

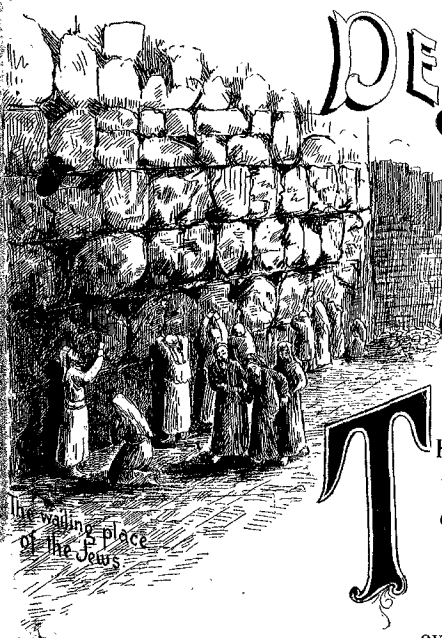
The Gospel Herald

"On earth peace, good will toward men."

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DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM

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THERE shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down. Matt. 24 : 2.

In the twenty-fourth chapter of Matthew our Saviour recounts a series of events to transpire from the days of the apostles through to the end of time. To the student of God's word these scenes are to be way-marks to show where we stand in this world's history, and we should consider them well.

The first event here predicted is the destruction of Jerusalem and the temple. That his followers may be prepared to meet this dire calamity, the Saviour gives them the following warning :—

"When ye therefore shall see the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet [see Dan 9 : 26, 27], stand in the holy place, (whoso readeth, let him understand :) then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains : let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house : neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes." Matt. 24 : 15-18.

Dr. Adam Clarke says : "This 'abomination of desolation' St. Luke refers to is the Roman army ; and this abomination standing 'in the holy place' is the Roman army besieging Jerusalem. This, our Lord says, is what was spoken of by Daniel the prophet in the ninth and eleventh chapters of his prophecy ; and so let every one who reads these prophecies understand them."

Luke in his account of this same prophecy says : "When ye shall see Jerusalem compassed with armies, then know that the desolation thereof is nigh. Then let them which are in Judea flee to the mountains ; and let them which are in the midst of it depart out ; and let not them that are in the countries enter thereinto." Luke 21 : 20, 21.

This latter text shows conclusively that the "abomination of desolation" was the armies of an enemy that would surround the city, besiege it, and finally destroy it.

Josephus says : "The Romans brought their ensigns into the temple, and placed them over against the eastern gate, and sacrificed to them there." No greater "abomination" than this could come to the Jewish temple ; and this, together with the laying waste of Jerusalem, stamps the Roman army as the "abomination of desolation" foretold by the prophet Daniel, and referred to by Christ.

The Saviour says, "Then let them which be in Judea flee into the mountains." But how can the Christians escape after the city is encompassed with armies? At the first glance this would seem impossible, but the Lord made no mistake.

Dr. Adam Clarke says : "In the twelfth year of Nero, Cestius Gallus, the president of Syria, came against Jerusalem with a powerful army."

Josephus says of him : "He might have assaulted and taken the city, and thereby put an end to the war ; but without any just reason, and contrary to the expectation of all, he raised the siege and departed."

The historians Eusebius and Epiphanius tell us that immediately after the departure of the armies of Cestius Gallus, and while Vespasian was approaching with his army, all who believed in Christ left Jerusalem, and fled to Pella and other places beyond the river Jordan.

Dr. Adam Clarke says : "It is very remarkable that not a single Christian perished in the destruction of Jerusalem, though there were many there when Cestius Gallus invested the city."

The Saviour further says : "Let him which is on the housetop not come down to take anything out of his house : neither let him which is in the field return back to take his clothes." Matt. 24 : 17, 18. Like Lot in leaving Sodom, their flight must be hurried, or it would be too late, and they would be overwhelmed in the destruction coming upon the doomed city.

Dr. Adam Clarke says : "In the Eastern walled cities, their flat-roofed houses usually formed continuous terraces from one end of the city to the other ; which terraces terminated at the gates." It was customary to walk and sleep on these housetops. When the time for escape came, the need of haste was so great that if any were on the housetop or in the field, they must not take time to secure anything from their houses, but must flee immediately to a place of safety.

"But pray ye that your flight be not in the winter, neither on the Sabbath day." Matt. 24 : 20. This instruction was given forty years before the Roman army overran Judea. In view of the coming desolation, the followers of Christ were to pray earnestly for two great mercies :—

1. That they be not compelled to flee in the winter, for the cold of that season would bring great suffering to the refugees from Judea.

2. That God would so overrule events that they would not be compelled to flee on the Sabbath, or be overtaken in the destruction which was to follow.

For forty years this prayer was to go up to God. It shows the regard Christ had for the Sabbath. In this we find a fitting rebuke for the little regard that is paid to this institution,—an institution which had its birth at creation, and which was given to commemorate that event.

Soon after the flight of the Christians, the army of Vespasian, under Titus, entered Judea, and besieged Jerusalem, until the city was destroyed and the temple burned with fire.

Terrible distress and calamity came to the Jews as the result of this siege. Moses foretold this one thousand five hundred years before. He said :—

"The Lord shall bring a nation against thee from far, from the end of the earth, as swift as the eagle flieth ; a nation whose tongue thou shalt not understand." "And he shall besiege thee in all thy gates, until thy high and fenced walls come down, wherein thou trustedst, throughout all thy land : and he shall besiege thee in all thy gates throughout all thy land, which the Lord thy God hath given thee. And thou shalt eat the fruit of thine own body, the flesh of thy sons and of thy daughters, which the Lord thy God hath given thee, in the siege, and in the straitness, wherewith thine enemies shall distress thee."

Deut. 28 : 49, 52, 53.

The Roman ensign was an eagle, and the Romans spoke the Latin language, which the Jews did not understand, thus fulfilling the first part of the above prophecy to the letter. To the other horrors of war was added that of famine. Josephus says that mothers would snatch the food from their children in their distress, and that many houses were found full of women and children who had died of starvation. Human flesh was sometimes eaten ; and the same author tells of a lady of rank who killed, roasted, and ate her own son, thus fulfilling the latter part of the prophecy of Moses.

