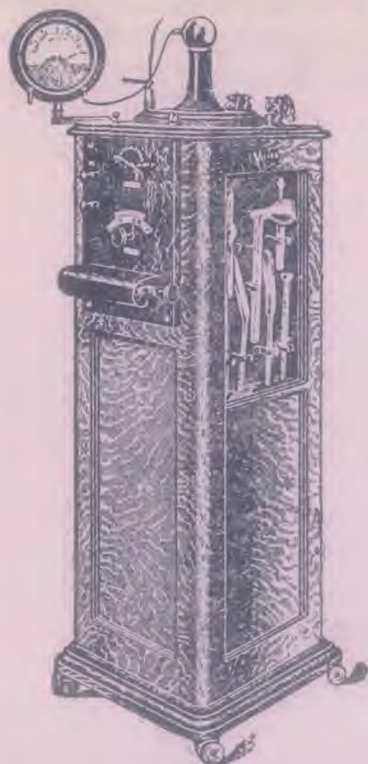


June, 1917

Signs of the Times



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June, 1917
Vol. 20. No. 6

Signs of the Times

Registered No. A 456

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THE EDITOR'S CORNER

Fret Not Thyself

Phillips Brooks

The little sharp vexations,
And the briars that catch and fret,
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?

Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings, too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When you scarce know what to do.

Then, leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

Work for Small Men

Don't hate your neighbour if his creed
With your own doctrine fails to fit;
The chances that you both are wrong,
You know, are well-nigh infinite.
Don't fancy, 'mid a million worlds
That fill the silent dome of night,
The gleams of all pure truth converge
Within the focus of your sight;
For this, my friend, is not the work for you;
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Don't hate men when their hands are hard,
And patches make their garments whole;
A man whose clothes are spic and span
May wear big patches on his soul.
Don't hate a man because his coat
Does not conform to fashion's art;
A man may wear a full dress suit,
And have a ragamuffin heart.
This, my good friend, is not the work for you;
So leave all this for smaller men to do.

Despise not any man that lives,
Alien or neighbour, near or far;
Go out beneath the shining stars,
And see how very small you are.
The world is large, and space is high
That sweeps around our little ken;
But there's no space or time to spare
In which to hate our fellow men.
And this, my friend, is not the work for you;
Then leave all this for smaller men to do.

—Sam Walter Foss.

The True Philosophy of History

BY THE LATE ELLEN G. WHITE

THE Bible is the most ancient and the most comprehensive history that men possess. It came fresh from the fountain of eternal truth; and throughout the ages, a divine hand has preserved its purity. It lights up the far distant past, where human research in vain seeks to penetrate. In God's word only do we behold the power that laid the foundations of the earth, and that stretched out the heavens. Here only do we find an authentic account of the origin of nations. Here only is given a history of our race unsullied by human pride or prejudice.

In the annals of human history, the growth of nations, the rise and fall of empires, appear as dependent on the will and prowess of man. The shaping of events seems, to a great degree, to be determined by his power, ambition, or caprice. But in the word of God the curtain is drawn aside, and we behold, behind, above, and through all the play and counter-play of human interests and passions, the agencies of the All merciful.

One, silently, patiently working out the counsels of His own will.

The Bible reveals the true philosophy of history. In those words of matchless beauty and tenderness spoken by the apostle Paul to the sages of Athens is set forth God's purpose in the creation and distribution of races and nations: He "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."

"The Powers That Be"

God has revealed in His law the principles that underlie all true prosperity both of nations and of individuals. "This is your wisdom and your understanding," Moses declared to the Israelites of the law of God. "It is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life." The blessings thus assured to Israel are, on the same conditions and in



BABYLON WITH ALL ITS GLORY AND MAGNIFICENCE HAS PASSED AWAY

the same degree, assured to every nation and every individual under the broad heavens.

The power exercised by every ruler on the earth is Heaven imparted; and upon his use of the power thus bestowed, his success depends. To each the word of the divine Watcher is, "I girded thee, though thou hast not known Me." And to each the words spoken to Nebuchadnezzar of old are the lesson of life: "Break off thy sins by righteousness, and thine iniquities by showing mercy to the poor; if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquility."

To understand these things,—to understand that "righteousness exalteth a nation;" that "the throne is established by righteousness," and "upholden by mercy;" to recognize the outworking of these principles in the manifestation of His power who "removeth kings, and setteth up kings,"—this is to understand the philosophy of history.

The Secret of Invincibility

In the word of God only is this clearly set forth. Here it is shown that the strength of nations, as of individuals, is not found in the opportunities or facilities that appear to make them invincible; it is not found in their boasted greatness. It is measured by the fidelity with which they fulfill God's purpose.

The history of nations that one after another have occupied their allotted time and place, unconsciously witnessing to the truth of which they themselves knew not the meaning, speaks to us. To every nation and to every individual of today God has assigned a place in His great plan. Today men and nations are being measured by the plummet in the hand of Him who makes no mistakes. All are by their own choice deciding their destiny, and God is overruling all for the accomplishment of His purposes.

The history which the great I AM has marked out in His word, uniting link after link in the prophetic chain, from eternity in the past to eternity in the future, tells us where we are today in the procession of the ages, and what may be expected in the time to come.

All that prophecy has foretold as coming to pass, until the present time, has been traced on the pages of history, and we may be assured that all which is yet to come will be fulfilled in its order.

Time in Eternity's Light

That time is at hand. Today the signs of the times declare that we are standing on the threshold of great and solemn events. Everything in our world is in agitation. Before our eyes is fulfilling the Saviour's prophecy of the events to precede His coming: "Ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars. . . . Nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places."

The Bible, and the Bible only, gives a correct view of these things. Here are revealed the great final scenes in the history of our world, events that already are casting their shadows before, the sound of their approach causing the earth to tremble, and men's hearts to fail them for fear.

From the rise and fall of nations as made plain in the pages of Holy Writ, we need to learn how worthless is mere outward and worldly glory. Babylon, with all its powers and its magnificence, the like of which our world has never since beheld,—power and magnificence which to the people of that day seemed so stable and enduring,—how completely has it passed away!

It is these great truths that old and young need to learn. We need to study the working out of God's purpose in the history of nations and in the revelation of things to come, that we may estimate at their true value thing seen and things unseen; that we may learn what is the true aim of life; that, viewing the things of time in the light of eternity, we may put them to their truest and noblest use. Thus, learning here the principles of His kingdom, and becoming its subjects and citizens, we may be prepared at His coming to enter with Him into its possession.



An Everlasting Memorial of Creation

BY A. H. WILLIAMS



"IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Gen. 1:1. Surely no event is of greater importance, none more worthy of perpetual remembrance than this. Yet perhaps no fact is more widely ignored by the world at large, no truth more vigorously assailed, than this concerning creation. Like Nebuchadnezzar of old the world points with selfish pride to its achievements; Is not

this great Babylon that I have built . . . by the might of my power; foolishly ignorant of the fact that were it not for the wonderful works of the Lord, were it not for the marvellous adjustments of detail in the handiwork of God, human effort would be of no avail. The food we eat, the raiment we wear, all the material things that enter into our everyday lives, consist of the self same "matter" that was called into being when "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth."

It is in the purpose of God that mankind should remember His handiwork, for, "He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered." (Ps. 111: 4). We are His creatures, to Him our all we owe, and in His mercy, in order that we forget not all His benefits, and the mighty power of which they are an evidence, the Lord has appointed us a memorial of His creative work.

When at the close of the first six days of creation week the Lord surveyed His handiwork, He saw that it was good; and the record tells us that "on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; and He rested on the seventh day from all His work which He had made." (Gen. 2: 2). Further we learn that "God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it, because that in it He had rested from all His work which God created and made." The word "qadash" which is here translated by "sanctified" signifies in the Hebrew "to make or pro-

nounce ceremonially or morally clean"—"to hallow." Thus God differentiated between the first six days of the weekly cycle and the seventh day, making the latter holy.

