

THE CARIBBEAN WATCHMAN

"LET THEM GIVE GLORY UNTO THE LORD, AND DECLARE HIS PRAISE IN THE ISLANDS." ISA. 42:12.

Vol. 4—No. 8.]

Port-of-Spain, August, 1906.

[Price 3 Cents.



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COORANBONG, N. S. W., AUSTRALIA.

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[Price 3 Cents

Blessed Meeting

There is a place, a sacred place,
Where oft I kneel and hide my face;
I lift my heart in earnest prayer,
And Jesus comes and meets me there.

I tell him all that mars my peace,
I ask of him to give release,—
Release from all the chains that bind,
And there, right there, 'release I find,

I plead with him to always stay,
For long the road and rough the way
I know my prayer of faith is heard,
I'll never, never doubt his word.

He fills me with his mighty power,
I lose myself in that glad hour;
He wipes away my falling tears,
And gives me views of coming years.

O meeting sweet! Communion blest!
A Saviour dear, a heart at rest!
I triumph o'er a fallen foe
Whom Jesus conquered long ago. —*Sel.*

A NEW WORLD

"And I saw a New Heaven and a New Earth."
"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

The prophet says, Rev. 21: 5, "Behold, I make all things new," not all new things. This being true, the world renewed will constitute a re-creation instead of a new creation. In order that sinners may be fit to live in a renewed world, they themselves must be renewed and re-created through the Holy Spirit by faith in the creative power of God.

The psalmist, in speaking of the world, declares, "Of old hast Thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the works of Thy hands. . . As a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed." Ps. 102: 25, 26. There are many texts of scripture both in the Old and the New Testament that predict, like the above quotation, a glorious eternal future for our world. In Isa. 65: 17 we read, "For, behold, I create new heavens and a new earth; and the former shall not be remembered, nor come into mind." Not that we shall never think in the world to come of this present. But in its appearance it will be so changed, so arrayed in its surpassing glory, that there will be nothing in it which will bring to mind this one. We shall certainly know the Saviour, and when He raises His hands, nail pierced, in benediction, we shall remember that we are blood-

bought and washed from sin in a fallen world.

Isaiah continues farther, speaking the words of the Lord: "I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and joy in my people; and the voice of weeping shall be no more heard in her nor the voice of crying." Isa. 65: 19. The revelator, viewing the world redeemed, gives the same glad assurance: "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away." Rev. 21: 4.

When our heavenly Father dries up the fountain of tears, He does so by removing the cause. The saddest of all tears that flow, roll down the cheek of a young, fond mother as she bends tenderly over the death-couch of her first-born. Could some, mighty healer, some tender-hearted triend, say to the death-claimed son, "Awake, thou that sleepest;" and if the eyes should open, and the cheeks flush, and the lips part, and in sweet tones he should whisper, "Mother!" the cause of her tears would be removed, and quickly they would cease to flow. So when God shall for ever destroy sin, He will then have removed the cause of tears.

The prophet, speaking still further of

the new earth, says, "And they shall build houses, and inhabit them; and they shall plant vineyards, and eat the fruit of them. They shall not build, and another inhabit; they shall not plant, and another eat." Isa. 65: 21, 22. To some minds this may seem altogether too literal. Inspiration seems to be contrasting the things of this world with the world to come. In this one, man's work perishes; in the world to come, his work shall abide. Here men build and plant. Though the building be palatial or humble, yet he who constructs it knows not that he shall ever live in it. He who plants knows not that he shall ever eat the fruit of the vineyard. But in the world to come it will not be thus. Adam and Eve in the garden of Eden were commanded to dress and keep the garden. In their unfallen state their labour was recreation and joy combined. So it will be in paradise regained.

To Isaiah, above all the prophets of the Old Testament, were revealed the glories of the world to come, and he gives us a vivid description of it as it will appear in the future ages. He devotes the whole of the thirty-fifth chapter to this subject. He says in the first verse: "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

This scripture teaches that the time will come when the desert shall be clothed with verdure. A wonderful change indeed from that which the eye of the traveller now sees as he passes over the sandy plain of the vast Sahara, stretching hundreds of miles in length, and so broad that it takes days to cross it. No green trees or green fields greet the vision. But in the restitution, the verdant fields and grand forests will spring forth, for its barrenness shall be succeeded by fertile beauty.

The prophet continues: "It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing: the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God." In ancient times the forests of Lebanon were renowned throughout the Eastern world. They were stately and beautiful in appearance, and when all shall be brought back in the restitution, beautiful forests, such as Lebanon once produced, will grace the desert waste.

The things with which we have to do here, are, as the apostle says, temporal. We live amid changing seasons, changing temperature, changing associations; indeed, mutation is written upon everything earthly. Nothing seems to be substantial except the changeless stars. But the glories that shall robe our sin-cursed planet are not temporary, but eternal. He who realizes this shall be strengthened though his hands may be weak and his, knees feeble.

A further description by the prophet is contained in Isa. 35: 5, 6: "Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

The prophet says further: "The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water. . . And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; . . . nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon." Verses 7, 8 and 9. The statement is not that there shall be no beast there, but no *ravenous* one. Isaiah then presents to us a picture of the peace and happiness that shall grace that land in these words: "And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. 35: 10.

One more quotation from the prophecy of Isaiah in reference to the condition that shall exist in the renewed earth, and we will then notice what some other inspired writers have to offer in regard to the same soul-inspiring subject. In Isa. 55: 13, we read, "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree; and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off." Thorns are a part of the curse, as we learn in Gen. 3: 18. They are to be removed when the Holy Spirit shall renew the face of the earth. When God spake the world into existence, "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters." Gen. 1: 2. As the result, order was born of chaos, and the earth appeared so beautiful that when the Creator beheld it, He pronounced it "very good." Gen. 1: 31.

The same almighty power, the Holy Spirit, is now at work operating upon human hearts, rearing up characters so pure that Satan well understands that he cannot successfully overthrow them, and when that work shall be completed, then they who shall possess those characters, in Christ Jesus, shall become the subjects of the kingdom of glory.

Then shall the earth be renewed, and become the eternal home of the righteous. We are soon to exchange worlds. Indeed, we are already treading on the borders of the better land. The dimming veil that screens us from the glory of that future world is very thin. Reader, shall you and I be ready? Are we manifesting in our life the same gentle disposition that the Saviour did in His?

The new earth will be arrayed with beauty and glory which cannot be fully described. Its scenery cannot justly be compared with any ever gazed upon in this world since the fall. Every turn will develop some new revelation. Each scene will be robed in its own peculiar freshness and characteristic, and will present a new picture of beauty. The artist will never lack a subject for a sketch, nor the lover of nature a theme for contemplation. The gently sloping hills and beautiful plains will be made

musical by the sound of babbling brooks and rippling rivulets, while the air will be richly freighted with the perfume of never-fading flowers, and vocal with the notes of the merry songsters; and over all, flooding hill, glade, and plain with light clear as crystal, will stream heaven's light in all its beauty and brightness.

The Word of God begins with man in paradise. It records the story of his shameful fall, and follows him in his sad pilgrimage through a world marred and scarred by sin. It does not leave him without hope, but constantly points him, through a crucified and risen Saviour, to the better land. Throughout its sacred pages it sweetly and earnestly declares the promise that this world shall be redeemed, and concludes with an invitation to all to prepare themselves for an everlasting inheritance therein.

—Our Paradise Home.



Abraham

There was given to Abraham the promise, especially dear to the people of that age, of a numerous posterity and of a national greatness: "I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great: and thou shalt be a blessing." And to this was added the assurance, precious above every other to the inheritor of faith, that of his line the Redeemer of the world should come: "In thee shall all families of the earth be blessed." Yet, as the first condition of fulfillment, there was to be a test of faith; a sacrifice was demanded.

The message of God came to Abraham, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee." In order that God might qualify him for his great work, as the keeper of the sacred oracles, Abraham must be separated from the associations of his early life. The influence of kindred and friends would interfere with the training which the Lord purposed to give his servant. Now that Abraham was, in a special sense, connected with heaven, he must dwell among strangers. His character must be peculiar, differing from all the world. He could not even explain his course of action so as to be understood by his friends. Spiritual things are spiritually discerned and his motives and actions were not comprehended by his idolatrous kindred.

"By faith Abraham, when he was called to go out into a place which he

should after receive for an inheritance obeyed; and he went out, not knowing whither he went." "By faith he became a sojourner in the land of promise as in a land not his own, dwelling in tents, with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise."

Abraham, "the friend of God," set us a worthy example. His was a life of prayer. Wherever he pitched his tent, close beside it was set up his altar, calling all within his encampment to the morning and the evening sacrifice. When his tent was removed, the altar remained. In following years, there were those among the roving Canaanites who received instruction from Abraham; and whenever one of these came to that altar, he knew who had been there before him; and when he had pitched his tent, he repaired the altar, and there worshiped the living God.

The patriarch was dwelling at Beer-sheba, surrounded by prosperity and honour. He was very rich, and was honoured as a mighty prince by the rulers of the land. Thousands of sheep and cattle covered the plains that spread out beyond his encampment. On every side were the tents of his retainers, the home of hundreds of faithful servants. The son of promise had grown up to manhood by his side. Heaven seemed to have crowned with its blessing a life of sacrifice in patient endurance of hope deferred.

In the obedience of faith, Abraham
(Continued on page 11.)



COME!

That one word comprehends the whole Bible; the one purpose of the Gospel, the one mission of Christ.