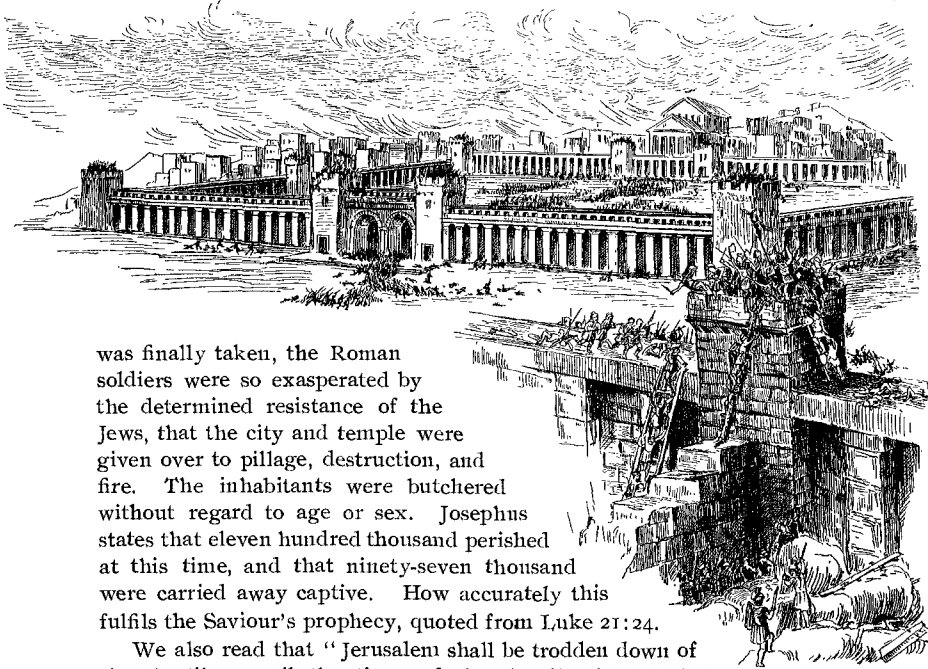
Christ had said : "The days shall come upon thee, that thine enemies



Roman Ensign

shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and keep thee in on every side." "And they shall fall by the edge of the sword, and shall be led away captive into all nations: and Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the time of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Luke 19: 43; 21: 24.

The siege of Jerusalem was protracted for months. When the city



was finally taken, the Roman soldiers were so exasperated by the determined resistance of the Jews, that the city and temple were given over to pillage, destruction, and fire. The inhabitants were butchered without regard to age or sex. Josephus states that eleven hundred thousand perished at this time, and that ninety-seven thousand were carried away captive. How accurately this fulfils the Saviour's prophecy, quoted from Luke 21: 24.

We also read that "Jerusalem shall be trodden down of the Gentiles, until the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." Luke 21: 24. Jerusalem has never again come into the possession of the Jews, and will not until "the times of the Gentiles be fulfilled." This will be when the work of the gospel is finished.

THE BISHOP OF WILLOW REST.

THE new pastor of Willow Rest's little brick church had many things to contend with. Of course, all new pastors have, but it seemed to the Rev. Henry Meyers that he had rather an extra quantity. The most formidable thing, however, that he had to contend with was the bishop. Before he accepted the call to Willow Rest he had been fully warned against the bishop.

"Now, look here, young man," said his predecessor, "Mrs. Merriam down there at Willow Rest is called the bishop, and she'll try to run you. She'll try to run you, and very likely she'll succeed."

Mr. Meyers found everything in the possession of the bishop when he arrived. She had been having prayers in the little church during its two Sundays without a pastor, "keeping up his congregation," she explained, greeting him with an outstretched hand. She was quite an old lady, and her eyes were very trustful.

The new pastor, forewarned and forearmed, spoke back in a stiff, decided way.

"Oh," said he, "a congregation that has been fasting for two weeks will be hungry; that's good."

The bishop regarded the new pastor in a surprised way. He was young; it might be that he had been brought up without advantages, that he had never learned to be polite. However, the atmosphere of Willow Rest was wonderfully refining, and she would do her best. She could not help taking an enormous interest in the minister of the brick church. You see, the bishop's people had built the church, and she had taught Sunday-school in it from the time she was a girl. Her husband had died a year after her marriage, and she had never had a child to love, she had just had the little brick church, and she cared for it with all her heart and soul, as she had told more than one of the ministers who had yielded to her guiding, unawares, and had come to her for sympathy in his trials and temptations, for let the world think what it may, the minister of a church has numerous trials and temptations and tribulations that he isn't credited with.

It took the bishop a long time to understand the new minister. She had grown old so quietly and peacefully that she had felt no change. Neither had it occurred to her that old people, as a rule, do not teach Sunday-school—that that is the work of the young. There were numerous societies belonging to the brick church, little collections to be made monthly, quarterly and annually; and the bishop was the keeper

of all the books. She had not an ostentatious way of collecting. She went placidly around with her note-book and her pencil, always at the proper time, and she kept the societies moving.

The new pastor was full of ideas. He, too, was interested in societies; he was hugely interested in the Sunday-school. He wanted to begin at the beginning, he said, and he did it. He reorganized the Sunday-school and the societies, and he formed new societies. He wanted Willow Rest to catch up with the times. He put the young people to teaching the Sunday-school, and he handed over the collection books to the young people, saying, coolly, to the bishop, "They must be given a chance;" and the young people were proud and triumphant. Yes, it was right; it was time they were given a chance.

The bishop put all the officers of the reorganized societies into her daily prayers. At first she was worried; she was so afraid they would grow tired of the work, wouldn't pay that necessary attention to the children in the Sunday-school, would forget their note-books or lose them, she had been so very careful; but by and by she was stimulated by a hope that something would happen to sober the young people and imbue them with love for the work of the little brick church.

You must not think that the bishop had no rebellious thoughts to conquer; she was very, very human. Once she almost made up her mind to go to the new minister and say to him that she would not relinquish her duties in connection with the church that her people had built. But she didn't go. She looked down at her hands and saw how wrinkled they were, and she went to the mirror and beheld her wrinkled face through blinding tears, and, covering it with her hands, pronounced herself an old, old woman, who hadn't had the sense to know she was old. The new minister wanted youth and strength for the little brick church; he wanted the best; and

youth and strength are very beautiful things. She went down on her knees and prayed that the youth and the strength would worthily fulfil all obligations.

Now the bishop, ever since the days when she had sucked her thumb, had occupied the front pew of the little brick church; but the new minister formed a special society, which took in all the girls and boys of Willow Rest. This society wore badges, and was ordered to sit together in the front pews. The boys and girls looked very sweet and pretty to the bishop as she came up the aisle. She stood for a minute, hesitating at the pew directly behind the rows of the society on her side of the church, then she turned and went back and sat down in the last pew. The new minister saw her there as he preached his sermon, and he became confused in his preaching. But he had made up his mind when he came to Willow Rest that he would be his own master, and his own master he was. His predecessor had imagined that he would be cowed, coaxed or cajoled or flattered into an underling of the bishop. He looked at the quiet face and felt a little distrustful. Had the bishop really been quelled? Might she not some day run in upon him and upbraid him for his fancied improvements? He looked at the rows of young people, and hope flowed back.

The pastor of the little brick church was exceedingly business-like; he kept a strict account of everything. He wasn't a coward, either, for he not only examined the accounts faithfully, but faithfully compared them with the old accounts of the church. He had been in Willow Rest about five months, when one evening he was deeply engaged in comparing these accounts.

His young wife was sitting beside him; she, too, was vastly interested in everything, but she was something of a coward.

"The societies are all doing nicely, aren't they, Henry?" she asked, anxiously.

The minister closed the book sharply. "Not as well as I'd like to see them doing," he said.

"But they're doing better than they were under that old lady, aren't they?" Mrs. Meyers put the question timidly, and as she put it she laid a caressing cheek to her husband's shoulder; she was very, very proud of him.