That God required the observance of the Sabbath by His people right from its institution in Eden is evident. In Ex. 16: 28, 29, the Lord enquires of the Israelites, "How long refuse ye to keep my commandments and my laws; see, for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath." "So," verse 30 tells us, "the people rested on the seventh day." This was some weeks prior to the giving of the law on Sinai. Nor is this the first reference to the people of God resting from secular work. Israel in Egypt had gone after strange gods (Josh. 24: 14) and in sending Moses to them the Lord commanded him to remind them of Him (Ex. 3: 14, 15), which was done (Ex. 4: 29-31); and as a result of these revival meetings we find Pharaoh complaining to Moses that, "ye make the people rest from their burdens." (Ex. 5: 5.)

As to the significance of the Sabbath rest there can be no doubt, for in Ex. 20: 11 the Lord clearly states that the reason for the Sabbath institution is that "in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it." It is interesting, too, to note that in the Accadian language, a tongue already ancient in the days of Moses, the word which is the equivalent of our word "Sabbath" is explained as meaning a 'day of completion of labour'; and this Sabbath fell on every seventh day.

Thus it is clear that from the earliest times the seventh-day Sabbath has been observed, and too, its purpose has been to remind mankind of the great work of creation and so to point them to the Creator. "Hallow my Sabbaths; and they shall be a sign between me and you, that ye may know that I am the Lord your God." (Ezek 20: 20).

When in the beginning God said, "Let there be light" that word was mighty enough, not merely to bring forth light, but to maintain it even to this day; and the same word which commanded the earth "to bring forth grass, the herbs yielding seed and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind" has been suf-

ficient to keep these natural forces in operation throughout the ages; and even so, this self-same word which sanctified the seventh day, keeps it holy unto this day and throughout all time. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

John the Revelator tells us that he "saw another angel flying in the midst of heaven having the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth" (Rev. 14: 6); and this "everlasting gospel" is comprehended between creation and the judgement (verse 7). Clearly then, as creation is part of the "everlasting" message of heaven to earth, the divinely appointed memorial of that great event must stand throughout all time. In the earth made new "from one

sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before me, saith the Lord" (Isa. 66: 23).

Therefore let us, "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy; six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work; *but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God. . . .* For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, . . . and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it;" and, "if thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day, . . . then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, . . . for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

The Origin, History, and Destiny of Satan

BY W. R. FRENCH

GOD is love, (1 John 4: 8) and He rules His subjects with a law of love—the two great commandments—upon which all His law is based, being briefly expressed as "love to God and love to man." Matt. 22: 36-40. Justice is the foundation of His throne and is comprehended in the "Golden Rule" which covers all righteousness, viz., "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, for this is the law and the prophets" Matt. 7: 12. The love, justice, and mercy of our God is never so evident as when viewed in connection with the rebellion of Satan and sinners. Satan is revealed in the Bible as the

Leader of the Fallen Angels

who are in rebellion against their Creator, Jesus Christ, and His angels. Read Jude 6; 2 Pet. 2: 4, 2 Cor. 1: 14, and Rev. 12: 7, 8. The latter text shows Satan with his angels, which from verse 4 of Rev. 12 are shown to number one third of the angels of heaven. As leader of this great company, he is represented as the arch enemy of man (1 Pet. 5: 8), of righteousness (Acts 13: 10), and of Christ (Matt. 13: 25). His name signifies an adversary, but formerly his

Name was Lucifer,

which means light bearer, or as found in the marginal reading of Isa. 14: 12, "Day Star" or morning star. Lucifer was called the morning star, and Christ "The bright and morning star" Rev. 22: 16. At the laying of the

foundation of the earth, "the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job. 38: 4-7. Sin had not at that time marred the harmony of God's universe, the reign of hate had not begun, and Lucifer

Was Perfect in All of His Ways

from the day that he was created, until iniquity was found in him." Eze. 28: 15. He held a very exalted position in heaven, being "the anointed cherub that covereth." Verse 14. His position kept him near the throne of God, for "God sitteth between the cherubims." Ps. 99: 1. For a clear understanding of his position, read a description of the mercy seat with its covering cherubs. Ex. 25: 18-22. In this position he "sealed up the sum, full of wisdom, and perfect in beauty." His work was to behold God and His mercy and wisdom. So long as he beheld God, he was perfect in all of his ways, (verse 15) abiding in the truth (John 8: 44), but by degrees he began to behold himself and to consider his qualifications of wisdom and beauty, and the inspired record is,—"Thine

Heart was Lifted Up

because of thy beauty, thou hast corrupted thy wisdom by reason of thy brightness." Verse 17. In his own mind he assumed the position, seat, and authority of God. Eze. 28: 2. God warned him and reminded him of his limits as a creature. (Same verse.) God's mercy and longsuffering was misconstrued as a weakness, and finding sympa-

thy among the angels, he left his former estate and habitation (Jude 6), and entered fully into rebellion in a futile effort to sit in the seat of God and overthrow His throne and kingdom (Eze. 28: 2), and exalt his throne (kingdom) above the stars of God. Isa. 14: 1. He envied Christ His equality with (Phil 2: 5, 6) and likeness to God (Heb. 1: 1-3, Col. 2: 9), and aspired to be "like God." Isa. 14: 14. He enlisted the creatures in rebellion against the Creator, the subject against the ruler, the angels against God and Christ, accusing God of being partial and thus unjust in not allowing the subject, the creature, to be like Himself. Why should not all be equal? reasoned this mighty angel, filled with unholy ambition. Through subtlety he induced one-third of the angels of heaven to think and feel the same way, and with the same subtle reasoning he overcame our fore-parents, thus bringing another ally into the struggle, another aspirant to likeness to God, into rebellion against his Creator. Gen. 3: 1-6. That sin and sinful ambition is blind, is witnessed by man, "made in the image of God," seeking through God-forbidden, and thus sinful, methods to make himself God. Thus are all methods and systems of religion that would elevate man by his own efforts contrary to God's way

through Jesus Christ and the gospel. Satan's sin is defined as murder and lying (John 8: 44), being comprehended in his misrepresentation of God and His justice, and in envy of Christ in His likeness to God. Though being guilty in his heart of such crimes, still a longsuffering and merciful God

Permitted Satan to Exist

God was not asleep to the machinations of Satan, but "while men slept" (Matt. 13: 25) he sowed tares among the wheat, that is, while the angels and men were ignorant of his designs. When the angels, the reapers, discovered the tares and desired to destroy them, God said, "Let both grow together until the harvest." Envy must bear fruit in murder, and lying accusations of partiality and injustice must be proven false before the tares are destroyed, "Lest while ye gather up the tares, ye root up also the wheat." If destroyed before being thoroughly unmasked and before his character was exposed, then the neutral angels would have been furnished ground for believing Satan's accusations to be true and thus their ultimate destruction would have been necessitated and where would the rebellion have ended? God took the shorter and wiser and safer course, and has so completely unmasked the monster



"THOU HAST BEEN IN EDEN THE GARDEN OF GOD" EZEK. 28: 13.

of iniquity that his name is a hiss and a byword in all mouths.

To reveal Satan's true character, Christ came into this world, and envy bore fruit in murder when finally Christ hung upon Calvary and was securely sealed in Joseph's new tomb. Our Lord obeyed the Father's commands, being obedient even unto death (Phil. 2: 5-7), by which death He reconciled all unto God, both which are in earth and which are in heaven (Col. 1: 20) and obtained power to destroy Satan (1st. 2: 14), and pull up the tares without pulling up the

as members of God's family, our disobedience to which declares us as rebels to God and children of Satan. Read John 3: 4-10. Soon the work of judgment will be finished, as evidenced by the fulfilling signs of Christ's coming to give every man according to his work. At His coming He will say, "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life and enter in through the gates into the city," Rev. 22: 12-14. Will not all who love God and His kingdom quickly enlist under the blood-stained banner of Prince Emmanuel and declare allegiance to God and His government by becoming subject to His laws and regulations through the gospel?

Sin and Satan will be Destroyed

in the fires of the last days. The prophet Malachi foretells a day that shall burn as an oven in which the proud and wicked will be burned up and left "neither root nor branch" (Mal. 4: 1-3), and brought to ashes. See also Eze. 28: 18. War and strife, hatred, envy and crime, unholy ambition, pride with its attendant evils, and the doctrine of hate will find no place in the kingdom of Christ, the Prince of Peace, where all is happiness, peace, and love. Would that all men might repent, and abandon their vices and cultivate the virtues which will fit them for the kingdom of heaven which is near at hand.