From that first sad evening in Genesis when God called out "Adam! where art thou?" to Revelation sunset, the one prolonged cry, the last lovelong expiring beat is, Come! "And the Spirit and the Bride say Come; and let him that heareth say, Come; and let him that is athirst, Come; and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Gen. 3: 9; Rev. 22: 17.

To the thirsty, hungry world He cries; Ho every one that thirsteth, Come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; Come ye, buy and eat; yea, Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear and come unto Me: hear and your soul shall live." Isa. 55: 1-3. "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28. "All that the Father giveth Me shall come unto Me, and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." Jno. 6: 37.

Won't you come? Nor has He stayed in Heaven and called to Earth; but came down, and calls. Not even in a general sense, but with individualistic interest. He stops at *your* door. "Behold I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to Him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." Rev. 3: 20. He calls you from that woman, that man, to whom you are not married (Ex. 20: 14); He calls your attention to that old parent whom you neglect (Ex. 20: 12); that wife, that husband, concerning whom you have broken your vow. He calls you from that way of living which is the way of death. Prov. 14: 12. He calls you to His Service which you avoid; His ordinances which you despise.

He is calling you to the Marriage of the Lamb, to take off your unclean costumes—your customs and habits—for righteousness which is the fine linen, clean and white. "Blessed are they which are called to the Marriage Supper of the Lamb." Rev. 19: 7-9.

O Earth! Earth!! Earth!!! hear the word of the Lord. Jer. 22: 9. Come! The Father, Son, and Spirit say, Come! Cherubim, Seraphim, and Saints, say Come! The first, second, and third

angels say, Come! "For the hour of His judgment is come." Rev. 14: 7.

The morning is past, mid-day is spent, just one hour before the setting sun, and then the night—when no man can come. Jno. 9: 4. It is the eleventh hour by Probation's Clock. The blood of Calvary, then Olivet's Glory. Be ready.

"And He sent His servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready." Luke 14: 17-24. In this parable, three times, He sent the call—"the mighty God even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising of the sun unto the going down thereof." It is the last time. It is supper time—the last meal. All things are now ready. Are you? And if you are not ready at evening time, when will you ever be? Notice, it is those who are bidden. They had had invitation before. They were now to comply. But how many *listen* but will not *enlist*! "And they all with one consent began to make excuse," one had bought a piece of dirt, and could not come; another, some cows; another, married a wife. They excused themselves and were excused: "for I say unto you that none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper." They were excused for Eternity. That means you—proprietor, merchant, or else—who excuse yourself from heavenly obligations for earthly advantages, placing your business before your Father's business, preferring gold to God, silver to Salvation, gain to Godliness,—forgetting we brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. 1 Tim. 6: 5-10.

And let it be noted that these rejecters are not blasphemous infidels; not that rough and rude class; but men of polished manners that refuse your message so pleasantly that you can scarcely take offence—"Pray have me excused." they are not that idle, vile, and vicious class that belong to Slumdom, but respectable and responsible citizens upon which the stability of the community depends, industrious farmers, busy merchants, devoted husbands;—not bad men, only busy—alas, so busy with earth-ties that they are tied to this earth; so engrossed with the cares of this life that, spiritually and heavenly speaking, 'fatty degeneration of the heart, has taken place, rupture, soul-dearth and death must follow. Not bad men, only busy—men of the world, who put all their eggs in one basket, who

have their portion in this life only. Ps. 17: 14; 119: 70.

Christ has emphasized the primal importance of the Heavenly Call over every earthly relationship and temporality. Seek first the Kingdom of God etc. Matt. 6: 24-33.

He that loves father or mother, son or daughter, brother or sister, wife or life more than Me is not worthy of Me. Matt. 10: 37, 38; Luke 14: 26. Mary, sitting at Jesus' feet to hear His word, chose that "one thing needful," a better part than Martha chose, who was careful and troubled about many things, cumbered about much serving, though that serving was getting a breakfast for even Jesus Himself; for our Spiritual duties come before our social ones, as surely as Heaven is above earth, and the soul above the body. Luke 10: 39-42. "Hear this, all ye people; give ear, all ye inhabitants of the world: both low and high, rich and poor, together. (Ps. 49: 1; read the whole chapter).

If you are rich—if you have field, flock, finance, friends and family—you ought to come. Gratitude should hasten you on and fasten you on to Him from whom your blessings flow, who hath given thee power to get wealth Deut. 8: 18. Will you turn His blessings into your curse? For surely they will be, if the gift estrange you from the Giver.

If you are poor, you should come. He is anointed to preach the Gospel to the poor. Would you be poor for two worlds?

Reader, as you hear his voice, harden not your heart. Come to-day. Some later time may be too late. Remember "there is but a step between me and death;" that in the midst of life we are in death." There is no age nor state nor station that bars death. He may come at morning, noon, or night. He leaves the father and takes the son sometimes; the mother and takes the daughter; he leaves the invalid abed and strikes the man at work. Have you not seen ripe fruits hanging on, while younger ones lie prematurely scattered under the tree?

And you business-men who say: "To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get again: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. . . ." Jas. 4: 13. The San Francisco disaster is the latest tragic sermon on the text. San Francisco's people did not know what that morrow would have brought forth. In a moment,

men's chaff, like the summer threshing-floors' was scattered; their toys destroyed: between the big man and him who begged, the millionaire and the menial, there was no difference.

St. Pierre was another drama in fire and brimstone; Vesuvius another: another and another. Those texts at which men either laughed, or declared to be simply figurative are giving literal translations of themselves.

"Fire and hail, snow and vapors, stormy wind, fulfilling His word." Ps. 148: 8. . . . "And Earthquakes in divers places." Matt. 24: 7. The very foundations are being removed. What is the meaning of these things which are coming on the earth? "Look up and lift up your heads" from earth. Heaven says, Come! Debar from the burning, sinking old earthship, or you perish with it. Luke 21.

"Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" from the load of sin and care. Come, Now. Don't deceive yourself with death-bed repentance. How do you know, with the possibility of accidents and sudden deaths, that you will die abed. Don't tell me that your chance at the eleventh hour is as good as those other men's. Matt. 20: 6-7. They had a good excuse. They were at the proper place waiting, but "no man hath hired us." You cannot make that plea. They went their *first* chance. But you, God has called again and again—and this may be the last time—"Son, work today in my vineyard." Quit Satan's tare-sowing and sow wheat.

P. GIDDINGS.

The End of All Things is at Hand

"But the end of all things is at hand: be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer." This is the watchword for us, "upon whom the ends of the world are come." From the sure words of prophecy, we know that we are nearing the end of the great controversy. We also know that our Saviour is making up His jewels, and soon He will "come in His own glory, and in His Father's and of the holy angels." "But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth?" For, He "shall come and shall not keep silence, a fire shall devour before Him," "and the people shall be as the burnings of lime." "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire?" "He that walketh uprightly," and they that have "made a covenant" with Him by sacrificing "ungodliness and worldly lusts;" they shall stand; and their "eyes shall see the King in His beauty." "Wherefore I will not be negligent to put you always in remembrance of these things, though ye know them, and be established in the present truth."

In the days of Noah, wickedness had

reached its climax insomuch that it grieved the Lord "at His heart." For, He "saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of his heart was only evil continually." And He "said unto Noah, the end of all flesh is come before me; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and, behold, I will destroy them with the earth." And, behold, I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth to destroy all flesh." When the end of that generation had come up before the Lord, He did not instantly destroy them; but in mercy He sent a warning message to them through His servant Noah, "a preacher of righteousness." That message he proclaimed for one hundred and twenty years. During that period they had a chance to forsake their evil course, accept the salvation offered and so avert their fatal doom. But they measured that message by its unpopularity. Undoubtedly, they reasoned that if that message was true their "mighty men of renown" would have accepted and supported it. (But, alas! "great men are not always wise.") They reasoned that it was impossible for Noah alone to be in the right way, and the whole world in the wrong.

In their unbelief they discarded God's warning. Head long they went in their revelries. "Eating, and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered the ark." Their sensibilities were blunted. They "knew not" the time of their doom, till "the flood came and took them all away."

"As the days of Noe were, so shall also the coming of the Son of man be." The very conditions that existed in Noah's day, will exist in this our day. And they are to be seen everywhere at the present. The earth is filled with violence.

For more than half a century, the final Gospel message of Revelation 14: 6-12, which is to preach to "them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people," to prepare them to meet earth's final conflict, has been sounding. As a consequence, a people will be gathered, and prepared, and ready for translation. But the majority will be unprepared for the coming storm, because of their rejection of the last warning message, like "as it was in the days of Noah." Scoffingly, they will deny the evidences of the Saviour's coming and ask, "where is the promise of His coming?" Their reason for thus asking is, say they, "all things continue as they were from the beginning of the creation." But, "we, according to His promise look for . . . a new earth." Like an old garment mother earth is soon to be folded and pass away in the fires of the great day. By unmistakable signs, we know that that event is near even at the door."

"Be ye therefore sober and watch unto prayer," "and take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness and cares of this life and so that day come upon you unawares." "Watch ye therefore."

H. LOUIE MIGNOT.

Results of Willing Blindness

To those who are anxious to be assured that the wrong way is right, and that they will be safe in following it, there is a valuable lesson in the experience and death of Ahab, king of Israel. 1 Kings 22: 1-37.