Now, the reigning minister did not like to think that the brick church had ever been under that old lady, but he wasn't going to mention the humiliating fact that it had thrived under such dominion. He was no coward, but he wouldn't own it even to himself, much less to the woman, with her caressing cheek against his broad shoulder.

"Oh," he said, "things will come all right in the end. People are human, and I suppose there's been a little too much raking and scraping of filthy lucre."

The bishop wasn't the kind of person to triumph in the knowledge that the societies were not prospering, that the Sunday-school wasn't as well governed as it ought to be. She went around among the poor, and gently chided the mothers when they said, "Things was different when you was at the head, ma'm." She was grieved and perplexed. She told herself, saying the words aloud so that she might hear, that something must happen and things be different, for surely the Lord of high heaven must also love the little brick church.

Then troubles of a personal nature descended crashingly upon the new minister. His wife and the babies, yes, all of them at once, were taken ill, and the Willow Rest doctor, after two days of careful deliberation, pronounced the illness diphtheria in a bad form. The parsonage cook left immediately, and the stable boy ran off without his hat. Black diphtheria! Why, you could die of it in three days! You could die of it in a night! The doctor was enveloped in a medley of scents, and he paid speedy visits to the sickroom. The minister, however, held him on the porch. "I must have a cook," he said, "and I must have several nurses."

"Can't get them," returned the doctor; "I've tried."

"Won't anybody come for the sake of humanity?" demanded the minister. "Have I a congregation with hearts of stone? My wife may die; the children may die."

"The people are frightened," returned the doctor, apologetically. "It's black diphtheria, and we've never had it before."

There was one person who was not afraid. She came to the parsonage that evening. She had not been well, only a cold, she hastily explained, she had found herself quite strong when she got out of bed, she was ready to nurse the sick. The minister scarcely saw the bishop as she passed on up the stairs. There were tears of gratitude in his eyes. But he saw her in fancy that evening as he sat in his study, shading his face with his hand. She was kneeling in the back pew of the little brick church.

The bishop was a wonderful nurse. The doctor grew brave and cheerful in her presence; the minister grew proud of his cooking. The people of Willow Rest watched the windows of the parsonage, though they walked on the other side of the street, and by and by they saw the little white heads of the babies popping up, and after awhile they saw the young wife sitting in a rocking-chair with her head leaning back against a pillow; and then, after awhile, they heard that the bishop was ill, down with the black diphtheria.

At the news of the bishop's illness a terrible reaction set in against the new minister, and the people went raving mad over his treatment of the bishop. He had taken her work away from her, he had set her in a back pew of the church. But they had seen him do it, had allowed the doing. They had sat before her in the little church, and neither he nor they were worthy to tie a latchet of her shoe. The terror of the dread disease deserted them in a fresh terror. Suppose the bishop were to die! They went into the parsonage with no thought for themselves; the cook returned to her post, the boy came sneaking back. The people all wanted to nurse the bishop.

But the nursing and the ranting and the talking counted for naught. Something was going to happen, the bishop told that weeping crowd

about her bed; she didn't know what it was, but it was going to make all of them love the little brick church as she had loved it, and it was going to happen right away; saying which she died quietly, as she had lived, with a great glory shining in her face.—*Louise R. Baker, in Presbyterian Banner.*

IN A LEPER ASYLUM.

"AND there came a leper to him, beseeching him, and kneeling down to him, and saying unto him, If thou wilt, thou canst make me clean. And Jesus, moved with compassion, put forth his hand, and touched him, and saith unto him, I will; be thou clean. And as soon as he had spoken, immediately the leprosy departed from him, and he was cleansed."

Who has read this vivid story, like a rare jewel in a setting of gold, without having his better nature stirred? If ever we feel our souls drawn close to the Son of man, surely it is when we help to minister to the sick, the suffering, the outcast, the leper. Actual contact with the lepers intensifies this feeling. There have often come to us, as we have gone our daily round in the asylum, fancy scenes of childhood's days which have never been altogether eradicated by the stir and bustle of a busy life, and we have longed for some magic wand that could by a touch work marvelous changes. After having tried various remedies we have at times come to a standstill, and wondered that up till now human skill has failed to successfully combat this most distressing and loathsome disease.

He would be hardened indeed who, passing through our Leper Asylum, could remain untouched. There is much to excite both pity and admiration. Leprosy works havoc with the human frame. Here we see the blind, lame, crippled, voiceless, paralyzed, men prematurely aged, lads with foul bodies and blasted hopes. All suffer more or less acutely from numerous ulcers, and many have lost fingers and toes.

As is generally known, lepers are driven out of their homes, and have to make their living as best they can. Some, unfit for work of any kind, take to begging, and the Chinese beggar at his best is indescribably filthy and wretched.

When a leper is first admitted to the Home he often seems more of a beast than a human being. What wonder if his new surroundings break down all his native philosophy, and he appears dazed, stupid, and lazy.

The elements of cleanliness and obedience have to be taught and grasped. Great patience is required in dealing with him, but gradually the new experience of life with his fellows, in which all are on an equal footing, awakes within him self-respect. The development of character can be observed day by day, as plainly as that of a flower coming to maturity, and it is a cause of great satisfaction to us. One day at the daily service he hears of One who with a great loving heart pitied the leper, touched him and healed him. Many of his fellow inmates are familiar with the story; to him it is new. His own past experience has been very different. Everybody shunned him. He knew too well he was an outcast, a pest, a mass of disease and corruption. He has met with little but abuse and cursing. Such was his lot, and he had to accept it.

But here are foreigners and native pastors speaking of love, of a life of happiness in this

world, and a great hope for the next. It is a wonderful message, and touches his heart as nothing ever did before. Most of the lepers can read their Bible and he wants to learn too. Not a few of the older men have the love of God in their hearts, and they are ready to help him. He learns for the first time that there is something worth living for. He is to glorify "Shang Li" in his body—even his poor diseased body—and in his spirit, which are God's. It is a great truth, and it takes him a long time to grasp it. Many do so in the end, and the result can be seen any day in our asylum.

Men and lads who were utterly without hope in this world, or in any other, are now the possessors of a grand incentive. It is beautiful to see the unselfishness and happiness of some of them. As we pay our visits, the heavy, iron-like leprous face lights up with a glad smile of welcome. So far as they are able to manifest it they clearly show an appreciation of divine truth. Some ripen fast, and, looking at their sores and disfigurements, rejoice in the thought of that day when "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality."

We narrowly watched the daily life of some who now lie in our leper graveyard. We marked the patience with which they bore their disease, and their cheerful helpfulness. Their Christianity was undoubtedly of a primitive description, but according to their light they walked worthily.

In view of the above, nothing seems to be drudgery in medical mission work. It is rather an unspeakable privilege to be allowed to minister to these men. We are thankful so many have shared in the comforts and blessings of the Central China Leper Home during the past year. On behalf of the lepers we desire very heartily to thank the many friends in the homeland who have by their gifts and sympathy provided for the home.—*Dr. Henry Fowler.*

MY CHARACTER.

