

The Oriental Watchman.

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

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LET THE KING OF GLORY IN.

PSALM XXIV.

Lift up your heads, ye glittering gates,
E'en lift them up, ye doors of pearl,
The mighty King of Glory waits,
Let heaven's banners wide unfurl.
Then voices cried, e'en like the roaring sea,
"Who can this King—this King of Glory
be?"

Then from the bright angelic throng,
Till heaven's myriad arches ring,
The glorious word is borne along—
"The Lord of Hosts! He is the King."
"Who can this King—this mighty Conqueror
be?"
"The eternal Prince of Heaven! 'tis He, 'tis
He."

Lift up your heads, ye glittering bars,
What glorious honours ye may win,
And brighter shine, ye heavenly stars,
And let the King of Glory in!
Ye everlasting portals, open wide,
And bid thy mighty King triumphant ride.

Asunder, mid a mighty shout,
The massive, glittering portals rolled,
And hallelujahs glad rang out,
As opened wide each gate of gold.
Then with the blood-washed ransomed tried
and true,
The conquering King of Glory enters through.

L. D. A. STUTTLE.

TOMY FATHER AND YOUR FATHER.

THE CONFLICT ENDED.

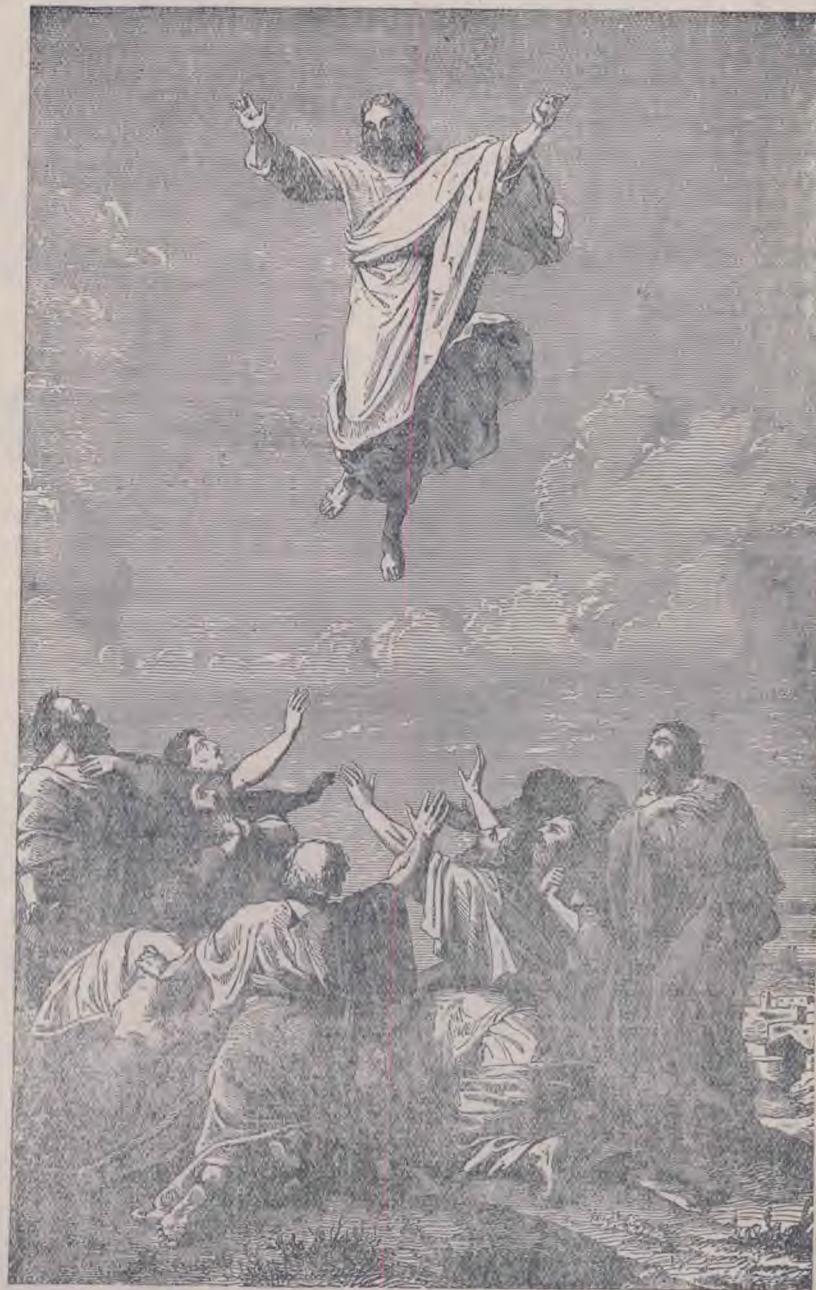
WHEN Jesus cried out, "It is finished," all Heaven triumphed. The controversy between Christ and Satan in regard to the execution of the plan of salvation was ended. Satan had fully manifested his enmity against the Son of God. It was the cruel cunning of the fallen foe that planned the betrayal, trial, and crucifixion of Christ. His diabolical hatred, carried out in the death of Jesus, placed Satan where his true character was revealed to all created intelligences that had not fallen by sin.