Do Babies Understand?

Little Jane struck Mildred. Mamma talked with her, and told her that she was rude, and that until she could say she was sorry, she must stay by herself.

Grandma sniffed, but said nothing until Jane was shut up in the stairway. Then she spoke her mind. It was a burning shame to shut up a baby until she would say she was sorry. She was not old enough to understand what her mother said. She did not even know what the word "sorry" meant, and never would say it.

For ten minutes Jane exercised her lungs, while grandma would say, "Poor baby! poor baby!" Then there was quiet. Did baby come out then?—No, it took her tiny babyship just twenty minutes longer to make up her mind what she would do. Then she came, opened the door, walked directly to her mother, said "Sorry," and put up her face for a kiss. Then she went to Mildred, kissed her, and said "Sorry." She was only two years old, but—did she understand?



"NOW SHALL THE PRINCE OF THIS WORLD
BE CAST OUT."

wheat. God is only waiting now until every judgment-bound man and woman has had an opportunity, through the gospel, to hear of His love and renounce Satan and sin, and declare allegiance to His government by becoming through the power of the Holy Ghost, obedient to God's law, the ten commandments.

The Time is Come

When God is judging the inhabitants of earth by the standard of His law, obedience to which declares our position in the rebellion

Miracles on Heathen Hearts

What God's Grace Has Done for Some of the Most Savage and Darkened

BY A. E. HALL

IT is exceedingly interesting to read of the conversion and after life of some of the first native converts in different countries. The few mentioned in this brief survey are typical of thousands of others.

Naturally India first claims our attention; and the name of Krishna Chandra Pal greets us. Carey, Marshman, and Ward will be remembered as the trio who joined in establishing the mission at Serampur, the scene of the labours of Ziegenbalg and Schwartz, who were in the field early in the century.

A Dr. Thomas came to visit the mission, and while there, set a dislocated arm for one of the labourers named Krishna. On December 28, 1800, this man gave up his idol worship and caste, and was baptized. What joy did Carey and Thomas experience!

In 1816, Judson wrote to Rice as follows: "If any ask what success I meet with, . . . tell them to look to Bengal, . . . where Dr. Thomas had been labouring for seventeen years before the first convert, Krishna, was baptized." ("Advance Guard of Missions," page 97.) "Henry Martyn calmly said that the conversion of Krishna, . . . India's first Protestant, was as stupendous a miracle as raising the dead." (Pierson, "New Acts," page 331.)

Seventeen Years for a Soul

Think of it! Thomas laboured seventeen years, Carey seven years, to gain the first convert. But what a harvest of souls do we now see! Missions in every part of India, with remarkable progress in the last half century! Yet there are many child widows, outcastes, and "Krishnas" still who do not know of the true God.

Kho Thah Byu, a Karen of Burma, was the first fruit of the labours of Judson. His change of heart is not less interesting than the preceding one. He was a murderer, a slave, and was noted as an extremely degraded and vicious character. Fifty years had passed before the truth was accepted by him.

Immediately after this, he with two companions, started for a tour of his people, and began active work for their conversion. He continued these tours until he was worn out,

at the age of sixty-two. Twelve years is not a long time to work; but he, if it be possible, redeemed the time that was lost. Thousands of converts were won by him. Single trips resulted in the conversion of from sixty to one hundred fifty. From Dr. Pierson's excellent account of this noble work, we take the following statement:

"In his tours, he sometimes had to wade to his armpits, and sometimes through mud and water, when the rain filled the hollows. Yet nothing could discourage or dismay him. He was one among a thousand." "Sometimes the Karens thronged his house so that there was danger of breaking it down, and their importunity left him no chance for needed physical rest, and scarcely for food."—page 225.

Some estimation of his work and influence and how his people regarded him, may be gathered from the magnificent educational institution that was erected to his memory in 1878,—the centennial of his birth, and the semicentennial of his conversion. The cost was Rs. 50,000. Ten years this sum was being gathered. On the south veranda, in gilded characters, is this inscription: "1828—Kho Thah Byu—1878." What a record,—in the depths of sin, ignorance, and heathenism for fifty years, then conversion, and twelve short years to labour for his fellow countrymen! "His success can be accounted for by just four words, 'God was with him.'" (Pierson, "Acts," page 227.)

Compelled to Worship Idols

A few facts of the experiences of a young Brahman are of special interest. He and a younger brother were led to Christ by the baptism of two young men, converts from Zoroastrianism. Appeal was made to the court, and the judge sent the younger of the two to the Brahman priest, indicating that he was not old enough to have discretion in religious matters. As the boy was torn from the arms of the missionary, he cried, "Am I to be compelled to worship idols?" The elder brother, Navayan, was not troubled, as he was of age, in the eyes of the court. He was about forty years old when he began active work. He traveled extensively, and worked in over thirty villages, winning many

converts. He was a teacher also, spending much time in training labourers to go out and preach the gospel. He was earnest, yet had a most happy disposition and a pleasing address.

His tour of Scotland and America should be mentioned. These visits did not Anglicize him; nor did he, after his return, try to Anglicize his native converts. His Bethel—the name given to his large church—has no pews. The worshippers sit on the floor.

Surely "the Lord's hand is not shortened, that it cannot save" even the lowest and most ignorant on the one hand, or the proud and caste-bound on the other. The experience of years in conducting foreign missions has convinced all boards of the value of trained native helpers. It is said of one Chinese evangelist, that he was worth six of the foreign workers.

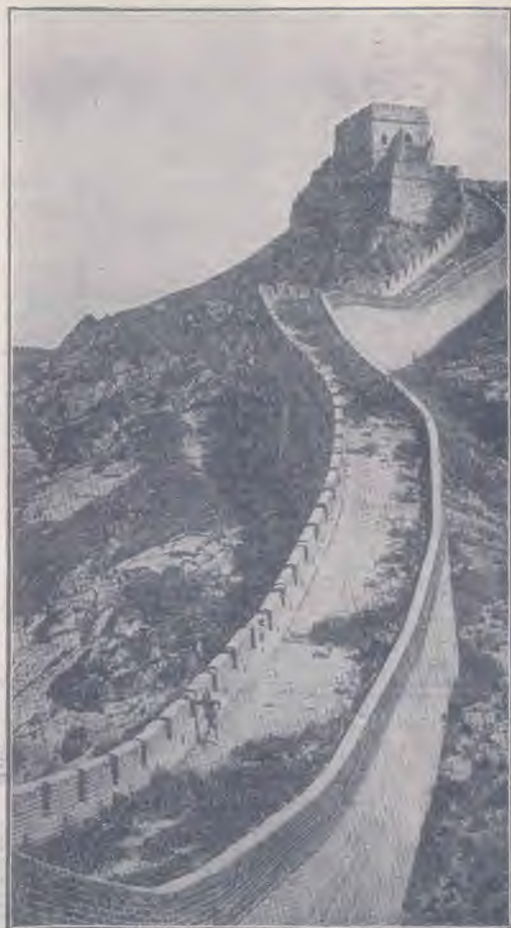
Saved From His Opium

India has ever been a stronghold of caste; and China, similar in some respects, brings to the mind the terrible results of the opium habit. How Ling-Ching Ting, a confirmed opium user, overcame this habit, and became a Christian, is a story which touches the heart. Over fifty years ago, a missionary named Benkley was preaching on the all-sufficiency of Christ to save. At the close of the service Ting remained to ask questions. He told the missionary that he had never heard of that Jesus before. "But," said he, "you said that He could save me from my sin." An affirmative reply being given, the man went on to tell what an unusual sinner he had been for twenty years. The opium habit was one he thought could not be overcome.

When told again that Jesus could save him from all sin, and the opium too, "he was struck dumb with amazement." He came again and again to hear about the Jesus who could save him. After the lapse of a few weeks, he returned from a long absence, and coming to see the missionary, fairly rushed into his room, shouting: "I know it now. Jesus can save me from my sins, for He has done it." The opium habit was gone. Even the desire for the drug never returned. But this most remarkable experience was to prepare him for severer trials ahead.