"MY character to-day," says Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, "is, for the most part, simply the resultant of all the thoughts I have ever had, of all the feelings I have ever cherished, of all the deeds I have ever performed. It is the entirety of my previous years packed and crystallized into the present moment. So character is the quintessence of biography; so everybody who knows my character—and there is no keeping character under cover—knows what for forty years I have been doing and thinking. Character is, for the most part, simply habit become fixed. Character is that kind of statuary which a man cuts out with himself as both tool and subject. Christian character is Christlikeness. The exhortation is: 'Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ.'"

"If any man love me, let him take up my cross." I have heard this enlarged as if it meant the troubles and persecution we bring on ourselves by confessing Jesus. But surely this is a narrow thought. The true cross of the Redeemer was the sin and sorrow of this world; that was what lay heavy on his heart; and that is the cross we shall share with him; that is the cup we must drink of with him, if we would have any part in that divine love which is one with his sorrow.—*George Eliot.*

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"DEATH IN THE POT."

Poison Gourds. In the fourth chapter of second Kings is told the story of the poisonous gourds which one who had gathered them shred "into the pot of pottage." Verse 39.

The Warning. "So they poured them out for the men to eat. And it came to pass, as they were eating of the pottage, that they cried out and said, O thou man of God, *there is death in the pot.*" Verse 40.

Metonymy. We have here an excellent example of metonymy—"a figure of speech that consists in naming a thing by one of its attributes or accompaniments."* Death would accompany or result from the eating of wild gourds; therefore it was said of the pottage which contained them, "There is death in the pot."

Life. As that which would cause death is called death, so that which imparts or preserves life is called life. Thus we read in John 17: 3 these words: "This is life eternal, that they might know thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent."

Knowing God. To know God is more than to know *about* him; it is to have a living connection with him. It is to know him as the servant knows his master, as the child knows his parent, yea, as the springing plant knows the soil upon which it feeds, the clouds which give it water, and the sun, without which it would speedily fade and die.

What It Means. To know God is to feel the working of his grace in the inmost recesses of the heart; to experience the saving power of his life; be drawn by his love; begotten by his Spirit; adopted into his family; made partaker of his divine nature.

Real Life. Life is not simply animated existence. *God is life.* He who has the Son has God, and therefore has life. He who has not the Son of God shall not see life. 1 John 5: 12. Of such a one it may be truly said, "There is death in the pot."

The Object of Life. All life exists that it may glorify God. All normal life does glorify God; whenever it ceases to glorify him it is because it has ceased to be life, and has become death.

Spiritual Power. There is a spiritual power in man but little understood. We speak of it as "animal magnetism," "the power of mind over matter," etc., but it is spiritual power, weakened by sin, perverted and misused by iniquity, but nevertheless divine in its origin and design.

Its Purpose. The purpose of this spiritual power is to bind moral beings to one another and to God, something as the great law which we call gravitation binds together the different members of the solar system. Sin has made man less susceptible to this power in its normal exercise than God designed that he should be, and at the same time more responsive to abnormal influences.

Identity of Power. The same power turns the mill to crush the malt to brew the beer which will make more widows and orphans, that turns the mill to grind the grain to feed those already made. The same power by which good angels influence us to walk in right paths is used by devils to betray us into sin. Yea, may it not be that even the power by which the Spirit of God draws us toward the All-Father differs only in degree and in purpose from the power by which Satan seeks to lead us to destruction?

The Same Law. The same law that holds the universe together, that preserves our lives when we properly relate ourselves to it, would dash us in pieces were we to relate ourselves to it improperly. That which under normal conditions is life to us, under abnormal conditions becomes death. Just so it is in the spiritual realm. We can not place ourselves outside the influence of spiritual forces. We are led either by the Spirit of God or by the spirit of Satan. "No man liveth unto himself," or of himself. Right living is life—eternal life; wrong living is death—eternal death. "For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." Rom. 6: 23.

MOUNT PELEE AND 2 PETER 3:10.

ONE of the first scientists to visit Mount Pelee after the terrible eruption of May 8, was Prof. Robert T. Hill, the United States Geologist, who is at the head of the expedition sent out by the National Geographical Society. Upon his return the Professor said:—

"My attempt to examine the crater of Mount Pelee has been futile. I succeeded, however, in getting very close to Morne Rouge. At 7 o'clock Monday night I witnessed from a point near the ruins of St. Pierre a frightful explosion from Mount Pelee and noted the accompanying phenomena.

"While these eruptions continue, no sane man should attempt to ascend the crater of the volcano. Following the detonations of the mountain, gigantic, mushroom-shaped columns of smoke and cinders ascended into the clear starlit sky, and then spread in a vast black sheet to the South and directly over my head.

"Through this sheet, which extended a distance of ten miles from the crater, vivid and awful lightning-like bolts flashed with alarming frequency. They followed distinct paths of ignition, but were different from lightning in that the bolts were horizontal and not perpendicular. This is indisputable evidence of the explosive oxidation of the gases after they had left the crater. This is a most important observation, and explains in part the awful catastrophe. This phenomenon is entirely new in volcanic history.

"I took many photographs, but do not hesitate to acknowledge that I was terrified. But I was not the only person so frightened. Two newspaper correspondents who were close to Morne Rouge some hours before we became scared, ran three miles down the mountain and hastened to Fort-de-France.

"The people on the north end of the island are terrified and are fleeing with their cattle and effects. I spent Tuesday night in a house at Deux Choux with a crowd of two hundred frightened refugees.

"Nearly all the phenomena of these volcanic

outbreaks are new to science and many of them have not yet been explained."

The point of special interest in this brief report by Professor Hill is his description of the "vivid and awful lightning-like bolts," which flashed with "alarming frequency."

These bolts, the Professor says, "were different from lightning," and were "the explosive oxidation of the gases after they had left the crater."

"This phenomenon is entirely new in volcanic history," says Professor Hill. It may be new to science, but it is on a small scale exactly that which is described in 2 Peter 3: 10, written eighteen hundred years ago.

This earth contains, stored up within its own bowels, the elements of its certain destruction. Explosive gases from the crater of Mount Pelee fell like a pall upon the doomed city of St. Pierre, May 8th, and in an instant the city was enveloped in flame.

Like destruction awaits the world. "The heavens [the atmosphere] shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein shall be burned up."

The Lord is warning the world of its approaching doom. He is saying, "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?"



DAVID'S RESPONSE TO THE LORD'S PROMISES.*

QUESTIONS ON 2 SAM. 7: 17-29.

1. AFTER David had heard the vision from Nathan, what did he do?
2. In what questions did he express his unworthiness of the blessings already received from the Lord?
3. How did the continuance of his house up to that time compare with what was promised in the vision?
4. What inquiry did he then make?
5. Why did it seem unnecessary to him to enlarge further upon his personal unworthiness?
6. What was the only foundation for such great promises?
7. In what statement does David exalt the Lord?
8. Is there any other being to whom God can be likened?
9. How was the greatness of God reflected in his people? How was this shown?
10. What had the Lord done for Israel? What had he become to them?
11. In what way did David show his acceptance of the Lord's purpose concerning him and his house?
12. In what statement was the Lord's name to be magnified? What petition did David add?
13. On what ground did he rest this petition? What followed as a consequence of this revelation?
14. How did David express his confidence that what God had said would be performed?
15. For what blessing did he then ask? Why could he expect this?
16. How long did he ask that the blessing might be continued?

