

# The Oriental Watchman.

"Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman said, The morning cometh."

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## Oriental Watchman

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Past and Present.

1899-1900.

SWIFTLY tread the feet of Time ;  
And in silent march sublime,  
Once again have crossed the boundary where the  
rolling cycles meet ;  
And we pause upon our way,  
While our eyes, in brief survey,  
Turn toward the hastening future, toward the  
past in swift retreat.

Like that wondrous sight of old,  
When the ancient world beheld,  
In the stranded ark, retreating the mysterious  
caravan,  
And a hand unearthly bright,  
Girded with resistless might,  
Fast behind them closed the door upon the  
doomed race of man,—

So the numbered weeks and days,  
From our retrospective gaze,  
In unchangeable procession glide into the fixed past ;  
And a hand unseen by mortal  
Swings behind the silent portal,  
Which may nevermore be opened while the years  
of time shall last,

And in shadows cold and drear,  
Onward rolls the fallen sphere,  
With its myriads all unmindful of the gospel's  
lingering sound,—  
Of the message they have heard  
From the sure prophetic word,  
Burdened with its solemn warning to the nations  
judgment-bound ;

All unconscious of the gloom  
Which the coming day of doom  
Throws in ever-deepening shadows on its broad  
and beaten path ;  
Of probation's moments ending,  
Of the dreadful programme pending  
In the unseen courts of Justice, in the arsenal of  
Wrath.

Just a momentary space  
From that day of slighted grace,  
Saw the storm of hoarded wrath from heaven's  
blackened windows hurled ;  
Saw from broken barriers leap  
All the fountains of the deep  
And the rising billows darkly roll above a ruined  
world.

So, the future's transient screen  
Hides that last, more dreadful scene,  
When the plague-swept earth must meet the  
final storm of treasured ire ;  
And a deluge, whose fierce waves  
Gather in no watery graves,  
Rolls in loftier, more tempestuous, billows of de-  
vouring fire.

And our souls within us burn  
As we see what few discern—  
Just a little hence the final hour of human destiny ;  
On the dial of the year,  
Whose uplifted hand appears  
Pointing where time's ending cycle merges in  
eternity.

L. A. SMITH.

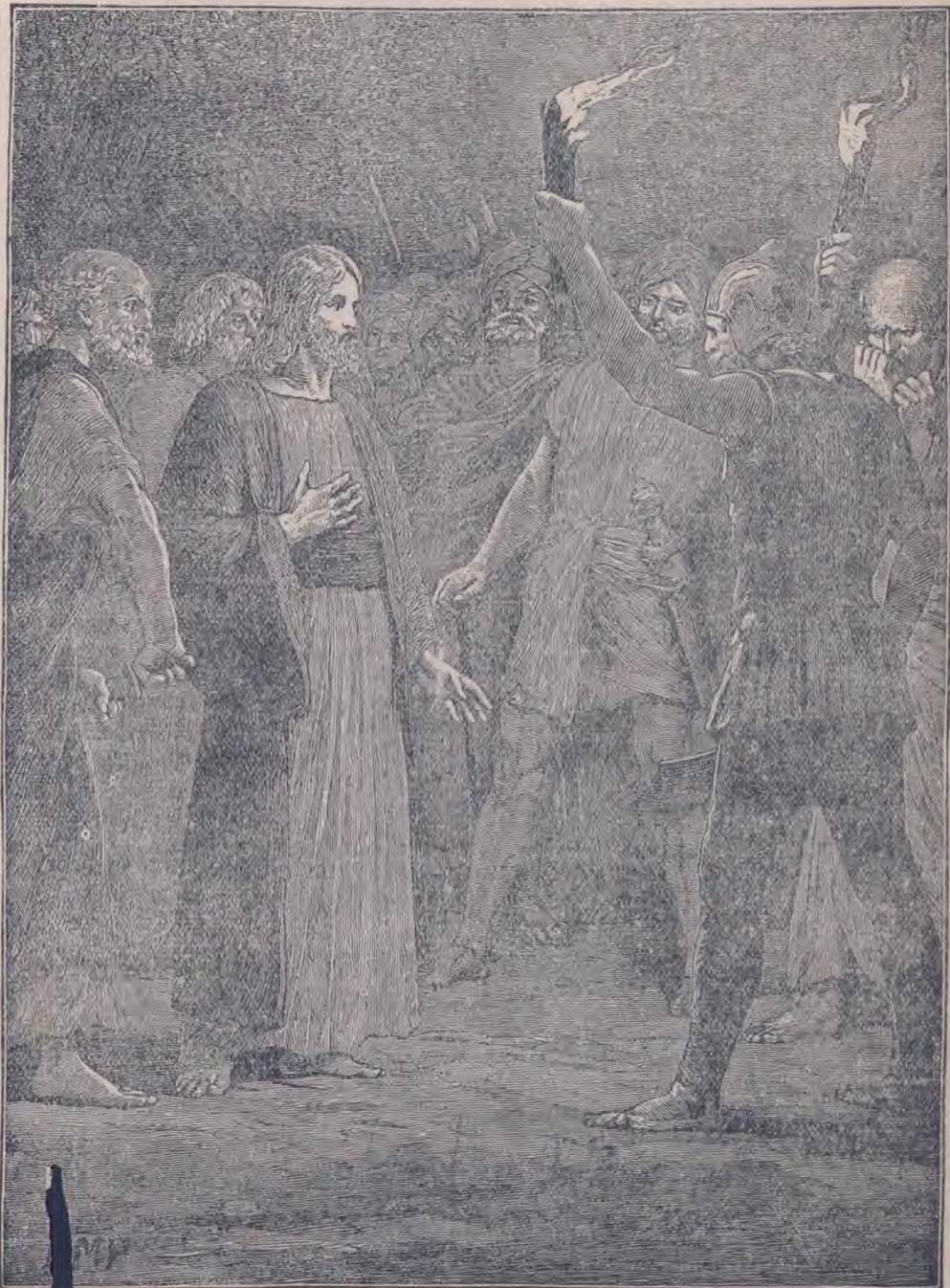
## THE SUFFERINGS OF CHRIST.

(IN THREE PARTS.—PART I.)

In order to realize the value of redemp-  
tion, it is necessary to understand what it  
cost. We should take broader and deeper

The glorious plan of man's salvation  
a manifestation of the infinite love of God  
the Father.

The Saviour was the brightness of His  
Father's glory, and "the express image of



"Whom Seek Ye?"

views of the life, sufferings, and death of  
God's dear Son. A limited idea of the  
sacrifice made in our behalf leads many to  
place a low estimate upon the great work  
of the atonement.

His person." He possessed Divine majesty  
and perfection.

Who, being in the form of God, thought it no  
robbery to be equal with God ; but made Himself  
of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of

a servant, and was made in the likeness of men. And, being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death—even the death of the cross.

Christ consented to die in the sinner's stead that man, by a life of obedience, might escape the penalty of the law of God. Only by the sacrifice of Christ, could man be redeemed, and the authority of the Divine law be maintained. The death of God's dear Son shows the immutability of His Father's law.

In Christ were united the Divine and the human. The Son of God took upon Himself man's nature, that with His human arm, He might encircle the children of Adam in a firm embrace, while, with His Divine arm, He grasped the throne of the Infinite, thus uniting earth to heaven and man to God. Oh, matchless condescension! The King of Glory subjects Himself to man's infirmities, and takes upon Himself the burden of man's sins, that He may open the door of hope to a ruined race. Here indeed is love that "passeth knowledge."

Let those who would, in some faint degree, appreciate the price paid for our redemption follow the Son of God in the crowning acts of His great sacrifice.

#### IN THE GARDEN.

In company with His disciples, the Saviour made His way to the Garden of Gethsemane. The Passover moon, broad and full, shone from a cloudless sky. The city of pilgrims' tents was hushed into silence. Oiten had Jesus, with the twelve, resorted to Gethsemane for meditation and prayer, but never had He visited the spot with a heart so full of sorrow as upon the night of His betrayal.

Upon entering the garden, He said to His disciples, "Sit ye here, while I go and pray yonder." Selecting Peter, James, and John to accompany Him, He proceeded farther into the recesses of the garden. He refrained from startling His three chosen disciples by a full explanation of the agony which He was to suffer. Jesus felt that He must be still more alone, and He said to the favoured three, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death: tarry ye here, and watch with Me."

He went a short distance from His companions, and fell prostrate with His face upon the earth. He felt Himself being separated from His Father by a gulf of sin, so broad, so black and deep, that His spirit shuddered before it. From His pale lips wailed the bitter cry, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me; nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

It was not a dread of the physical suffering He was soon to endure that brought this agony upon the Son of God. He was bearing the penalty of man's transgression, and shuddering beneath the Father's frown. He must not exert His Divine power to escape this agony, but, as a man, He must bear the consequences of man's sin. The sins of the world weighed heavily upon the Saviour, and bowed Him to the earth; and

the wrath of God, in consequence of sin, seemed crushing out His life.

At the end of an hour, Jesus, feeling the need of human sympathy, rose and staggered to the place where He had left His companions. But no sympathising countenance greeted Him; the disciples were fast asleep. Ah! if they had realized that this was their last night with their beloved Master while He lived a man upon earth, if they had known what the morrow would bring Him, they would not thus have yielded to the power of slumber. Singling out Simon Peter, He addressed him: "Simon, sleepest thou? couldst thou not watch one hour?" O Simon, where is now thy boasted devotion? Thou, who didst but lately declare thou couldst go with thy Lord to prison or to death, hast left Him in the hour of His agony and temptation, and sought repose in sleep!

The disciples lost much by thus sleeping. The Saviour's trial and crucifixion was to be a fiery ordeal to them. Their faith needed to be sustained by more than human strength as they should witness the triumph of the powers of darkness. Christ designed to fortify them for this severe test. Had those hours in the garden been spent in watching with the dear Saviour and in prayer to God, the disciples would not have forsaken Jesus in His hour of trial, and Peter would not have been left to his own feeble strength to deny his Master.

The evidence of the weakness of His disciples excited the pity and sympathy of the Son of God. He did not sternly upbraid them for their weakness, but, in view of their coming trial, exhorted them, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation." Then, His spirit moving in sympathy with their frailty, He framed an excuse for their failure in duty toward Him: "The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak."

#### ACCEPTING THE BITTER CUP.

Again Jesus was seized with superhuman agony. His suffering was even greater than before. The trees were the silent witnesses of His anguish. From their leafy branches dropped heavy dew upon His stricken form, as if nature wept over its Author wrestling alone with the powers of darkness.

A short time before, He had stood like a mighty cedar, withstanding the storm of opposition that spent its fury upon Him. But now He was like a bruised reed beaten and bent by the angry storm. His voice uttered suppressed wails of anguish, and He clung to the cold ground as if for relief.

The words of the Saviour were borne to the ears of the drowsy disciples. "O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done." The anguish of God's dear Son forced drops of blood from His pores. Again He staggered to His feet, His human heart yearning for the sympathy of His companions, and He repaired to where they were sleeping.

He did not now address them, but, turning away, sought again His retreat and fell prostrate, overcome by the horror of great darkness. The humanity of the Son of God trembled in that trying hour. The awful moment had arrived which was to decide the destiny of the world. The heavenly hosts waited the issue with intense interest. The fate of humanity trembled in the balance. Christ might even then refuse to drink the cup apportioned to guilty men. He might wipe the bloody sweat from His brow, and leave men to perish in their iniquity. Will the Son of the Infinite God drink the bitter potion of humiliation and agony? Will the innocent suffer the consequence of God's curse, to save the guilty? The words fall tremblingly from the pale lips of Jesus: "O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me, except I drink it, Thy will be done."

