to you are spoken the words, "Come unto me all ye that labour." Will it be "almost persuaded" with you? To the soldier boys? To the great, waiting

world? Will you leave your duty as your brother's keeper undone? Allow your skepticism to continue as you minister in the sacred calling with palzied hands of unbelief? Turn to the giddy world because the glare is the brightest there? Agrippa came to his time of opportunity, hesitated, rejected his Lord and was lost. Shall we repeat the story in our lives? Will we let others repeat it? God forbid! Let us back to the simplicity of the early faith, that we may out with the hand which with trust and confidence can bid the halting, anxious soul look to their Lord. Let us cast our scientific cavil, our skepticism, our doubt, that have destroyed our zeal, palzied our hands, and stolen our hearts from God's Word and its promises, into the face of the arch-enemy of souls, and with Calvary and its risen Sacrifice revealed in our triumphant lives, preach Christ and Him crucified, and know the joy of being able to help the soul "almost persuaded" to Him.

The why of so many failures when "almost persuaded" lies in the life of the one who professes to represent his Lord, but has not tasted of Gethsemane and Calvary. The reason for many others lies in the love of carnal pleasure which veils the sight of the Cross. But we can but think that if the lives of Christ's followers and representatives were tintured more with His spirit of self-abnegation, surrender, and triumph in apparent defeat; knew more of His self-sacrifice and love, His trust and faith, more souls would win through in the fateful hour and find rest in Him.



Health and Temperance

A Miracle of Healing

Sick in Body and Violently Insane—Restored to Normal Health in
Answer to Prayer

BY GEORGE THOMASON

GEORGE THOMASON, M.D., is a regular medical practitioner of a wide range of successful experience. In connection with his general practise, he is a specialist in surgery, performing some of the most difficult operations known to the profession. His accomplishments as a scientific physician are embellished and strengthened by his experience as a Christian gentleman. He firmly believes that it is his duty as well as his exalted privilege to bring into all his work the guiding Spirit of the living Christ. He makes it a practise to have a season of prayer with his attendants before going into the operating room.

His account herewith of the manifest miracle of God in healing the sick woman is not the production of an ignorant fanatic, but it is the writing of one who is recognized by his medical brotherhood as a skilful, scientific doctor of medicine. He was for some time the medical superintendent of the large sanitarium at St. Helena, California.

EDITOR.

JESUS, in His wonderful prayer, said of His disciples, "As Thou has sent Me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." And involved in this great commission was the doing of the things which Christ did, and greater than He did, according to His word. How fully the disciples fulfilled their mission is a matter of inspired record in the Acts of the Apostles.

Continuing His prayer, Jesus said, "Neither prayer I for these alone." Disciples for all time were graciously and solicitously included in that prayer. And just as the achievements and accomplishments of the early disciples make up the Act of the Apostles, it was evident the great Master designed that there should be, during all time, a supplementary Acts of the Apostles, and that to-day He wants a twentieth

century edition of the Acts of the Apostles. And just as the early disciples were to do the works of Christ, and greater, just so should present-day disciples be able to accomplish greater things for God through following the path that has grown brighter and brighter to a more perfect day, and because of a fuller revelation of the "many things" that Jesus could not say to the early disciples because they could not bear them.

As one of the "things" that would be accomplished through the promise of Jesus, the following experience is made a matter of record to the glory of God and the encouragement of those who may read it.

Some months ago the writer, on his way to his city office, reading the morning paper, noticed an announcement of the return of a missionary from a far eastern field. After more than twenty years of service in China, with terrible personal experiences during the Boxer uprising and, more recently, the revolution, this lady was brought, with her family, to this country. Her body was weak and emaciated, and her mind completely shattered. She was at times very violent, seeking to injure members of her family and attempting to end her own life. This was outlined in the paper the morning following the arrival of the company in San Francisco.

Upon reading the item, in just a passing thought, it was hoped that this patient might in some way be brought to the St. Helena Sanitarium for treatment. On arriving at his office, the writer found some gentlemen waiting; and before they uttered a word, the impression was felt that they had come in behalf of the returned missionary. This proved true, and arrangements were soon made for her removal to the sanitarium.

As the weeks went by, proper treatments were administered and many earnest prayers were offered, but the patient seemed to grow

worse rather than better. The husband, a devoted man of God, prayed with "strong crying and tears" for the restoration of his wife; but as he said, the more he prayed the worse the patient became, until it seemed that the stability of his faith was involved in the matter.



"YOUNG MAN, I SAY UNTO THEE, ARISE."

LUKE 7:11-14

In the evening of a day of special violence on the part of the patient the matter was presented to the family of nurses, and they were requested to make this case one of special prayer at their regular class prayer-meetings. The writer went to his room, and opened his Bible at a venture, hoping for a special promise before kneeling in prayer. The first words upon which the eye rested were these: "And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us: and if we know that He hear us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him." That promise was spread before the Lord, and earnest prayer offered for the restoration of the patient to mental and physical health.

On waking, the first thought in the morning was of the experience of the company who were praying for the release of Peter from prison, and their evident surprise at the answering of their prayer, and we wondered if that would be our experience that day. Immediately upon dressing, the first person to be seen was the nurse of our patient, who came running and saying, "Doctor, my patient wants to know if she can not go to her family."

The family were in a cottage over the hill, and hitherto not one of them could be brought near the patient as it made her very violent. Then we knew that our prayers had been heard and answered. The patient was taken to her family. It was a most touching scene. The wife and mother fondly embraced her husband and children, and with great joy and rejoicing they said to the nurse, "Leave us for the day, a happy, reunited family."