Ahab proposed to Jehoshaphat, king of Judah, that they join forces, and recover Ramoth, of Gilead, from the king of Syria. The king of Judah agreed, but suggested that they inquire of God if they should go. Some four hundred prophets being called, assured the kings that they would be successful. But there seemed to be a doubt in the mind of Jehoshaphat, and he asked if there was not another prophet of whom they might inquire. Yes said Ahab there is one, Micaiah; but he always prophesies evil of me, and not good. But Jehoshaphat wanted him called, so a messenger hastened him before the kings. The messenger suggested, however, that he speak favourably of Ahab's scheme, as the four hundred had done, Micaiah replying that he would speak *what God told him to speak*.

When asked by Ahab if they should go up to the battle, Micaiah said: "I saw all Israel scattered upon the hills, as sheep that have not a shepherd; and the Lord said, These have no master; let them return every man to his house in peace." Verse 17. Ahab said to Jehoshaphat: "Did I not tell thee that he would prophesy no good concerning me, but evil?" The other prophets stood ready to encourage Ahab to carry out his cherished desire; one going so far as to advance and smite the true prophet who had given God's message.

Then the king commanded that Micaiah be committed to prison, and fed with the bread and water of affliction until "I come in peace." The prophet of God replied: "If thou return at all in peace, the Lord hath not spoken by me. And he said, Hearken, O people, every one of you."

The kings, willing to be convinced by the four hundred false prophets against the one true one, that it would be safe to carry out their plan, went up to the battle. The result was that Ahab was wounded, and died a few hours later. Then the proclamation went forth, "Every man to his city, and every man to his own country." The Word of God, through his one servant, Micaiah, was literally fulfilled; also the scripture which says: "There is a way which

seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the paths of death." Prov. 14: 12.

Here were people who closed their ears to the promptings of conscience, backed by a plain "Thus saith the Lord," and willed to be convinced that their way, though contrary to God's Word, would be prosperous. But their folly stands out in the Word of God as a warning signal to others. Jesus said: "If any man willeth to do His will, he shall know of the teaching, whether it be of God, or whether I speak of Myself." John 7: 17, R. V.

Dear reader, are you led by the Word and Spirit of God to question your present way and standing before Him? And yet, like Ahab and others, are you willing to have your conscience eased, by being convinced that your way is right, or will do, especially since it is attested by four hundred to one? "Let God be true and every man a liar." God says: "Whosoever committeth sin transgresseth also the law; for sin is the transgression of the law." 1 John 3: 4. And "the wages of sin is death." Has God revealed your wrong way and consequent sin? "To him that knoweth to do good, and doeth it not, to him it is sin." Are you willing to confess and forsake the wrong? or are you willing rather to close your eyes to it, and be convinced that you are all right where you are? Remember King Ahab.

A. J. OSBORN.

Morsels

The *intention* that accomplishes is spelt with *s-intension*; for there must be not simply *intention* but *intensity*—that stretches mind and muscle to their climax.

Don't simply *propose* but *purpose*. Dan. 1: 8. *Strive* to enter, for many will *seek* and not get in. Luke 13: 24.

You must jostle your way, and elbow through. If you wait till the crowd pass by, you'll never pass. If you lie on the bank till the river runs *dry*, you'll never cross. It runs *wet* all the time. If you wait till Satan dies before you turn Saint, you'll never.

The Lord hath made *bare his holy arm* in the eyes of all nations for salvation. Isa. 52: 10. You too must roll up your sleeves and pitch in. Don't mind your clothes. You'll have them ruffled, torn, for you must resist unto blood striving against sin. Heb. 12: 4. With Him that comes from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, red in His apparel, garments blood-sprinkled, raiment all stained, yours, too, will be. Isa. 63: 1-3.

Fight the good fight of faith. 1 Tim. 6: 12. Adjustment after jostling. These garments red shall make way for linen white. What are these which are arranged in white robes? . . . These

are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Rev. 7: 13-14.

They were washed in *red* and came out *white*!

In order to impress your importunity, press through. Mark 5: 24-34.

If you are short, climb a sycamore. Luke 19: 1-4.

Blessed is that man when *tested* is not *teased*, when *tried*, he *triumphs*. Jas. 1: 12. Have a dignity so deep that it can take lots of digging and not be dug out. In your patience possess ye your souls. Luke 21: 19; Jas 1: 2-4.

If you can't sell a book front-door, don't refuse to go back-door, as some houses will ask you to. It's hard, but so is diamond. Possess it. Ezek. 3: 8-9.

P. GIDDINGS.

Bearing Precious Seed

"There is no use in keeping the church open any longer; you may as well give me the key," said a missionary in Madras, as in the course of a journey he passed through a village where once so many of the natives had professed Christianity that a little church had been built for them. But the converts had fallen away, returned to their idols, and there remained faithful only the one poor woman to whom the missionary was now speaking. "There is Christian worship in the village three miles off" he added, noticing her sorrowful look; "any one who wishes can get there." "Oh, sir," she pleaded, most earnestly, "do not take away the key! I at least will still go daily to the church, and sweep it clean, and will keep the lamp in order, and go on praying that God's light may one day visit us again." So the missionary left her the key, and presently the time came when he preached in that very church, crowded with repentant sinners—the harvest of the God-given faith of that one poor Indian woman.

—*The Treasury*.

Longing for God

Once a king in crossing a desert in a lonely caravan, was parched with thirst. Dreadful is that dry and thirsty land where no water is! The sands were strewn with the wrecks of caravans, the skeletons of men who had died of thirst lying in that dread cemetery: and then the cry arose, "Water, water! there is no water!" It was a fearful moment. His parched lips and eyes looked up to the all-too-cloudy sky along the plain; overhead, the red-hot copper sun. Then said one, "We must *let loose the harts*,—the light, fleet harts." They bounded in all directions. Keen in their instinctive scent of water, the spring was

found; and when the caravan rested beside the beautiful and blessed pool,—then said the king, as he took his tables and wrote, "*As the hart panteth after the waterbrooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.*"

Why One Superintendent Stopped Smoking

A Sunday-school superintendent made the following confession at a county Sunday-school convention:—

"I used to smoke. It was a pleasure that I thought did no harm to me or any one else, and I believed I had a right to the enjoyment. Then one day I stopped, and here is the reason:—

"A widowed woman, the mother of two lively boys in my school, hurried into my store one morning, walked straight up to me, and handed me a handful of cigarettes. I stared, and she explained: 'They dropped out of Joe's and Billy's pockets a little while ago, when I was mending their clothes. When I asked what cigarettes in their pockets meant, they both owned up to liking cigarettes, and smoking them whenever they got a chance. I talked to them about the hurt it would do them, and what do you think they said? They told me they didn't mean to keep on with cigarettes always. As soon as they grew bigger, and could earn money, and afford it, they would change from cigarettes to cigars. 'And cigars are all right,' said my boys. 'Good men smoke cigars—lots of them. Why, ma Mr. Wilson our superintendent, smokes cigars; and Mr. Wilson's sure a good man, ain't he?'"

"'Mr. Wilson,' went on that mother, 'I'm doing my best, trying to train my two fatherless boys to be good men, and you've helped me many a time by the good teaching you've given them as their superintendent. They trust you, and admire you, and they think it's all right for them to smoke, if a good man like you smokes. Now I don't want my boys to smoke cigarettes; but when I talk that way to them, they point to your smoking as if that settled the matter. I didn't know what to say or to do; but it seemed best to come over and tell you plainly exactly how it was. I feel sure you want to help, and not to hinder, every boy in your school; and I believe you would be as willing to teach them by your example as you are to teach them by your good words.'

"Well, I was wanting a smoke that minute; but the one thought of that mother trying to bring up two boys to become two good men, and being hindered by any habit of mine settled the thing. The cigar box that stood handy went into the stove. 'Tell Joe and Billy,' I said, 'that Mr. Wilson has quit smoking.' And quit I did. Since that day, no boy has been able to point to my example as his excuse for smoking cigarettes or anything else."—*Sunday School Times*.

Expect Blessings

Begin to-day with the determination to find blessing. God's tender mercies are about us on every side. Be on the lookout for them, and you will find them. "The more we look for them, the more of them we will see. Blessings brighten when we count them. Out of the determination of the heart the eyes see.

"If you want to be gloomy, there's gloom enough to keep you glum; if you want to be glad, there's gleam enough to keep you glad." Say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' Better lose count in enumerating your blessings, than lose your blessings in telling over your troubles. 'Be thankful unto him and bless his name!'—*Rev. G. R. Lunn, in Christian Intelligencer*

EDITORIAL

S. A. WELLMAN Editor
 GEO. F. ENOCH Associate Editor.
 Editorial Contributors.
 W. G. KNEELAND. J. A. STRICKLAND.

Not long no, not long. The weary hearts that have been waiting for Jesus these many years will soon have their hopes fulfilled. The days hasten swiftly by. Events are following one another in swift succession, each of which point forward to the near approach of the blessed Jesus, our master whom we have learned to love.

Day by day, month by month, year by year the manifestations in heaven and earth, fulfilling the predictions of inspiration are telling their story and witnessing the truth of God's prophetic declarations. How happy it makes the hearts of God's children! How the depths of thankfulness are stirred! "And unto them that look for him shall he appear a second time without sin unto salvation." We are looking, watching, working, waiting. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

Rapidly the good news of Salvation is being brought to the attention of the whole world. There remain only a small number of earth's nationalities who cannot have the Bible in their native tongue at a very reasonable figure. Less than one century ago this could be said only of a half dozen tongues. The last closing messages as delineated in Rev. 14 are fast covering the countries of earth also, and soon the words of our Saviour will be fulfilled; "This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness to all nations and then shall the end come."