*Lesson for June 14, from the International Sabbath-School Quarterly.

* Standard Dictionary.

NOTES.

Note what was uppermost in David's mind as the result of the revelation which the prophet had made to him. By the power of His word the Lord had united his house with eternity. "David's house" and "forever" would hereafter include the same immeasurable time, as the Lord had spoken them together. When the Lord talked about his house that way, it would surely be so, for in his word, as the seed, was the thing promised.

David showed the spirit of true humility by acknowledging his own unworthiness, and yet accepting with unquestioning faith the complete fulfilment of all that the Lord had promised, just as Mary did. Luke 1:38. Because God was God, his words would surely come true, and the good thing which he had talked about would become a matter of experience to David. His seed would be "set up;" his house would be "established forever;" his kingdom and his throne would be "established forever." The eternal, everlasting, endless continuance of David's house was now assured.

PAUL CROSSES TO EUROPE.

International Sunday-School Lesson for June 15.

GOLDEN TEXT: "Thou shalt be his witness unto all men." Acts 22:15.

SCRIPTURE: ACTS 16:6-15.

6 Now when they had gone throughout Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia,

7 After they were come to Mysia, they assayed to go into Bithynia; but the Spirit suffered them not.

8 And they passing by Mysia came down to Troas.

9 And a vision appeared to Paul in the night: There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us.

10 And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them.

11 Therefore loosing from Troas, we came with a straight course to Samothracia, and next day to Neapolis;

12 And from thence to Philippi, which is the chief city of that part of Macedonia, and a colony: and we were in that city abiding certain days.

13 And on the Sabbath we went out of the city by a river side, where prayer was wont to be made; and we sat down, and spake unto the women which resorted thither.

14 And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us; whose heart the Lord opened, that she attended unto the things which were spoken of Paul.

15 And when she was baptized, and her household, she besought us, saying, If ye have judged me to be faithful to the Lord, come into my house, and abide there. And she constrained us.

THE time of the events of this lesson was about 52 A. D. The places specially mentioned are Troas, in Proconsular, Asia, and Philippi, in Macedonia.

We learn from Acts 15:33 that Judas and Silas, after a brief ministry in Antioch, visited Jerusalem, where they reported their experiences to the apostles.

However, we soon find Silas back at Antioch. Paul and Barnabas also continued their labors at Antioch for some time, "possibly a year," it has been suggested.

Paul then proposed a tour of the churches. It was at this point that the unseemly dispute arose between Paul and Barnabas relative to John Mark. Acts 15:38, 39. Paul and Barnabas then separated.

Paul, taking Silas with him, crossed the mountain range to Derbe, Lystra, and other cities previously visited on the first tour. At Lystra they were joined by Timothy; and then follow the events of our present lesson.

We learn from these verses how the Lord

worked with his ministers at that time. They were forbidden of the Holy Ghost to preach the word in Asia. They then thought "to go into Bithynia, but the Spirit suffered them not." The Lord himself was directing this work.

Some have thought that the man seen in the vision at Troas by Paul was Luke, who desired help in Macedonia. But the language of the Scripture scarcely warrants this interpretation. Luke was not "a man of Macedonia."

The Lord clearly indicated to the apostles by a vision that they were to go into Macedonia. The results showed that there was work to be done there.

It is worthy of note that there was found in the city of Philippi a band of devout women observing the Sabbath of the Lord. This was Gentile territory, but the Sabbath was known and honored by these women. Observe also that the writer of the Acts calls it "the Sabbath." There is here no hint that the day had ceased to be sacred, or that another had taken its place. Here as elsewhere in the New Testament the day honored by Christ and his apostles, the day observed by the church in Jerusalem, and indeed by the early church generally, is everywhere designated as "the Sabbath." First-day observance came in at a later period. Of this there can be no question.

WITH THE CHILDREN



GOD WANTS US ALL.

GOD wants the boys, the merry, merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys;
God wants the boys with all their joys,
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.

His heroes brave
He'll have them be,
Fighting for truth
And purity.

God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best girls,
The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls his pearls,
And so reflect his holy face
And bring to mind his wondrous grace.

That beautiful
The world may be,
And filled with love
And purity.

God wants the girls.

— Selected.

A LITTLE ERRAND GIRL.

A SWEET-FACED woman stood in the doorway. Outside was her small daughter, a tiny tot not more than six years old. The little one was grasping with both dimpled hands a small basket full of sugared crullers, hot and crisp, over which a dainty napkin was carefully tucked.

"Well, good-by, dear," said the lady, smiling. "Take the cakes right straight to grandma, and don't stop on the way."

"I'll go right there, mamma; I won't stop."

"Hold the basket tight, so as not to drop out any of the cakes. I want grandma to have them all."

"All right, mamma."

The little one started off with a smile on her face, for she felt proud and happy to be trusted with a basket of cakes for grandma. She had never carried any before.

"What you got?" questioned a large girl whom she met on the street.

"Some cakes."

"What kind?"

"Fried cakes."

"Oh, give me one; do, please! I just love fried cakes."

She had turned and was walking along beside the little one.

"I'd give you one, if they were mine; but they're for grandma."

"Oh, pshaw! Your grandma doesn't want 'em all; and, besides, she'll never miss just one," lifting up a corner of the napkin. "Oh, my, ain't they fine! How good they smell! do give me one."

"I can't. Mamma said I should take 'em all to grandma, and I must."

"What if she did? There's a lot of 'em. Give me one. She won't know anything about it. You needn't tell her."

The little one looked distressed; her smiles were gone and her face was pale.

"I can't, Lida," she said, with determination, hurrying along to get out of the way of the tempter.

But Lida, nothing daunted, hurried along by the little one's side.

"See here, Nellie," she said, coaxingly, taking out of her pocket a tiny china doll dressed in pink satin. "There, you wanted this, and I'll give it to you for just one of those sugared fried cakes."

Nellie glanced at the doll wistfully. "Oh, it is so sweet!" was the thought. But she did not stop.

"I can't, Lida; the cakes aren't mine."

She went on safely now, for Lida had turned about, vexed and crestfallen.

"You're an old stingy cat!" was her parting fling.

It was not pleasant to be called an old stingy cat, and some tears came into the sweet blue eyes; but when Nellie reached grandma's, she forgot Lida and her ugly words, for grandma hugged and kissed her, calling her a "blessed dear." Grandma had just finished making a chocolate cake, as she expected company to tea. She had made two little patty-pan chocolates and frosted them, which she gave to Nellie. The little girl clapped her hands at sight of them, for there were no other cakes to be compared to chocolate patty-pans, she thought. She put them carefully in her basket, with the napkin thrown over.