Three times has He uttered that prayer. Three times has humanity shrunk from the last crowning sacrifice. But now the history of the human race comes up before the world's Redeemer. He sees that the transgressors of the law, if left to themselves, must perish. He sees the power of sin, and the utter helplessness of man to save himself. The woes and lamentations of a doomed world rise before Him. He beholds its impending fate, and His decision is made. He will save man at any cost to Himself. He accepts His baptism of blood that perishing millions may through Him gain everlasting life. He left the courts of heaven, where all was purity, happiness, and glory, to save the one lost sheep, the one world that had fallen by transgression, and He will not turn from the mission He has chosen. Having made the decision and reached the final crisis, He fell in a dying condition to the earth, from which He had partially risen. Where now were His disciples, to place their hands tenderly beneath the head of their fainting Master, and bathe that brow, marred indeed more than the sons of men? The Saviour trod the wine-press alone, and of all the people there was none with Him. And yet He was not alone. He had said, "I and My Father are one." God suffered with His Son. Man cannot comprehend the sacrifice made by the Infinite God in giving up His Son to reproach, agony, and death.

The angels who had done Christ's will in heaven were anxious to comfort Him; but it was beyond their power to alleviate His sorrow. They had never felt the sins of a ruined world, and they beheld with astonishment the object of their adoration subject to a grief beyond all expression. Though the disciples had failed to sympathise with their Lord in the trying hour of His conflict, all heaven was full of sympathy, and waiting the result with painful interest. When it was finally determined, an angel was sent from the throne of God to minister unto the stricken Redeemer. Christ was victorious over Satan, and, as the result of His triumph, millions were to be victors with Him in His Kingdom.

The Saviour arose and sought His disciples, and, for the third time, found them fast asleep. His words, however, aroused them: "Sleep on now, and take your rest; behold, the hour is at hand, and the Son of man is betrayed into the hands of sinners."

THE BETRAYAL.

Even while these words were upon His lips, the footsteps of the mob that was in search of Him were heard. He inquired, "Whom seek ye?" They answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." Jesus replied, "I am He." As these words were uttered, the mob staggered back; and priests, elders, soldiers dropped powerless to the ground. This gave Christ ample opportunity to escape from them if He had chosen to do so. But He stood as one glorified amid that coarse and hardened band.

The Roman soldiers started to their feet, and, with the priests and Judas, gathered about Christ as though ashamed of their weakness, and fearful that He would yet escape from their hands. Again the question was asked by the Redeemer, "Whom seek ye?" Again they answered, "Jesus of Nazareth." The Saviour then said, "I have told you that I am He. If, therefore, ye seek Me, let these go their way"—pointing to the disciples. In this hour of humiliation, Christ's thoughts were not for Himself, but for His beloved disciples. He wished to save them from any further trial of their strength.

When the disciples saw that band of strong men lying prostrate and helpless on the ground, they thought surely their Master would not suffer Himself to be taken; for the same power that prostrated that hireling mob could cause them to remain in a state of helplessness until Jesus and His companions should pass unharmed beyond their reach. They were disappointed and indignant as they saw the cords brought forward to bind the hands of Him Whom they loved. Peter, in his vehement anger, rashly cut off, with his sword, an ear of the servant of the high priest.

When Jesus saw what Peter had done, He released His hands, though held firmly by the Roman soldiers, and saying, "Suffer ye thus far," He touched the wounded ear, and it was instantly made whole. He then said to Peter:

Put up again thy sword into his place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword. Thinkest thou that I cannot now pray to My Father, and He shall presently give Me more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled that thus it must be? The cup which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?

Jesus then turned to the chief priests and captains of the temple who helped compose that murderous throng, and said:

Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take Me? I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took Me not; but the Scriptures must be fulfilled.

When the disciples saw that Jesus did not deliver Himself from His enemies, but permitted Himself to be taken and bound,

they were offended that He should suffer this humiliation to Himself and them.

They had just witnessed an exhibition of His power in prostrating to the ground those who came to take Him, and in healing the servant's ear which Peter had cut off, and they knew that, if He chose, He could deliver Himself from that murderous throng. They blamed Him for not doing so, and, mortified and terror-stricken by His unaccountable conduct, they forsook Him and fled. Alone, in the hands of the hooting mob, the Saviour was hurried from the garden.

MRS. E. G. WHITE.

ONLY A STEP.

It isn't so far as we sometimes think  
From the mount of hope to adversity's brink,  
From the cooling draught to the poisonous drink;  
It isn't so far, I say—only a step.

It isn't so far from wealth to rags,  
From the one who begs to the one who brags  
Of his hoarded gold, and who never lags  
In his quest of wealth—only a step.

It isn't so far from the hate you feel  
To the plunging blow of the murderous steel,  
When will runs riot and senses reel;  
It isn't so far, I say—only a step.

It isn't so far from the pleasing smile  
And winning words of a flatterer's wile  
To the aching heart, when his polished guile  
Has won and forsaken—it's only a step.

It isn't so far, my lady fair,  
From your motherhood joy and queenly air  
To the blighted hope and wild despair  
Of the sister you shun—it's only a step.

And you who have tasted the bittersome draught  
Of the dregs of sin, while the enemy laughed,  
You know it's not far from the first glass quaffed  
To the ruin that waits for you—only a step.

It isn't so far from the desert you view,  
Where your brambles of sorrow luxuriant grew,  
To the great Heart of love that is yearning for you;  
Not so far as it seems—it's only a step.

It isn't so far from the depths of sin  
And the meshes that tangled and guided you in  
To the arm of God's love that will help you to win  
All the pleasures of heaven—it's only a step.

C. M. SNOW.

"HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR."

"AFTER these things did King Ahasuerus promote Haman, the son of Hammedatha, the Agagite, and advanced him, and set his seat above all the princes that were with him. And all the king's servants, that were in the king's gate, bowed and revered Haman; for the king had so commanded concerning him. But Mordecai bowed not, nor did him reverence."—Esther iii. 1, 2.

Here we have a picture of human greatness and of human sycophancy. How much greater was Haman after the king had set his seat above all the other princes than he was before? Not a whit greater. His soul was just as mean, and his capacity was just as small, as before. And how much more did the king's servants esteem him? Not a whit. They bowed to the title, to the gorgeous raiment, and to the high chair. Before he was elevated, no one would do him honour; after his elevation, all, except one, sought his favour; and, as soon as he got into disfavour with the

king, the very ones who had bowed so low to him were the first to suggest that he be hanged.

If a man really has authority, he has it in himself, the measure of the gift of Christ in him, just as much if clothed in rags as if clothed in the king's uniform. What the man is, determines his real authority; what the man wears, and what he is called, determines the amount of honour given him by men. For very few people in this world care for real authority, because the majority have cast off allegiance to God. So they worship the sham.

Are we not, then, to show respect to those whom men have placed in positions of authority? Most certainly; that is a Christian duty. The Bible enjoins us to honour kings and all that are in authority, and not to speak evil of them, even though they be as wicked as Nero was. It was under his reign that the apostle wrote, "Honour the king." But it must not be forgotten that this injunction is preceded by the command, "Honour all men." Thus: "Honour all men. Love the brotherhood. Fear God. Honour the king."—1 Peter ii. 17. Thus we see that the homage and respect that is to be shown to the king is that which is to be shown to all men. We are to "speak evil of no man." Sycophancy and flunkeyism have no place in Christianity. The spirit that will lead a person to take off his hat to one man, because he has wealth or high position, and can bestow favours; but which will treat a poor labouring man, or even a beggar, with rudeness, is the spirit of Satan. He who is kind and respectful to the poorest and most insignificant person will never be found wanting in the respect and homage due to the king; while he who can be rude to the poor stranger in rags dishonours the king by the show of reverence which his false heart leads him to put on.

E. J. WAGGONER.

CLEAN HANDS.

"Let my prayer be set forth before thee as incense; and the lifting-up of my hands as the evening sacrifice."—Ps. 141: 2.

"He that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger."—Job 17: 9.

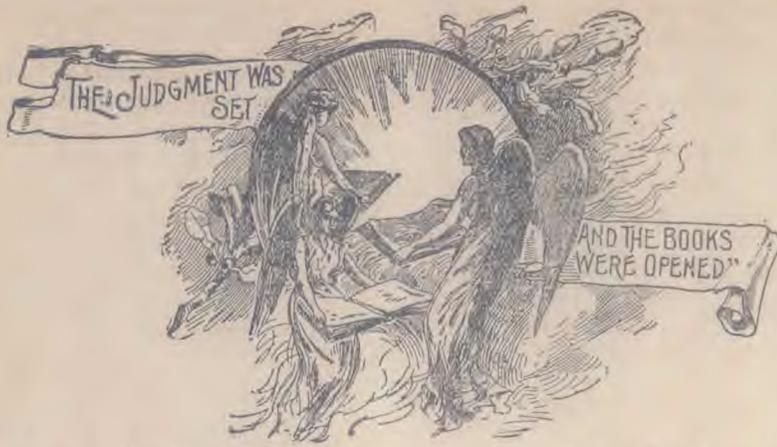
"Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His holy place? He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart."—Ps. 24: 3, 4.

"I will therefore that men pray everywhere, lifting up holy hands, without wrath and doubting."—1 Tim. 2: 8.

"Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands."—Ps. 18: 24.

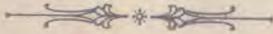
"Blessed is the man that doeth this, and the son of man that layeth hold on it, that keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it, and keepeth his hand from doing any evil."—Isa. 56: 2.

M. C. BURNHAM.



## Divine Order of Events to the Judgment.

IN SEVERAL PARTS.—PART I.



### THE HISTORIC PROPHECY OF DANIEL EIGHTH.

*Verse 1.*—In the third year of the reign of king Belshazzar, a vision appeared unto me, even unto me Daniel, after that which appeared unto me at the first.

ONE prominent characteristic of the sacred writings, and one which should forever shield them from the charge of being works of fiction, is the frankness and freedom with which the writers state all the circumstances connected with that which they record. This verse states the time when the vision recorded in this chapter was given to Daniel. The first year of Belshazzar was B. C. 540. His third year, in which this vision was given, would consequently be 538. If Daniel, as is supposed, was about twenty years of age when he was carried to Babylon in the first year of Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 606, he was at this time about eighty-eight years of age. The vision he speaks of as the one "which appeared unto him at the first" is doubtless the vision of the seventh chapter, which he had in the first year of Belshazzar, which covered the history of the world from Babylon to the end of earth's empires.

*Verse 2.*—And I saw in a vision; and it came to pass, when I saw, that I was at Shushan in the palace which is in the province of Elam; and I saw in a vision, and I was by the river of Ulai.

Shushan was the metropolis of the province of Elam. This was then in the hands of the Babylonians, and there the king had a royal palace. Daniel, as minister of state, and employed about the king's business, was accordingly in that palace. A few weeks or months later, Abradates, Viceroy or Prince of Shushan, revolted to Cyrus, and the province was joined to the Medes and Persians; so that, according to the prophecy of Isaiah xxi. 2, Elam went up with the Medes to besiege Babylon.

*Verse 3.*—Then I lifted up mine eyes, and saw, and, behold, there stood before the river a ram which had two horns; and the two horns were high; but one was higher than the other, and the higher came up last.

*Verse 4.*—I saw the ram pushing westward, and northward, and southward, so that no beasts might stand before him, neither was there any that could

deliver out of his hand; but he did according to his will, and became great.

In verse 20 of this chapter an interpretation of this symbol is given us in plain language by the angel: "The ram which thou sawest, having two horns, are the kings of Media and Persia." We have only, therefore, to consider how well the symbol answers to the power in question. The two horns represented the two nationalities of which the empire consisted. The higher came up last. This represented the Persian element, which, from being at first simply an ally of the Medes, came to be the leading division of the empire. The



different directions in which the ram was seen pushing denote the directions in which the Medes and Persians carried their conquests—westward, northward, southward. No earthly powers could stand before them while they were marching up to the exalted position to which the providence of God had summoned them. And so successfully were their conquests prosecuted that, in the days of Ahasuerus (Esther 1; 1), the Medo-Persian kingdom extended, from India to Ethiopia, the extremities of the known world, over a hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

*Verse 5.*—And as I was considering, behold, an he-goat came from the west on the face of the whole earth, and touched not the ground; and the goat had a notable horn between his eyes.