Surely with the prospect of a better land just before us, we can afford to wait in patience a little longer. Yea more, we can afford to work for it, to sacrifice for it, to put forth our every endeavour so that the nations and peoples yet unwarned will soon hear the good news of a living and a soon coming Saviour.

And why should not the Christian be a bearer of the Gospel message? Why should he not sacrifice for it? Is it not that which has brought him from darkness into the light? Yea and more, for "Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid."

The light of the world! Ah such a great world it is too, so many millions of souls in it; so many in heathenism, out of Christ, groping on in utter darkness. Not only a bearer of the message, of the words, but a bearer of the light. The light of the world is Jesus Christ. "I am the light of the world," he says. And "ye are the light of the world" because ye bear Jesus, for "he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." It is because we have Jesus, because he is in our lives that we are able to carry light to the world; and because Jesus is in our lives, we must in duty bound, go into all the world with the Gospel.

That Gospel must come into our hearts, must control our desires, loosen our purse strings and quicken our foot-steps for service or our work cannot truly represent the tireless, self-sacrificing, ministering, Nazarene. He bore the light. It was the true light, unblemished and unshaded. His life was the true life, His words, words of righteousness.

Every follower of His, will be equally true in life and light. As they reflect the divine radiance to the world it will be unblemished and unshaded. It will carry life to men and turn many to righteousness.

Study Your Bible

Many times in recent years prominent men have called attention to the great ignorance,

in lands professedly Christian; of the Bible and its teachings. And while the ministers of Christ and a faithful few are constantly pondering its precepts it is manifestly evident that the vast majority are as described, ignorant even of the simple precepts and stories of the Sacred Word.

But this ignorance of the divine teaching is but a sign of the degeneration of the present day. It is an evidence of the truth of the word which declares that just before the coming of Christ there will be a "famine in the land; not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the Lord." The ignorance among those who might know is soon to be brought to light by the events which, according to God's word will come prior to the Saviour's appearing. They will, as those awful days come upon them, desire the truth as God's book reveals it and be forever shut from a comprehension of its meaning. It will then be "too late." The illustration of Bible ignorance recently given by John Drew in New York City, while but one of hundreds of thousands, shows that a majority in Christian lands not only do not know the story of Sodom and Gomorrah but know nothing of the word of God which states that the destruction of these cities finds its counterpart in the awful calamities of the present day. Amos 4: 11. They know not these are the warnings of God to a world fast nearing its end and so "as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, until the day Noah entered into the ark and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be." Matt. 24: 38, 39. Of these things they are willingly ignorant; and as recorded by Luke, having refused the invitation to the supper, the Master has sent out his servants to call others. "For I say unto you that none of those men which were bidden shall taste my supper."

Have you a desire to be at peace with God, to live for Him, to represent Him? Study His Word and obey its precepts. By a knowledge of this word you will not only be guided aright in this life but prepared for the world to come.

Study your Bible. As the Bereans of old be a more honourable man than others, seek to have God's reason for all things. Study to show thyself self approved unto God. Nothing is more consistent than for a professed Christian to know the Bible, his faith's foundation.

As the word is preached in all the world as a witness let us be careful that our lamps are kept trimmed and burning lest we be found sleeping when the Master cometh and that day take us unawares.

The Way of the Cross

Matt. 16: 21-27

Kindly take your Bible and prayerfully read the above Scripture. Jesus was telling his disciples of the way of the cross, where he should soon suffer all things.

Peter said "Be it far from thee Lord: this shall not be unto thee."

Jesus replied "Get thee behind me Satan: thou art an offence unto me: for thou savorest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men."

Thus we have contrasted the way of men, and the way of God. The way of men is the easy way, the yielding of the flesh or to custom, or pleasure. The way of God is the way of the cross, the way of suffering, the straight way.

The reason for this is that we are now in mortal flesh with its affections and lusts. Man's way is to yield to these affections and lusts, God's way is to crucify them. "But they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with its affections and lusts." Gal. 5: 24.

"Put to death therefore your members which are upon earth, fornication, uncleanness, passion, evil desire, and covetousness, which is idolatry: for which things sake the wrath

of God cometh upon the children of disobedience. In the which ye also walked sometime. But now ye also put away these; anger, wrath, malice, blasphemy, evil communication out of your mouth." Col. 3: 5-8. Here the Lord enters into detail, mentioning different ones of the affections and lusts." Put them to death" the Revised Version plainly states.

Now to some this is an hard saying. Men do not naturally desire to put these to death. It is so pleasant to yield to the desires and appetites of sinful flesh, and yet that way is the way of death. It is an hard saying to crucify the flesh with its affection and lusts but it will be a harder one yet to hear the words "Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire prepared for the devil and his angels."

Jesus said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

Jesus has passed over the way before us. "Follow me." Christ must needs suffer" "Who for the joy that was set before him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of God."

For thirty-three years Jesus abode in sinful flesh. He felt the full strength of its temptation but he never once gave the flesh the throne but through suffering denied self crucified the flesh, and patiently bore the cross for us.

And Peter, the same Peter who in our text rebuked the Master for stating that he was to walk the way of the cross, said in latter years when he had forsaken man's way for God's way, "Forasmuch then as Christ hath suffered for us in the flesh, arm yourself likewise with the same mind. For he that hath suffered in the flesh hath ceased from sin. That he no longer should live the rest of his time in the flesh to the lust of men, but to the will of God." 1 Peter 4: 1, 2.

Sometimes we meet men and women who claim that they have reached the place in this mortal flesh where they have "holy flesh," and cannot sin. Such teaching is a delusion and a snare.

This mortal flesh is sinful flesh and the way to glory is the way of the cross. Until mortal is changed to immortality we must resist the evil desires and passions of the flesh, not yielding to them. This will bring suffering to us, for the flesh is no easy enemy to fight. But the flesh is always an enemy and will only be holy in itself when "mortality is swallowed up of life."

The thorns in the flesh must prick us continually to keep us humble although we may pray thrice to have them removed. But still we "can cease from sin," by daily dying, and practically experiencing that blessed truth. "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness" "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me."

So the cross is ever with us. We can not get away from it. Some have thought that a change of location would benefit them, laying their failures to the fault of some persons or influences surrounding them. But to their sorrow they have found the fault in their sinful flesh. When they moved they took with them their flesh hence their troubles increased in a new place.

For neglecting to take up the cross to-day makes it heavier to-morrow.

A dying life is the only enduring life. "For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; and whosoever shall lose his life for my sake shall find it."

No man yet avoided this bearing of the cross and then received the Master's approbation. Can you? The Lord showed Paul the things he must suffer, Paul kept his body under lest while he preached to others he himself might be a castaway.

But Bless his Name, the Cross leads to a kingdom at the end of this toilsome struggle
(continued on page 12)

Health and Temperance

Captain's Wife-Widow

During my stay across the water, I made the acquaintance of Mrs. McKeane. She was a staunch White Ribboner, bringing up her children to fear liquor as if it were labeled "skull and crossbones."

"And isn't it a verra strong poison?" she asked in her pretty Scotch brogue, rolling her "r's" to add force of assertion to her query. I noticed a shadow pass over her pale face, and her lips quivered pathetically. She caught my look and said,—

"Some day, not noo, dearie, and I'll tell you the story. It will make you feel sad. I want you to be happy noo, ready for your speaking this evening."

I supposed Mrs. McKeane a widow. "I am and I am not," she one day later half explained, and I saw the same quiver on her lips.

"You'll soon be leaving us noo. You might care to hear my sad bit of story."

The children, now grown up, were away; she took my hand as we sat together on the lounge, in her cosy little London parlour:—

"You know my husband was a captain in the Royal Engineers, and his station was in India. Such happy times as they were in those days, my husband so dear and good to me, and so looked up to by his men and the subalterns.

He often used to bring his men home for me to 'mither a wee,' he would say. Young lieutenants, mere boys away from home and country, and exposed to all the temptations of army life. Our babies were such a delight to us; he was devoted to them; and the only cloud was the thought that we should have to send them home later on (the climate of India is so bad for bairnies, don't you know,)—a cloud that was just a speck in my blue then; now it seems just spread with blackness. My husband, being captain, had work that exposed him sometimes to the fierce sun of India for hours at a stretch. He was always so interested in canal making, feeling that canals and irrigation were the sole preventives to the awful famines. I was with him on one of those expeditions, leaving my bairnies with their *ayah* in my sister's house. Our tent was pitched on the borders of a shady forest. We had a delightfully cool camp, with wet *tatties* all around the tent, and *punkas* going inside.

"Alan had been out longer than usual one day, when the sun was hot, and yet a moist wind blowing. He

staggered into the tent, and almost fell onto the couch. I thought it was just fatigue, but I found that in all that heat he felt cold to my touch, and his face was so pallid.

"There was no doctor to run to, up-country as we were, and I could only think of the bottle of cognac. So I gave him some. Then seeing he was no better, I gave him some more,—and then more again. It was my own idea, my only refuge. It makes me shudder as I think of it noo, after these many years."

For a minute or two she could not speak.

"It was the very worst thing I could do," she went on. "He had had sunstroke, and I kept inflaming his poor brain with the poison, and," she added half under her breath, "his brain has never recovered."

"But you did the best in your power," I hastened to say, as poor comfort, "the best you knew how."

"Yes, but I ought to have known. Every woman ought to instruct herself about common ills and common remedies. Ah," she went on with the tears streaming down her face, "if I had only known then what I have learned since."