From that very hour the patient was healed. And such a prayer of gratitude as was poured out to God by that husband it has seldom been my privilege to hear. A number of letters since received state that the blessing remains with them, and the husband says that when he preaches, as he sees the face of his wife looking up at him, it seems to bring the greatest possible inspiration into his sermons.

"He that believeth on the Son of God hath the witness in himself." Such experiences confirm within one a faith in the Lord Jesus Christ which principalities nor powers nor things present nor things to come, can ever shake. "Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in every place."

Invitation

O weary soul by sin oppressed,
Seek the world's Redeemer now,
Look from thy labours, find His rest,
Before His scepter bow.
He now invites just such as thou,
To come and seek His face;
To find in Him full liberty,
And test His pard'ning grace.
Go lay thy burdens at His feet,
He will not spurn thy plea.
He waits thy coming steps to meet,
With pardon full and free.

W. R. Patterson

Home and Young Folk

A RED CARNATION

WHEN Mrs. Hayes opened her door in response to a ring of the bell, she looked in surprise at the tall young man with a basket on his arm. "I was going down town, so I told Aunt Mary that I would bring your dinner to you," he explained. "I will stop for the dishes as I return." Then he touched his hat and was gone.

As Mrs. Hayes took the steaming hot dinner from the basket and placed it on the table, her thoughts were of the young man who had just left her door. "I am sure that was Richard Wright," she said to herself. "Mrs. Caldwell told me this nephew lived with them, and that he was away at college in winter. Quite a nice-looking young fellow; such a bright, pleasant face," was her comment.

Callers came that afternoon before Mrs. Hayes had time to pack the dishes in the basket, and she was just bowing the last guest out of the door when the young man appeared a second time. "Come in a few minutes," she requested, "and I will get your things ready. You must be Richard Wright," and she held out her hand cordially.

"I am," and he returned the hearty hand-clasp.

I have heard your aunt speak of you so often; in fact, I think she regards you almost as an own son," Mrs. Hayes went on.

"I hope so. I know she is the best aunt in the world," was the response. "I owe much to Aunt Mary and Uncle James, for they have cared for me since I was a baby. They have little of this world's goods, but they have shared that little willingly. Some day I hope to repay, in a measure at least, what they have done for me."

Mrs. Hayes nodded her head in approval. "Your aunt is a good woman. I appreciate the fact that she sends me my dinner every day, for I cannot keep help. A girl does not like to live alone with an old lady in a big house like this. Since I have a woman to clean twice a week, and your aunt sends me such good meals, I get along fine," and she hurried from the room.

Richard Wright was standing before a bookcase when Mrs. Hayes returned with

the basket. "You have a splendid lot of books," he remarked. "You seem to have something from all the best authors."

The remarks pleased Mrs. Hayes. My books are my friends, so I choose them with great care. Books fill so many longings," she added. "When I want my ideals strengthened I read poetry, and it arouses my mind, too. If I am tired of home, and familiar surroundings have palled on me, I take up a book of travel and read until I feel that I have been in a strange land. When I need more energy and a more progressive spirit I take biography, the story of real men who have faced life with a strong courage, a dauntless spirit, and a persistence that has done things worth while. I should be glad to have you make use of my library whenever you choose," she concluded, for she realized by his look that they were akin in love for books.

"Thank you, but in two days I am off for college again," he answered, "but I may avail myself of your kind offer next summer, however."

Mrs. Hayes was interested at once when he mentioned college, and they were soon deeply engaged in conversation. The hands of the clock pointed to the hour of six-thirty before Richard finally took his leave.

He was enthusiastic over his new acquaintance when he reached home. "Folks may say that Mrs. Hayes is queer, but I think she is delightful," he told his aunt. "Why, she was as interested in my studies and as amused with the tales of college life as if she were seventeen instead of seventy."

On Thanksgiving Day Mrs. Hayes got up feeling depressed and especially lonely. She wondered why some friend or acquaintance had not invited her to spend the day, and with a sigh she acknowledged that since she did not go out much nor take an active part in public affairs because she was frail, she was often forgotten. She made a mental picture of how the day would be spent—she would get her cup of coffee and slice of toast, then wash the few dishes, dust the living room, and go to church. The afternoon would be spent in reading and fancy work; she was sure there would be no callers, for

there were too many Thanksgiving festivities on hand for the making of calls.

It was an hour after the Thanksgiving service was over before Bert Caldwell brought the dinner. The appetizing fragrance made Mrs. Hayes feel hungry. As she lifted the snowy napkin, she gave an exclamation of surprise, for she saw a big deep-red carnation, and the white card attached said: "Just to wish you a pleasant Thanksgiving Day. Richard Wright."

"It's beautiful! And more lovely than the flower is the fact that the young man thought of me, an old lady, on Thanksgiving Day," said Mrs. Hayes to herself.

She took the carnation and gave it the place of honor on the little dining table. After the meal was finished she carried the flower to her living room, and every time she looked at it she smiled. The flower had taken away the lonely feeling. It seemed to her that it was more fragrant than any carnation she had ever seen. The fragrance expressed the kindness of a beautiful soul, one thoughtful of the somewhat neglected people.

Richard Wright came for the basket himself late in the afternoon. "I wanted to greet you in person and say good-by, too, for I go away tomorrow," he said. "I shall not be at home until spring, as I am going to work during the holiday vacation."

When Mrs. Hayes tried to tell him all the carnation had meant to her, he answered modestly, "It was a small thing, but a fellow who has his way to make in college cannot afford expensive gifts. I bought just two flowers, and I gave one to Aunt Mary and sent one to you."