*Verse 6.*—And he came to the ram which had two horns, which I had seen standing before the river, and ran unto him in the fury of his power.

*Verse 7.*—And I saw him come close unto the ram, and he was moved with choler against him, and smote the ram, and brake his two horns; and

there was no power in the ram to stand before him, but he cast him down to the ground, and stamped upon him; and there was none that could deliver the ram out of his hand.

"As I was considering," says the prophet; and in this he sets an example for every lover of truth. When Moses saw the burning bush, he said, "I will now turn aside, and see this great sight." But how few are willing at the present time to turn aside from their pursuit of business or pleasure to consider the important themes to which both the mercy and providence of God are striving to call their attention. The symbol here introduced is also explained by the angel to Daniel—Verse 21: "And the rough goat is the king (or kingdom) of Grecia." (The goat came from the west—Grecia lay west of Persia.) "On the face of the whole earth." (He covered all the ground as he passed; that is, he swept every thing before him; he left nothing behind.) He "touched not the ground." (Such was the marvellous celerity of his



movements that he did not seem to touch the ground, but to fly from ground, point to point, with the swiftness of the wind; the same feature is brought to view by the four wings of the leopard in the vision of chapter 7.) The "notable horn between his eyes." (This is explained in verse 21 to be the first king of the Macedonian empire. This king was Alexander the Great.)

Verses 6 and 7 give a concise account of the overthrow of the Persian empire by Alexander. The contests between the Greeks and Persians are said to have been exceedingly furious, and some of the scenes recorded in history are vividly brought to mind by the figure used in prophecy—a ram standing before the river, and the goat running unto him in the fury of his power. Alexander first vanquished the generals of Darius at the river Granicus in Phrygia; he next attacked and totally routed Darius at the passes of Issus in Cilicia, and after, on the plains of Arbela, in Syria. This last battle occurred B. C. 331, and marked the conclusion of the Persian empire; for, by this event, Alexander became complete master of the whole country. Bishop Newton quotes verse 6: "And he (the goat) came to the ram which I had seen standing before the river, and ran unto him in the fury of his power;" and adds:—

One can hardly read these words, without having some image of Darius's army standing and guarding the River Granicus, and of Alexander on the other side, with his forces plunging in, swimming across the stream, and rushing on the enemy with all the fire and fury that can be imagined.

Ptolemy's historical canons begins the reign of Alexander, B. C. 332; but it was not till the battle of Arbela, the following

year, that he became, according to Prideaux (Vol. I, p. 378), "absolute lord of that empire to the utmost extent in which it was ever possessed by the Persian kings." On the eve of this engagement, Darius sent ten of his relatives to sue for peace; and, upon their presenting their conditions to Alexander, he replied: "Tell your sovereign . . . that the world will not permit two suns nor two sovereigns."

The language of verse 7 sets forth the completeness of the subjection of Medo-Persia to Alexander. The two horns were broken, and the ram was cast to the ground and stamped upon. Persia was subdued, the country ravaged, its armies cut to pieces and scattered, its cities plundered, and the royal city of Persepolis, the capital of the Persian empire, and, even in its ruins, one of the wonders of the world to the present day, was sacked and burned. Thus the ram had no power to stand before the goat, and there was none that could deliver him out of his hand.

*Verse 8.*—Therefore the he-goat waxed very great; and, when he was strong the great horn was broken; and for it came up four notable ones toward the four winds of heaven.

The conqueror is greater than the conquered. The ram, Medo-Persia, became great; the goat, Grecia, became very great.



And, when he was strong, the great horn was broken. Human foresight and speculation would have said, when he becomes weak, his kingdom racked by rebellion, or paralyzed by luxury, then the horn will be broken, and the kingdom shattered. But Daniel saw it broken in the very prime of its strength and the height of his power, when every beholder would have exclaimed, "Surely the kingdom is established, and nothing can overthrow it." Thus it is often with the wicked. The horn of their strength is broken when they think they stand most firm.

Alexander fell in the prime of youth, in the midst of revelling and indulgence, in Babylon. He had conquered the world, but he could not conquer his own appetites and passions. After his death, there arose much confusion among his followers respecting the succession. It was finally agreed that his natural brother, Phillip Aridæus, should be declared king. By him, and Alexander's infant sons, Alexander Ægus and Hercules, the name and show of the Macedonian empire were for a time sustained; but all these persons were soon murdered; and the family of Alexander

being then extinct, the chief commanders of the army, who had gone into different parts of the empire as governors of provinces, assumed the title of kings. They thereupon fell to leaguering and warring with one another to such a degree that, within the short space of fifteen years from Alexander's death, the number was reduced to—how many? Five?—No. Three?—No. Two?—No. But four—just the number specified in the prophecy; for four notable horns were to come up toward the four winds of heaven in place of the great horn that was broken. These were (1) Cassander, who had Greece and the neighbouring countries; (2) Lysimachus, who had Asia Minor; (3) Seleucus, who had Syria and Babylon; (4) Ptolemy, who had Egypt. These held dominion toward the four winds of heaven. Cassander had the western parts; Lysimachus had the northern regions; Seleucus possessed the eastern countries; and Ptolemy had the southern portions of the empire. These four horns may therefore be named (1) Macedonia, (2) Thrace (which then included Asia Minor, and those parts lying on the Hellespont and Bosphorus), (3) Syria, and (4) Egypt.

*Verse 9.*—And out of one of them came forth a little horn, which waxed exceeding great, toward the south, and toward the east, and toward the pleasant land.

*Verse 10.*—And it waxed great, even to the host of heaven; and it cast down some of the host and of the stars to the ground, and stamped upon them.

*Verse 11.*—Yea, he magnified himself even to the Prince of the host, and by him the daily sacrifice was taken away, and the place of his sanctuary was cast down.

*Verse 12.*—And an host was given him against the daily sacrifice by reason of transgression, and it cast down the truth to the ground; and it practised and prospered.

A third power is here introduced into the prophecy. In the explanation which the angel gave to Daniel of these symbols, this one is not described in language so definite as that concerning Medo-Persia and Grecia. But it will be an easy matter to show that it denotes Rome, the universal empire which followed Grecia.

1. The little horn comes forth from one of the horns of the goat. How, it may be asked, can this be true of Rome? It is unnecessary to remind the reader that earthly governments are not introduced into prophecy till they become in some way connected with the people and work of God. Rome became connected with the Jews, the people of God at that time, by the famous Jewish League B. C. 161. But seven years before that, that is, in B. C. 168, Rome had conquered Macedonia, and made that country a part of its empire. Rome is therefore introduced into the prophecy just as, from the conquered Macedonian horn of the goat, it is going forth to new conquests in other directions. It therefore appeared to the prophet as coming forth from one of the horns of the goat.

2. The little horn waxed great toward the south. This was true of Rome. Egypt

was made a province of the Roman empire B. C. 30.

3. The little horn waxed great toward the east. Rome conquered Syria B. C. 65 and made it a province.

4. The little horn waxed great toward the pleasant land. Judea is called the pleasant land in many scriptures. The Romans made it a province of their empire, B. C. 63, and eventually destroyed the city and the temple, and scattered the Jews over the face of the whole earth.

5. The little horn magnified himself even to the Prince of the host. Rome alone did this. In the angel's interpretation (verse 25) this is called standing up against the Prince of princes. How clear an allusion to the crucifixion of our Lord under the jurisdiction of the Romans.

6. By the little horn the daily sacrifice was taken away. This little horn must be understood to symbolize Rome in its entire history, including its two phases, Pagan and Papal. These two phases are elsewhere spoken of as the "daily" (sacrifice is a supplied word) and the "transgression of desolation;" the daily (desolation) signifying the Pagan form, and the transgression of desolation, the Papal. By him (the Papal form) the daily (the Pagan form) was taken away. Pagan Rome was re-modelled into Papal Rome. And the place of his sanctuary or worship, the city of Rome, was cast down. The seat of Government was removed by Constantine in A. D. 330 to Constantinople. The same transaction is brought to view in Rev. xiii. 2, where it is said that the dragon, Pagan Rome, gave to the beast, Papal Rome, his seat, the city of Rome.

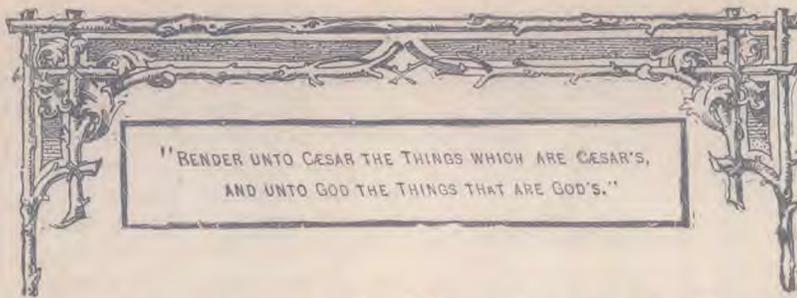
9. A host was given (the little horn) against the daily. The barbarians that subverted the Roman empire in the changes, attritions, and transformations of those times, became converts to the Catholic faith, and the instruments of the dethronement of their former religion. Though conquering Rome politically, they were themselves vanquished religiously by the theology of Rome, and became the perpetrators of the same empire in another phase. And this was brought about by reason of transgression; that is, by the working of the mystery of iniquity.

10. The little horn cast the truth to the ground, and practised and prospered. This describes in few words the work and career of the Papacy.

Rome meets all the specifications of the prophecy. No other power does meet them. Hence Rome, and no other, is the power in question. And while the descriptions given in the Word of God of the character of this monstrous system are fully met, the prophecies of its baleful history have been most strikingly and accurately fulfilled.

U. SMITH.

\* \* \* The vision of this chapter brings to view a long prophetic period reaching, as the Angel Gabriel explained, even to the latter days. Future numbers will treat of the thrilling events and truths associated with this prophecy.



## Religious Liberty and Freedom of Conscience.

### THE PRINCIPLES ON WHICH CHRISTIANITY IS FOUNDED.

#### THE GERM OF THE PAPACY—PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES.

[In the closing numbers of the last volume, we followed the story of ruin wrought in the Roman Empire when the church allied itself with political power, and attempted to advance religion by human might, and by making the profession of religion a matter of temporal advantage. Such a state of society resulted that only the breaking-up of the Empire by the inroads of new fresh nations could save society from complete collapse. And then, as the new nations came, the Papacy made use of the troubled conditions to exalt itself in power in the State, just as the church in Constantine's day had done. Rulers, to gain advantages from Papal influence, acknowledged Papal claims to sovereignty; and nations whom the Papacy could not bring under her influence she destroyed. Thus she assumed a lordship over kings, and when Charlemagne assumed the crown of the re-organized empire of the West, he accepted it at the hands of the Pope.]

Ever since that Christmas day, A. D. 800, when Pope Leo anointed Charlemagne emperor, the popes have spent their lives, and exercised their boundless ambition, in making felt to the uttermost this claim of lordship over the kings of the earth; and, for ages, nations groaned and people perished, under the frightful exercise of this power.

#### HOW THE PAPACY HAS USED ITS POWER.

Under it the famous Hildebrand punished Henry IV., Emperor of Germany, in the no less famous and infamous transaction of Canossa. By it Urban and his successors unto Innocent III. called millions from Europe to dreadful slaughter in the Crusades; and through it, by the instrumentality of the "Holy" Inquisition, Innocent III. and his successors unto Gregory XVI. poured out their demoniacal wrath upon the innocent Albigenses, the devoted Waldenses, and the millions of other Christians who, by sword, by captivity, by dungeon, by rack, by torture, and by flame, yielded their lives rather than submit to this horrible despotism over the bodies and souls, the actions and the thoughts, of men, choosing rather to die the free men of Christ than to live the slaves of that wicked power that has "deluged Europe and Asia with blood" (Gibbon), and which the holy seer of Patmos saw "drunken with the blood of the saints and the blood of the martyrs of Jesus."—Rev. xvii. 1, 6.

And even the Inquisition, in its practical workings, is but the logic of the theo-

cratical theory upon which the Papacy is founded—the theory that men must govern for the Lord, and "protect" religion by forcing it upon others.