He must of course tell his friends and countrymen. Upon being told that he must not preach the doctrines of the foreign devils,

he let it be known that preach he must and would. A mob seized him one day, and brought him before the magistrate. The vilest charges were made against him, and the judge ordered that two thousand stripes with the cruel bamboo be given him. For some time, recovery from this beating seemed impossible: but good care at the mission restored him, at least in a measure. Long before complete recovery, he slipped away, and taught in the very place of his cruel persecution of a few weeks before. His experience, and the spirit attending the preaching, won his very enemies to the cross. His labours cover a period of fourteen years—until all strength was gone. Surrounded by a few friends, he fell asleep, "singing in the joy of an unbounded hope." Verily not all the "acts of the apostles" are yet written.



AND CHINA BRINGS TO THE MIND THE TERRIBLE RESULTS OF THE OPIUM HABIT

Africaner the Terrible

The story of Africaner, the Hottentot terror, is perhaps the best known of missionary events of this kind. But we must devote a little space to tell how that ignorant, superstitious African, a murderer, and a terror to the surrounding country, became a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. It is indeed a wonderful story.

Before Moffat left for that district, he was told that "this savage monster would make a drumskin out of his hide, and a drinking cup out of his skull." But the missionary of Namaqualand went in the same spirit as did Luther to the Diet of Worms.

The same gospel—the simple story of the cross—reached, and won the heart of Africaner. We read that the truth of God entered into his very soul, and remained there. He it was who ministered to Moffat during his sickness. It was he who, when a price had been laid upon his head by the government, dared accompany Moffat to Cape Town.

The scene at the gate of the Boer farmer whose uncle had been killed by Africaner is a most striking and touching one. For a time, the farmer would not believe that it was Africaner who stood before him. He had been told that Moffat had been killed, and that men had seen his bones. But when he saw Africaner, and witnessed the change in his whole character and demeanor, he could only exclaim: "O God, what cannot Thy grace do? What a miracle of Thy power!" And with the apostle we say, "He is able . . . to save . . . to the uttermost."

Converting the Eskimo

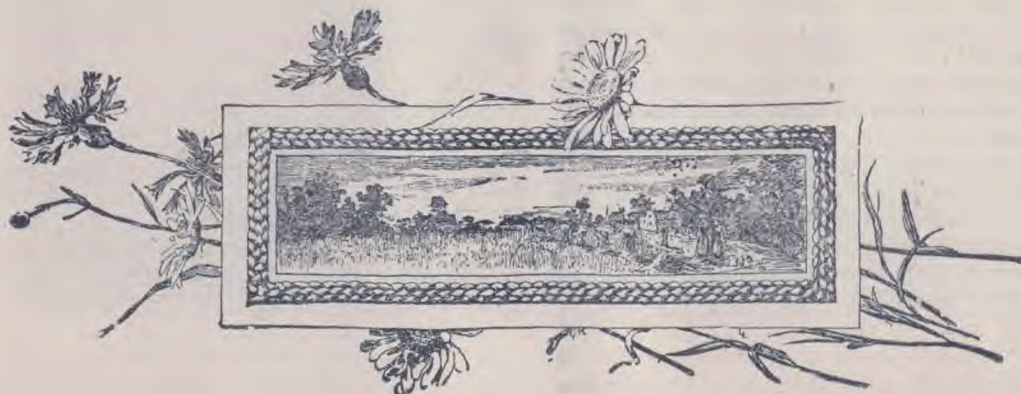
"Missions among the stolid, stupid Greenlanders seemed for long years as hopeless as melting the icebergs of the frozen poles," is the sentence used by Dr. Pierson to introduce his sketch of *Kajarnak*, the converted Eskimo.

It is impossible to realize what the early workers faced and endured. The people seemed bent on not only ridicule and mimicry but even personal insult. They carried on a real siege of the home of the men and women who had left all to bring the gospel to this corner of the globe.

But in a few years the "ice began to thaw in one heart. Mr. Beck was one day reading a Bible which he had translated for the Eskimo. He was reading to a company which had gathered near his door. At the close, one of the number stepped forward, and said, with pathetic earnestness: 'How was that? Tell it to me once more. I too want to be saved.'"

After years of labour amid trying conditions, some of which are revolting to the senses, he could hardly believe what his ears heard. "On Easter morning, 1739, in the presence of a large assembly of natives, he [Kajarnak], with his wife and two children, confessed Christ in baptism." Kajarnak lived only a short time after his baptism. But the dawn was at hand. In a little time, Hans Egede landed, and the first church was erected, wherein three hundred worshippers gathered for Christian service.

These are a few only of the many thousands of such experiences. These are the results of missions. Do they pay?



The OUTLOOK



WITH THE AUSTRALIAN ARMY

Preach the Word

"CALCUTTA, APRIL 28.

THE Bishop of Calcutta is to preach at the Cathedral tomorrow evening on "The Ethics of Gambling."

We did not have the privilege of hearing the Bishop's sermon, but judging by the title there seems to be a lamentable deficiency somewhere when a minister of the gospel turns from the living Word to preach on "The Ethics of Gambling." And yet the clergy are not wholly to blame.

From America comes a complaint by the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, who occupies Henry Ward Beecher's pulpit at Brooklyn, regarding the downward trend in religious thought among the people of his country. He says:—

"An essay or a sermon that before the Civil War would have filled a church on Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning, today would not attract a handful. Truth must be sugar-coated; the appeal must be to the eye through a moving picture at an expense of ten cents.

"The preacher is allowed in most churches twenty minutes in which to raise the dead.

"The prophet of the dying soul at his peril uses twenty-five minutes for the work of resurrection."

Said the Apostle Paul in his charge to Timothy, "Preach the Word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all longsuffering and doctrine. For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables." 2 Tim. 4: 24.

From all evidences "the time" spoken of has come.

Admiral Sir David Beatty on the Duration of the War

ADMIRAL Sir David Beatty, whose squadron bore the brunt of the fighting in the great North Sea battle, and who since that famous event has superseded the statuesque Jellicoe as commander-in-chief of the British navy, is a thinker as well as a fighter. It is a rare event for any one holding a prominent official position under the government to speak or write freely concern-

ing the nation's attitude at a time like the present. Admiral Beatty, however, in a letter to the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge has given expression to some very far-reaching views on the conduct of the war. He writes: "Surely Almighty God does not intend this war to be just a hideous fracas or a blood-drunk orgy. There must be a purpose in it. Improvement must come out of it. England remains to be taken out of the stupor of self-satisfaction and complacency into which her flourishing condition has steeped her. Until she can be stirred out of this condition, until a religious revival takes place, just so long will the war continue. When she can look on the future with humbler eyes and a prayer on her lips, then we can begin to count the days toward the end."

Sunday Labour Allowed By the Gospel

LONDON, MAR. 15.

THE following paragraphs appeared in a recent *Statesman*.—

"Mr. R. E. Prothero (President of the Board of Agriculture) recently asked the opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury on the question of Sunday field work for the next few weeks, in view of the importance of the next harvest.

"The Archbishop replied that he desired to safeguard the Sunday to the utmost, but in view of the nation's present food emergency, he would not hesitate to say that the Gospel allowed men and women to work in the field on Sundays with a clear conscience in such circumstances."

We are quite in agreement with the foregoing, for in no place in the New Testament do we find the Law of God, which commands the observance of the seventh day Sabbath, to have been abrogated either by the death or the resurrection of our Saviour.

The fourth command of the decalogue reads:—"But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it." Ex. 20: 10, 11.

All mankind can "with a clear conscience" work all day Sunday in war or peace, but under no circumstances does God permit of the desecration of the seventh day, "the Sabbath of the Lord thy God."

Does the Bible Shed any Light on this Awful War?

DR. C. I. Scofield of the Scofield Bible Company in a recent article in the *Sunday School Times*, under the title, "Does the Bible Throw Light on this War?" points out, among other wonderfully interesting things, the following:

"Four great empires are to dominate the scene; and these are of easy identification to the student of history, first, by the order of their succession, and secondly, by the characteristics given them in the prophecy. Empires in just the order given by Daniel have arisen, have possessed the characters ascribed to them by Daniel, and have passed away. The event has exactly justified the foreview. The Babylon of Nebuchadnezzar, Medo-Persia, the Greece of Alexander the Great, and Rome, have come and gone.