It was four months later that Mrs. Hayes read in the paper one evening that Richard Wright had come home from college quite ill, and that he was in the hospital. "It must be the same young man," she thought as she reread the item. "I will go to the hospital tomorrow and find out if it is." She wished the Caldwells had not moved to the other side of the city, for then she could get the information she wished that very evening.

The next morning Mrs. Hayes arrived at the hospital early. She found, as she had feared, that the patient was the Richard Wright she knew, and that he was to have an operation two days later. She learned that he had one of the poorest, cheapest rooms in the building, a room that was not very airy or light, and that did not have an

outlook especially inviting. She found, too, that the county physician was in attendance. She did not see Richard, but she spent some time with the matron of the hospital talking over his case.

Two days later Richard Wright went from his small room to the operating table, and when he came out from under the influence of the anesthetic, he opened his eyes in one of the best rooms the hospital afforded, and at the window, waiting for the patient to arouse, was Dr. Ivermore, the best surgeon in the city. He wondered why Dr. Ivermore was there instead of Dr. White, and why he was in this room rather than the one he had chosen, but he did not feel equal to asking the question just then. The next morning Richard was not so well; he grew worse, and for three weeks was too ill to know, or care, about his surroundings or his physician. Then he came slowly back to health.

"Dr. Ivermore, you have given me every care, the nurse tells me," Richard said, the first day he was able to be propped up with pillows, "and I am in this nice room, but I don't know how everything will be paid for. Uncle and Aunt—"

Dr. Ivermore held up a warning finger. "Richard, you are not to give one moment's thought to the expense of this room or my bill. It will be all right; you can trust me when I tell you that, can't you?"

The tone gave Richard confidence. "Yes, I can," he answered honestly.

"Your business is to get well now, and the bills can be thought of later," and the doctor left the room.

Richard, to his surprise, was no longer anxious about the expense of his illness. His talk with Dr. Ivermore had given him courage, and he felt he would be equal to earning the money when he was well again. His improvement was more perceptible every day, and finally he could sit in a chair for an hour at a time, then for a longer period. Soon he was taken up and down the hall in a wheel chair, and allowed to walk around his own room, and he declared he was feeling like his old self again.

"You will be taken to your aunt's tomorrow, if the weather is fine," the nurse told him at last, and his eagerness was like that of a boy.

"Dr. Ivermore, I should like my bill before I go," requested Richard the next day when the carriage was ready to take him home. "I will not worry about the payment,

but I should feel better to know what it is."

The doctor took a sealed envelope from his pocket. "I felt sure you would make that request to day. Everything is included in the statement, even the visits I shall pay and the medicine I shall give you in the coming weeks. As your physician, I shall command you not to open this until you reach home."

When Richard had taken a rest in his own little room and his aunt had placed him in the easiest chair by the window, he took the envelope that Dr. Ivermore had given him. He wondered a little at its unprofessional appearance and the faint odor of violets. Then, as he broke the seal and saw the monogram "E. H." at the top of the paper, a look of surprise came over his face that deepened as he read the words, "All hospital bills and physician's services paid for by the gift of a red carnation to a lonely old lady on Thanksgiving Day."

"Why Aunt Mary, read that," and he thrust the note into her hands. "I cannot allow Mrs. Hayes to do all that. A carnation was such a little thing to give, and she wants to do all this in return."

"Mrs. Hayes told me your carnation came to her when she was lonely and depressed, and how much it meant to her. I know all about this note, Richard, and you must accept this favour in the spirit of love and kindness in which it is given. It would be a great disappointment, yes, even a grief to Mrs. Hayes if you did not."

The tears, of which he was unashamed, rolled slowly down Richard's cheeks. "I will accept the gift, Aunt Mary, since you think it best," he said at last. "And I want you to bring me pen, ink, and paper and I will write to Mrs. Hayes at once. I shall write the things I wish to say and that I could not trust myself to say when I see her."—*Sarah N. McCreery, in American Messenger.*

THE STUTTERING CAPTAIN

PHILA spoke. The Bartletts listened respectfully. It is only natural that a newly fledged senior should speak with the voice of authority.

"The thing that has changed the most in town is the Sunday-school. Why, the boys in Mud Burbank's class never talked anything but football or baseball or basketball,

according to the time of year. Mud told me himself that he *had* to come to Sunday-school because his mother wouldn't let him get a Sunday paper, and he had to know how the games came out. But today those boys weren't talking baseball. They were all discussing a map of Mexico and——"

They discuss current events that affect the spread of Christianity," volunteered fourteen-year-old Bob, "they always spend the first five minutes that way. Next year we're ——"

The oracle interrupted him ruthlessly. "And really, I had palpitation of the heart when I saw my old class march up on the platform and sing that new hymn. They did it well, but they used to be too timid to read a verse."

Small Nancy wore a most condescending smile. "If you'd have been here two Sundays ago," she said kindly, "you'd have heard me sing a solo. We usually learn our new songs by having the best singers sing them first."

"Say, did you notice those Black-eyed Susans?" demanded Bod suddenly. "We fellows tramped two miles to get them."

Phila held up her hand impressively to repress further remarks of the Bartlett family until she had framed an epigram. The household waited patiently. They were beginning to show the discipline of three years' training. "In your old Sunday-school you all used to lean back and let the superintendent do the work, but now the superintendent leans back and lets you do the work," she drawled out at last, "only I don't believe you have a superintendent. At least I've never seen him."