"But I'd rather tell you how good and kind every one was. The men with us made a litter so as to take him in and out of the bullock cart without disturbing him. We got slowly back to our station, I giving him sips of brandy at intervals. The doctor never told me afterward that I did wrong,—out of pity for me, perhaps.

"He had fever, later, and was delirious. When it was possible, we started for home. I can't begin to tell you how good every one was. Friends passed us on from station to station. Sometimes it was a good, dear missionary and his wife who took us under their roof, sometimes a brother officer or a civilian.

"On board ship it was the same sympathy and kindly ministrings.

"But, O, it was piteous to hear baby May: 'I want my old Fadie to come back. This isn't my own Fadie. Do 'oo fink, Mummie, Dod could fetch him back if I asked Him?'

"And Haughie would open his big brown eyes and look at him so long and wonderingly, asking no questions, and having no heart to play in his presence. It went to my soul to see them,—all ignorant of what they were losing. We took him to one of our best sanitoriums, but it was too late—too late.

"The fire in the brain that I had set up with that vile stuff developed into softening. And noo, other hands than mine have to care for him. No wonder the clever men call it fuel when they daren't call it food. When I think of my soldier-husband, with all the scientific work he was competent to do in fighting the famines, I think how much poor India has lost."

Lousia A. Nash.

Drunkenness in Russia

Mr. Arnold White, in his article "The Russian Bogey," in the *National Review*, in Aug., 1898, made a prophecy which has proved true in the late war: "The stage of drunkenness in England in the last century finds a parallel in Russia to-day, the only difference being that the habit of inebriety, which steadily diminishes with the spread of education and the consequent softening of manners, shows little sign of diminishing in Russia. The village assemblies have become worse than they were in the days of serfage. Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace declares that almost any communal decision may be obtained by 'treating the Mir'—that is to say, by supplying a certain amount of vodka. Alcoholism is prevalent in Russia to an extent unparalleled in other countries. High and low, rich and poor, drink to excess. Liver and kidney troubles are common among all classes. Nor is there the sense of shame in being overcome with strong drink which obtains in Western countries. I have heard a young guardsman apologise to a lady at an Embassy reception, in the hearing of a dozen guests, by saying that the reason why he had not kept an appointment with her to which he was pledged was that he was drunk the night before. The drunkenness in the army, navy, and administrative services is prodigious; and although the average Russian can undoubtedly consume more raw spirits than any other white man, the effect of the drinking habits of the Russians, in the event of a collision with a first-class Power, will be shown here and there in the engine-rooms of battleships and in the conning-towers of cruisers, in the incapacity of squadron commanders and engineers in the field, and in the absence of smart co-operation between the various departments concerned in the mobilisation of the Russian army, navy, transport, and commissariat services."

OUR YOUNG FOLK

Forgive and Forget

Forgive and forget, it is better
To fling all ill feeling aside,
Than allow the deep, cankering fetter,
Of revenge in your breast to abide.

For your step o'er life's path will be lighter,
When the load from your bosom is cast,
And the glorious sky will seem brighter,
When the cloud of displeasure has passed.

Though your spirit swell high with emotion
To give back injustice again,
Sink the thought in oblivion's ocean,
For remembrance increases the pain.

Oh, why should we linger in sorrow,
When its shadows are passing away,—
Or seek to encounter to-morrow,
The blast that o'erswept us to-day?

Our life's stream is a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide,
When the sunbeams of joy o'er it quiver,
It must foam when the storm reach its tide.

Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret;
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness,
Ere the sun set, forgive and forget.
—Robert Gray.

Self

I knew a girl who had everything a girl could want in her life. As a child she had not been very well, and her parents had petted her and given her everything she desired, and the result was that she was a spoiled girl in every sense of the word. She went about in the summer-time from place to place, seeking rest and recreation. In one place she was not pleased with the scenery, and must move on to another. Perhaps there the people did not suit her, so she would go to still another. Nothing satisfied her. She led a restless, selfish, hungering life that never could be satisfied.

One day she went back to her city home, waiting to decide where to go next. A friend said, "What now?" "I don't know. I wish there was something in the world that I wanted to do. I wish there was something new I could see." "If you will come with me in the morning, I will show you something new," said her friend. "Shall I like it?" "I don't know, it will be something new."

The next morning she took her down to the hospital ship to see the worn mothers, with weary faces and heavy hearts, carrying their sick babies in their arms, and dragging along behind little tots who could scarcely walk. One mother, with an especially interesting face, was there. She had a tiny baby

she could hardly hold, it was so weak. As this girl watched her go on board with the poor little wreck of a baby, and saw the look on the nurse's face as she took it and put it in one of those white cribs—those blessed white cribs!—a new passion came into her heart.

Speaking to the doctor, she said, "Doctor, will this child live?" "I doubt it," was the answer. "If she had been brought to us a few days ago, she might have lived." "Why was she not brought?" "Because there was nowhere to put her. We had no beds." "Not room for them all, so many must die." "The baby shall not die," said the girl.

That baby did not die, and hundreds of babies have found life and refreshment, and hundreds of mothers' hearts have been spared the crushing loss, because of what that girl saw that morning. She forgot all about her own fancied troubles. Her friends were astonished to have her so quickly and easily satisfied with the scenery she found at this place or that, and even more astonished to find how eagerly and quickly she rushed back to the crowded masses in the city heat that she might add one more blessing to the ship as it went on its errand of mercy.

No girl in all the world ever put aside the weight of self which holds her down without finding satisfaction above all she ever hoped to have, who did not find throbbing in her own heart a joy of which she had not dreamed. It is self that keeps us from service, self which breaks the golden rule by which Christ bade us live. Self is the first weight that we must cut off and lay aside.—Margaret Slattery, in *Record of Christian Work*.

Do It Well

A job slighted because it is apparently unimportant leads to habitual neglect so that men degenerate, insensibly, into bad workmen.

"That is a good rough job," said a foreman in our hearing, recently, and he meant that it was a piece of work, not elegant in itself but strongly made and well put together.

Training the hand and eye to do work well leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is, in most cases, a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present situation who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who

neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent because it is not a dollar. Some of the wisest lawmakers, the best statesmen, the most gifted artists, the most merciful judges, the most ingenious mechanics, rose from the great mass.

A rival of a certain lawyer, sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," replied the lawyer, unabashed "and I did it well." And because of his habit of doing even mean things well he rose to greater.

Take heart, all who toil! all youths in humble situations, all in adverse circumstances. If it be but to drive the plough, strive to do well, if only to cut bolts, make good ones, or to blow the bellows, keep the iron hot. It is attention to business that lifts the feet higher up on the ladder.
—Selected.

Things to Forget

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbours' faults. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the faultfinding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them and the constant thought of the acts of meanness or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and loveable.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

It Is Not So Much

WHAT you think as what you say.
WHAT you earn as what you save.
WHAT you sing as how you sing it.
WHAT you want as what you need.
WHAT you believe as what you do.
WHAT you give as how you give it.
WHAT your work as how it is done.
WHAT you possess as how you use it.
WHAT you profess as what you perform.
WHAT you learn as what you remember.
WHAT you write as the value of your thoughts.
—Selected.



The Better Plan

A child came close to his teacher's side,
His book tight clasped in his little hand.
"Teacher," he said, with wistful eyes,
"We're coming to words that I don't understand;
I've turned the pages over and over,
And the words are so big, and they're all so new;
When we come to the lessons where they are put,
O teacher, I don't know what I'll do."

The teacher smiled at the troubled face,
And tenderly stroked the curly head:
"Before we reach them, I think you will learn
The way to read them," she gently said;
"But if you shouldn't, I'll help you then;
And don't you think that the wisest plan
Is to learn the lesson that comes to-day,
And learn it the very best you can?"

And it seems to me it is so with us;
We look at the days that are still ahead—
The days that perchance may never be ours—
With a pitiful longing and nameless dread;
But surely the Teacher who gives the task
Will lovingly watch, as we try to read
With faltering tongue and tear-dimmed eyes,
And will help his children in time of need.
—Selected.

No Cause for Envy

The following dialogue is reported as having taken place between Mr. Jacob Ridgeway, a Philadelphia millionaire, and a young man who thought Mr. Ridgeway was greatly to be envied on account of his wealth. "Think," said the young man, "of the thousands your income brings you every month."

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes; and I can't eat more than one man's allowance, or wear more than one suit of clothes at a time. Pray can't you do as much?

"Ah! but," said the youth, "think of the fine houses you own, and the rental they bring you!"

"What better off am I for that?" replied the rich man. "I can live in only one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only use it to buy other houses for other people to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

"But you can buy splendid furniture and costly pictures and fine carriages and horses; in fact, what you desire."

"And after I have bought them," responded Mr. Ridgeway, "what then? I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man who is not blind can do the same. I can ride no easier in a fine carriage than you in

an omnibus for five cents, with the trouble and attention to diverse footmen, and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world the happier we shall be. All my wealth cannot buy back my youth, cannot purchase exemption from sickness and pain, cannot procure me power to keep afar off the hour of death; and then, what will all avail when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all for ever? Young man, you have no cause to envy me."

—Sel.

Emphasize Children's Virtues

The more parents learn to understand their children, the greater is their power of self-control and the ability to mould their characters.

If a mother has wisdom enough, patience enough, and love enough, she can perform miracles.

She can keep down in her child tendencies that have the strength of lions, and encourage germs of virtue almost too feeble to come to the light.

It is a common fault among parents to dwell too much upon the faults of their children, and too little upon their virtues.