#### WHEN MEN ATTEMPT TO EXERCISE MORAL SOVEREIGNTY.

GOD is the moral governor. His government is moral only whose code is the moral law. His government and His law have to do with the thoughts, the intents, and the secrets of men's hearts. This must be ever the government of God, and nothing short of it can be the government of God. The Papacy then, being the head of what pretends to be a government of God, and ruling there in the place of God, her government must rule in the realm of morals, and must take cognizance of the counsels of the heart.

But, being composed of men, how can she discover what are the thoughts of men's hearts, whether they be good or evil, that she may pronounce judgment upon them? By long and careful experiment, and by intense ingenuity, means were discovered by which the most secret thoughts of men's hearts might be wrung from them, and that was by the *confessional first*, and, especially, for those who submit to her authority; and by the thumbscrew, the rack, and her other horrible tortures, *second*, and for those who would not submit—in one word it was by the Inquisition that it was accomplished.

There remained but one thing more to make the enormity complete, and that was, not only to sanction but to deify the whole with the assertion of infallibility. As all the world knows, this too has been done. And even this is but the logic of the theocratical theory upon which the foundation of the Papacy was laid in the days of Constantine.

#### DEIFYING SIN AND SELF.

For, the Papacy being professedly the government of God, he who sits at the head of it sits there as the representative of God. He represents the divine authority; and, when he speaks or acts officially, his speech or act is that of God. But to make a man thus the representative of God is only to clothe human passions with Divine power and authority. And, being human, he is bound always to act

unlike God; and, being clothed with irresponsible power, he will often act like the devil. Consequently, in order to make all his actions consistent with his profession, he is compelled to cover them all with the Divine attributes, and make everything that he does in his official capacity the act of God. This is precisely the logic and the profession of papal infallibility.

Under this theory, he sits upon that throne as the head of the government of God, and he sits there as God indeed. For the same Pope that published this dogma of infallibility published a book of his speeches, in the preface to which, in the official and approved edition, he is declared to be "The living Christ," "The voice of God," "He is the nature that protests he is God that condemns." Thus, in the Papacy, there is fulfilled to the letter, in completest meaning, the prophecy—2 Thess. ii. 1-9—of "the falling away" and the revealing of "that man of sin," "the son of perdition, who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped; so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God."

Therefore, sitting in the place of God, ruling from that place as God, that which he speaks from the throne is the Word of God, and must be infallible. This is the inevitable logic of the false theocratical theory, that theory, remember, which is held practically in all Christendom, where men turn to political methods to advance so-called religious reforms. And this tendency amongst Protestant societies is increasing by leaps and bounds, not merely to get money and support from Governments for religious work, but to secure legal enactments to enforce religious institutions. This is the theory at the foundation of every Sunday law, and every other attempt to force men to act religiously. And, if it be denied that the theory is false and wicked, there is logically no escape from accepting the whole Papal system. The theory contains within it the germ of THE ENTIRE PAPACY.

#### REFORMATION PRINCIPLES.

Then came the Reformation, protesting against the Papal system, and asserting again the rights of the individual conscience, declaring that to Cæsar is to be rendered only that which is Cæsar's, while men are left free to render to God, according to the dictates of their own conscience, that which is God's.

To Luther more than to any other one there fell the blessed task of opening up the contest with the Papacy, and of announcing the principles of the Reformation. It is not without cause that Luther stands at the head of all men in the great Reformation and in the history of Protestantism: for he alone of all leaders in these times held himself and his cause aloof from the powers of this world, and declined all connection of the State with the work of the Gospel, even to support it. At a time when the Papacy was urging the emperor

and princes to destroy him, Luther wrote to the court of the Elector Frederick, who was his friend:—

If the Gospel was of a nature to be propagated or maintained by the power of the world, God would not have intrusted it to fishermen. To defend the Gospel appertains not to the princes and pontiffs of this world. They have enough to do to shelter themselves from the judgment of the Lord and His Anointed. If I speak, I do it in order that they may obtain the knowledge of the Divine Word, and be saved by it.

During his absence in his retreat at the Wartburg, after the diet of Worms, fanatical spirits had arisen, and extreme and somewhat violent steps had been taken, and amongst the first words which he spoke upon his arrival in Wittemberg were these:—

It is by the Word that we must fight; by the Word overturn and destroy what has been established by violence. I am unwilling to employ force against the superstitious or the unbelieving. Let him who believes approach: let him who be-



lieves not stand aloof. None ought to be constrained. Liberty is of the essence of faith.

In 1524 the Swabian peasants revolted, and in January, 1525, Luther addressed to them the following words:—

The Pope and the emperor have united against me; but the more the Pope and the emperor have stormed the greater the progress which the Gospel has made. . . . Why so? Because I have never drawn the sword, nor called for vengeance; because I have not had recourse either to tumult or revolt. I have committed all to God, and awaited His strong hand. It is neither with the sword nor the musket that Christians fight, but with suffering and the cross. Christ, their captain, did not handle the sword; He hung upon the tree.

In his later years, having refused to walk in the advancing light, and so having less of the Word of God, and therefore less faith, even Luther swerved from the genuine Christian and Reformation principle, denied any right of toleration to the Zwinglians, and advocated the banishment of "false teachers" and the utter rooting out of the Jews from "Christian" lands.

At Luther's death, many Protestants set themselves to maintain the doctrines stated by him, and refused to take any advance step, and so they became Lutherans rather than Reformers, and the power of the Reformation was weakened. But, in those early Reformation times, the secret of Luther's power as a reformer was in his preaching of the Word as the power of God unto salvation, giving to the world anew those principles of Gospel liberty originally announced by Him who was the Author

and Finisher of the faith—JESUS CHRIST THE AUTHOR OF RELIGIOUS LIBERTY.

A. T. JONES.

—o—  
THE FACE OF CHRIST.

DANNECKER, the yeoman sculptor,  
In a vision the Christ face caught;  
Then he seized his faithful chisel,  
And year by year he wrought,  
And to fashion that face ideal  
Gave all his time and skill,  
That a work of God so hallowed  
Might his loving hands fulfil;  
For he would that all the people  
Might behold that wondrous face,  
So "altogether lovely,"  
So full of matchless grace.

At last—yet still reluctant—  
He called a little maid.  
"Whom have I here?" he questioned,  
"O, some great man!" she said.  
He knew by the maiden's answer  
That holier touch than yet  
His skill must find, and a tenderer Christ;  
Then, with weeping and regret,  
Dannecker took his chisel  
And patiently wrought on  
Until in awe he whispered  
Exultingly, "It is done."  
And again he called the maiden;  
She answered reverently,  
"It is, 'Suffer the little children,'  
It is Jesus that I see."

With such sorrow and compassion  
That wondrous face was sealed  
That each man saw his Saviour,  
Each read God's heart revealed.  
The suffering saw His pity;  
The burdened found release;  
The sinful felt His pardoning love,  
And the troubled, rest and peace.

Then Dannecker, the artist,  
Did his faithful chisel stay,  
No longer of mind to sculpture  
From models of earthly clay;  
Nor image the most enchanting  
Could tempt his matchless skill,  
Since a work of God so hallowed  
Did his faithful hands fulfil.

MARTHA WINTERMUTE.

—o—  
CHANGED BY BEHOLDING.

IT is said that Sandow, the celebrated "strong" man, has attained such a degree of physical perfection as to be able to control at will any muscle in his body. Of the method employed to arrive at this condition, he says of himself.

Years ago when I was a boy, with my father I visited Milan, and there, in the art galleries, I found the model I desired to copy. Day after day I visited the model, each time studying a new muscle or a new bump. Before long, I had photographed that statue so firmly on my mind that I could bring it before my gaze at will, and it was my only trainer during my hours of exercise.

Is there not a suggestion here for the Christian? His model is Jesus Christ, and as he studies His perfect character, day by day new beauties will be unfolded to his understanding, until by continually "looking unto Jesus," he is "changed into the same image from glory to glory."

But, if Sandow had contented himself with merely looking at his model, as something beautiful to behold, and had not endeavored to develop in himself

those muscles so much admired in the model, he could never have attained to the same perfection. But, as he studied his model day after day, and that, too, with such zeal and earnestness that he photographed it upon his mind, he exercised his muscles until finally he reproduced in himself a perfect likeness of his model.

So it is with the Christian in studying the Divine Model—Christ. If he sees in Him simply a beautiful character in the abstract, and does not make any effort to become conformed to His image, he will never be like Him. Not that by his own unaided efforts the Christian can make himself like Christ, but he must choose to be like Him, and fight the good fight of faith in the continual surrendering of self to the transforming touch of the mighty hand of God. "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." Then, if Christ is studied with a desire to be like Him, the traits of His perfect character will be photographed, as it were, upon the heart, and manifested in the life of the Christian.

C. G. KELSEA.

—o—  
THE ORIGIN OF THE CROSIER.

A CHURCHMAN, writing in a Norfolk journal, laments, says the London *Christian World*, that the thin edge of the Ritualistic wedge has at last found its way into Cromer Church. He refers to a confirmation held there, when "the crosier, which is becoming as needful to a bishop as a walking-stick is to the infirm, was carried before the bishop; and, during the imposition of hands on the candidates, it was held aloft, forming a *tableau vivant* very picturesque, but very Romish." He quotes from a recently published work, which describes the crosier as having been borrowed from the Roman augurs, who used an instrument curved at one end when consulting the heavens. So manifestly was the crooked rod, or lituus, of the augurs identical with the pontifical crosier that Romanist writers in the Dark Ages used the term "lituus" as a synonym for the crosier.

But this lituus, or divining rod, was borrowed from the Etruscans, who, again, had derived it along with their religion from the Assyrians. The Chaldean soothsayers and priests, in the performance of their magic rites, were generally equipped with a crook or crosier. This magic crook can be traced up directly to the first King of Babylon, Nimrod, who was the first that bore this title of a Shepherd King. Nimrod's deified successors have generally been represented with the crook or crosier. This was the case in Babylon and Nineveh, as extant monuments show. This was the case in Egypt, after the Babylonian power was established there, as the statues of Osiris with his crosier bear witness. This is the case among the negroes of Africa, whose god, called the Fetish, is represented in the form of a crosier. This is the case in Tibet, where the Lamas or Thews bear a crosier as the ensign of their office. So

in Japan, where some of the idols of the great temple of Miaco have shepherd's crooks in their hands. The crosier, then, is neither more nor less than the augur's crooked staff, or magic rod of the priests of Nimrod.

#### PASSING BY.

THE Man of Nazareth had been teaching in the Temple, where, having been elected Judge by His enemies, He had just saved a sinful woman from a cruel death by their uplifted stones. Freeing this law-breaker from the penalties of the law, he taught the accusing Pharisees that Himself had come to bear its penalties—the sinner made free, “to sin no more.”

Soon the stones intended for the woman were turned upon her Saviour. But Jesus, “going through the midst of them,” passed by. He was weary of their continual fightings against the truth and sorrowful for their hardened hearts. He sought repose after the trying labours of the day. But, as He passed by, a man whose eyes had never yet opened to the light was seen by the road-side. A thousand times had this blind man been passed by priest and Pharisee who counted him a sinner above his fellows. Jesus, in passing by, imparted to him the greatest of blessings—his sight.

It was the Sabbath, but that sacred day was not too good for ministering to a needy soul, while passing by. How many followers of the humble Nazarene are following this example of their Leader? How many blind and lame and hungry are we passing by, and without giving the relief demanded by our relation to Him who went about doing good? On our behalf He says to His Father, “As Thou has sent Me into the world, *even so* have I also sent them into the world.” “Go, and do thou likewise.”