The Bartletts grinned cheerfully. "Timmie Bolster," they informed her pleasantly.

"That little man who stutters?" demanded the oracle incredulously.

Mr. Bartlett took part in the discussion for the first time. "Yes, the little man who stutters," he said in a reverent tone.

"Tell her about it, father," beamed Mrs. Bartlett.

"Two years ago when I was on the nominating committee," he explained, "we couldn't get any one to serve as superintendent. Deacon Taylor thought he was too old, Dr. Wolcott was too busy, and James Howard had sickness in his family. And all the others we approached had some sort of excuse. The committee were discouraged, and we met for prayer in our library. And

about half an hour later someone rang the bell. We all looked at one another. We had a strange feeling as if our prayer was to be answered, and then Nancy brought in Timmie Bolster. Our disappointment changed to dismay as the little stuttering man asked to be made superintendent of our Sunday-school.

"You—you—you cant talk," remonstrated Deacon Lowe, stuttering as badly as Timmie himself.

"I've figured it out that I won't have to," stammered Timmie, but with an air of confidence that we all noticed. Timmie had made a splendid record as librarian. He had actually introduced the system of a certain famous public library. That seemed a very shaky reason for handing over the superintendency of the Sunday-school, but that was exactly what we did.

"The first thing I suspect that Timmie did was to pray, and the second was to go to young Blake, the lawyer, who was struggling to get a living, and ask him to read the scripture, Sundays. Blake consented. He was a lonely young chap, whom no one knew very well, but he had a magnificent voice. Nancy has told you how he improved the singing, and it wasn't long before everybody began to enjoy the opening exercises. But for a long time it fretted Timmie that he couldn't pray. Perhaps he didn't realize that his whole life was prayer. However, he found a way for his petition to reach his boys and girls by writing it beforehand on the blackboard. There is always a hush as he pulls away the curtain that hides it."

I didn't think that was an original prayer," remarked Phila in a tone of great respect. "I thought it sounded like Stevenson."

"It had the same note of sincerity, perhaps," agreed Mr. Bartlett. "Well, to go on, Timmie has never talked at all; he has just persuaded other people to do it. And there isn't a class in Sunday-school, down even to the kindergarten, which doesn't feel its share of responsibility in carrying on the school."

"You didn't tell how he sent delegates visiting other Sunday-schools, or about the Chinese Sunday-school children that each class writes to, or about our Sunday-school newspaper," remonstrated Nancy.

"No," agreed Mr. Bartlett, "but I've merely told you how a little man who stutters manages to run a Sunday-school."

"Moral," said Bob, "don't talk too much."

"Rather," said Phila with shining eyes, "that handicaps of the flesh can't fetter a fearless spirit."—*Mary Davis, in the Well-spring.*

A SMALL STONE

THE doorbell rang as if it had suddenly gone mad, and Dorothy flew to open the door.

"O Beth, it's you! I thought it must be a telegram, at the very least," she cried with relief, finding herself gathered into a pair of blue serge arms. "You dear child, how did you know I'd come home?"

"O, I've missed you so I couldn't help knowing the minute you got here."

"Well, I'm glad enough to see you," Dorothy declared. "I've had a lovely time and have lots to tell you, but it's nice to be home again. It's the best place after all."

Indeed it is," said Beth, sobering. I have something to tell you, too. It isn't anything very wonderful, but it's made me feel as different as if I'd been on a journey myself, and come back somebody else."

Dorothy reached for a box of chocolates. "I brought them purposely for you. Come on up to the den and tell me your story first. Mine will have to spread over a good while, there is so much of it."

"Well," began Beth, when they were settled in Dorothy's cozy den on the third floor, "you know how often we've talked about wanting to do something big and grand to help in the world? Somehow lately it has seemed as if my chances got smaller and smaller all the time. I didn't seem to amount to anything, even at home. Every single one of the family can do something special but me. Ella plays the piano beautifully, and father likes it so much evenings when he's tired. Josie can paint and embroider and sew. She makes all her own clothes and some of mine. Flo keeps the house since mother went out to Aunt Mary's to stay the year and get well, and she's a fine house-keeper. You just ought to eat the things she cooks! But I can't do a thing—not a single thing that is what Miss Meeks calls 'an accomplishment, young ladies.' I'm just an ordinary girl, the youngest of all and not a bit smart like the rest."

"You are smart, Betty," interrupted Dorothy loyally; but Beth would not listen to her.

"No I'm not; only a commonplace, Dot dear. And the other night I was completely discouraged thinking about it up in my room. I said to myself: 'They don't need you the least bit; they would get along just as well if you weren't here at all. You know you're tired to pieces doing scraps of things that don't count for anything—dusting the parlor, and getting clean napkins, and picking up the papers, and all that. Why don't you run off to grandmother's and stay a while? Maybe she needs you, and nobody would miss you here.'"

"I cried myself to sleep, and next morning I got up bright and early so as to slip away before breakfast. You see I didn't want father or Flo to ask any questions or try to stop me.

I was about half dressed when I looked at the calendar Uncle Jack gave me. It has a quotation for every day, and I always read it the first thing. What do you suppose it said for that morning? It was this: "'I amount to nothing," said a small stone, as it rolled from its place in a dam. That night a town was flooded.'"

"Wasn't that written expressly for me? I sat down to think it over. Maybe I was that stone, and something dreadful would happen if I rolled out of my place and went away. I couldn't imagine what, but I wasn't going to risk it, anyway.