They seem to be wholly forgetful of their own sensitiveness to public censure. A child that is constantly found fault with loses courage, and wonders if there is any use in trying to be good, then soon returns to utter indifference.

He might as well have a good time in his own way, since he is considered thoughtless and selfish enough anyhow.

On the other hand, let a mother try to remember the good things he has done or said during the day, even though it may be only one, and when he comes to her at night for a little talk, or his prayers, tell him how pleased you were to notice them, and you feel sure he will always remember to go on doing what is right, and then, because it pleases you and makes you very proud of him.

Watch his face glow with pleasure at your praise, and his eyes reflect the determination to try harder than ever to win your approbation.

I have seen a child's whole nature change and develop for the better under this treatment.

It stands to reason that if you dwell

upon the faults of children you will only impress them all the deeper upon their consciousness, making it harder for them to conquer them.

A fault can be put out of the mind easier and more successfully not by dwelling upon it, but by attempting to put it out indirectly by filling the mind with encouraging thoughts.

Children need encouragement as far as reforming goes. Look only for the good, and when you find it, emphasise it so they may have an incentive for trying all the harder. A child is easily wounded with a sense of its failures, and mothers should make the effort to inspire and cheer them.

Always send your children to bed in a happy frame of mind. Even in their sleep that impression is retained, and they awaken in the morning ready and eager to do their best.

Not long ago I read of a beautiful idea. Parents would do well to put it into practice. The thought was this: Singing, which is one of the most beneficial and exhilarating pastimes for children, is not sufficiently indulged in.

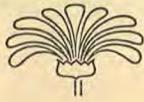
It is singularly difficult to induce children in Sunday-school to sing out freely, and when there are strangers present the little ones are almost sure to be seized with a shyness that makes them dumb.

Much of this shyness would be overcome if in the family there was a practice of singing, which is one of the most beneficial and exhilarating pastimes for children.

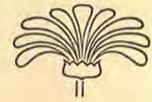
Pianos are everywhere, and almost all mothers can play enough to manage a few simple melodies. A "good-night" song before separating would be found to soothe away some of the cares and vexations of the day, and the children would be more ready to go peacefully to bed, their minds having been calmed, and their nerves quieted by the music.—Margaret Stowe, in the "New York Journal."

Shade-Trees for Health

It is not shade alone that makes it cooler under a tree in summer. The coolness of the tree itself helps, for its temperature is about forty-five degrees Fahrenheit at all times, as that of the human body is a fraction more than ninety-eight degrees. So a clump of trees cools the air as a piece of ice cools the water in a pitcher. That is why the legislature has authorized the park authorities of New York City to plant trees in the tenement districts. If the air can be made cooler and purer by the trees, fewer children will die of heat ailments. As four thousand more children die in New York during June, July, August, and September than in any other similar period of the year, the importance of adopting every known means to save life is undisputed.—*Youth's Companion*.



MISSIONS



Truth Most Precious

Great truths are dearly bought. The common truth,

Such as men give and take from day to day,
Comes in the common walk of easy life,

Blown by the careless wind across our way.
Great truths are dearly won; not found by chance,

Nor wafted on the breath of summer dream;
But grasped in the great struggle of the soul.

Hard buffeting with adverse wind and stream,
Sometimes, 'mid conflict, turmoil, fear and grief,

When the strong hand of God, put forth in might,
Ploughs up the subsoil of the stagnant heart,

It brings some buried truth-seeds to the light.
Not in the general mart, 'mid corn and wine;

Not in the merchandise of gold and gems;
Not in the world's gay hall of midnight mirth,

Nor 'mid the blaze of regal diadems;

Not in the general clash of human creeds,
Nor in the merchandise 'twixt church and world,

Is truth's fair treasure found, 'mongst tares and weeds;

Nor her fair banner in their midst unfurled.
Truth springs like harvest from the well-ploughed fields,

Rewarding patient toil, and faith and zeal.
To those thus seeking her she ever yields

Her richest treasures for their lasting weal.
—Selected.

"What She Could"

Francois Coillard, the "Apostle of the Upper Zambezi" spent nearly half a century among the Barotsi tribes of Central Africa, and at his death there was mourning among heathen and converts alike.

Some little time before his death he had a serious illness, and upon his recovery several American missionaries in Zululand went to rejoice with him.

The Basutos, learning of this, planned a banquet for their beloved teacher and his friends. They prepared an ox and numbers of sheep and fowls, and depositing them on the veranda of Monsieur Coillard's home late one night, began to sing the hymns he had taught them.

"What is all this?" he asked in surprise, stumbling over the abundant gifts as he opened the door.

"Your friends from a distance have come to tell you they are glad you are well," responded the leader.

Tears filled the missionary's eyes. Only too well he knew that many who had contributed to this love-offering were very poor, and their gifts meant a real privation.

At this moment a very old woman, named Mateke, arrived, carrying an enormous gourd. Although she lived a long way from the village, and had

been hard at work in the fields all day, she would not consent to send her gift by another, but insisted in carrying it herself.

"And what am I to do with this, Mateke?" the missionary asked, as she placed the huge thing in his arms.

"Do what you like," she returned, simply. "It made me happy to have that gourd. I want to make you happy. I have nothing else."

And why do you want to make me happy?" continued the old man.

"Because you have told me things to make me glad even when I am hungry," she answered, a light coming into her wrinkled face, "that rest me when I am tired, and make me not afraid to be covered up in the earth when I die. I am glad to give you my gourd—even if you do not want it, and will throw it away."

"She hath done what she could," murmured the old man, turning to his companions. "I shall never throw it away, Mateke. I will keep it always—to help me to be faithful."

The gourd, withered, dry and colourless, was still in his possession when he died.
—Selected.

Getting an Audience

The following description of how Mr. Moody got the people to attend his services, contains a lesson for all who believe that they have a message that the world should hear. Near the close of 1885 Mr. Moody was asked to open a church in New York. He said:—

"I will go down and open that church on one condition: that is, that you get the people *around that building*—not the people from Brooklyn, Jersey City, and up-town, people that have been going to meeting for twenty-five years. Do not advertise in the papers. Take invitations and have those families visited, and find out what is around your church."

"They found," says Mr. Moody, "there were seventy-six thousand people in that district. There were thirty-four thousand Protestants, and only one German Church. I set to work on the thirty-four thousand Protestants. They had put up a building costing one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. When we began the building was not full—could not get a crowd: so I said, 'This will not do; we must go out for the people.' I appointed a committee to meet me before the advertised time,

and we started out. I went up the Bowery. Years ago, when I preached in Farwell Hall, we had a man on every corner. A man could not go by but he got from one to a dozen invitations. The first invitation he probably threw away; the second invitation he noticed; going on a little farther, he met another man, and so on, until he got waked up. It carries me back to those days. But I went up the Bowery. I met a man, and I said:—

"'Won't you go round and hear Moody and Sankey? They are right round the corner there!'"

"'No, they are humbugs and mountebanks,' he said.

"How do you know they are? Did you ever hear them?"

"'No, and I do not want to.'

"'But won't you go with me?'"

"'No; I won't. I am a Roman Catholic.'

"'Never mind,' said I, 'I tell you I have heard Moody, and I never heard him say a Roman Catholic was a mountebank. I believe you are doing him wrong.'

"'Well, perhaps I was a little hasty.'

"And I had a chance to talk to him about the kingdom of God.

"I walked up the Bowery awhile, and came back and passed some men, and tapped one of them on the shoulder, and said good-naturedly: "'Won't you come round and hear Moody and Sankey?'"

"'No; I have got to see my friend,'

"'Never mind your friend; bring him along with you.'

"I tapped another on the shoulder, and he said, 'This is the *second time* you have asked me.' Afterward he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'I think I will go around and hear those chaps.'

"I got him around, brought him up in front, and gave him a seat before me. I never saw a man more astonished. He was wide-awake.

"What was the result? From that time we had to shut the doors afternoon and evening half an hour before the advertised time, on account of the crowd of people. It is no trouble to reach the people if you go after them."

—Youth's Instructor.

"However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and however slight they may be, you had better make an effort to get rid of them."

(Continued from page 2.)

had forsaken his native country,—had turned away from the graves of his fathers and the home of his kindred. He had wandered as a stranger in the land of his inheritance. He had waited long for the birth of the promised heir. At the command of God he had sent away his son Ishmael. And now, when the child so long desired was entering upon manhood, and the patriarch seemed able to discern the fruition of his hopes, a trial greater than all others was before him.

The command was expressed in words that must have wrung with anguish that father's heart: "Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, . . . and offer him for a burnt-offering." Isaac was the light of his home, the solace of his old age, above all else the inheritor of the promised blessing. The loss of such a son by accident or disease would have been heart-rending to the fond father; it would have bowed down his whitened head with grief; but he was commanded to shed the blood of that son with his own hand. It seemed to him a fearful impossibility.

Abraham at last summoned his son, telling him of the command to offer sacrifice upon a distant mountain. Isaac had often gone with his father to worship at some one of the various altars that marked his wanderings, and this summons excited no surprise. The preparations for the journey were quickly completed. The wood was made ready, and put upon the ass, and with two men-servants they set forth.

That day—the longest that Abraham had ever experienced—dragged slowly to its close. While his son and the young men were sleeping, he spent the night in prayer, still hoping that some heavenly messenger might come to say that the trial was enough, that the youth might return unharmed to his mother. But no relief came to his tortured soul.

Even now he did not murmur against God, but strengthened his soul by dwelling upon the evidences of the Lord's goodness and faithfulness.