J. C. ROGERS.

#### SPIRIT AND LETTER.

ONE of the most mischievous delusions of the times is the prevalent notion that the spirit of the law of God may be obeyed in the deliberate disobedience of the letter. It is true that the law requires spiritual obedience, for “the law is spiritual,” but it is the letter that expresses to the finite mind what the law is. While the spirit of the law is broader and deeper than the letter, as comprehended by the finite mind, there is no inharmony or counteraction. “The law of the Lord is perfect.” The laws of men sometimes fail to express the exact design of the law-making power; not so the law of God, which is the perfect revelation of His will. We can never be guided to a spiritual discernment of the requirements of this law by walking contrary to the letter. “Set your hearts unto all the *words* which

I testify among you this day, which ye shall command your children to observe to do, all the *words* of this law.”—Deut. xxxii. 40.

M. C. WILCOX.

#### “COME.”

ONE of the tenderest words in our language is the little word “come.” This simple word occurs many times each day in our daily intercourse with one another; and, as a matter of course, it is found many hundred times in the Bible. It is also a word of a very inviting character. But who says, Come? and what are the conditions? First of all to say, Come, is—

OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

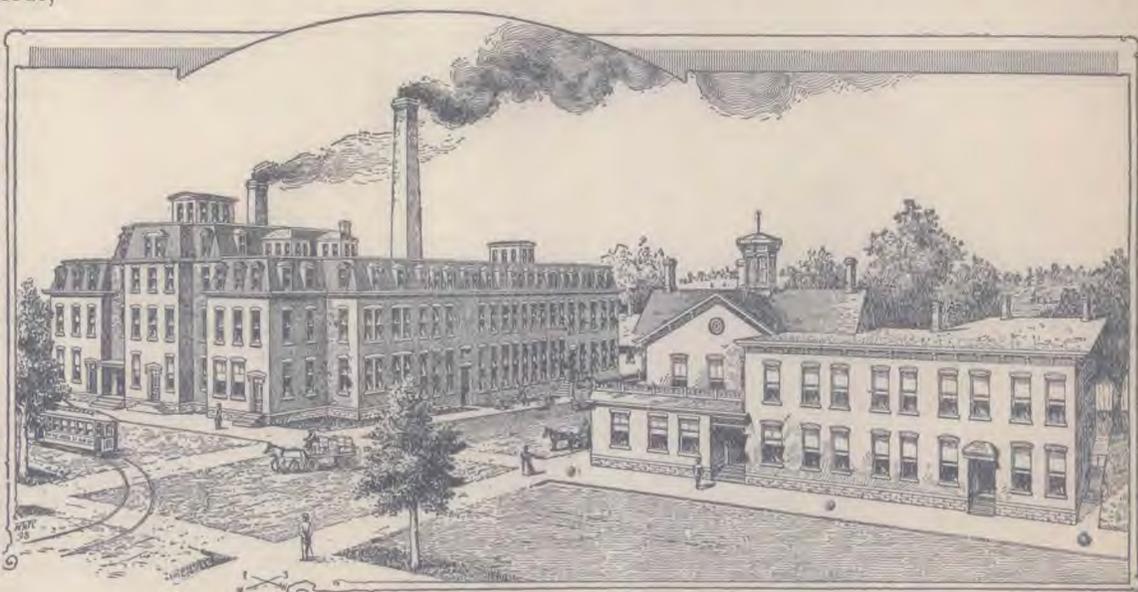
To faithful Noah just before the flood He

THE HOLY SPIRIT SAYS, COME.

Yes; that blessed Spirit who “helpeth our infirmities,” and “maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered,” extends the invitation to all. Indeed, a general amnesty seems to be proclaimed. “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.”—Rev. xxii. 17.

THE ANGELS OF GOD.

Paul says, in his letter to the Hebrews, “Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”—Chapter i. 14. These holy beings wait continually in the presence of God; they are wise, and excel in strength;



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said, “Come thou and all thy house into the ark.”—Gen. vii. 1. And what He said to Noah He is saying to all to-day. The general invitation from the throne of the Eternal is, Come. “Come thou and all thy house.” The Lord desires to have people saved by “families,” and so His word extends to the children. To the youth He says, Come into the ark before the storm shall burst in its fury. God says now, to both young and old, “Come unto Me: hear, and your soul shall live.”—Isa. lv. 3. Precious words! blessed invitation! Will we respond?

THE SAVIOUR ALSO SAYS, COME.

Here is His gracious invitation: “Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”—Matt. xi. 28. In these comforting words both promise and entreaty are combined. So, if we come, we shall find rest of soul and peace in Jesus Christ. And the glorious rest, begun here, will reach into that eternal rest that awaits the people of God.

they warn the wicked of evil; they come to the sorrowing with words of comfort; they encamp round the righteous, and greatly rejoice when sinners turn to the Lord. These are only a few of the inspired statements concerning the heavenly watchers who seek to keep us in God's ways. With sheltering wings they hover near, and with tender ministrations incline us to God and heaven.

THE PEOPLE OF GOD.

To Hobab in the wilderness, Moses said, “Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord has spoken good concerning Israel.” Num. x. 29. And this has ever been the invitation of the church to the world. In the very words of the parable, the message is now sounding, “All things are ready: come unto the marriage.” And He that has “the living water” says, “If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink.” The faithful watchmen, too, are crying, “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." These terms are within the reach of all, and how could they be more favourable?

**BUT WHO MAY COME AND SHARE THESE  
PREFERRED BLESSINGS?**

The Scripture answer is at hand: All "that labour and are heavy laden;" "them that are turned back from the Lord;" "he that hath no money;" "those that have not sought the Lord, nor inquired for Him;" "he that is athirst;" "strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God;" "to all that are far off"—to such is the promise.

**AND WHAT WILL THEY RECEIVE?**

Ah! here language is altogether too feeble to describe the "good things" which God has in store for them that come to Him. In the present state they will receive a new heart and spirit for those that are full of sin; clean raiment for filthy garments; the peace of heaven in place of unrest and disquiet; beauty for ashes, and the oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; and, in the world to come a life that will be as enduring as the throne of that infinite One who created us, who has washed us in His own atoning blood, and made us kings and priests unto our God, and in whose light and presence we shall reign for ever and ever.

G. W. AMADON.

**SPIRITUALLY STUPEFIED BY  
READING NOVELS.**

A LADY engaged in Christian work visited her old school, a young ladies' college, where every effort was made to keep up a spiritual tone amongst the students. A special series of devotional meetings was in progress at the time. She says:—

It was pleasant at any time to visit my college home, but, coming as I did that winter from the world without into such an atmosphere, it seemed like paradise.

Coming out of a prayer-meeting, sweet with the influence of the Spirit, one evening Mrs. Roberts said to me, "Mary, do you remember Helen Andrews?"

"Oh, yes, I do, certainly. A nice bright girl, too."

"She is one of my anxieties now. I wish you would go down to her room, and talk to her about the salvation of her soul. I have tried in every way to arouse her interest, but in vain, and it may be that another might reach her when I could not."

I consented to try, and we tapped at Helen's door. After a little talk, Mrs. Roberts excused herself, telling me to come to her room soon. The burden of a soul was upon me, and, with all the warmth and tenderness which I had brought from the prayer-meeting, I urged her to come to Christ. I might as well have talked to the wall. There was a listless apathy about her which defied all efforts to arouse her.

I closed my call in a little while, and went up to Mrs. Roberts' room, where I found Addie Raynor, who shared our anxiety about Helen; and when I told them of my poor success,

"Addie," said Mrs. Roberts, "what is the matter with Helen Andrews? I cannot understand her. She is neither hard nor defiant; she is generous and sweet; she is an orphan, and alone in the world. I surely thought that she, of all girls, would have been readiest to accept the Saviour. Why is it?"

"I have thought, lately," said Addie, "that it must be those books."

"Those books," repeated Mrs. Roberts, "what books?"

"Why she borrows every novel she can, and, every spare moment she has, she reads and reads. Not bad books, you know, but just interesting and exciting. I've thought about it, and it seems to me that they take all her interest."

"That explains it all," said Mrs. Roberts, sadly. "That is the reason that the influences which have stirred us all so deeply have taken no hold upon her. Girls, girls," she said with a cry of anguish in her voice, "pray for Helen Andrews. She has stupefied her soul with that reading as surely as she would her body if she took opium. I will try to arouse her to her danger, but I confess I am disheartened. Oh, I wish girls knew what they do when they drown themselves in light reading."

I left the place the next day, and never afterwards learned whether Helen became a Christian; but the memory of that visit never comes to me without a sad thought of the girl-student who drugged her soul to sleep with novels.



**THE DAY OF THE LORD."**

"THE day of the Lord" is frequently mentioned in the Bible. The expression is often in the very midst of the sublimest, and, perhaps, it would be proper to say most awe-inspiring passages of the Word of God. Joel fairly thrills us with the words, "Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in My holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; FOR THE DAY OF THE LORD COMETH, for it is nigh at hand."—Joel ii. 1. Zephaniah fills the mind with emotions of solemn import by his wonderful statement that "THE GREAT DAY OF THE LORD IS NEAR, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord; the mighty man shall cry there bitterly. That day is a day of wrath, a day of trouble and distress, a day of wasteness and desolation, a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick dark-

ness, a day of the trumpet and alarm against the fenced cities, and against the high towers. And I will bring distress upon men that they shall walk like blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord; and their blood shall be poured out as dust, and their flesh as the dung. Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath; but the whole land shall be devoured by the fire of His jealousy; for He shall make even a speedy riddance of all them that dwell in the land."—Zeph. i. 14-18.

Sin is now having its day. Crime is allowed to go apparently unpunished. The wealthy man with his gold can blind the eyes of justice. But there is a Judge whose eyes are too pure to behold iniquity, and His day, even the "great day of the Lord, is near." And, in that day, "neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them."

A. O. TAIT.

**INCREASE OF RICHES:**

J. D. ROCKEFELLER is said to be worth over £50,000,000, and 70,000 people are dependent upon him for their labour and bread. This sum has all been amassed within forty years. In 1855, he was a poor man. Ten years after he was worth £1,000, and in 1898 this had increased to over £50,000,000. He controls 20,000 miles of oil pipe lines, owns 200 steamers, has 40,000 oil tanks, 3,500 tank cars, and 7,000 wagons for delivering the oil to customers. One of the great features of the last days will be the heaping of treasures together. How rapidly this picture is being filled up can be seen in the formation of the ever increasing "trusts" that must soon control all commercial life.

R. HARE.

**PROTECTION.**

"THE eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. xxxiii. 27.

"The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them."—Ps. xxxiv. 7.

"A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand, but it shall not come nigh thee."—Ps. xci. 7.

"He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."—Ps. xci. 11.

"The Lord is faithful, who shall establish you, and keep you from evil."—2 Thess. iii. 3.

"When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; . . . when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned."—Isa. xliii. 2.

"He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."—Ps. xvi. 8.

"Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shall preserve me from trouble."—Ps. xxxii. 7.

"The Lord delivereth them out of all their troubles."—Ps. xxxiv. 17.

"Who is he that will harm you if ye be followers of that which is good."—1 Pet. iii. 13.

ELSIE CODLING.



### A MOTHER'S CARE.

I do not think that I could bear  
My daily weight of woman's care,  
If it were not for this:  
That Jesus seemeth always near,  
Unseen, but whispering in my ear  
Some tender word of love and cheer,  
To fill my soul with bliss.

There are so many trivial cares  
That no one knows, and no one shares,  
Too small for me to tell,—  
Things e'en my husband cannot see,  
Nor his dear love uplift from me—  
Each hour's unnamed perplexity  
That mothers know so well.

The failure of some household scheme,  
The ending of some pleasant dream,  
Deep hidden in my breast;  
The weariness of children's noise,  
The yearning for that subtle poise  
That turneth duties into joys,  
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,  
Are known to Jesus each and all,  
And this thought brings me peace:  
I do not need to say one word;  
He knows what thought my heart hath  
stirred,  
And by divine caress, my Lord  
Makes all its throbbings cease.

And then upon His loving breast  
My weary head is laid at rest,  
In speechless ecstasy,  
Until it seemeth all in vain  
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain  
Should hope to drive me forth again  
From such felicity.

EDITH ROSS.