"I hurried into my clothes, not my best ones I'd laid out, but my gingham dress and apron; and the way I dusted that parlor made it shine, I tell you. I made the beds, too, and cleared up the sitting room, and picked a geranium blossom for the middle of the table, and washed Flo's dishes for her so she had time to make an extra nice pudding for dinner. I seeded the raisins for that, too. I didn't have a single minute to be discouraged in, even if I'd thought of it.

"Just as we were putting dinner on the

table, the doorbell rang, and there was Colonel Graham, father's oldest friend. Wasn't I glad the parlor was dusted! He enjoyed the pudding and said a great many nice things about Flo's housekeeping, which made her blush. And she said, 'I do try to do my best for father, but Elizabeth helps me ever so much. I shouldn't know what to do without her.'"

"Maybe my heart didn't feel good and warm! It wasn't because she praised me to him, either, but because I was so glad to know I did amount to something in my home, after all. Wasn't I glad I hadn't rolled out of my place like that little stone! Nothing dreadful would have happened, but Colonel Graham might have found dust in the parlor, and have had to sleep in a wrinkly bed, perhaps, and go without pudding. Father and Flo would have been ashamed, if he had. Besides, I might never have known how Flo felt about me.

"I can assure you of one thing, Dorothy Burns, my place may not be very big, but there isn't going to be any flood in our house if I can help it. There, I've talked all the time, and I wanted you to tell me so many things. But it's almost dinner time and I've just remembered that the salt shakers are empty, and I must go home this minute and fill them."

"Never mind, I'll run over this afternoon," promised Dorothy. I'm so glad you found that quotation before you started for your grandmother's. Of course, Flo and your father would miss you terribly, you dear, faithful little soul, and so should I. Here, take what is left of the chocolate with you."

Beth gave Dorothy a parting squeeze. "Thank you, honey; they'll help to keep me sweet. Good-by till this afternoon. You'll find me hemming dust cloths. I've worn out one since Friday."—*Marion Mallett Thornton, in Girls' World.*



Nature and Science

WHAT THE WORLD OWES THE ARABS

THE word Arab suggests to the ordinary mind a fierce-looking, swarthy horseman ready to commit the greatest possible depredations. As a matter of fact the world owes to the Arab a very great deal, inasmuch as the Arabs of the Middle Ages were a race of very brilliant scholars, artists, and inventors.

In the first place, we are indebted to them for the ordinary figures that we use, for the science and the name of algebra, and for the almanacs.

The Arabs wove the choicest fabrics of wool, silk, and cotton; they made carpets of a splendor that has never been equaled; they manufactured cloth of gold; their divans had satin cushions and velvet hangings; and the Arab bride had muslins and laces of almost fairy-like texture.

The jewelry of the Arabs was the costliest and fairest of the age in which they lived. Gold and silver, the finest ornamentation possible, adorned the mosques and palaces.

Metal work was the wonder of the age. The coinage of the Arabs was the model of the eastern world. The steel of Damascus was renowned all through the civilized world. Wonderful bars and chains of iron were forged by the most skilled hands.

The Arabs, as architects, invented a very strangely beautiful style of building, in which the artist seemed to let his fancy run wild in his new creations, and yet these effects have been copied and recopied by artists of the present and late past.

As students the Arabs very eagerly sought for knowledge among the ruins of the old Greek literature, and they gave to the students of Cordova and Bagdad translations of the poets and philosophers of Athens and Rome—translations that have been handed down to the student of the present day.

Although the great nobles of France and England at this time could scarcely read and write, the Arabian schools and colleges were thronged with attentive students from whom were produced many eminent poets and graceful writers. The caliphs did much to

encourage education, and so ardently did they support popular education that colleges were founded in many of the largest cities, such as Bagdad and Cordova, which became models of those of England and France. It was Harun-al-Rashid who decreed that a free school should be attached to every mosque. —*Beatrice M. Parker in Young People's Weekly.*

Vegetable Milk and Cheese

THE soy bean of China is a vegetable belonging to the bean family. It is much used in China and Japan for making soup. For some years the attention of scientists has been given to the production of a good vegetable milk, one that will not be expensive, and yet will contain all the elements of natural milk. The Synthetic Milk Syndicate is about to establish a factory at Liverpool, England, for manufacturing soy milk.

"In order to produce one hundred liters of milk by this process, ten kilos of finely ground soy beans (or any of several other vegetable seeds, such as earth nuts, pistachio nuts, or sesame, which have recently been found to be suitable for use instead of beans) are mixed with one hundred liters of water and about five grams of phosphate of soda or potash, allowed to stand for an hour, and then slowly brought to the boiling point. The liquid is then filtered, and the residue is pressed. To the resulting liquor are added small quantities of milk sugar, or other carbohydrates, sodium chloride, and carbonate of soda, and about two kilos of sesame oil or other suitable mixture of fats or oils. Enough pure water is added to bring the total quantity up to one hundred liters. It is expected that this 'milk' will be retailed in England at four cents a quart. It is claimed to have the same nutritive value as natural milk, and to be free from the characteristic oily flavour which makes other soy bean products unpalatable to most people who have not acquired the tastes of the Orient. There are several other methods of manufacture.

(Continued on page 152)

The OUTLOOK

The War a Shock to Faith

OUTSIDE the great war zone of Europe, where many professed Christians on both sides of the controversy are fighting for what they consider worthy ideals, and where they are praying the God of heaven to give success to their arms because of the righteousness of their cause, the faith of many Christian believers has been inexpressibly shocked and almost destroyed by this terrible conflict. They marvel how it can be that the high ideals of the twentieth century can be so ruthlessly sacrificed. They enquire, "If after two thousand years of gospel effort there is not sufficient power among so-called Christian nations to keep them from deadly warfare, what hope is there for the future?"