Yet none but God could understand how great was the father's sacrifice in yielding up his son to death; Abraham desired that none but God should witness the parting scene. He bade his servants remain behind, saying, "I and the lad will go yonder and worship, and come again to you."

At the appointed place they built the altar, and laid the wood upon it. Then, with trembling voice, Abraham unfolded to his son the divine message. It was with terror and amazement that Isaac learned his fate; but he offered no resistance. He could have escaped his doom, had he chosen to do so; the grief-stricken old man, exhausted with the struggle of those three terrible days, could not have opposed the will of the

vigorous youth. But Isaac had been trained from childhood to ready, trusting obedience, and as the purpose of God was opened before him, he yielded a willing submission. He was a sharer in Abraham's faith, and he felt that he was honoured in being called to give his life as an offering to God. He tenderly seeks to lighten the father's grief, and encourages his nerveless hands to bind the cords that confine him to the altar.

And now the last words of love are



Germany

It would be well were all other countries to take the same steps as has Germany in the suppression of what is known in America as the "dime novel." Its influence upon the young is positively dangerous.

Roumania

Roumania is now celebrating the 40th anniversary of the accession of King Charles. It was however in 1878, that the independence of Roumania was recognized by the other powers. King Charles has done much for the cause of peace and prosperity in this country.

New Zealand

Richard J. Seddon, premier of New Zealand, and the leader in the socialistic movements of the colony, died June 10th at the age of 61 years. The great effort of his life has been for the unification of the British Empire and his last speech was in behalf of the principle of New Zealand and Australia dealing entirely with the mother country.

Servia

The Servian government has retired all the regicides from their government positions. These men were the ones who murdered King Alexander and Queen Draga a few years back. However all were retired on double pay so the complicity of the present Servian Government is apparent. England refused to send a representative to Servia till they were retired hence the present action.

San Francisco

—San Francisco experienced another sharp earthquake shock at eleven o'clock P. M. June 4th, said to be the most severe since the great shock which destroyed the city. A despatch states: "The new quake has affected public confidence in the future of San Francisco. Already several business houses which had prepared to rebuild have decided to drop their projects. They feel that it would be foolhardy to risk more money here."

Japan

"Mukden, the capital of Manchuria, was formally opened to the trade of the world by the Japanese government June 1st. Dalny, which was the name the Russians gave to the splendid port they created at such great expense at Ta-lienwan, near Port Arthur has been renamed Tairen by the Japanese and is to be developed as the great seaport market of the region. American and other foreign interests in Manchuria are complaining at the delay of the Japanese in restoring possession of their property and paying war damage claims.

spoken, the last tears are shed, the last embrace is given. The father lifts the knife to slay his son, when suddenly his arm is stayed. An angel of God calls to the patriarch out of heaven, "Abraham, Abraham!" He quickly answers, "Here am I." And again the voice is heard, "Lay not thine hand upon the lad, neither do thou anything unto him; for now I know that thou fearest God, seeing thou hast not withheld thy son, thine only son, from me."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

Japan is showing wonderful progress in the matter of her newspapers, as in everything else. Its first paper was established in 1852, and now the total is about 4,000. The journal having the largest circulation is the *Dsissi Shimpō* (*New Times*), which has 400,000 subscribers."

Tinned Meats

A perfect furor of public resentment has been aroused by the exposure in the United States Congress of the methods in vogue in the packing houses of Chicago, U. S. A. From all parts of the world,—for U. S. tinned meats may be found on the shelves of every shop, grocery, store, and hotel in the world,—has come an undivided chorus, calling for closer inspection and in many cases the exclusion of American tinned meats from the countries affected by their sale.

For the benefit of our readers who may not yet know of the conditions we state as briefly as possible the history of the present movement.

Some months back an American novelist, Upton Sinclair, having investigated the conditions in Packing Town, Chicago wrote a novel describing in horrible detail the methods used. It went on to state that diseased cattle, meats in an advanced and offensive state, of decayed refuse of the most revolting kind and even parts of human bodies had been used in or found in tinned and preserved meats.

In order that offensive odours might be allayed the meats were doctored with chemicals and if colours were needed to bring them to the natural shade these were added.

In the pickling rooms the chemicals used were so strong as to eat off the fingers of the working men and women employed. So, in all departments, the revolting story runs on with unending cruelty to labourer and consumer revealed everywhere.

This volume was read by President Roosevelt of the U. S. A. He took steps at once to investigate the statements made and found through his commissioners that not only were the charges made true but so much worse as to merit federal restrictions.

This report of the President's commissioners raised the present storm which has spread throughout the world. Various legislatures have taken the matter up and it has had the excellent effect of at least temporarily stopping a large percentage of the consumption of tinned meats of all descriptions. It is to be hoped that in many cases it will be permanent.

We have long been advocates of a vegetarian diet, and these revelations but demonstrate better than any vegetarian lecturer ever could, the harmfulness and dangers of a meat diet. Leastwise we would recommend to our readers the eschewing of all tinned goods from the meat canneries of all lands.



Devoted to the proclamation of the Faith once delivered to the Saints.

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August 1, 1906.

"The best cure for worry is faith in God."

"There are thousands who are hacking away at the branches of evil to one who is striking at its roots."

"Our bodies are built up from what we eat and drink; and as in natural economy, so in the spiritual economy: it is what we meditate upon that will give tone and strength to our spiritual nature."

"There is nothing more calculated to strengthen the intellect than the study of the Scriptures. No other book is so potent to elevate the thoughts, to give vigour to the faculties, as the broad, ennobling truth of the Bible. If God's word were studied as it should be, men would have a breadth of mind, a nobility of character, and a stability of purpose that is rarely seen in these times."

The 4th Annual Session of the East Caribbean Conference

We have just closed a blessed season together at Port-of-Spain where the East Caribbean Conference met in its fourth Annual and what proved to be its closing session. In the providence of God the work has so grown that at this session it was deemed advisable to make plans for more full and complete organization of the work.

The meetings of the Conference commenced the 24th day of June with quite a full representation of our workers and people. All the various islands had representatives present except Antigua, Dominica, and St. Thomas, and the first two of these were represented ere the Conference was over.

Among the labouring brethren who were present were Pastors I. H. Evans, J. A. Strickland, Geo. F. Enoch, D. E. Wellman, W. G. Kneeland, W. A. Sweany, O. E. Davis and others of the ministering brethren from this

Conference, and Pastor I. G. Knight was with us during the last two days. At the opening session of the Conference proper Elder I. H. Evans outlined plans for organization which embraced the whole of the West Indies, Central America and Northern South America in a Union Conference. Committees were appointed, the most important of which was one on Union Conference Organization. This committee at once took up its appointed work and before the first week was over all the necessary plans were laid.

Among the changes made was the organization of the Union Conference with the following officers. President, Geo. F. Enoch; Vice-President D. E. Wellman; Secretary, J. A. Strickland; Treasurer, N. Johnston; Executive Committee, the President and Vice-president of the Union Conference, Presidents of local conferences and Superintendents of Mission Fields, and heads of departments throughout the field. The Publishing and educational work were organized under the Union Conference and are under its control. A board for managing each was elected at this meeting.

It was thought best to divide the East Caribbean Conference into three conferences as follows:—British, Dutch, and French Guiana to be known as the British Guiana Conference with Dutch and French Guianas as mission fields; Trinidad, Tobago, Grenada and the Grenadines as the South Caribbean Conference and Barbados and St. Vincent with the islands northward to St. Thomas as the East Caribbean Conference. This about equally divides the membership throughout the field. The officers elected to serve for the coming year in the several divisions are,—British Guiana Conference; W. G. Kneeland President; O. E. Davis, Vice President, J. J. Smith Sec., Mrs. A. Sampson Treas., Mrs. W. G. Kneeland S. S. Sec., Ex. Committee. W. G. Kneeland, O. E. Davis, J. J. Smith, R. Hyder, and J. Hinds. South Caribbean Conference, D. E. Wellman, Pres., W. A. Sweany, Vice Pres., S. A. Wellman, Sec., L. J. Briggs, Treas., Mrs. D. E. Wellman, Sab. School Sec., Mrs. W. A. Sweany, Y. P. Sec., Executive Committee, D. E. Wellman, W. A. Sweany, T. L. M. Spencer, S. A. Wellman, and J. Ramoo. East Caribbean Conference, I. G. Knight, Pres., L. E. Wellman, Vice Pres., and Sec., C. W. Enoch, Treas., Executive Committee, I. G. Knight, L. E. Wellman, P. Giddings, C. W. Enoch, and A. L. Clarke.

The special preaching services were full of help to all. They will result we believe in lasting good to those who attended and these numbered nearly a thousand nightly. Among them were many of the better class, intelligent people who came not out of curiosity but from a desire to learn of us and hear the truth.

At the first service at the Prince's Building on Sunday, June 24th, over one thousand were present and Elder I. H. Evans gave a rousing discourse on the "Second Coming of Christ." His text was taken from Amos 4: 12—"Prepare to meet thy God O Israel." Many in the audience were moved by the subject and the attention paid throughout was the best possible.

At the Monday evening service in the same building Elder Geo. F. Enoch preached on "The Eastern Question in the Light of the Bible." A large and enthusiastic audience was in attendance. During the week which followed we were addressed by brethren Strickland, Giddings, Sweany, and Davis at the church and here also the crowds which came could not find room for sitting.

Sunday July 1st, Elder I. H. Evans again coming before the people at the Prince's Building gave a convincing discourse on "The Millennium." Over twelve hundred people were present and listened with wrapt attention.