Satan had put forth the strongest efforts against Christ from the time when He appeared as a babe in Bethlehem. He had sought in every possible manner to prevent Him from developing an unblemished childhood, a true manhood, a holy ministry, and a perfect sacrifice in yielding up His life, without a murmur, for the sins of men. But Satan had been unable to discourage Him, or to drive Him from the work which He had come on earth to do. The storm of Satan's wrath beat upon Him from the desert to Calvary; but the more mercilessly it fell, the more firmly did the Son of God

cling to the hand of His Father, and press on in the blood-stained path before Him.

The justice of God was now fully vindicated in His act of banishing from heaven

angels had seen the pledge of final victory over the powers of darkness. In the slain Saviour sleeping in Joseph's tomb, angels beheld the mighty Conqueror. Angels



[26]

THE ASCENSION.

the fallen angel who had once been exalted next to Christ. All Heaven, and the worlds that had not fallen by sin, had been witnesses to the controversy between Christ and Satan. With intense interest had they followed the closing scenes of the conflict.

In the death of Christ upon the cross,

guarded the sepulchre of Christ, and acted a part in His resurrection. While Roman sentinels were keeping their watch beside the Saviour's tomb, an angel of the most exalted order was sent from heaven. His countenance was like the lightning, and his garments white as snow. He parted

the darkness from his track, and the whole heavens where lit with his resplendent glory. The earth trembled and heaved, and soldiers, officers, and sentinels, all fell as dead men prostrate upon the earth. The evil angels, who had triumphantly claimed the body of Christ, fled in terror from the place. And He who had earned the power to conquer death and the grave came forth, with the tread of a conqueror, from the sepulchre.

Jesus was the first-fruits of them that slept. When He came forth from the tomb, He called a multitude from the dead, thus settling for ever the long-disputed question of the resurrection. In raising this multitude of captives from the dead, He gave evidence that there will be a final resurrection of those who sleep in Jesus. All the triumph that the tempter had experienced in witnessing his own power over men, which had urged them on to insult and murder the Son of God, vanished before this exhibition of the Divine power of Christ.

At the death of Jesus the earth was wrapped in profound darkness at midday; but at the resurrection the brightness of the angels illuminates the night, and the inhabitants of heaven sing with great joy and triumph: Thou hast vanquished Satan and the powers of darkness! Thou hast swallowed up death in victory! "And I heard a loud voice saying in heaven, Now is come salvation, and strength, and the kingdom of our God, and the power of His Christ; for the accuser of our brethren is cast down, which accused them before our God day and night."

THE ASCENSION.

The time had come for Christ to ascend to His Father's throne. As a Divine Conqueror He was about to return with the trophies of victory to the heavenly courts. Before His death He had declared to His Father, "I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do." After His resurrection He tarried on earth for a season, that His disciples might become familiar with Him in His risen and glorified body. Now He was ready for the leave-taking. He had authenticated the fact that He was a living Saviour. His disciples need no longer associate Him with the tomb. They could think of Him as glorified before the heavenly universe.