These doubters clearly mistake the teachings and import of the sacred writings. The scriptures of truth nowhere declare that this world will be converted. On the other hand, they state repeatedly that wickedness will increase, that the nations will be engaged in deadly conflict, that even the professed church of Christ will lose its distinctive Christian character and take on the spirit and character of the world with which it is surrounded. But the Lord declares that in this time of peril and distress and apostasy he will gather out from all nations a people for his name.

Nor need we with questioning faith ask why God permits the suffering incident to this terrible conflict. Suffering has always existed in this world. The present situation, while more startling in its vivid colourings, presents no really new problems. Speaking of this, the editor of the *Sunday School Times* for March, 4, 1916, says:—

"Let us remember that, although the present European war is the greatest and most awful the world has ever seen, it has brought no new problem, no new facts, into the world. Before the summer of 1914 there was in the world more sin and misery and suffering, ending in tragic deaths, many many times over, than have occurred during the eighteen months of this war. And there is to-day in this world, outside the areas where the war rages, infinitely more sin and suffering and hopeless dying than in the war zones. There are said to be some sixteen hundred million beings in the world to-day,—more than a billion and a half. Of these, think of the hundreds of millions in India, in China, in Africa, in South America, whose lives are filled with tragedy and suffering from birth to death. Think of the millions of whom it is said that they never know what it is not to be hungry, have never had a satisfying meal in their lives. . . .

"Terrible as the war is, it is only an incident in the vast problem of sin and suffering in the world. It is perhaps the most terrible incident so far in the Christian era. It is in the 'limelight'; it is so concentrated that all must see it and know about it and be overwhelmed by its ghastly facts. But if we could trust in God before the war, absolutely nothing has happened since the war started that justifies us in losing our faith in Him.

"And we can trust God. He is sovereign. He is reigning. He is love. He wants men to love and believe Him, receiving His Son, Jesus Christ, as their Saviour. But men will not have it so. And God is allowing men to have their own way for the time being. This war and its tragic accompaniments, as also the sin and suffering of untold millions outside the war area, are the result of man's rejection of God and His love. When God sees, in His infinite wisdom, that men have had a full and sufficient opportunity to try out their own plans and see that they are a failure, then by the return of His Son Jesus to this earth He will establish peace in righteousness."

In the midst of darkness and distress God is working out His eternal purpose. He takes cognizance of His children. He stands ready to guide every trusting soul; and though the earth be removed, and the mountains carried into the midst of the sea, it is for every believer to look from the darkness of his surroundings to the light and glory emanating from the Father's throne, and from the transitory things of earth to the stable things of eternity. The present is dark, but the future is bright with promise.—*Review and Herald*.

A Blessed Industry

Under the above caption an Australian exchange quotes the circular recently issued by the Victoria Branch of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We quote the article in full, feeling that a knowledge of the great work the Society is doing will inspire our readers to give liberally to its support in these trying times of conflict. This year the local auxiliaries have appealed for a continuance of the prayers, loyal efforts and gifts of past contributors, and we feel sure our readers will gladly lend their help in all three lines. The circular says:—

"The British and Foreign Bible Society is this year celebrating its 112th anniversary, having been born in the year 1804. During the years of its existence it has proved itself over and over again to be the greatest supporter of

all Foreign Missions; ever ready to supply the various organisations in the Foreign Field with the Word of God in the mother tongue of their people, at prices which the poorest can pay. And yet, in the words of Bishop Mitchinson, Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, "one cannot understand how those who are really and truly animated by a genuine zeal for the mission cause can endure to cold-shoulder the Society to which they owe so much."

"Notwithstanding the great war, Christian Mission Work in the Foreign Field is going forward, except in very limited areas.

"Translators and revisers of the Scriptures have made no pause in their sacred labours. New versions and new editions are constantly flowing from the press.

"During the past year, with all its distractions and mighty hindrances, portions in nine new languages have been added to the list of Scriptures, and the complete Bible in four additional languages. This list now shows four hundred and eighty-seven languages and dialects in which the Society has helped to produce and circulate the Scriptures.

"These include the

Complete Bible in 129 languages	
New Testament	" 118 "
Portions	" 240 "

"Last year's issue reached the wonderful number of ten million one hundred and sixty-two thousand four hundred and thirteen copies, being an increase of just over one million two hundred thousand on that of the previous year. One cannot record a year's output exceeding ten million books without pausing reverently to bless God for the fathers and founders of the British and Foreign Bible Society. We call to mind how those men of faith and courage girded themselves for their task amid a gloom of national crisis somewhat similar to that in existence to-day in Europe. Like them, we stand pledged to persevere in the same mission, by the grace of our fathers' God.

"Since this deplorable war broke out, the Society has distributed more than three million Testaments and Gospels among the warring nations of Europe.

"The Society undertakes to present as many copies of the Scriptures, bound in khaki, as are needed by: (1) The sick and wounded reached through the Red Cross and kindred organisations. (2) Prisoners of war. (3) Civilian refugees. (4) The Contingents from Canada, Australasia, and other Overseas Dominions.

"The Society's gifts under the first three headings are being extended to France, to Belgium, to Russia, to Germany, Austria, and Hungary, to Italy, Servia, and Turkey.

"The Society in Victoria has distributed among the troops who have left or are about to leave our shores more than fifty-six thousand New Testaments, which have done much to fortify the volunteers with the strength they need in their spiritual warfare.