### "I ALWAYS WIN AT CARDS."

"HAVE you any particular antipathy against cards, Mrs. Allen?" asked a merry girl of a silver-haired woman, whose face was not yet old.

"Yes, I have," was the slow answer.

"Then you don't like to see us play?"

"I didn't say that," said the elder woman, with a smile. "But finish your game, and then, perhaps, I may tell you my reasons for disliking cards."

Two young gentlemen and two young ladies formed the party. The former were general favourites in society, with characters forming day by day, for they were quite youthful yet. The one with black hair and black eyes played quietly, if not languidly; the other, with blue eyes and hair of a golden bronze, showed interest and excitement in the game.

Mrs. Allen sat quietly listening to the comments of these four friends—their accusations, their regretful exclamations, the eagerness to win, the chagrin of losing. Her eyes were fixed upon the young man with the flushed cheeks and shining blue eyes, reading the earnestness, the excitement, the passion of his soul, as the game advanced.

At last the triumph was his. Exultingly he announced it, with the added words, "I always win at cards."

"I knew somebody else who always won at cards," said the lady in a low voice.

"Come, Mrs. Allen," said one of the merry girls, "you said you would tell us why you dislike cards. We're just in the mood to listen, for I have been badly beaten, and I don't like to be beaten."

"I think I told you," said Mrs. Allen, "that I knew somebody who boasted that he always won at cards. He was very much like you," she added, turning to Frank. "I saw the likeness when I first met you."

"I have no hesitation in saying that twenty years ago, this young man was one of the handsomest and most promising persons in the city where he lived. Sought by every one on account of his wit and vivacity, life was a very pleasant thing to him. But he was passionately fond of cards, and, because of the fact that he invariably won, he was always ready to make up a party, at home or abroad.

"I don't know how the fact first leaked out, but it was whispered among his acquaintances that he—played for money.

"This, of course, reached his mother's ears latest of all, and she would not believe it. She watched her boy with trembling eagerness. He bought a horse, he had always fine clothes, and his appearance was that of a restless, dissatisfied man.

"Every night the troubled mother sat up till he came home; but his hours grew more and more irregular. His business was, at length, neglected; his luck turned; he grew haggard and moody.

"What could be done? Nothing. He was wedded to his idol. Not only did he play, but he drank; not only did he drink, but he pledged things not his own, in the indulgence of his passion. Finally, he forged the name of his employer, fought in a drunken fray, was brought home insensible, and for two weeks raved in delirium.

"No one can know what the torture of a mother is when her son disgraces her before all the world—and this he had done. But repentance came. He promised never again to touch a card; grew into his original beauty; lifted the hopes of all who loved him; was engaged to a lovely girl, and by her tempted to play, only a social game; to drink, only a social glass; and the consequence was he was ruined!

"The love of gaming and of strong drink rushed back upon him like a torrent of iniquity. Again he played for money,

again he was brought home drunk, again he committed a crime, and this time his ruin was complete.

"One night he rushed home like a madman. His mother tried in vain to calm him. She was alone, and he, stung to insanity, raved and tore his hair, and cursed her."

A shudder went over the little company.

"Yes, he cursed her because she had allowed him in the days of his innocence to touch the cards, because, with her own hands, she had taught him to play."

"I could never do that," said the young man with blue eyes.

"So he would have said at your age. A more affectionate son never lived.

"That night after he had been partially soothed, and had gone to his room, a pistol-shot was heard. Mercifully the mother fainted; mercifully she was spared the sight that others saw."

"Did he kill himself, then?"

"Instantly. When I recovered from a long illness"—

"What! was he"—

"My only son." There was a tremor in her low voice, as she added, "When I recovered, I had no child. Not yet forty, my hair was as white as you see it now. Do you wonder that I hate cards?"

"Oh, but how then *could* you sit and see us play?"

"Because I wished to warn you; because there are some temperaments to which success is more baleful than defeat; because one of you put me strangely in mind of my blue-eyed boy."

Her eye fell upon Frank L—. He was pale as death. Later he went up to her, and thanked her.

"It was growing upon me, the passion for play," he said. "I felt it; but, with God's help, I'll never touch a card again."

—o—

### LAND AND LAW SUITS.

HERE is a good story, vouched for as true, which will do people good who are inclined to fight over "principles" that are better surrendered than maintained by fighting:—

A good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature; and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase the tract of land which had been "lawed over" for years.

Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting-work, and would pitch in red-hot to fight that line-fence question on his account.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the fields one day.

Said Hackett, "What's your claim here, any way, as to this fence?"

"I insist," replied his neighbour, "that your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead just as quick as you can, and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbour, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get along pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail, but this move of the new neighbour stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be out-done in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Neighbour," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wasn't nothin' in the fight anyway, but the principle of the thing."

—o—

TURNING TO DUST.

WHERE DO THE PINS GO TO?

A WRITER in a trade journal says he recently made some experiments to get an answer to this question.

He finds that it is the disintegrating effects of the air which resolve one by one these little instruments into their elements. He put some hundreds of brass and steel pins, needles, hairpins, and so forth in a quiet corner of his garden, where they would be subject to the agencies of dampness with wind and other influences, although safe from intruders. The results are notable. Ordinary hairpins took one hundred and fifty-four days on an average to oxidize into a brownish rust—ferrous oxide—which was scattered by the wind as fast as it was formed, not a trace being detected at the end of seven months. Common bright pins occupied eighteen months before their disappearance was complete, but a brass pin turned into verdigris long before that.

—o—

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

MANY might find a hint of value in the following:—

Mrs. Blank, a woman of means and culture, suddenly discovered one day that she was growing old. Her house was filled with beautiful objects, the accumulation of a lifetime.

"I have enjoyed them long enough," she said. "It is time that I was done with the care of 'things.' If I give them now to the right people, they will be useful. If they are disposed of indiscriminately when

I am dead, they will be of little value."

She proceeded, therefore, to give away her treasures where they were needed and would be valued. To a worker among children, in the slums went a stereopticon; books to poor libraries in the country, photographs to schools. To a hospital for sick children she sent a collection of scrap-books, filled with pictures which, in the course of years, she had cut from the illustrated papers. Most of her bric-à-brac treasures were given where they would afford pleasure.

"Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," was her motto.

—o—

"STICK-TO-IT-IVENESS"

AN observing person has said of business men that fifty per cent. fail, about forty-seven per cent. make a living, and three per cent. make a success of life. There are various reasons for this. Men often embark in a business for which they have neither practical training nor natural ability; they display an indifference to proper business methods that is unworthy of success; they have no ambition to push, and manifest no degree of "stick-to-it-iveness" whatever.

The latter evil is one that seriously affects a large portion of mankind. Indeed, discontentment, which immediately precedes it, is well nigh universal. It afflicts all alike, old and young, male and female. People get into a business or a position in life; and, if the returns are not what were expected, they become dissatisfied and discontented, and are ready to give up—they fail to stick to it.

There is just one remedy for this fault: All should examine themselves, study their dispositions and natural abilities, and learn what position in life they are qualified to fill, and then enter that position, and *work*. Be satisfied with nothing short of perfection in the line you take up; stick to it, and success will come.

W. E. PERRIN.

—o—

WHY?

MR. HAROLD SPENDER, the Alpine climber, in his book on the High Pyrenees recently published, tells, says the *Youth's Companion*, of an unexpected climax to one of his feats.

With two companions he had scaled one of the most difficult peaks, and, descending, found refuge from the storm and night in the chalet of a goatsherd. The three men, half-frozen, and exhausted with the long and terrible strain, but glowing with triumph, crouched before the fire.

The goatsherd's wife, a dull old woman, stood looking at them silently for a while, and then pronounced a single word:

"*Pourquoi?*" (Why?)

Spender declares that he and his companions looked at each other with an expression of surprise on each face. They had risked health and strength and life it-

self. "Why?" What had they gained?

There was no answer. The one word struck like a blank wall across their consciousness of useless struggle and suffering and danger.

The snow fell outside, and the mist shut out the hills. They did not talk to each other. Each was asking himself, "Why?"

There are other heights in the world beside those in the Alps, which men try to scale to as little purpose.

The man who gives his life to the gathering of millions, which he never uses or enjoys; the young wife who spends her husband's hard-earned wages in aping women of fashion; the girl trying to force her way into the "stylish set" of her town, dressing and entertaining beyond her means; the college boy, who is struggling to show his manliness by leading the fast men of his class—all are climbing barren heights, at the top of which is neither profit nor honour.

Most of us have tried some of this Alpine-climbing in our day. It would have been well for us if some honest soul like the goatsherd's wife had stood in our path with the word, "Why?"

Lullaby Songs.

THE CRADLE SHIP.

WHEN baby goes a-sailing, and the breeze is fresh and free,  
His ship is just the queerest craft that ever sailed the sea!  
The fingers true make up the crew that watch on deck must keep,  
While all a row ten toes below are passengers asleep;  
And mother is the pilot dear—ah, none so true as she!  
When baby goes a-sailing, and the wind is fresh and free!  
When mother rocks the cradle ship, the walls—for shores—slip past;  
The breezes from the garden blow when baby boy sails fast;  
So fast he flies that Dolly cries she fears we'll run her down,  
So hard a port! we're not the sort to see a dolly drown;  
And then you know, we've got the whole wide carpet for a sea  
When baby goes a-sailing, and wind is fresh and free!  
When baby lies becalmed in sleep, and all the crew is still,  
When that wee ship's in port at last, all safe from storm and ill—  
Two eyes of love shall shine above, two lips shall kiss his face,  
Until in deep and tranquil sleep he'll smile at that embrace!  
For mother watches, too, at night; while through his slumbers creep  
Dream-memories of sailing ere the breezes fell asleep.

Charles Gordon Rogers.

"GIBBON devoted over twenty years of his life to the labour of reading for, and writing, 'The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.' It is one of the most stupendous literary feats ever accomplished by the labour of one man."

# HEALTH HINTS

## THE TWO GERMS.

(A FABLE.)

In the femoral artery one summer's day,  
A couple of germs chanced to meet;  
They bowed to each other and went the same way,  
Carried on by the blood to the feet:  
Said one, "I regret that I have not my card,  
For my name to remember is really quite hard,  
I am called 'Protozoa Amœba' by some,  
But by others 'Malaria Plasmodium.'"

The other replied, with politeness and grace,  
"I'm exceedingly glad we have met,  
The super-production of this human race  
We prevent; they can't cope with us yet;  
My ultimate object I must never miss,  
I am the 'Bacillus Tuberculosis,'  
Let us journey together and see if we can  
Destroy the life of this sickly young man."

They passed from the arteries into the veins,  
Together they passed through the heart;  
They racked the poor patient with infinite pains,  
For, too well did each germ play his part.  
One lodged in the liver and one in the lung,  
The symptoms were coughing and coat on the tongue;  
The treatment was quinine and cod-liver-oil;  
The end was interment in six feet of soil.

MORAL.

There's a moral in this that is perfectly plain,  
You have heard it before, I am sure—  
An ounce of prevention, I'll tell it again,  
Is better than ten pounds of cure.  
From this the deduction can plainly be seen;  
Medicine is worthless compared with Hygiene;  
And all will agree after careful reflection,  
That drugs can't compete with good disinfection.  
—Board of Health Magazine.

## SOWING AND REAPING.

WERE Nadab and Abihu responsible for offering strange fire? Yes; the wine they drank had so blinded their minds that they could not discern between the sacred and he common. *It is impossible to avoid the results* so long as the causes are allowed to remain. What do we find (in Deut. xxi. 18, 21) to be the cause of stubbornness? The stubborn son is brought before the elders of the city, and the parents say, "This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice; *he is a glutton, and a drunkard.*" Eating too much, or eating wrong combinations of food, produces alcohol and other poisons in the system. Any poison circulating in the system will have its effect upon the brain, no matter what the poison is; so it is important to keep the system as free as possible from all poisons. When you take poisons into the system, or eat and drink in such a way that poisons are created in the system, Satan is poisoning the mind, putting you under his anæsthetic, his chloroform. I would rather suffer pain all my life than to have my brain and mind void, so that God could not speak to me.