As the place of His ascension, Jesus chose the spot so often hallowed by His presence while He dwelt among men. Not Mount Zion, the place of David's city, not Mount Moriah, the temple site, was to be thus honoured. There Christ had been mocked and rejected. There the waves of mercy, still returning in a stronger tide of love, had been beaten back by hearts as hard as rock. Thence Jesus, weary and heart-burdened, had gone forth to find rest in the Mount of Olives. The holy shekinah, in departing from the first temple, had stood upon the eastern mountain, as if loath to forsake the chosen city; so Christ stood upon Olivet, with yearning heart overlooking Jerusalem. The groves and glens of the mountain had been consecrated by His

prayers and tears. Its steeps had echoed the triumphant shouts of the multitude that proclaimed Him king. On its sloping descent He had found a home with Lazarus at Bethany. In the garden of Gethsemane, at its foot, He had prayed and agonized alone. From this mountain He was to ascend to heaven. Upon its summit His feet will rest when He shall come again. Not as a man of sorrows, but as a glorious and a triumphant king, He will stand upon Olivet, while Hebrew hallelujahs mingle with Gentile hosannas, and the voices of the redeemed as a mighty host shall swell the acclamation, "Crown Him Lord of all."

Christ had sojourned in the world for thirty years; He had endured its scorn, insult, and mockery; He had been rejected and crucified. Now, when about to ascend to His throne of glory—as He reviews the ingratitude of the people He came to save—will He not withdraw from them His sympathy and love? Will not His affections be centered upon that realm where He is appreciated, and where sinless angels wait to do His bidding? No; His promise to those loved ones whom He leaves on earth is, "I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

Upon reaching the Mount of Olives, Jesus led the way across the summit, to the vicinity of Bethany. Here He paused, and the disciples gathered about Him. Beams of light seemed to radiate from His countenance as He looked lovingly upon them. He upbraided them not for their faults and failures; words of the deepest tenderness were the last that fell upon their ears from the lips of their Lord. With hands outstretched in blessing, and, as if in assurance of His protecting care, He slowly ascended from among them, drawn heavenward by a power stronger than any earthly attraction. As He passed upward, the awe-stricken disciples looked with straining eyes for the last glimpse of their ascending Lord. A cloud of glory hid Him from their sight; and the words came back to them as the cloudy chariot of angels received Him, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

While disciples were still gazing upward, voices addressed them which sounded like richest music. They turned, and saw two angels in the form of men, who spoke to them, saying, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

These angels were of the company that had been waiting in a shining cloud to escort Jesus to His heavenly home. With eager desire all heaven had waited for the end of His tarrying in a world marred by the curse of sin. The time had now come for the heavenly universe to receive their King. Did not the two angels long to join the throng that welcomed Jesus? But in sympathy and love for those whom He had left, they waited to give them comfort. "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent

forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"

Christ had ascended to heaven in the form of humanity. The disciples had beheld the cloud receive Him. The same Jesus who had walked and talked and prayed with them; who had broken bread with them; who had been with them in their boats on the lake; and who had that very day toiled with them up the ascent of Olivet—the same Jesus had now gone to share His Father's throne. And the angels had assured them that the very One whom they had seen go up into heaven, would come again even as He had ascended. He will come with clouds; and every eye shall see Him. The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise. The son of man shall come with His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory. Thus will be fulfilled the Lord's own promise to His disciples: "If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there may ye be also." Well might the disciples rejoice in the hope of their Lord's return.

The disciples no longer had any distrust of the future. They knew that Jesus was in heaven, and that His sympathies were with them still. They knew that they had a friend at the throne of God, and they were eager to present their requests to the Father in the name of Jesus. In solemn awe they bowed in prayer, repeating the assurance, "Whosoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you. Hitherto ye have asked nothing in My name; ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." They extended the hand of faith higher and higher, with the mighty argument, "It is Christ that died, yea rather, that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." And Pentecost brought them fulness of joy in the presence of the Comforter, even as Christ had promised.

WELCOME HOME.

All heaven was waiting to welcome the Saviour to the celestial courts. As He ascended, He led the way, and the multitude of captives set free at His resurrection followed. The heavenly host, with shouts and acclamations of praise and celestial song, attended the joyous train.

As they draw near to the city of God, the challenge is given by the escorting angels,—

"Lift up your heads, O ye gates;
And be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors;
And the King of Glory shall come in!"

Joyfully the waiting sentinels respond,—

"Who is this King of Glory?"

This they say, not because they know not who He is, but because they would hear the answer of exalted praise,—

"The Lord strong, and mighty,
The Lord mighty in battle."