"An Army chaplain writes home of a Scottish cavalryman, who said: 'Every time I use this sword of steel, it gets the blunter; but every

time I use this Sword of the Spirit, it gets the sharper.'

"To some cynical persons it may appear a very futile business to scatter the Gospel of Peace broadcast in the furrows of the battle-field. Nevertheless, faithful Christians know that love, and love alone, is omnipotent, and will win the final victory.

"Vainly we are trying to realise the meaning of this vast European upheaval, with its appalling carnage, its crushing misery, its irreparable devastation. One fact, however, we begin to understand—how little the nations have laid to heart the Gospel of Peace. And so, while the Bible Society seeks special gifts to meet its great war distribution, it earnestly hopes that the ordinary contributions will be fully sustained; that there may be no hindrance to its main task, the spread of God's Word throughout the world."

Any contribution should be addressed to the auxilliary nearest you, either at Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Allahabad, or Lahore, from whence it will be thankfully acknowledged.

No Strikes in France

An interesting comment on conditions in France since the outbreak of the war is made by the *Youth's Companion*, and it were well if the citizens of other lands profited by the example. It says:

"The world, Germany included, is learning to admire France and Frenchmen. In these days when the labour question is so acute, it is a remarkable fact that since the beginning of the war there has not been a strike or threat of a strike in any part of the French Republic. The men in the factories who are producing war material work ten or twelve hours a day, and half of Sunday, although of late they have a half-holiday once a fortnight. Even that they did not ask for, but the employers offered it, as they also made an increase in wages, although the men did not ask for that, either. A gentleman who has investigated the matter writes to the *London Times* that in no case has an industrial dispute hampered the government or reduced for a single day the full output of the factories of France."

Placing the Blame

It is not at all surprising, considering the source, to read the words below, quoted from an editorial in the columns of the *Church Times*, London. In this world of ours it is not merely natural, but the usual thing, for men to lay the blame for things upon those whom they oppose. And the Catholic Church has never hesitated to place the blame for all the world's evils on

Protestantism. That she should now lay the war to the doors of Protestantism is only the expected thing therefore, and the following quotation merely helps to confirm the habit. She says:

"Protestantism as a definite creed was to all intents and purposes dead, but it created a mental condition which remained. . . . When the lust for increased power prompted him (the German) to prepare for conflict, Protestantism put no religious or moral restraint upon him. It seems to have done nothing to check wild, natural impulses. The creed that has proved such an unmistakable failure is not at all likely to gain any fresh ground either in Germany or elsewhere."

But the force of the argument is lost to us because of our sense of the ludicrous, for across the halls of memory there flash a long chain of pictures, Sarajevo, with a Catholic arch-duke, wounded by a Catholic Serb, Catholic Austria retaliating on Catholic Serbia with an ultimatum, and the mix-up of Catholic Russia, Italy and Belgium, with Protestant Germany and England, each and both religions on either side. Strange indeed that Protestantism is to blame, with such a general array of both religions on either side. And if Protestantism is to blame for not restraining Germany, who is to blame for not restraining Austria, a state well known to have been a favourite of the church, if not now, before the war. And too, our memory of a few historical settings leads us to believe that we have read rather often of the pope, representative of Catholicism, putting his approval on certain rather wide extended campaigns of the past, some of them between Catholics.

But a student of the Bible need lay the blame primarily upon neither. The inspired Word says that "spirits of devils" are abroad influencing toward war, and there are good men both inside and outside of either fold who deprecate these conflicts, and many more who encourage them. The enemy of God and of humanity is to blame, and mankind in general, in that it prefers the leadership of the spirit of darkness to the leadership of the Lord of hosts, the King of peace.

NEWS NOTES

—Everyone in Germany is not convinced of the justice of that government's attitude in the war. The German paper *Vorwärts*, published in Berlin, recently raised an inquiry on the purpose of the present war. "One would have thought," it said, "that the statesmen of the powers at war might, after fifteen months of conflict, have been able to tell the nations why they are shedding their blood, what objects they have before them, and what the prize is for which they are striving. But instead of all this we have nothing but phrases like 'defense of the Fatherland,' 'freedom and justice,' and 'Kultur,' phrases which mean nothing to-day. They are simply words, nothing more. Does it not really appear as if

these statesmen of all parties fear to betray their plans? . . . Surely we cannot be taken amiss if we express a desire to hear once what is true and what the German government really considers as its object in this war." The only answer to this inquiry was the suppression of *Vorwärts* by the Government.

—The government of Nicaragua, Central America, one of those small states which have burdened themselves with debt because of perennial revolutionary tendencies, has, with the assistance of the United States, just commenced the settlement of some of its long outstanding obligations. Its debts are said to amount to nearly Rs. 3,000,000,000 while its annual income is only Rs. 60,000,000, or barely enough to meet its current expenses. Yet all of these Central American countries are rich in natural resources. The conditions are largely due to long misgovernment and revolution.

—The sale of Vodka in Russia has been prohibited by the government, but there remains on hand under government control, a supply of 260,000,000 gallons, and the question of its final disposition has been under consideration. The subject came up in the Duma, and the Russian minister of finance concluded the debate with this statement:

"I deem it necessary to declare categorically that all suspicions ascribing to the government any intention of resuming the state sale of liquors are unfounded. I declare categorically that the government will encourage temperance after the war, also, and that any return of the old state of affairs is impossible. Proof of this intention is the fact that the government is now engaged in drawing up a bill, on lines suggested by forty-five members of the Duma, for the maintenance of temperance for all time. This bill has already met with the sympathy of the entire council of ministers, and vodka, in accordance with the Czar's wish as expressed to me, will be totally prohibited forever. For this reason I am entirely in favour of destroying the existing stock of vodka."