By over-eating, and eating wrong combinations, the food, instead of passing out

of the stomach in four or five hours, is retained six, seven, eight, or nine hours, and even longer. It ferments, and produces poisons of different kinds. These poisons, of course, have the same effect upon the brain as though they were taken directly into the system.

Our message with respect to these principles is to "proclaim liberty to the captives," and to open the eyes of the blind. This is a part of the Gospel. It is to prepare the temple of God for the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

D. H. KRESS, M. D.

## HEALTH NOT TO BE PURCHASED.

WHO would not be covetous, and with reason, if health could be purchased with gold? Who not ambitious, if it were at the command of power, or restored by honour? But alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane; nor a blue ribband bind up a wound so well as a fillet; the glitter of gold or of diamonds will but hurt sore eyes, instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown instead of a common nightcap.—*Sir W. Temple.*

## THE CORSET AND THE HEALTH WAIST.

(From the *Australian Herald of Health.*)

A DIALOGUE.

"A Happy New Year," said the corset to the health waist.

The health waist looked surprised.

"Dear me!" said the latter, "I hadn't the slightest idea you were still on earth. Don't try to make me believe that any woman will think of wearing you, this glorious new year."

The corset laughed derisively.

"I shall probably live on as long as you do," it made answer. "In spite of your arrival, thousands of women still have no more sense than to wear me. To be sure I give them palpitation of the heart, poor circulation, and shortness of breath, but still they dote on me."

The health waist was palpably shocked. "I do not see how you can gloat over these things," it said. "For my part I have come to help make the race stronger. Why do you not remove your deteriorating influence from the march of progress?"

The corset seemed greatly amused.

"My dear sir," it replied with a patronising air, "You are younger than I, and do not know women as well. The whole trouble with you is that you do not cater to woman's vanity. You surely forget that Homer's Juno wore a many-layered girdle, and perhaps you do not remember the facia and strophinum of the Roman women. Catherine de Medici wore a corset which was almost of solid metal. You see that I am an innocent toy compared to some of my ancestors."

"But many men approve of me too," said the health waist, "and"—

"You foolish child," it said, "Do you not know that the women who still wear me do so that they may assume those unnatural curves so essential in the eyes of most men? Man invented corsets and wore them first; but woman, in her anxiety to be admired by men, took to them, and having once"—

"But they have injured her form, and only a sensible garment like myself can restore it," said the health waist.

"Precisely," responded the corset. "I agree with you perfectly. I was merely pointing out to you the fact that I myself am not responsible for the havoc I have wrought upon the bodies of women. They have themselves and their foolish admirers to blame."

"My mistress wants you," said the maid.

"Why do you associate with such a plebeian garment?"

"Good-bye," said the health waist sorrowfully.

"Good-bye," answered the corset. "Do your best to counteract the harm I do. I honestly wish you might give me my death-blow before the new century is ushered in. Good-bye."

—Mary C. Francis.

## FREE FOR ALL.

A LADY once asked a physician where she could get an appetite. "Out in the fresh air," he said; "just go right out and get one. Nature has thousands of appetites to give away. The winter atmosphere is full of them. All that nature asks is that you come after them yourself."

## THE DIET QUESTION.

IT is evident that as we progress in intelligence and refinement, our food standard will change. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that as man improves in his dietetic habits, he will advance physically, mentally, and morally. Not only is less alcohol used with food to-day than in former years, but fruits are more and more in demand, as well as grains and vegetables, and doubtless many of the great variety of nuts with which nature has furnished us will be found desirable, perhaps to the entire exclusion of animal food. Nuts are fat-forming, heat-and force-producing, and more nutritious than animal foods, and are not open to any suspicion of disease-production. The nut-growing industry is of increasing importance, and will be found largely remunerative in the not remote future. Then will nuts come to take high rank among the foods of the people.

A union of the cereals with fruit, vegetables, and animal food has so far produced the most satisfactory results, though a great portion of mankind enjoy life and are well nourished without animal food. As man advances toward a higher plane, he inevitably tends toward what, for want

of a better term, may be called vegetarianism. Those capable of the greatest endurance subsist mainly upon the products of the earth. The Grecian athletes, who made the glory of the Olympian games, were trained on vegetable food. Those were the days when the Grecian outlines were the standard of physical beauty, both in face and figure. The eminent Professor Virchow well says, "The future is with the vegetarians."—*Chas. H. Shepard, M. D., in Bacteriological World.*



**A FREE DRINK AND A FREE LUNCH.**

You are familiar with signs reading somewhat as the above. I have found in an old book some very quaint, interesting, and life-giving remarks. Will you read some of them?

A man by the name of Isaiah cries unto the world this surprising message:—

"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."

**IT GIVES SATISFACTION.**

How often you have been thirsting! And, oh, what a terrible burning thirst it was! I know One who can quench that thirst. Hear what, He says, He can and will do—without money, without fee. No doctor nor druggist to pay. True, it is the utterance of a carpenter, but we know Him as Jesus of Nazareth. He says: "Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

"But this spoke He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive."

Therefore, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you will be saved. Be saved? Yes, from rum, beer, whisky, morphine, tobacco, and all things which impair and destroy. Drink of Christ and be filled and satisfied.

**THE INVITATION.**

This is not only an announcement, but an invitation. It is desired that you come and eat and drink without money and without price. The feast is prepared. The tables are spread. The Fountain is flowing.

It is truly wonderful! The voice of a trumpet sends forth the invitation. Angels are the heralds that bear the tidings. The great Spirit of God and the Living Church—the Bride of the Lord Jesus Christ—unite in extending the invitation.

"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."

**DO YOU WANT A DRINK?**

Brother, are you longing to have your soul satisfied? Do you want peace that passeth understanding? Do you want the comradeship of Jesus? Do you want the wisdom and power of the Holy Spirit? Do you hunger and thirst after righteousness? Do you want to be free from the desire for strong drink? Listen, brother, I know whereof I speak. I have been in the grasp of the rum devil as tightly as you are. I have sold myself for a drink, and, not being satisfied, stole others. God had mercy. There is deliverance in Jesus Christ. Seek Him where He may be found, that is, among His people in missions and churches, in the Bible, and on your knees in prayer. "Jesus stood and cried, saying: If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."—John vii. 37.

—*The Lifeboat.*



**A BOY I KNOW.**

I KNOW a bright-eyed little boy,  
Who lives not far away;  
And though he is his mother's joy,  
He plagues her, too, they say;  
For when his task he's bid to do,  
He sits him down, and cries, "Boohoo!  
*I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!*"  
Yes; whether he's to practise well,  
Or do his "horrid" sums,  
Or "hippopotamus" to spell,  
Or clean to wash his thumbs,  
It matters not; for with a frown  
The corners of his mouth go down—  
*"I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't! I can't!"*  
Oh, what a joyful day 't will be  
For mother and for son,  
When smiling looks they both shall see  
Beneath the smiling sun!  
For in his heart he knows 't is stuff,  
And knows that if he tries enough,  
*"He can! he can! he can! he can! he can!"*  
—*Laura E. Richards.*

**PARABLE OF THE GIANT AND THE CAVE.**

"WE are ready for a parable, auntie," said Edith. "Yes, auntie, a parable," echoed every voice, as the children gathered around Aunt Ruth's chair. When the little tongues were all quiet, Aunt Ruth began:—

"I am thinking of a giant who lives in a cave with ivory gates and folding doors. He is a great worker; for the cave is a grist-mill, and the ivory gates are grinders as well. The giant's work is to stir and mix the grist, while it is being ground, with a solvent fluid obtained from six springs in the mill. A great variety of grist is brought into this mill, to be stirred and mixed and

ground together. As each grist is finished, the giant pushes it back to a chute at the back of the mill, and sends it down to a workshop below, where it is churned and dissolved. If the giant is pleased with the flavor of the grist sent in, he works away with hearty good will; but if anything comes in that he does not like, he turns it promptly outdoors.

"This giant is a troublesome servant to his master; for whenever he is idle, he is sure to be talking about everything, and often gets his master into serious trouble by his foolish wagging. But his master is entirely responsible for this; for the giant is one of several servants by which the master expresses his thoughts, and he only obeys his master's will. Sometimes when the master gets angry, the giant lashes himself into a perfect fury in his den; but when, by the grace of God, a new spirit of love and peace has changed the heart and soul of the master, the giant is gentle and obedient.

"Get your Bibles, and see if I have exaggerated the spiritual reality. Walter, turn to James, third chapter, and read the sixth verse."

"And the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity: so is the tongue among our members, that it defileth the whole body, and setteth on fire the course of nature; and it is set on fire of hell."

"Edith, read the eighth verse."

"But the tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." O Aunt Ruth! how terrible!" cried Edith.

"Yes," said Aunt Ruth, "the untamed tongue is a terrible thing; but if we pray David's prayer, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me,' the tongue will utter only words of love, joy, and peace. David made another beautiful prayer, too. You will find it in Ps. cxli 3."

RUTH GARDENER.

—o—

**A FLAME.**

A FLAME, which every one of you sees scores of times daily, is, says a writer, a very wonderful and remarkable thing. It looks solid, but it is not. The inside of the flame is hollow, and consists of unburnt gas. It is gas waiting there ready to be burnt, and as it gets heated, and comes into contact or collision with the atmosphere, its solid parts are brought to a state of white heat or what is called incandescence. It is when it reaches this state of white heat that it gives out light.

A candle gives light because of the solid matter in its flame. If you hold a white plate over the candle flame, you will notice the black matter which it gives out, or if you blow the candle out, this black matter, which you call smoke, escapes for a time, whereas, if the candle had gone on burning, some of this same matter would have been raised to a white heat and have given out light. Thus, in the burning of a candle or

a gas jet, or a fire, there is a continual supply of gas being thrown out, and the solid parts of the gas are being raised to a white heat. Where the burning or combustion is not perfect, some of these solid parts escape, as in the smoke of a candle, but the more solid particles in the flame, and the more perfect the combustion, the better is the light given out.

#### THE LEADING HAND.

A LITTLE child, in the great city, drew away his hand from his mother, as she stood talking with a friend, and was soon lost in the crowd.

There was a long and weary search; the anxious mother went up and down the streets for hours, seeking the little wanderer, and gave herself no rest until she held him in her arms again.

"If my little boy had kept hold of his mother's hand, he would not have been lost," was her only chiding.

And the child heeded the lesson; and, as he grew to manhood, the remembrance served often to remind him of another and higher Hand of which he needed to keep "fast hold"—the Hand that so many, in their impatience, "let go," to lose themselves in paths beset with evil.—*Selected.*

#### HE COULD SAY NO.

A LITTLE fellow who had been brought up a staunch teetotaller was about to be apprenticed. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. The little fellow said: "I never touch that stuff."

"Hallo, youngster," replied the foreman "we have no teetotallers here."

"If you have me, you'll have one," returned the boy.

The foreman was irritated, and holding up the glass of beer, he said:

"Now, my boy, there is only one master here; you'll either have this inside or outside."

The little fellow said: "Well, you can please yourself. I brought my clean jacket with me, and a good character. You may spoil my jacket, but you shan't spoil my character."

in Germany and Belgium orders are already booked for all of 1900. Armaments account for much of the increase. War uses iron and blood. The great Krupp Gun Works in Germany, employing 30,000 men, have orders to keep them going until 1901. Thus they are turning ploughshares into swords in Germany.

The bicycles exported from the United States last year amounted, says an American exchange, to nearly fourteen million dollars. This is a million dollars more than the amount of the agricultural implements exported in the same time. That is a good indication of how the interests of pleasure exceed those of industry.

How to catch the Sunday cyclist is the problem of English country pulpits. One rector near Ongar, a favourite wheeling district, provides a tea in his churchyard after a half-hour's service, at six annas per head. As many as 800 cyclists have taken tea together. Others are for clapping the the Sunday cyclist into jail.

#### The People's Reward.

WHEN'ER contending princes fight  
For private pique or public right,  
Armies are raised, the fleets are manned,  
They combat both by sea and land.