Lift up your heads, O ye gates ;
Even lift them up, ye everlasting doors ;
And the King of Glory shall come in !"

Again is heard the challenge, "Who is this King of Glory?" for the angels never weary of hearing His name exalted. The escorting angels make reply,—

"The Lord of hosts ;
He is the King of Glory !"

Then the portals of the city of God are opened wide, and the angelic throng sweep through the gates amid a burst of rapturous music.

There is the throne, and around it the rainbow of promise. There are cherubim and seraphim. The commanders of the angel hosts, the sons of God, the representatives of the unfallen worlds, are assembled. The heavenly council before which Lucifer had accused God and His son, the representatives of those sinless realms over which Satan had thought to establish his dominion—all are there to welcome the Redeemer. They are eager to celebrate His triumph and to glorify their King.

But He waves them back. Not yet; He cannot now receive the coronet of glory and the royal robe. He enters into the presence of His Father. He points to His wounded head, the pierced side, the marred feet. He lifts His hands, bearing the print of nails. He points to the tokens of His triumph. He presents to God the wave-sheaf, those raised with Him as representatives of that great multitude who shall come forth from the grave at his second coming. He approaches the Father, with whom there is joy over one sinner that repents; who rejoices over one with singing. Before the foundations of the earth were laid, the Father and the Son had united in a covenant to redeem man if he should be overcome by Satan. They had clasped their hands in a solemn pledge that Christ should become the surety for the human race. This pledge Christ had fulfilled. When upon the cross He cried out, "It is finished," He addressed the Father. The compact had been fully carried out. Now He declares, "Father, it is finished. I have done Thy will, O My God. I have completed the work of redemption. If thy justice is satisfied, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am."

The voice of God is heard proclaiming that justice is satisfied. Satan is vanquished. Christ's toiling, struggling ones on earth are accepted in the Beloved. Before the heavenly angels and the representatives of unfallen worlds, they are declared justified. Where He is, there His church shall be. Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other. The Father's arms encircle His Son, and the word is given, "Let all the angels of God worship Him."

With joy unutterable, rulers and principalities and powers acknowledge the supremacy of the Prince of life. The angel host prostrate themselves before Him, while the glad shout fills all the courts of heaven, "Worthy is the Lamb that was

slain to receive power, and riches and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing."

Songs of triumph mingle with the music from angel harps, till heaven seems to overflow with joy and praise. Love has conquered. The lost is found. Heaven rings with voices in lofty strains proclaiming, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

From that scene of heavenly joy, there comes back to us on earth the echo of Christ's own wonderful words, "I ascend to My Father, and your Father; and to My God, and your God." The family of heaven and the family of earth are one. For us our Lord ascended, and for us He lives. "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."

MRS. E. G. WHITE.



CHRIST IS RISEN.

THE sound of shouting and the tumult ceased,
And pitying Night a melancholy pall
Let down o'er Palestine. The Christ of God
Was sleeping in the tomb of Joseph now
A dreamless sleep ; and angry hosts had slunk
Away to reason with their consciences,
Or drown them in the flow of ruddy wine.
Earth slumbered with her Maker sacrificed,
And held Him to her bosom—dead.

The crown
By mocking jesters pressed upon His brow
Had left its cruel impress in the flesh
Condemned. The hands whose office work had been
To pour upon the head of youth and age
The kindest blessings of a loving God ;
The feet so often weary with the way
O'er mountain steep or by the rocky shore ;
The lips that once had launched the moving spheres
And spoke to life the Adam of the race—
Were lifeless all, and man in type was dead.

The night of sin—a dreary, cheerless night—
Had here fulfilment manifest, and sin
Itself, in type, triumphant sat enthroned.
Old earth was tottering on the verge
Of ruin absolute, while in the tomb,
In bonds of death to satisfy the law
By mortals broken, lay the Gift of God,
Enwrapped in death's habiliments, that He
Might work the purpose of Jehovah's mind,
To conquer all that triumphed over man.