—Recently that well-known Socialist, Dr. Carl Liebknecht, in a speech in the German Reichstag said concerning making the public schools of Germany into military academies: "Education under such a system simply strengthens militarism and capitalism. You act as though you wish to throw open to the people the road to education; but that is only because capitalism requires soldiers. The schools are converted into training stables for war. You educate your children to be war machines. The present war has a demoralizing and baneful effect on education."

What is true in Germany is true in other lands. The country which spends its energies in training its children for a military life is but feeding the maw of a crushing and cruel tyranny of munition mongers. It may be necessary at times in this world of sin to meet force with force, but history reveals that free peoples who from choice throw in their lives for the defense of their country have eventually triumphed.

Question Corner

Divine Healing

May we expect divine healing—healing, in answer to prayer—in this generation?
—A reader.

This question is often asked in these days of unbelief and fanaticism, and as it is a vital one to every Christian we shall take some space in answering.

First of all, however, leaving aside all theories and explanations and opinions, we would ask "A reader" to turn back to page 140 of this very magazine and there read of an actual instance of divine healing which occurred a few months ago in the experience of a friend of the Editor.

At all times in the experience of God's people there have been special instances of His reaching out his hand to restore to health and life. He is "the Lord that healeth thee," "who healeth all thy diseases." Jereboam, Miriam, Asa, the child whom Elijah healed, Hezekiah, and the multitudes who thronged Christ in His day, and the miracles of the days of the apostles, are all evidence of God's willingness to heal disease, to restore to bodily health as well as soul wholeness, those whose hope is in Him. In all cases it was "thy faith hath made thee whole, go in peace."

Christ bestowed the same power upon those whom he sent out to preach the gospel, "authority over devils, and to cure diseases," "to preach the kingdom of God, and to heal the sick." And that power was often manifested in their lives. James tell us that if any is "sick among you, let him call the elders of the church; and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil in the name of the Lord, and the prayer of faith shall save the sick."

Yet we believe it would be fanaticism to say that every ill should be healed alone by faith; that it would be sin to use the remedies that God has placed within the reach of all; that rational remedies such as God has given to man should be eschewed and not applied. From a well-known writer we give the following which will, we believe, be helpful.

"Those who seek healing by prayer should not neglect to make use of the remedial agents within their reach. It is not a denial of faith to use such remedies as God has provided to alleviate pain and to aid nature in her work of restoration. It is no denial of faith to cooperate with God, and to place ourselves in the condition most favourable to recovery. God has put it in our power to obtain a knowledge of the laws of life. This knowledge has been placed within our reach for use. We should employ every facility for the restoration of health, taking every advantage possible, working in harmony with natural laws. When we have prayed for the recovery of the sick, we can work with all the more energy, thanking God that we have the privilege of cooperating

with Him, and asking His blessing on the means which He Himself has provided.

"We have the sanction of the word of God for the use of remedial agencies. Hezekiah, king of Israel, was sick and a prophet of God brought him a message that he should die. He cried unto the Lord, and the Lord heard his servant, and sent him a message that fifteen years should be added to his life. Now one word from God would have healed Hezekiah instantly; but special directions were given, "Let them take a lump of figs, and lay it for a plaster upon the boil, and he shall recover."

"On one occasion Christ anointed the eyes of a blind man with clay and bade him, "Go, wash in the pool of Silaom. He went his way therefore, and washed, and came seeing." The cure could be wrought only by the power of the great healer, yet Christ made use of the simple agencies of nature."

And there are many minor ailments which can be cured by simple remedies; and remain cured by our caring for ourselves as we should. Others we can alleviate by known remedies, and yet ask God's blessing upon the agency used. But beyond our puny, finite effort there ever lies the promise of His healing power, upon which we can call in need, and He will not fail to heal us if He sees it is for our good.

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Signs of the Times

Formerly "Oriental Watchman"

— Three cities in America have recently been visited by disastrous fires. They are Nashville, Tennessee; Augusta, Georgia; and Paris, Texas, and the combined damage is estimated at Rs. 3,50,00,000.

— An eminent French statistician estimates that as a result of the war there are to date in France alone 800,000 little children who have been made fatherless. When we add to this the fatherless of Belgium, Poland, Germany, Austria, Bulgaria, Russia, Turkey, Italy, Serbia and England and her colonies, of which to date no estimates are recorded, the record must certainly be one to appall the stoutest heart. The next decade will see such a burden on men as no age has ever witnessed. We wonder what its results will be upon society and civilization.

Vegetable Milk and Cheese

(Concluded from page 147)

"Treated with a mineral salt or an acid, which acts the part of rennet, vegetable milk can be converted into cheese of several varieties. In Indo-China, where the soy milk industry has assumed large proportions, three principal kinds of cheese are made: a fermented variety with a taste suggesting Roquefort; a white, salted variety, resembling goat's milk cheese; and a cooked or smoked variety, like Gruyere."

Eternal Life to Know Him

(Concluded from page 137)

The Scriptures reveal Him. Hence Jesus says, "Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life." And we have, for Peter, speaking of the new birth, says, "Being born again . . . by the word of God, which liveth and abideth forever. . . And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you." 1 Peter 1: 23, 25.

The gospel being the power of God unto salvation to every one that believes, we can clearly see the connection in the entire teaching of the Bible, and see the purpose and importance of the Holy Scriptures. May God help us to read them and exercise faith in them to the saving of our souls.

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