"Mamma loves chocolates, too," was her generous thought, "and I'll give her one."

On her way home she passed Lida's house. Lida was swinging on the gate.

"Gray eye, greedy gut,
Eat all the world up,"

sang Lida; and then, as there was no response to her rude quotation, she called out: "Before I'd be so stingy as to refuse just one fried cake, when I had a whole basketful, I'd go drown myself."

Nellie stopped and raised the napkin.

"See here, Lida," she said.

Lida looked. "Oh, chocolates!" she said, longingly.

"Take one."

"Why—why—you don't mean it, do you?"

"Yes, I mean it. They're mine; grandma gave 'em to me."

She lifted one of the dainty cakes out and handed it to Lida, who accepted it without any

remarks. Then she went on home. To her mother she gave the other cake.

An hour later the bell rang, and Nellie went to the door. There was no one there, but she caught a glimpse of Lida flying around the corner. A small box lay on the doorstep, which Nellie picked up and carried in. It was directed to her; so she opened it. Within was a card, which read:

"To the dearest little girl in the world, from the meanest. I am ashamed of myself.

"LIDA."

Underneath the card was the pretty little china doll in the pink satin dress.—*Ernest Gilmore, in Christian Work.*

TOM'S AWAKENING.

IN one of the suburbs of Boston lives a boy whom we will call Thomas Stone. He is a lad of about sixteen, quick, intelligent, and an only son. From his earliest childhood he remembers that, whatever happened, nothing was allowed to interfere with the daily family prayers.

His father is a well-known merchant, of definite and well-fixed religious ideas. Every morning after breakfast the whole family, guests, servants, and all assemble in the drawing-room. There the head of the family reads a passage from the Bible, and then offers a simple petition, which invariably concludes with the Lord's prayer, in which all the family joins.

To the lively, impatient boy this sacred family custom was at times a bore. It interfered with so many things that might be done. But his father never allowed him to absent himself except for an imperative reason. So it frequently happened that he fretted and showed more or less impatience when the few minutes devoted to family prayers arrived.

His father tried all sorts of plans,—punishments, rebukes,—but could do nothing to check this spirit of revolt. Finally one morning, just after prayers, while the family were all present, he said:—

"My boy, you now are sixteen, old enough to take a prominent part in the management of the home, and I propose that once a week you shall lead our family prayers."

The boy was taken by surprise, and flushed deeply. But he had courage, and so said, with apparent composure, "All right, father." But his heart beat tumultuously.

The next morning his father handed him the Bible, and told him he was to lead the family worship.

"But I can't make a prayer as you do," whispered the son.

"You can repeat the Lord's prayer," said his father, gently.

Tom read the Bible very well. Then they all knelt down and followed him as he led them in the Lord's prayer. It was noticed that his voice became more unsteady as he went on. Finally, when he came to "and forgive us our trespasses as we," he burst into tears, and jumping up rushed upstairs to his room, weeping bitterly.

The father knew that something serious was the matter, but gave the lad time to compose himself a little, and then followed him upstairs. He leaned over and patted his boy upon the head.

"What is the matter, my son? Tell me all about it. I will help you."

"Father," sobbed the boy, "I couldn't lead in prayers! I saw my teacher before me all the time. I told him a lie yesterday. I—I had forgotten all about it, but it came up when I was praying. I don't think I ever realized what that prayer meant before."

"You had better tell your teacher to-day, Tom."

"I will, I promise you!" was the emphatic answer. Then raising himself, he looked his father in the eye, and said:—

"I don't see how any one can pray aloud before people unless he can wash everything off the slate, and know that it is clean."

THE WAY IT WORKS.

"HOW do you like Elmer's work?" asked Elmer's cousin of the man in whose factory the young man had secured his first job. Elmer had just graduated from the high school, and all his family were watching his first essay at work with interest.

"I don't think much of it," said his employer, dryly. "It isn't much of a job that he has, but he slights it; and I have no patience with a worker who slights his work."

"Oh, well, it's natural enough," said Elmer's cousin. "The boy despises the job—you say it isn't much of a one—and so he slights it. When he gets a better job, he'll work better—that's all he needs."

"It doesn't work that way," said the other. "Elmer doesn't slight his work because he despises it; he despises it because he slights it. He's begun all wrong. When I put a boy on a poor job and he sets out to do it just as well as that job can be done, he gets interested in it; he can't help getting interested in it. And he learns something from it; he can't help that, either. I've got plenty of workers who despise their jobs, all the way up the scale. I've got so many of them that I'm not anxious for any more. What I'm after, and what every employer is after, is the worker who does every job that he's set to do so well that neither he nor any one else can despise the work he is accomplishing. Your cousin, I'm afraid, isn't that kind, and I can't say I'm likely to promote him."

It was a fair judgment, and one to which no genuine worker could object. To despise our work, whatever it may be, does not prove that the job is in fault, but rather ourselves. "Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," is not only a Bible commandment, but hard business sense. The secret of many a successful man's pre-eminence in his business is that he has risen, step by step, from the beginning of his work, and learned how every detail can best be worked out, counting no detail too small to be interested in. He who never slights work never despises it, and never loses his self-respect by looking at himself as a mere drudge. Promotion comes slowly, if at all, to Elmer's kind; but promotion belongs naturally and promptly to the worker who gets out of every job the utmost skill, the utmost lesson, that lies in its doing.—*Priscilla Leonard.*

BE not anxious about little things, if thou wouldst learn to trust God with thine all. Act upon faith in little things. Commit thy daily cares and anxieties to him, and he will strengthen thy faith for greater trials that may come.—*Dr. Pusey.*

GRAIN-FED MEN ARE STRONGEST.

IN a recent editorial article the *New York World* tells with evident satisfaction that Professor Wiley, chief chemist of the Department of Agriculture, reinforces the *World's* advice to people to substitute other foods for meat, not only as a trust-smashing but as a health-improving measure.

"The meat-eating habit," he says, "is in no way essential to human life." Among the substitutes that are just as rich as meat in life-sustaining elements he names cottonseed oil, peanut oil, sunflower oil, and olive oil—all of them capable of being prepared in appetizing and palatable forms for the table. Professor Wiley states it as a fact that meat is much more costly even than its present high prices indicate, because only about one fourth of any piece of meat as it is sold in the market has any nutritive value. That is to say, if a joint of beef costs 24 cents a pound, the nourishing part of it actually costs 96 cents a pound.

Per contra, Professor Wiley corroborates the *World's* recent editorial on the subject by declaring that "so far as actual nourishment is concerned the very best and cheapest foods are Indian corn, wheat oats, rye, and rice." The waste, or non-nutritious part of cereals, does not exceed 10 per cent., and men who feed mainly on them "are capable of enduring the hardest manual labor."

The athletes of old Greece, in her most glorious days, ate no meat, but only grains and fruits. Japan whipped China on a diet of rice. The big-boned, sturdy Scot is based on "oatmeal porridge," and the hardy Italian laborer, whom we see digging in our streets all day long in all weathers, is a product of much macaroni and little meat.