When, after many battles past,  
Both, tired with blows, make peace at last,  
What is it, after all, the people get?  
Why, taxes, widows, wooden legs, and debt.

—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

**Indo-Chinese Railway.**—Every new line of railway now-a-days must be considered from the military point of view; so clearly is it recognized among the nations that trade is a thing to be fought for, if necessary. An engineer on the Assam-Bengal Railway, Mr. James Stuart, says in the *Fortnightly*:—

The Indian system of railways is about to penetrate Assam, and troops will soon be able to reach that province from Delhi, Cawnpore, and Lucknow, without transshipment or break of gauge, within, approximately, seventy hours. Having attained this point they could be thrown into China within twenty-four hours by the proposed railway route. Russia, with her Siberian railway and military base on the borders of Poland and Germany, would be nowhere in the race for supremacy in China, and we should practically be in a position to hold the field against all comers, by aiming complete mastery over its great inland waterway.

**Kimberley Diamonds.**—The investment of Kimberley by the Boers has drawn attention to that town. This is what the *Review of Reviews* says of its history:—

Diamonds were first discovered in South Africa in 1867 and 1869. It was not until 1870 that the rush set in to Griqualand West. Ten thousand miners encamped in 1871 in Kimberley, where, within an area of three and a half miles, nine-tenths of all the diamonds have been discovered. The diamond mines are craters of extinct volcanoes, filled with blue ground of igneous origin. The De Beers Mining Company was first founded in 1880, with a capital of £200,000. In 1803 De Beers expanded into the De Beers Consolidated Mines, Limited. In 1885 there were practically only four

mines yielding diamonds, but they were in the possession of forty-two companies and fifty-six private owners. All these companies and private owners were induced by Mr. Rhodes to amalgamate their interests in the great consolidation scheme, which was finally elaborated in 1889. They control all the four mines, but only work two, Kimberley and De Beers, as they reduce the output to keep the price steady at 23s. per carat. Before the amalgamation it had dipped as low as 18s. 6d. The capital of De Beers is £4,000,000. The annual output of diamonds averages over £3,000,000, one-third of which is clear profit. The company pays 25 per cent. dividend.

WITH the aid of the compositor's type-case, a home journal thus picturesquely describes a trade vice that is all too familiar to every body who has done marketing:—

THE thrifty farmer now doth bring  
His apples into town,  
On top the apples look like this :  
O O O O O O O  
This size comes lower down :  
o o o o . . . . .

Whoever does business on this principle, however, sells his honour and soul very cheap.

A WRITER in the *Quarterly* thinks, with very good reason, that the Peace Congress has not at all diminished the risks of war. He says:—

Professor Mommsen described it as "a misprint in Universal History," and rightly so, for things remain much as they were before it assembled. France, Germany, Russia, Italy, Austria maintain their armies in their full strength, and have even added to them this year. Russia possesses the largest army in the world.

**London's Food.**—The danger of famine in case England were cut off from foreign food-supplies for a few months has often been discussed. A recent writer has estimated that the five millions of people in London eat 6,000,000 hundred-weights of meat annually, 5,800,000 quarters of wheat, 150,000 tons of fish, and 220,000 tons of fruit. Excepting the fish, a large proportion of this food comes from abroad.

**Revolt against Missionaries.**—There is a revolt in Kaffir convert communities in South Africa against white missionaries. A young Kaffir, educated in Africa and America, is the leader. It seems that one grievance is that the missionaries discourage the wearing of bangles.

"My people," said Dwane, "believe that the missionaries call all these things sin. The missionaries cannot understand how we feel about our old customs, and we think that if all the ministers for natives were natives themselves it would be better. You tell us that we are all the same in God's sight, but your people will not worship in the same church as our people."

A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* thinks the growing opposition to dependence upon foreign management may have far-reaching influence, even politically. A Moravian missionary fears a "Christian" rising against whites, not only missionaries but magistrates. Doubtless this fear is groundless. The disaffection seems to be in Methodist circles principally.



**The Iron Age.**—A writer in the *Engineering Magazine* shows what a tremendous increase there has been in the demand for iron. The world's production in 1856 was 6,600,000 tons; in 1890 it had risen to 26,500,000 tons; the estimated output for 1,900 is 35,000,000 tons. Mills and furnaces in the United States have orders booked for half of next year, and



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*Dr. Andrews, in a lecture in the University of Colorado.*—"If the Battle Creek Sanitarium had done nothing else than to produce their Health Foods, their names should live for ever."  
*W. F. Heardman, A.M., M.D., Prof. of Nervous Diseases in the University of Michigan.*—"We are accustomed to look to you for good things. As for the Granola, it has long been an indispensable article of food for the members of my own household, and, of course, I frequently recommend it to my patients." Carriage extra. Goods sent V.-P.-P. when cash does not accompany order.

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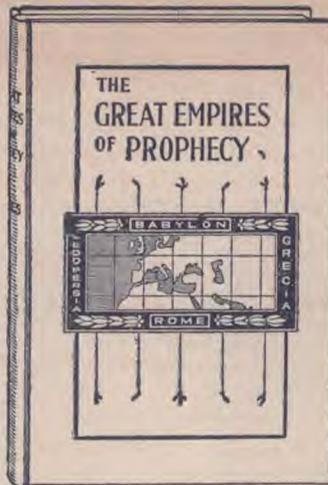
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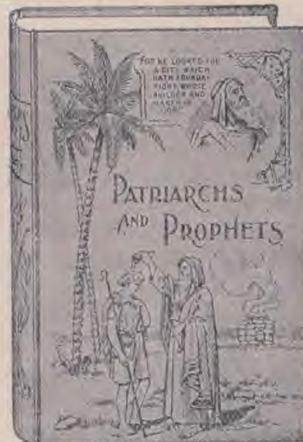
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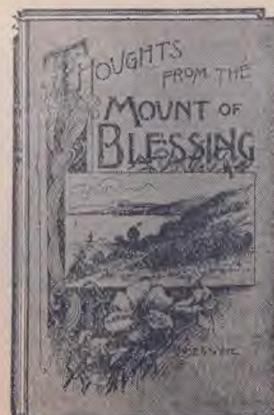
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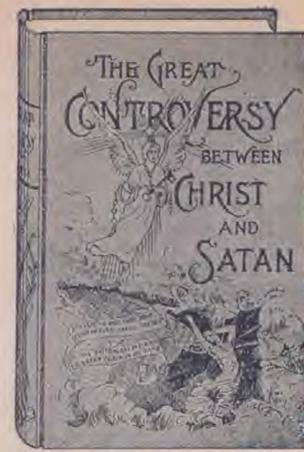
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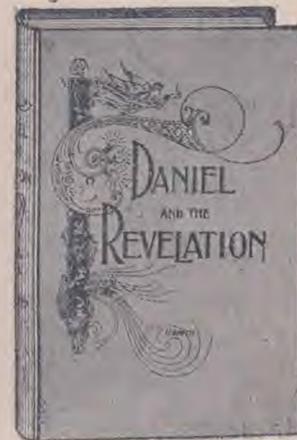
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WE wish every one of our readers a  
Happy and a Blessed New Year.

THE Japanese are sending Buddhist missionaries into China, and their propaganda is spreading rapidly. "It is, of course, only nominally religious, says a writer; "it is in reality purely political."

THE world's press very frequently discusses the imminence of the final struggle of earthly powers. Our Society's Australian organ quotes as follows from a leader in the *Melbourne Age*:—

Is the twentieth century to open on a world in battle array, on an Armageddon such as this poor distracted planet in all its previous convulsions never knew? It may be so. The war cloud has long been deepening and widening, and no mortal presence can point to the spark which may fire the train of a world's calamity, or the corner of the globe where the outburst may take place."

Of making many books there is no end. So said the wise man of old. What would he have said had books in olden time been multiplied as now? The thirteen leading publishing nations put out 77,250 books per year. Germany heads the list with 23,908, and France and Italy come next, then Great Britain and the United States. Educational books, it is pleasing to note, lead the list, though novels follow second.

"THE annual number of suicides in Europe," says the *British Medical Journal*, "is estimated at 50,000, and is increasing at a far greater rate than the population. The struggle for existence is a most important cause of suicide, and Dr. Müller holds that alcohol, blunting as it does the weapons used in the conflict, is the most frequent immediate determinant of the act."

PROFESSOR VAMBERY, of Budapest, writes on the new development in the Eastern Question manifested by Germany's special friendship with Turkey. By German capital and co-operation, new life is being infused into Turkish military and commercial affairs. Dependent on outside help to keep its place, the Ottoman Power in Europe has been kept up by one Power after another against that time when "he shall come to his end and none shall help him." In fact, instead of really prolonging the present situation; Germany's efforts may hasten the crisis; for Professor Vambery says:—

German capital and German industry will continue to thrive in the dominions of the Sultan,

German enterprise will have a preference over its competitors, but any acquisition of territory is excluded from the rank of possibilities, for Russia, extremely jealous of the position of her western neighbour, has begun already to counteract the plans of the Berlin Cabinet, and the rivalry between the two Powers on the banks of the Bosphorus is far greater than the emulation which existed formerly between Russia and England.

"THE world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late;  
Be sober and keep vigil;  
The Judge is at the gate,  
The Judge who comes in mercy,  
The Judge who comes with might,—  
Who comes to end the evil,  
Who comes to crown the right."

A Catholic is said to have been stranded in the following manner when told that the Bible is the Word of God:—

"It ought to be good, then. I don't understand the whole muddle. The church says she is God's church, and that we are God's children, and the Bible—it is God's Word, and yet God's church says that God's word is bad for God's children to read. It is all a muddle, and I can't understand it."

Three Popes.—A writer in the *Quarterly Review*, discoursing on the next papal conclave to elect the successor to the present Pope, says:—

There are three Popes, named from the colour of their robes; the real Pope, who is called the "White Pope;" the General of the Jesuits, the "Black Pope;" and the Prefect of the Propaganda, the "Red Pope," who as cardinal wears a red robe.

AS we issued a larger edition than was at first intended of the illustrated booklet, "Heart Cheer for the century's closing year," we have been able to make the price four annas per copy (by post, two pice extra, four copies post-free for Re. 1.)

### FAITH DOESN'T COME THAT WAY

It was Bacon who said: "The man who believes because the Presbytery or the church have told him is a heretic, even though it be the truth that he believes." His belief, says the *London Present Truth*, is really nothing. He who accepts a truth, simply because some person or society says that it is truth, would accept an error just as readily. It is the privilege of every person, from the least to the greatest, to know the truth for himself.

Almost.—There are some who are seeking, always seeking, for the goodly pearl. But they do not make an entire surrender of their wrong habits. They do not die to self that Christ may live in them. Therefore they do not find the precious pearl. They have not overcome unholy ambition and their love for worldly attractions. They do not lift the cross, and follow Christ in the path of self-denial and self-sacrifice. THEY NEVER KNOW WHAT IT IS TO HAVE PEACE AND HARMONY IN THE SOUL; for without ENTIRE SUR-

RENDER there is no rest, no joy. Almost Christians, yet not fully Christians, they seem near the Kingdom of Heaven, but they do not enter therein. ALMOST but not WHOLLY SAVED means to be NOT ALMOST but WHOLLY LOST.—Mrs. E. G. White.

### ALL FOR US.

NOTICE how constantly the thoughts of Jesus were for His children. When His disciples were troubled because He had said He was about to leave them, He assured them, "It is expedient for you that I go away." He was not thinking of Himself of getting away from this cruel world and back again into the heavenly city. For us He went away. "I go to prepare a place for you." His thoughts are with us now and His work for us. Now He appears "in the presence of God for us." And when He comes again, it is for His people. "I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that, where I am, there ye may be also." From first to last the Lord's plans and thoughts were for the interests of His children, and so are they still. God Himself is "for us," and, "if God be for us, who can be against us?"

HUMAN writings on religion resemble preaching: they are useful only so far as they illustrate the Scriptures, and induce us to search them for ourselves.—Fuller.

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