The ear of Heaven was bowed to earth, but earth
Was slumbering still, unconscious of the scale
Jehovah held to weigh her destiny.
The book of God was fair, the pages clean,
And 'gainst the name of Jesus there appeared
No sign of sin committed, or of thought
To show that aught but fealty to God
Inhabited the heart now held of death.
"O Christ, come forth ; the keepers of the dead
Hold not dominion over you !" The stone

By Roman order sealed is powerless
To hold whom God does not condemn.

Roll back,

Frail figment of the Roman realm, nor think
To stifle with the hand of stone the life
That paid sin's penalties from Adam down.
Roll back, ye sombre, silent gates of death ;
The conquering King comes through. Roll back,
ye dark

And threatening clouds of doom ; the Sun comes
forth

To lighten with His gleam from pole to pole
The sorrowing regions of a stricken world.
Roll back, roll back, ye hosts from heaven flung ;
For man in type has conquered every foe,
And stands triumphant with the keys of death.

O grand. O glorious liberty is that
Which stepped with Christ from Joseph's open tomb,
And trimmed anew the fading, dimming flame
Of hope, and set a star to guide the race
From earth's long night to heaven's glorious day !
That tomb a cradle was ; and pillow'd there
Our freedom lay in natal robes, and harked
The velvet footfalls of the angel guard.

Down all the rolling years that since have passed,
A thorny way she threaded through the myths
Of pagan rites, and struggled hard to plant
A nobler tree, whose leaves should heal the wounds
Oppression rained upon the hearts of men.
That tree is blooming yet whose seed was sown
Behind the stone a Roman law had sealed—
Within the tomb that shut a Saviour in.
His death our immortality insured—
His tomb the birthplace of our liberties.

Yes, Christ is risen, and our souls are free—
Free in the liberty His life has given ;
Free from the death that knows no waking hour ;
Free from the sins that long have pressed us down ;
And free to worship, and obey His will.
We turn no tearful eyes to Joseph's tomb ;
We bend no knee in mosque Mohammedan,
Nor slay in strife to win the vacant place
Where rested once the Saviour of mankind.
Go forth, go forth, and tell a waiting world
The Son of God is in His tomb no more.

Say not the heart, the head, the hand must yield
A servile homage to a human creed.
The life that burst the shackles of the tomb
Will burst this prison too. The mind of God
Is broader, deeper than the wisest mind
His hand has fashioned from the clay of earth.
The strongest cord your puny hand may weave
Is rope of sand, and ne'er will anchor you
Within the veil. Ye cannot build a tow'r
More stable than the pile that crumbles now
On Shinar's plain ; and such is every creed.
But vacant tombs are all these instruments
By human mind conceived, and empty all ;
They are but shells, and all are tenantless ;
For Christ is risen—you'll not find Him there.

Nor is the presence of that Holy One
Enlinked with laws that seek by finite force
To scourge to God th' unwilling wanderer.
The Son of God leans not on reed so frail
As human law, to work His holy will.
His law who made the spheres is not so weak
That laws of men must prop it or it fall.
We may not place against the ark of God,
Wherein His law abides, a steady hand.
The lesson writ is ours to learn, and we
Are wiser when we heed. The fearful one
Who flees from laws oppressive to the shield
He finds in creed professed has buried deep
The love that would have won him to his God.
From such a tomb the Spirit flies. Our strength
Is weakness while we think to hold Him there.
Proclaim this truth in glorious ministry :
Our Christ is risen, and the soul is free.

C. M. SNOW.

THE French journal, *La Croix*, most bitter of all the French press in stirring up hatred against the Jews, has always at the top of its first page a picture of Christ on the cross.



"Blow Ye the Trumpet in Zion"

GOD'S DIVINE SMELTER.

THE heat of the furnace was like the sevenfold-heated furnace of Nebuchadnezzar. Through the great air shafts there came a mighty rushing wind, and it fanned the furnace flames into a fury. Tongues of fire darted through the great mass of limestone and coke and iron ore. Men were unloading into this fiery furnance a kind of rock in which they said were gold and silver. I picked up a glittering piece of ore, and thought I saw gold, but the guide said it was pyrites of iron. "It is not all gold that glitters."

Then we went below to the base of the furnace. The mighty rushing wind had fanned the furnace fires to smelting heat; and the coke, and the limestone, and the iron, and the quartz, and the copper, and the gold, and the silver were all a molten sea.