"And still not altogether gone." Dr. Scofield mentions the divisions of the Roman empire as predicted by Daniel in chapter two, and the final division into ten kingdoms illustrated by the ten toes of part iron and part clay. Then he says:

"Thus we are brought down to our own time. The division has come to pass. We are living in the day of it, and it is the nations formed out of ancient Rome that are (with the exception of Russia) engaged today in the war of wars—which may indeed be the death struggle of the present world system.

"For the prophecy of Daniel, confirmed by our Lord's own testimony, and reinforced by that other great book of the end-time, the Revelation, is clear that what follows the third period of the fourth empire, the period of division and deterioration, is the kingdom which the God of heaven sets up, the kingdom which has no successor, but endures forever." (Dan. 2: 44, 45.)

Are you, reader, watching the waymarks of earth's history? Are you preparing to be a subject of the fifth universal kingdom which "shall stand forever"?

Home and Young Folk

Jim Wilson's Chum

BY W. T. GRENFELL in *St. Nicholas*

UNCLE IKE WILSON was a born rover.

In his early days he ran away from his father's farm in England, having that inborn desire of so many English lads to go to sea.

This adventurous spirit, the desire to get out of the ordinary rut of life, the contempt for prosaic routine, even though it brought ease and plenty, and the determination to "do something," carried off Uncle Ike more than sixty years ago, first as "scrub" on a small square-rigged windjammer, and later almost all over the world. At length he grew tired of the fo'cs'le, as so many others have, but nowhere did he find a place where it seemed possible to obtain on land a position with freedom enough for him.

Finally, having sailed from Spain with a cargo of salt for Labrador, whence his captain intended to bring fish for the West Indies, he thought he had found the poor man's paradise. Here was all the land he wanted, free to all comers. Here were fish in the sea and rivers, birds and bear and deer for food and furs, no taxes to pay, no social inequalities to remind him of his humble origin. Here men seemed free and equal, simple-minded, hospitable, while their livelihood depended only on their own resourcefulness.

So it happened that when the time came for the ship to sail, Ike was nowhere to be found, as he had taken care to remove himself far into the forest, where searching for him would be like hunting a needle in a haystack.

In due time Uncle Ike married, though somewhat late in life, and had one son. In order to have "plenty of room" such as he needed for his trapping, he had made his winter home far beyond the head of one of the many inlets of the coast; and as he was exceedingly clever at all kinds of woodcraft



and animal lore, he had done remarkably well. His house, isolated though it was, had become proverbial for its generous hospitality. The numerous komatik teams which "cruise" the coast in winter—dogs being our only means of traction—never failed to make a little extra detour, sure of a good meal and a warm corner under Uncle Ike's hospitable roof.

It is not therefore remarkable, as his wife was the

daughter of an old settler on the coast, that their son Jim should possess more than the usual quota of those natural abilities that go to make a valuable scout.

At the time of this story, Jim was still only fourteen years old. His hardy physical life had toughened his muscles, and already inured him to endure circumstances under which a "softy" would be about as useful as a piece of blotting paper. From his sailor father he had learned those valuable handicrafts which help out so invaluable in a tight corner. It was no trouble to him to hit the same spot twice with his ax, or to tie a knot that would neither come loose nor jam.

It was the very middle of winter. The snow lay deep on the ground, and everything everywhere, except the tops of the trees, was buried out of sight. On the barrens, wind-swept and hard packed, the least mark on the surface might be visible for days; but in the woods the drift left only light snow many feet deep, where any mark, or even an object, became hidden in a few minutes.

On the days between his long rounds over his fur path it was Uncle Ike's custom to go into the woods and "spell" out such firewood as was necessary to keep the stove going at home. This incident occurred on one of these occasions. The old man had left at the first streak of dawn, as was his invariable

habit, and had taken with him his team of six as stout dogs as ever helped to haul a sledge over ice. It was a glorious morning, and Jim had been allowed to go off on his little round of some half-dozen traps—all his own. The price of whatever pelts he got was placed in his special stocking, that he might learn the value of things when he came to have a rifle and hunting kit of his own.

Sundown is early in a Labrador winter, and Jim did not get home till so late that, with all his knowledge of the country, he was glad enough to see the twinkle of the cottage lights through the darkness as he sturdily trudged along the last mile homeward. For it had "turned nasty," the wind had shifted to the east, and it was snowing hard, which added greatly to the darkness of the evening. But that night Jim noticed neither weariness nor difficulty, nor did he feel the extra weight of the burden he was carrying on his back. Today success had crowned his skill, and he was taking home the very first otter he had ever caught all by himself. What a surprise it would be for mother and father! What a good time would be his by the crackling fire as the storm raged outside and he sat toasting his legs and telling of his adventure!

As he expected, a truly rapturous greeting awaited him when at length he entered the door, additionally demonstrative, he thought at first, because of his large otter. Soon he found, however, it was because mother had been anxious, as neither of "her men" had returned, and now she had at least one wanderer safe. Aunt Rachel was no longer a strong woman physically. Of late a weakness, strange altogether to her younger days, had forced her unwillingly to recognize that only by much resting between "spells" could she keep pace even with the few domestic duties which her small house made necessary.

"Get your things, Jim, and we'll have supper on the table by the time father comes home. Cut more wood, please. We'll have an extra fire tonight. Father will be cold after his long day's work."

"Right you are, mother," said the tired Jim, forgetting his aching bones in the excitement of the occasion. He was outside in a minute, ax in hand, looking for another log or two.

Soon another hour had passed by. Still no sign of Uncle Ike. Everything stood ready, and the kettle was puffing out greetings from the hob.

"Better get supper, Jim. Father may be kept by something. But he's always home before now."

The wind was howling outside, and Aunt Rachel's face was paler than usual, in spite of the firelight. Something must be wrong with Ike. The house was miles away from any neighbour and it was utterly impossible on a night like this to seek help that way. Yet if anything had happened to her husband, he could never live till daybreak.

"What's that, Jim?" she suddenly cried out, "surely that's a dog outside!"

Jim, whose ears had not been so spry just for the moment owing to his being in the



"THE SNOW LAY DEEP ON THE GROUND"

midst of his long delayed supper, listened a minute. "That's White Fox's whine, mother. I'd know it anywhere." And jumping up, he ran to the door, as he supposed, to welcome his father. But no father answered his call from the darkness; only a great, snow covered, furry animal leaped up and kissed his face. "Down, Fox, down! Where is father?" But for answer all he got was a whine and what he took to be an invitation to follow her, White Fox having been the trusted leader of their team for three years past.

"Mother, it's White Fox all right. She's got no harness on. I'll go and see if the others are back, too."

A moment later and Jim was in from the dog pen. "They're all home but one, mother. There's Jess and Snowball and Spry and Watch, all of them with their har-

nesses on and their traces chewed through. Father must be in the woods somewhere. But where's Curly, and how did they come to leave her behind?"

The anxiety was becoming almost too much for the poor woman. No help could be got from outside, and she herself could not travel fifty yards in that snow, with the thermometer at twenty below zero. Jim was tired and young, ever so young to go out into the dark and storm and be of any use. She had him safe, anyhow. Surely it would only make matters worse to send him out again.

Jim had fed the dogs, and by all the laws of dogdom they should now be curled up

and fast asleep in their cozy little house. But he had hardly closed the door when a scratching and the familiar whine outside said plainly that White Fox was not satisfied, and wanted something which they had failed to give her.

Again Jim went to the doorway. The bitter blast and snow drove into the porch and through into the house; but the great woolly figure of the dog showed up in the open space in the light which streamed from the cottage. As Jim looked into the eyes of almost his only real chum he could plainly understand her meaning, reading the message as well as if it were written.