Monday July 2nd, Elder W. A. Sweany of Grenada occupied the pulpit at the same place and presented the Sabbath Question. This

was to have ended the evening services but the interest was so great and so many were stirred that it was decided to carry on the work for some days longer.

We go to press with the interest still good. Two have signified their intention to go with us. Brethren and sisters throughout the field, pray that the Lord may impress hearts and that many may follow their example.

We are sure that our brethren in Port-of-Spain, have experienced a rich blessing from this Conference. It has imposed many burdens on them and they have but little of this worlds goods but we assure them of the thankfulness of all for their kindness during the session. We have been assured by some and we believe all will echo the statement in their own hearts that the season was one of many blessings.

May the Spirit of God influence all our hearts toward better living and an increased desire for the spread of this glorious message. w.

Our Work and Workers

At Port-of-Spain, Trinidad June 16th, Pastor D. E. Wellman baptized 8 adults. The occasion was one of great Spiritual blessing to the church.

In the island of Grenada on Sabbath June 9th, Eld. W. A. Sweany had the pleasure of burying twenty willing souls with their Lord by baptism. All adults. Others await the ordinance and will unite with the church soon. A house of worship is needed and plans are being laid for a building.

Evening after the Sabbath July 7th, S. A. Wellman Manager of the Watchman Publishing Co., and Editor of the Watchman sailed for America on the S. S. Maracas. He was accompanied by his wife and child. They will be in America for three months. Mr. Wellman will devote much of his time while there, in looking after the interests of the Watchman Pub. Co.

Pastor J. H. Matthews of Charlotte Amelie, St. Thomas, reports that real progress is being made in that city. The interest in the services continue. A goodly number are giving heed to the words spoken and await baptism.

Our brethren and friends will be glad to learn that on April 11th at Boston Mass. U. S. A. a building which stands in the midst of a settlement of thirty thousand Jews was dedicated to the proclamation of the Gospel as it relates to the commandments of God and the faith of Jesus. The little band of workers are led by Pastor F. C. Gilbert a converted Jew. —The work thus far is very encouraging.

(Continued from page 6.)

with the flesh and its lusts,— the kingdom of rest, the kingdom of glory.

Jesus closed his talk to the disciples on cross-bearing with these beautiful words, "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father with His angels; and then shall he reward every man according to His works."

Why does the verse come in as it does? Because at that time we can lay down the cross and take the crown. The man or woman who, handicapped by mortality, has lived a clean pure life, not yielding to the flesh in the slightest particular, can be entrusted with immortality, and will hear the glad words, "Come ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Dear reader, let us remember that the way of the Cross is the Royal Way. All other ways are the ways of death. No cross, no crown. May tribulation then become sweet to us here, and may we from the hands of the Master receive the crown of life in the hereafter.

E.



Some Fur-Bearing Animals

The Arctic fox is a dweller in the boreal regions of Europe, Asia, and America. His ears are less pointed and his muzzle shorter than those of the common fox. Like many other Arctic animals, his colour changes with the season, and is generally pure white in the winter, with the exception of a few black hairs at the top of the tail. In the winter, when he is the silver fox of the Arctic regions, his fur is the most valuable on the market. A single skin, two and a half feet long, has sold in London for \$3,000. About ten thousand skins of this animal, chiefly in winter fur, are annually brought into Great Britain.

Wm. R. Stewart tells us in *Bob Taylor's Magazine*, that next to the silver fox the sea otter is the most valuable fur animal in the world, the best skins selling at \$400 to \$500 a square foot.

Mr. Stewart says:—
“The habits of the sea otter have always been a mystery to hunters. They have never been found anywhere except on the north-western and northern Asiatic coasts. The average skin of a sea otter is about five feet long by twelve inches wide or twenty-four inches wide when cut.

“In the hunting of no other animal does the element of chance play so large a part as in that of the sea otter. When storms are raging on the ocean, the otter will curl up on the tossing waters, as a cat might before a fireplace, and calmly sleep, undisturbed by the fury of the tempest.

“There has been seen at different times vast droves of these animals off the coast of Alaska and Washington. Where they then disappeared to, no one knows. Some hunters claim that the sea otters breed on the ocean; others that they breed on some island off the shores of Alaska; but their breeding place has never yet been discovered. Scores of vessels have been specially fitted up, the crews searching long and carefully; but the home of the sea otter is still a secret.

“About fifteen years ago the crew of the sealing schooner, *Chas. B. Markle*, sighted an immense herd of sea otter traveling swiftly in a southerly direction off the coast of Vancouver Island. They managed to kill only a few of them, and then the whole drove of some thousands disappeared like a flash of light. Several veteran hunters on the vessel declared that the drove was the largest that they had ever seen. On the same day, about thirty miles farther south, the steamer *Williamette* encountered the same herd.

“One Albert Gordon, of sea otter fame in Victoria, B. C., used to appear on the streets of that city dressed from head to foot in sea otter of the rarest kind. One spring he brought there more sea otter skins than had been seen on the coast for years. Gordon declared that he had found an island near the shores of which there were thousands of otter at all times of the year; but where it lay he refused to tell. A fur company in San Francisco offered him \$5,000 to reveal to it his sea otter haunt. He sailed away from Sitka, Alaska, one day, and never came back nor was his sloop ever seen again, nor has his island ever been found. Most of the sea otter now caught have been killed when driven ashore during big storms. The average annual catch is less than five thousand skins, and they are becoming fewer year by year.

“The lake and river otter is far less valuable than the sea otter, yet its fur is almost as beautiful in its natural state as the seal-skin is when the long hairs are removed and it is dressed and dyed.

“The common otter is a jolly sort of fellow, in marked contrast to the sober and industrious beaver. These otters are usually caught when enjoying the delights of tobogganing. They slide on their backs down the snow-covered banks into the rivers, and here the trapper sets his gin, though not at the foot of the slide where the otter arrives with a splash, tail first, but a little farther on, so as to catch his foot when he is running back for another slide.

“The yearly catch of land otter is about forty thousand, and the price paid for skins is from \$10 to \$20 each. The animals are easily domesticated, and one which I saw with a French-Canadian family on the Ottawa was as great a child's pet as a dog.

“As in North America so in Siberia, the other chief source for furs, the supply has not kept pace with the demand, and the price for every kind is advancing. The lonely tundras which for ages offered an ample protection for the host of wild animals is now marked by the wagon roads and railways of the Russians from across the Urals, and pelts and game are becoming perceptibly scarcer.

“The only true sables in the world come from Siberia and Manchuria, the so-called American sables being martens, which are plentiful in the Hudson Bay region, and the finest of which are not very greatly inferior to the Russian. What are known as Alaska sables are skunks. A favourite fur among Russian society women is ermine, but it is not very popular in the United States, being cold and hard and casting a greenish shadow which is little appreciated here. It is very plentiful in Siberia, and it is also found in northern Canada.

“The fur of the chinchilla, a small animal found in the Andes, resembles the downy plumage of a bird, but it is so easily spoiled by rain that it is serviceable only for indoor wear. In some countries, notably Holland, the domestic cat is bred for its fur. In the United States these skins are worth from ten to fifty cents.”

—*Southern Watchman.*

The Palm and the Cedar

It grew, that kingly palm tree, in a dry and thirsty land,
Where never breeze of freshness its crown of verdure fanned;
The scorching sun beat on it, the blaze of cloudless sky,
And yet, no English forest with its green leaves might vie.

Where had they found their freshness? how could they hold fast?
The stately grace that drooped not for heat or burning blast;
O'er the hot sands it towered, and reached toward heaven high,
As though its kinship claiming with that bright eastern sky.

Where never sunbeam enters, or breath of torrid air,
Beneath the red sand buried, its well of life is there;
Cold as the Alpine snow-drift, and crystal clear and pure
The drops that form its fountain—its hidden strength is sure.

Look to yon hoary summit; the cedar tossing there
Is battling against temptests that seem to rend the air.
It bends, it almost breaks, and yet they cannot overthrow;
The driving of the hail it bears, the blinding of the snow.

And rises stronger, nobler; its roots are clinging fast

To that firm rock which swerves not before earth's wildest blast.

Each shock but draws them closer, its mighty strength to know;

Safe, for it never faileth—they cannot let it go

So the Lord trains His athletes—the planting of his hand.

He calls them “trees of righteousness,” yet in His courts to stand;

For one—the cloudless azure, and the sun's long, golden ray,

And the deep well of His love beneath, to keep them day by day.

Stars upon Time's dark pages, earth's best and noblest these;

They fade not 'neath world's splendour, they droop not 'neath world's ease,

Green beneath torrid splendours, as stately palms they rise;

Within their hearts forever the living water lies!

And some, the Master chooses for them the bleak hill-side;

He wills that love be tested, He wills that faith be tried;

He wills the secret of His strength should best to them be shown;

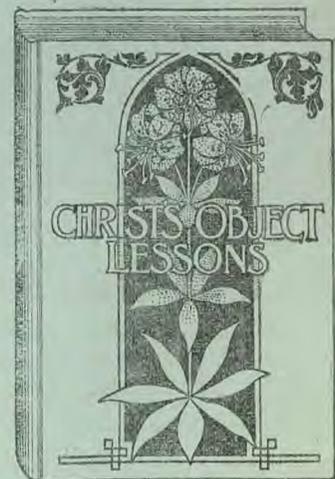
So want and sorrow work that will, and suffering makes it known.

—*Mary Georges.*

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