CURRENT EVENTS

THIS country manufactures one fifth of the cotton cloth of the world, one quarter of the woolen, twenty-seven per cent. of the linen, forty-six per cent. of the paper, and about thirty per cent. of the glass.

THE average American farmer cultivates forty-four acres, while the Frenchman has thirteen and the German eight. The European output per acre is, however, about double our own. For every American agricultural laborer the output is valued at \$900, for Frenchmen \$580, for Germans \$510. Of the entire agricultural output of the world, the United States gives twenty-three per cent., Russia fifteen per cent., Germany and France each twelve per cent.

A COMMITTEE of the London County Council has recently studied the question of overcrowding, based on the census of 1901. Ten years previously, in 1891, 831,668 persons were living in 145,844 lodgings of less than five rooms, giving an average of 2.99 persons per room. In 1901, 726,096 persons were living in 124,773 dwellings of less than five rooms, giving an average of 2.88 persons per room. In 1891 there were 308,918 dwellings of five rooms or more to the population of 1,889,475, or 6.11 persons per dwelling. In 1901 there were 347,516 dwellings of five rooms or more to a population of 2,086,752, or six persons per dwelling. On the whole, then, the figures show a slight improvement in the situation.

MARCONI, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, is an active member of the Waldensian Church, in Leghorn, Italy. "Protestant Italy has always honored him for his pronounced Christian position."

IN 1891 the United States produced 62 per cent. and Russia 38 per cent. of the total petroleum output of the world, while in 1901 the United States produced 38 per cent. and Russia 62 per cent. The situations were exactly reversed in ten years.

THE London *Lancet* is responsible for the statement that eggs may be kept fresh by merely greasing them the moment they are laid and before they have cooled. This procedure is so successful that eggs so treated are said to be as fresh to the taste when weeks and even months old as they are when eaten an hour after being laid.

THE year 1901 was very remarkable for deficiency in the supply of rain, the precipitation having been nearly twenty-nine inches short of the average. The amount that fell during the year was only a little more than one third the usual annual amount. Of course, the hope is that during this year the earth may receive more moisture and the harvests be more abundant.

SOME attention has been paid to the forest riches of the Philippines. Estimates of the size of the great forests in those islands differ all the way from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 acres. Six hundred species of trees have already been enumerated; some of them attain a height of 150 feet, and from them are extracted gum, rubber, gutta-percha, dyes, oil, tan bark, textile substances, and medicines of various kinds, besides timber.



STORIES OF THE PELEE ERUPTION.

(From *The Literary Digest* of May 24.)

THERE are so many different scientific explanations of a tentative nature of the volcanic eruptions in Martinique and St. Vincent that the effect upon the lay mind is much the same as if no explanation at all were offered. In the pages of material, explanatory and historical, found in the daily press, the points that stand out most clear are the facts presented in the stories of the survivors. Only two persons in St. Pierre survived, a nurse girl and a negro convict. The nurse lived only a few hours; the convict escaped to the woods, and has not been seen since. The steamer *Roddam* sailed out of the harbor with the loss of most of her crew; and part of the crew of the *Roraima* survived the eruption and were rescued. Captain Freeman, of the *Roddam*, who was frightfully burned, gave the following account to Captain Cantell, of the *Flona*, which arrived at New York last Sunday:—

"The *Roddam* had been at St. Pierre only an hour when the eruption occurred. I was talking to our agent, who was in a small boat alongside. Suddenly I saw what appeared to be a huge black squall like a wall approaching the ship from the land at a terrific rate, carrying with it a huge tidal wave, and accompanied by a loud rumbling noise. The air suddenly darkened.

"I yelled out for everybody to stand clear, and almost in an instant the ship was enveloped in total darkness and the air filled with

flame and falling patches of fire, which ignited everything they struck. The fire took hold of the ship in all parts, and the crew and laborers rushed about frantic with fright and pain. A number of laborers had come aboard to help take in cargo, and as nearly as I can tell, there were some forty-two persons on board, all told. Of these six survive. Hell certainly can not be worse than what we went through. I went into the chart-room and shut the door, but an open port admitted the flame.

"When the ship was first struck, she heeled over and nearly capsized. The first shock only lasted a few minutes; but for over an hour the shower of falling matter continued. As soon as I could get out of the chart-room I rushed to the engine-room telegraph, and knowing that, as we had just arrived, we would have some steam up, I signaled the engineer to put the engines at full speed, and waited for an answer. The cable chain had been carried away by the volcanic eruption. Luckily some of the engineers were below at the time, and started the engines.

"I tried to work the wheel and start the ship, but the steering-gear was jammed by the flood of lava, and wouldn't work. I kept the engines going ahead and astern alternately, hoping the ship could thus be headed to sea. While I was maneuvering the ship in this way, I nearly collided with the Quebec Line steamer *Roraima*. I remember seeing huge clouds of flame and steam rising from the ship. Some of her men were waving their hands, and people were jumping from her decks into the boiling water. Their death must have been instantaneous, for the water was seething like a caldron. It looked like a mass of boiling mud.

"Many of my own crew were swept from the decks by the first shock. After a time I got the steering-gear to work and headed out to sea. As the sky cleared and it was possible to see around the deck, the sight was ghastly. Men lying screaming and writhing in agony all around, and the lava on which they lay was red-hot. People were dying everywhere. I was in a bad state myself, unable to lift my hand, and the blood from wounds and burns on my forehead kept running into my eyes.

"I decided to make for St. Lucia, and, with the help of two sailors, two engineers, and the boatswain, I succeeded in making this port. During that terrible trip all hands were busy putting out fires, working in the stoke-hole, raising steam, and trying to do what they could for their dying shipmates. The chief engineer died a horrible death. He escaped from the first shock, and when we endeavored to get the ship out of the harbor, not finding his men below, he came on deck to look for them, and was struck by a falling mass of lava which burned one side of his face completely off."

Only a mile away from the crater when the fatal eruption came was M. Albert, owner and manager of the Lagarrane estate; but luckily for him he was northeast of the crater, while the storm of fire rolled down the opposite slope. His story is told as follows in a dispatch to the *New York Herald*:—

"Mount Pelee had given warning of the destruction that was to come; but we, who had looked upon the volcano as harmless, did not believe that it would do more than spout fire and steam, as it had done on other occasions. It was a little before eight o'clock on the morning of May 8 that the end came.

"I was in one of the fields of my estate

when the ground trembled under my feet, not as it does when the earth quakes, but as though a terrible struggle was going on within the mountain. A terror came upon me, but I could not explain my fear.

"As I stood still Mount Pelee seemed to shudder, and a moaning sound issued from its crater. It was quite dark, the sun being obscured by ashes and fine volcanic dust. The air was dead about me, so dead that the floating dust seemingly was not disturbed.

"Then there was a rending, crashing, grinding noise, which I can only describe as sounding as though every bit of machinery in the world had suddenly broken down. It was deafening, and the flash of light that accompanied it was blinding, more so than any lightning I have ever seen.