(To be concluded)

Bibles With Nicknames

AMONG the earlier versions of the Bible were many instances of curious misprints, and for the more scarce of these Bibles, nicknamed from their errors, a large price is realised whenever one is offered for sale. The Vinegar Bible in the late Duke of Cambridge's sale derived its appellation from the misprinting of the word "vinegar" for "vineyard." The Breeches Bible, also known as the Geneva, was issued in 1560 with a preface by Calvin; it owed its name to the mention of a garment not usually associated, out of Scotland, with women—a garment now known as "aprons" Genesis iii, 7. Gladstone had a copy of the Bishops' or Treacle Bible in his library at Hawarden. It was printed by Richard Jugge in 1572, and Jeremiah viii, 22, in it runs, "Is there not tryacle at Gilead; is there no phisition there?" And this volume has the variorum rendering, Judges ix, 53, of "All to break his head" as "All to break his brayne panne." In another edition the rendering is, "But a certaine woman cast a piece of millstone upon Abimelech's head and brake his brayne pan." Lord Haddington has a copy of the "Treacle Bible" in his pew in Tynninghame Church, North Berwick, together with copies of the Bug and Breeches Bibles; and a copy was sold at Lord Ashburnham's sale, June, 1897. An early issue of the Bug Bible in 1551 gives Psalm xci, 5, as "need to be affratted for any bugges by night," but the issue of 1560 has "afraid." The modern word "terror" was not the first substituted, "feare" appearing in the issue of 1608. In one Bible the word "rosine" was

used where "balm" now occurs, with a note "For at Gilead did grow most souveraign balme for wounds." Of Bibles which are rare, that of 1551 is sometimes said to be the scarcest. In 1661, what has been styled the "Wicked Bible" was published, receiving the name from its having the word "not" omitted from the Seventh Commandment. A similar error occurs in a small pearl Bible of 1653, in which St. Paul is represented as asking "Know ye not that the unrighteous shall inherit the Kingdom of God?"

MAKE yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity: bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—*John Ruskin.*

SEE that all the hours of the day are so full of interesting and helpful occupations that there is no chance for worry to stick its nose in.—*Luther H. Gulick.*

THERE can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was Æolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness.—*Thoreau.*

Billy Sunday's Christian Experience

YOU have all heard of Billy Sunday, the former baseball player now doing evangelistic work.

Here is the way he would tell about his Christian life:—

"Twenty-two years ago, with the Holy Spirit as my guide, I entered this wonderful temple called Christianity. I entered at the portico of Genesis, walked down through the Old Testament art gallery where the pictures of Noah, Abraham, Moses, Joseph, Isaac, Jacob, Daniel hang on the wall. I passed into the music room of Psalms, where the spirit swept the keyboard of nature and brought forth the dirge-like wail of the weeping prophet Jeremiah, to the grand impassioned strain of Isaiah, until it seemed that every reed and pipe in God's great organ of nature responded to the tuneful harp of David, the sweet singer of Israel. I entered the chapel of Ecclesiastes, where the voice of the preacher was

heard, and into the conservatory of Sharon where the Lily of the Valley's scented spices filled and perfumed my life. I entered the business office of Proverbs, then into the observatory room of the prophets where I saw telescopes of various sizes, some pointing to far off events, but all concentrated upon the bright and Morning Star, which was to rise above the moonlit hills of Judea for our salvation. I entered the audience room of the King of kings, and caught a vision of His glory from the standpoint of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, Peter, James, and Jude, penning their Epistles. I stepped into the throne room of the Revelation, where all towered into glittering peaks, and got a vision of the King sitting upon His throne in all His glory, and I cried,—

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all!"—*Selected.*

The Rich Man and Lazarus

IN our last issue we promised to consider the terms "everlasting," "forever," "unquenchable fire," etc., in connection with the punishment of the wicked. We shall not have the space in this issue for the consideration of all the texts bearing on this question; but will at this time briefly review the well-known parable concerning the rich man and Lazarus (Luke 16: 19-31) which is used by some to try to prove a state after death in which the wicked are in a purgatory awaiting further punishment, and the righteous are in a place of bliss from which they can see the torments of the wicked. Some even go so far as to say that this will be the condition of the righteous and wicked throughout eternity.

All Bible students agree that Scripture must be interpreted by *all* the texts bearing on a subject and not by any particular verse or clause which may seem to convey a certain idea. Thus, in the case of the personality of God we read that "God is a Spirit." (John 4: 24). Some take this to mean that there is no form or being to God but that He is an essence or spirit permeating all nature, and thus become what we term pantheists. They forget or overlook those texts such as found in Daniel 7: 9 which describe in such

beautiful phraseology the appearance of the "Ancient of days," and hundreds of others which prove conclusively His existence as a personal, living, tangible deity, the one God who loves those whom He has created, and upholds all things "by the Word of His power."

Investigators who follow the plan of taking one or two texts as a foundation for their belief, find themselves involved in endless difficulties. The Word of God is one harmonious whole: one part cannot be accepted and the other rejected. On this basis we stand in all subjects which are discussed in our columns; and we are always willing for every article published to be criticised very carefully in the same manner. If any thing is set forth which is not in harmony with the Scriptures as a whole, we shall most gladly retract whatever has been wrongly stated.

We shall not attempt an exhaustive treatise of the parable under consideration. We wish, however, to call attention to one or two of the principle facts connected with this question.

In the first place, we find the Saviour addressing His disciples, Luke 16: 1; and secondly, the Pharisees, Luke 16: 14. In

no place in the chapter do we find that the state of the dead was under discussion. On the contrary, the Saviour was contrasting two classes of men.

In the fourteenth verse we read, "And the Pharisees also, who were covetous, heard all these things; and they derided him." In the fifteenth verse it says, "He said unto them," and then follows a delineation of some of the sins to which they were addicted,—and following comes the parable which shows how the rich and poor are esteemed in the sight of men (the Pharisees in his instance) and how God views them. The whole parable was but an illustration of the fifteenth verse of the same chapter which reads:—"Ye are they which justify yourselves before men; but God knoweth your hearts: for that which is highly esteemed among men is an abomination in the sight of God."

Christ based all His parables on common practices and beliefs of the time in which He lived. We know this parable to be a common belief among the Jews of His time from reference to the history of Josephus, the historian of the Jews. In the appendix of his works, in a chapter entitled "Dissertation to the Greeks concerning Hades," we find a glowing description of "Abraham's bosom," "the place of torment," "a great gulf fixed," and other terms used in the parable.

We shall not attempt to further prove it to be a parable because it is very evident from other Scriptures that no such condition exists after death. The Bible teaches that the righteous and the wicked are unconscious after death, and that none receive a reward of any kind until the first resurrection, for the righteous, and at the second resurrection for the wicked. Those desiring Scripture proof for these statements will find it in articles published in this magazine from time to time.

The charge has been made against those who keep the seventh day Sabbath, according to the fourth command of the decalogue, that they are "Judaizing," and keeping a "Jewish" Sabbath; and yet we find these same accusers resting their hope of a future state of happiness (?) upon a distinctly "Jewish" doctrine, and trying to make people believe that a loving, merciful God will consign the righteous to a place where they can see the wicked tormented all the time and hear the shrieks and moans of the lost and their pitiful appeals for mercy and surcease from torment. And not content with such a heaven they are willing to believe that the unholy will live perpetually where they can see the delights and happiness of the redeemed.

In closing, we shall quote an answer to a question sent recently to *The Christian Herald*, a religious weekly of America, having among its contributors and on its editorial staff some of the recognized leaders of theology in the New World. They say:—

"Unquestionably the illustration of the rich man and Lazarus was a parable. It is the only parable in which a proper name is employed, and Lazarus was probably chosen because it was a common name in those days. There are some writers who claim that both men in the parable were real personages, and one tradition is preserved which has given the name of the rich man as Dobruk, while another gives it as Nimenusis. Neither of these traditions is deserving of serious consideration, however, and the ablest Bible authorities agree that the Saviour had in mind simply two types of men which He used to illustrate the point of His discourse."

In our next number we shall endeavour to conclude the discussion of the quotations referring to the fate of the wicked.

R. B.

Sixpennyworth of Miracle

THE headline of the meditation is not mine. It belongs to George Gissing. And this is how it occurs: Gissing was going along the road one day, and he saw a poor little lad, perhaps ten years old, crying bitterly. He had lost sixpence, with which he had been sent to pay a debt. "Sixpence dropped by the wayside, and a whole family made wretched! I put my

hand in my pocket and wrought sixpenny-worth of miracle!"