And then I saw a wonder. There were two outlets on different sides of the furnace. From the larger one there flowed a great fiery stream. They told me it was the limestone and coke, and iron and quartz. From the smaller opening there ran forth a little stream of precious metals. Substances which had dwelt together for ages in the bosom of the earth, now ran away from each other with a haste that seemed to voice a mutual hate.

The little particles of precious metals that had been scattered through the ore and imprisoned in their rocky cells for centuries now ran together and embraced each other with a speed and sparkle that looked akin to joy. This was the miners' harvest-time.

As I thought upon the fiery furnace, which men call a smelter, and saw how easily they could separate the precious metal from the base, I remembered the precious children of God who are mingled with the base in the church and the world, and I sighed and said, "O for a Divine Smelter!"

Then the Lord spake through His Word, and said:—

"He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire; whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and gather His wheat into the garner; but He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire!"—Matt. iii. 11, 12.

"Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me; and the Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple, even the Messenger of the covenant, whom ye delight in; behold, He shall come, saith the Lord

of hosts. But who may abide the day of His coming? and who shall stand when He appeareth? for he is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap; and he shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver; and He shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver, that they may offer unto the Lord an offering in righteousness."—Mal. iii. 1, 3.

The Holy Spirit is the Lord's smelting furnace. In it He separates the Lord's rates the precious from the smelting furnace. It purifies the gold, and causes it to shine forth in all its heavenly lustre, while it burns up the hypocritical glitter of the dross.

These furnace fires were kindled on the day of Pentecost when the mighty rushing wind came to the "upper room," followed by the tongues of fire. Into this furnace there was cast the new-born church of Jesus Christ; but the dross had already been burned out, and the pure gold only shone the brighter amid the glare of the furnace fires. Then the Lord cast into the furnace the Jewish Church, with its priesthood of pomp and pride, and then the whole Gentile world, with its tinsel and show. The mighty rushing wind continued to blow, and the tongues of fire continued to burn, until the hole was a molten sea, and the pure was separated from the vile, and under God's furnace-fires the world was separated into but two elements—the precious and the base, martyrs and murderers.

This was God's early harvest-time, the first-fruits of the great last-day harvest. O that the church had kept the furnace-fires burning at smelting heat! But they were allowed to cool, and the precious and the base are to-day mingled in a mighty mass, awaiting the furnace fires which the Holy Ghost has again begun to fan to smelting heat.

Yes, it has begun. There is a movement toward the "upper room" among those who sigh and cry for all the abominations which are done in the midst of a backslidden church. There is a crying to God for "power from on high." There is a baptizing of the Holy Ghost. There is a running together of the "free gold"—of those in whom the purging fires are burning, and from whose faces the Lord has wiped the wrinkling dross of sin. A nucleus is forming, like the nucleus that formed on the day of Pentecost. And soon again the whole church and the world will be in the baptistry of God's burning presence, in His latter-day furnace. Forth from its purifying flames will come the church of God, though

only a remnant, without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing.

I said the furnace-fires had begun to burn. How do I know? Because I have felt the flame. And I am seeing thousands of men and women in the church to which I belong cast themselves into the purifying furnace of God's Holy Spirit; and I have seen the great Refiner of silver wipe from their darkened faces the wrinkling dross of sin, and leave them shining with holy consecration. And this holy shining is throwing its search-light upon those who are base and vile within the church, and they cannot endure the glory; for the separating-time has come, because the Holy Ghost has come; "but who may abide the day of His coming?"

These two elements cannot long dwell together under the smelting power of the Holy Spirit. They do not belong together. One is the tried gold of faith; the other is base unbelief; and, under the baptismal fires of the Holy Spirit, the man of faith will flee from the Babylon of unbelief, even as Lot fled from Sodom.

It was after the service. For ten days we had been in the purifying furnace. We had just prayed for the Holy Spirit for witnessing power. I shook hands with a minister and his wife, members of another denomination, who were present at the service. After expressing their sympathy with the work of the meeting, the wife asked with earnest frankness, "Do your people live this?" and, again, "Are all your people receiving the Spirit thus?" When told that the work was going from conference to conference like a prairie fire, she answered, "I am so glad." Then she explained her joy: "In yonder church there is a faithful mother in Israel who protests against the worldward drift of her church. She refuses to share its pride and worldly pleasure. God is blessing her with His Spirit. Over in that other church there is a man of God. He is a living rebuke to his backslidden church, and God is blessing him with His Spirit. But there ought to be a *whole church* somewhere baptized with the Holy Ghost."