"It was like a terrible hurricane, and where a fraction of a second before there had been a perfect calm I felt myself drawn into a vortex, and I had to brace myself firmly. It was like a great express train rushing by, and I was drawn by its force.

"The mysterious force leveled a row of strong trees, tearing them up by the roots, and leaving bare a space of ground fifteen yards wide and more than one hundred yards long.

"Transfixed I stood, not knowing in what direction to flee. I looked toward Mount Pelee, and above its apex formed a great black cloud which reached high in the air. It literally fell upon the city of St. Pierre. It moved with a rapidity that made it impossible for anything to escape it.

"From the cloud came explosions that sounded as though all the navies of the world were in titanic combat. Lightning played in and out in broad forks, the result being that intense darkness was followed by light that seemed to be of magnifying power. That St. Pierre was doomed I knew, but I was prevented from seeing the destruction by a spur of the hill that shut off the view of the city. It is impossible for me to tell how long I stood there inert. Probably it was only a few seconds, but so vivid were my impressions that it now seems as though I stood as a spectator for many minutes.

"When I recovered possession of my senses I ran to my house and collected the members of the family, all of whom were panic-stricken. I hurried them to the seashore, where we boarded a small steamship, in which we made the trip in safety to Fort-de-France.

"I know that there was no flame in the first wave that was sent down upon St. Pierre. It was a heavy gas, like fire-damp, and it must have asphyxiated the inhabitants before they were touched by the fire, which quickly followed. As we drew out to sea in the small steamship, Mount Pelee was in the throes of a terrible convulsion. New craters seemed to be opening all about the summit, and lava was flowing in broad streams in every direction. My estate was ruined while we were still in sight of it.

"Many women who have lived in St. Pierre have escaped only to know that they are left widowed and childless. This is because many of the wealthier men sent their wives away, while they remained in St. Pierre to attend to their business affairs."



"TRUE happiness consists not in the multitude of friends, but in the worth and choice."

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NASHVILLE, TENN., JUNE 4, 1902.

THE *Congregationalist* makes this pertinent suggestion relative to spending a little time in contemplation of the beauties of nature: "You make a big mistake when you are cumbered with so many cares that you can not see the miracle of nature all around you. Shut off steam for a few minutes some of these bright spring days, and watch the grass grow and the leaves unfold. You will do better work in the end."

Christian Work, commenting upon the claim that the Presbyterian Church has a constituency of nearly eight and one half millions, says: "Any statistics which base denominational numbers upon the actual church membership multiplied by four is misleading. Such figuring would give 80,000,000 Protestant population in 1890, when the total Protestant communicants of the country were placed at 20,000,000, and the total population of the whole United States, including 8,000,000 Catholics and several millions of agnostics and indifferent, were returned as 76,000,000. The proper factor for determining the affiliated strength of a denomination from its membership is two and a half. This was shown by a census taken in Canada. This would give a total Presbyterian population of all kinds of 5,212,500, not 8,350,000, as claimed in some newspapers."

THE military court at Manila appointed to try Gen. Jacob M. Smith, charged with undue severity in the conduct of the campaign in the island of Samar, acquitted that officer May 6.

This announcement came as a disappointment to a great many people who felt that General Smith should have been convicted upon his own confession.

It is obviously useless for a paper to attempt, especially at this distance, to try the case over again, and to reverse the findings of the court-martial, but inasmuch as General Smith acknowledged issuing the order to kill not only all the men, but all boys over the age of ten years, his justification is the conviction of the military system under which he was acting.

It is monstrous to think of an American army waging a war of conquest and shooting down boys of ten years and over, wherever found, merely because some boys of that age have been found with arms in their hands.

The truth of the matter is that war itself is a monstrous evil. It stirs up all the evil passions of the human heart. It is brutalizing, and by surrounding with a halo of false glory the act of killing, makes murder seem a virtue.

The American people rose in their might and expelled the cruel Spaniards from Cuba because of the barbarous methods of warfare pursued there. But it is not recorded that even General Weyler ordered the indiscriminate killing of boys of ten years and upwards.

The whole miserable Philippine business

shows how dangerous a war of conquest is to the aggressors. Though conquerors in the sense of subduing the people of the coveted territory, they are themselves conquered by the evil passions stirred up by war, and civilization suffers as the result.

Civilization is only a thin veneer over the native savagery of the human being, and the shooting of boys of ten years, or of anybody, for that matter, can have only one effect, namely, to cause life to be held more cheaply than it ought to be.

Nor is this evil influence confined to those who actually participate in such killing; the whole nation feels the brutalizing influence. One such experience prepares the way for another, and gradually the moral tone of the whole nation sinks to the low level set by military commanders. It is certainly to be regretted that the valor of self-defense has in this country so far degenerated as to admit in the year 1902 of the shooting of boys of ten for doing just what we praise the boys of the Revolutionary period of our own history for doing, namely, defending their own homes and country against foreign invaders.

GENERAL CHAFFEE has disapproved the finding of the court-martial in the case of Major Waller, tried in Manila for the murder of prisoners of war.

The execution of these prisoners without trial is unreservedly condemned as not justified by the laws of war. Major Waller escapes punishment because in the opinion of the reviewing authority he was not at the time mentally responsible, owing to sickness.

Lieutenant Day, Waller's subordinate, is censured for not refusing to carry out his superior's orders in this matter. Finally General Chaffee styles the execution of these prisoners "one of the most regrettable incidents in the annals of the military service of the United States."

It seems also that the case of General Smith has not yet been disposed of, and that that officer may not escape as easily as it was supposed he might.

A VERY large part of the world seems to be acting very foolishly about the approaching coronation of Edward VII.

The worst part of it all is that our own government will send special representatives to represent the President, the army, and the navy.

The whole ceremony is social and religious rather than political. The king will have no more authority after being crowned than he has now. The event is therefore of not half so much importance as the inauguration of an American President.

King Edward delights in pomp and show, and "wishes no detail to be omitted" on the occasion of his coronation. Whatever useless and even foolish ceremonies were observed in the coronation of English kings in the former days will be observed in the coronation of Edward VII.

It is a great pity that the world should act so much like a lot of children.

King Edward is doubtless a very nice English gentleman, and will unquestionably serve as a very respectable figurehead for the English government, but England has scores of abler and probably better men, but Edward was born to the purple while the others were not. It

is no wonder that Shakespeare put into the mouth of one of his characters the exclamation, "What fools we mortals be!"

THE New York *Evening Post* has this to say of the "reform" administration which took office in that city the first of January, 1902:—

"What is the actual condition of affairs at the end of the fifth month of Colonel Partridge's headship of the police? In the opinion of competent and unprejudiced observers, police black-mail is unchecked, the patrolling of the streets is as much neglected as under Colonel Murphy, the influence of Deveryism is rampant, and the discipline is as lax as last year. The excise law is for the most part unenforced, gambling dens, disorderly houses, and policy shops flourish unrestricted, except, as Dr. Parkhurst points out, where private individuals and societies have stepped in to do police work. Competent observers at police headquarters and elsewhere testify that such complete demoralization has never been known as exists to-day. Worst of all is the total absence of leadership in the department itself."

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