I think Gissing's phrase is very significant. It suggests how easily some miracles can be wrought. How many troubled, crooked, miserable conditions there are which are just waiting the arrival of some simple human ministry, and they will be immediately transformed! It is surely this kind of

miracle-working ministry which our Lord commends when he tells us of the service rendered by the gift of a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple. It is something which everybody can do, and yet it works a miracle, for it transforms the world of a weary traveler, changing his thirst into satisfaction, his faintness into strength, and his weariness into liberty and song. That miracle costs less than sixpence. A cup of cold water, and behold! all things become new.

John Morel, mayor of Darlington, was passing through the town and met a fellow citizen who had just been released from jail, where he had served three years for embezzlement. "Hello!" said the mayor, in his own cheery tone, "I'm glad to see you! How are you?" Little else was said, for the man seemed ill at ease. Years afterward, as John Morel told me, the man met him in another town, and immediately said, "I want to thank you for what you did for me when I came out of prison." "What did I do?" "You spoke a kind word to me, and it changed my life!" Sixpennyworth of miracle! A cup of cold water! A new world!

Ian Maclaren used to carry in his pocket a very well-worn letter, which had been sent to him by one of his poorest parishioners, and which he read again and again, and in many a changing season, and always with renewed cheer and inspiration. It was just a miracle-working letter written by an obscure parishioner who scarcely realized that she was doing anything at all. Just a cup of cold water, but it proved to be a fountain of life.

But away and beyond all such services as these, what ministries are in our hands for working miracles in the wonder-realm of prayer! We can take sunshine into cold and sullen places. We can light the lamp of hope in the prison-house of despondency. We can loose the chains from the prisoner's limbs. We can take gleams and thoughts of home into the far country. We can carry heavenly cordials to the spiritually faint, even though they are labouring beyond the seas. Miracles in response to prayer! And yet we will not pray! We will not pray! And the great miracles tarry because we will not fall in supplication upon our knees.—*The Christian Herald*.

For The Quiet Hour

Let Us Not Grow Weary

THE war is telling upon us all. It has wrought profound changes in the spirit and temper of ordinary Christians. One widespread effect of what we have gone through is to produce a sense of dull spiritual weariness and despondency. We fail and come short of that high and radiant courage which is the inheritance of those who are sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. Not that we believe in defeat. But the experience of slow suspense and chequered fortune and hope deferred and loss endured through thirty long months is beginning in many people to wear down the nerve of their resolution. They disobey the command which says: *Fret not thyself on any wise*. Secretly they give way to self-pity. They indulge in vain regrets. They fall into sloth or sullenness. They sit brooding over bygone happiness and peace which God gave, and which God has taken away. At such a time as this, we all have to do strange duties and to make hard sacrifices and to carry grievous burdens—for others, if not for ourselves; and we

must go on day after day bearing our burdens patiently—how long, we cannot tell. It is the distance which tries us, not the pace. "With most of us the chief temptation now is to lose heart, and the chief demand on our strength comes from the persistence of prosaic difficulties."

And yet, when we consider, we perceive that this dull, listless, despondent spirit is nothing but a temptation of the devil. Such a spirit, if we harbour it, will be fatal in more ways than one. For instance, it ruins our efficiency for good. Nobody can do his very best for his friends, or for his country, or for his Church, if he lets himself be haunted and daunted by this ghostly enemy. Now, as never before, true men and true Christians are in honour bound to cheer and hearten one another; but we are helpless to achieve this, unless in our hearts we "put a cheerful courage on" as part of the panoply of God.

Fortitude has been defined by an English bishop as "the grace that makes men undertake hard things by their own will wisely and reasonably." It is true enough, as he goes

on to say, that there is something in the very name of Fortitude which appeals to the love of heroism in men's hearts. Yet "the truest Fortitude may often be a less heroic, a more tame and business-like affair than we are apt to think. It may be exercised chiefly in doing very little things, whose whole value lies in this, that, if one did not hope in God, one would not do them; in secretly dispelling moods which one would like to show; in saying nothing about one's lesser troubles and vexations; in seeing whether it may not be best to bear a burden before one tries to see whether one can shift it; in refusing for one's self excuses which one would not refuse for others. These, anyhow, are ways in which a man may every day be strengthening himself in the discipline of Fortitude; and then, if greater things are asked of him, he is not very likely to draw back from them. And while he waits the asking of these greater things, he may be gaining from the love of God a hidden strength and glory such as he himself would least of all suspect; he may be growing in the patience and perseverance of the saints."

Let us not grow weary in the drudgery of Christian service. It is so easy to feel worn out with the daily demands which come upon our courage and cheerfulness, our forgiveness and our intercession. And sometimes there seems no limit to the drain upon our sacrifice. Generous hearts have given much already, they have freely offered up their best and dearest; and now perhaps they sit bereft—bankrupt of the treasure which made life seem worth while. Even in material possessions nearly all of us are poorer than we used to be. Yet the importunate call comes, pleading for added sacrifices still. And we recognize it as a sacred call, which speaks in the authentic accents of Christ Himself, requiring His servants never to grow weary of giving money away.

Weariness and despondency of spirit are the outcome of imperfect faith. When we grow dejected, it is because we are preoccupied with our own effort, we are relying upon our own strength. We forget to fall back upon the everlasting arms of Him Who fainteth not, neither is weary. But those who are rooted and grounded in the love of God obtain their portion of the Divine constancy, the Divine patience. In their hearts is shed abroad the spirit of Him in Whom is no variableness, neither the shadow of turning. Concerning a man of

faith like this, who had endured unflinchingly through floods and tempests of tribulation, his friends confessed that he seemed to them like a fragment of the Rock of Ages itself.—*The Bible in the World.*

Praying Always

I HAVE a friend. One who doubts the reality of friendship says to me: "Does your friend ever give you anything? Does he lend you money? Would he help you establish a business?" What do you think of a test like that? It is not fair. It is no true standard of friendship. We all well know that when thoughts of money come in at the door, friendship goes out through the window. Friendship is not a matter of getting gifts. The real question is, "Does your friend inspire you, warn you, console you, spur you to do your best?" And this is the real test of prayer—not what we get from God, not what God gives us, but rather what the thought of God does for us, what his love inspires us to do. Shall we not put away from us forever the childish notion that the value of prayer may be measured by what it enables us to acquire? Achievement is ever more than acquisition.

Columbus, looking for a western route to India, discovered America. Marshall, digging a shallow ditch for irrigation, discovered gold. Alexander Graham Bell, experimenting with a device to help the deaf, invented the telephone. And we, praying for comfortable homes, for smooth seas, for prosperous voyages, for deliverance from danger, for recovery from illness, find God. That is our reward, and is it not enough? What if our home be unroofed? What if the sea be rough? What if the voyage be adverse? What if recovery be delayed or denied? If we find God, and find him near, have not our prayers been justified? More than anything else, we need fellowship with God. Prayer is a means to that fellowship. Our minor needs are motives to prayer, but they do not exhaust the meaning of prayer. If cold, poverty, sickness, old age and death impel us to pray, these are the couriers that open the door for us, and bid us bow low when we come into the presence of the King of kings.—*Selected.*

"No man should ever be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser today than he was yesterday."

Health and Temperance

A Tramp's Eloquent Lecture

A TRAMP asked for a free drink in a saloon. The request was granted, and when in the act of drinking the proffered beverage one of the young men present exclaimed: "Stop, make us a speech. It is a poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look tonight at you and myself, and it seems to me that I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours. A man in the world of men, I too, once had a home, friends, and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her love and honour in the wine cup, and, Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve

and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and as lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father.

"I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might be tortured by their cries no more. Today I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no place to call my home, a man in whom every good impulse is dead—and all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shattered into a thousand fragments upon the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.

A Skipper in Irons

A SHORT time ago we clipped the following from the daily paper, and we give it here as one more indictment against the enemy of the human race—John Barleycorn. The court found the wretched captain guilty, but they forgot to look for the criminal who sold the liquor to him, and they also forgot the authorities who are standing back of the nefarious trade. They hide behind their license, pocket the profits, and then kick the poor captain into the limelight of the world because he becomes insane from the poison they sold him.

"At Plymouth, in mail week, Thomas James Stayman, of North Shields, captain of a large British ship, was charged on remand with inflicting grievous bodily harm to John Edward Jackson, chief officer, and with attempting to murder John Lloyd Gifford (Royal Naval Reserve), chief gunner. Evidence was given that the prisoner's vessel had been armed for defence, and on Decem-

ber 8 the prisoner, who had been drinking, sighted a British hospital ship in the Mediterranean, and in the evening of that date ordered Gifford to fire on it. Gifford reminded the captain that the ship within the gun's range was a hospital ship. The captain replied that he did not care and repeated the order. Gifford refused to obey and would allow nobody to touch the gun. On Boxing Day the prisoner asked Gifford if he was going to report the incident to the authorities and Gifford did not reply. That night the prisoner seized Gifford as he was going aft and attempted to throw him overboard. There was a violent struggle. Gifford was balanced on the ship's rail when the vessel lurched to starboard, thus saving his life. He ran away. The captain found him after a long search, and rushed at him, saying he would murder him. The crew intervened, handcuffed the captain, and kept him prisoner in his cabin till the ship called at Plymouth.

"The assault on Jackson was alleged to have been committed on November 30. Jackson withdrew an order given the helmsman by the captain as otherwise a collision with a passing vessel looked inevitable. The captain resented this and violently assaulted the chief officer. Gifford said the captain was drunk when he gave the order to fire on the hospital ship. While imprisoned in his cabin the captain was kept handcuffed with his hands behind his back. He was fed through a porthole.

"Nine witnesses were called for the prosecution. All declared that the captain was often dangerously drunk.

"The chief officer said that on the way out most of the crew requested him to put the captain in irons.

"The prisoner, who pleaded "Not Guilty" and reserved his defence, was committed for trial, bail being refused. The naval authorities have formulated charges against him under the Defence of the Realm Regulations."

CURRENT COMMENT

It is estimated that £400,000,000 has been hoarded in India during the last fifty years.

British troops are now within nineteen hours ride by horseback from Jerusalem.

According to a speech made by Sir E. Carson before Parliament, German submarines or raiders have sown mines as far south as the Cape of Good Hope and also around Colombo.

The famous Billy Sunday, evangelist, received over Rs. 1,50,000 for his recent campaign in Boston, U. S. A., and over 60,000 people responded to his invitation to come forward, thus signifying their intention to live Christian lives.

Mr. Ford, the automobile manufacturer, claims that he can build one-man submarines for £75 each, which will carry one torpedo.

A staff officer, who went to a famous position near Miramont, said that the result of the shelling there was indescribably hideous. "It could not possibly be worse. I know of no means of conveying to others the sense that land gives an eye-witness of being not only the death of the world but its revolting dissolution."

April 12th, a scheme for film censorship was to commence in Calcutta. The censors, one representing the Trades Association, one the European Association, and the third, the Police, will sit through trial runs of forthcoming productions every Thursday morning.

The new government of Russia has issued manifestos guaranteeing an independent Poland and autonomy for Finland. Crown lands, including more than 1,000,000 square miles of lands, forests and gold mines, will revert to the state.

Catholic archbishops of the United States have written to President Wilson, pledging the loyalty of the Catholics under their charge regarding the war.

Nearly 600 motor tractors are now being used in England for plowing.

The Danish Parliament has imposed a duty of 100 per cent on the retail prices of all spirit.

Forty thousand employees in five German munition factories have gone on strike protesting against short rations.

It is asserted by a medical authority that decayed teeth are found in from eighty-six to ninety-five per cent of school children.

It is estimated that in 1915 Canada grew over 376,000,000 bushels of wheat, 53,000,000 bushels of barley, and 520,000,000 bushels of oats.

As a result of a new French process thin slices of cork can be converted into flexible sheets. When these are combined with a suitable cloth, an excellent featherweight raincoat can be made from the fabric.

Germany only partially acceded to the request of the Pope to repatriate the deported Belgians having repatriated only 13,000 out of 65,000, and the German Government has now intimated that the repatriation must cease.

Live fish have been found at the bottom of a shaft in a Transvaal gold mine, 3,800 feet deep. They were up to three-quarters of a pound in weight. The *Fishing Gazette* says they must have been spawn when they fell.

A niece of Count Zeppelin has declared that the recent death of this famous inventor was due indirectly to the failure of his balloons to accomplish their intended purpose. He was bitterly disappointed because his airships had not been more effective in attacking England.

America is growing rich in gold. Her income-tax receipts from private persons for the 1915-1916 financial year amounted to over £13,000,000, while those from corporations exceeded £11,000,000. The value of actual gold imported into the country during 1915 was £100,000,000.

The health of the British Army is remarkable. Enteric fever has almost disappeared, there being only four cases in France, three in Egypt, and nine in Salonica. There have been altogether only 4,500 cases during the war, com-

pared with 60,000 cases during the South African campaign.

The Roman Catholics claim at the present time to have a membership in the United States of nearly one-fifth the entire population and one-half the entire Christian population of that country. Bishop McQuaid, who makes these claims, says that Catholics need have no fears for the future of that church in America.

Cooking by electricity is decidedly more economical, as far as wastage of the food is concerned, than by gas or coal. According to the *Electric Journal*, mutton, when cooked by coal, loses 31.7 per cent. and when cooked by electricity only 15.8 per cent. Other foods show something like a corresponding difference.

German spinners and weavers are claiming that they have discovered a good substitute for wool, cotton, and jute. The substitute, which is very satisfactory and inexpensive, is obtained from a plant called the typha, which grows very extensively in marshes. This year's crop is estimated at between 1,500,000 and 6,000,000 tons.

According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, 60,000,000 fruit kernels, of which 18,000,000 are cherry kernels and the remaining 42,000,000 plum kernels have been collected by a women's union in a suburb of Berlin. Most of these have been gathered by school children. The War Committee for Oils and Fats is paying $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a pound for fruit kernels.

The process of extracting nitrogen from the air is proving highly efficient. In two years, Germany's nitrogen product is said to have increased from 22,000 tons to 140,000. Scandinavia is now in the lead in this process, but we are informed that the South Island of New Zealand bids to become a great rival, owing to its abundance of cheap water power.

A famous nerve specialist, says *Science*, has devised a method of making severed nerves grow together again. He fills arteries with a special gelatine, and after cutting away the scarred part of the nerve, he inserts the ends of the nerve into the artery filled with gelatine. Through this jelly the separated ends of the nerve grow together with astonishing rapidity.

As a Good Soldier

IF I were a soldier, and if a battle were impending, and if I were to leave my place in the ranks and go to the rear because the captain of this company did not speak to me when he passed yesterday, or because a lieutenant did speak to me and spoke ungraciously, or because a sergeant hurt my feelings by something he said or did or left unsaid or undone, or because a comrade trod on my sensitive toes—if I were to throw down my arms and go to the rear, what sort of a soldier would I be? Yet have we not known "Christian soldiers" to do just such things?

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If a soldier should absent himself from drill, absent himself habitually and without good reason; if he were to neglect to study the book of tactics, the manual of arms; if he were to criticize his officers in the presence of other soldiers, and thus implant the seeds of dislike or distrust in their minds; if he were in a perpetual state of discontent because the captain did not consult him as to the plans of the campaign; if the army needed recruits, and if this soldier never said to any man, "Come, enlist and bear arms for the cause;" if, by his half-heartedness, he repelled possible recruits, and if he were to attempt to excuse himself by saying, "I am only a nominal soldier anyhow, and I do not pretend to be more," we should have a perfect right to say to him, "You are no soldier at all; you are simply playing soldier; mount a broomstick and gallop away!"

A "nominal Christian," indeed! Is there such a thing? Who cares to consult a "nominal doctor," or buy a suit of a "nominal tailor," or eat a dinner prepared by a "nominal cook"? Just how far could one travel on a "nominal train" and how much money would we care to keep in a "nominal bank"? A "nominal Christian" is no Christian at all.

—Selected.

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