These words burned into my soul. True, there ought to be a *whole church* somewhere baptized with the Holy Ghost. This is one of many heart-cries from the imprisoned gold. And God will answer that cry. There will be a baptized church; yes, a *visible* church. The Lord left a *visible* baptized church when He went away, and He declared that the gates of hell should not prevail against that church; and they will not. When He returns, He will find a *visible* church baptized with the Holy Ghost, without spot or wrinkle, awaiting His return.

There is an ever-increasing procession leading toward the "upper room." Reader, are you one of them? And just as the precious metals obeyed the divine law and left the lighter, baser metal, and ran together, so the gold that is mixed with the base in church and world, under the smelting heat of the Holy Ghost, will yet hear the voice of

God from heaven, saying: "Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen. . . . Come out of her, My people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities."

The furnace-fires have begun to burn. God's latter-day harvest will soon be gathered. Reader, are you in the furnace? Are you being baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire? Are you willing to be cleansed? If so, get into the furnace. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost."

A. F. BALLENGER.

THE UNANSWERABLE ARGUMENT.

I WAS told he was a respectable old man, honest, industrious, God fearing, and he worked upon the roads. Hot or cold, summer or winter, year in and year out, Thomas was always to be found thus engaged at his daily task in the neighbourhood of my home.

One day, when we were out walking, we stopped to talk to Thomas, and the old man grew earnest in speaking of his favourite theme—the love of God. He said that when he was young he cared not for the concerns of eternity, and that he became very different afterwards.

"Aye," he said, as nearly as I can remember, "there was an infidel once as used to come and argue with me about religion, and one day I turned to him and said, 'You knew me as I used to be before I gave my heart to God; now, tell me, was I a better man then; nay, was I half as good a man as I have been since?'"

The sceptic had not a word to say.

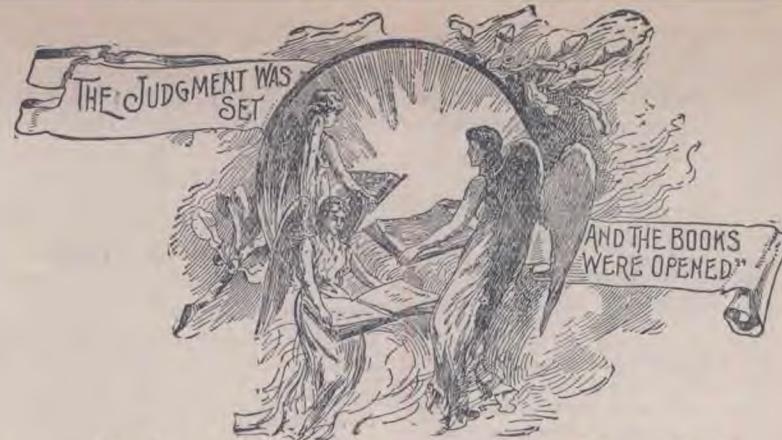
The argument was unanswerable. He knew what a sad, sinful young man the old roadmaker had been before he became a new creature in Christ Jesus, and he could not deny the change had been a beneficial one.

Let us see that we show forth by the power of a changed life the beauty and desirableness of true religion.—*Selected.*

GAIN THAT IS LOSS.

BALAAM loved the wages of unrighteousness, and, for this reason, he endeavoured to curse Israel. But God would not allow Israel to be cursed, so every time that Balaam opened his lips to curse, God had him pronounce a blessing. The King of Moab was not satisfied, neither was the unholy prophet, and he afterward suggested a plan by which Israel might be seduced to commit evil, and thus lose the Divine protection. And still, with the wages of unrighteousness in view, he afterward joined in battle against the people that he unwillingly blessed. In that battle he died, and the gain he coveted proved to be utter loss (*Joshua xiii. 22.*) "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—*Mark viii. 37.*

R. HARE.



Divine Order of Events to the Judgment.

IN SEVERAL PARTS.—PART III.

THE CLEANSING OF THE SANCTUARY.

CONNECTED with the 2,300 years (the beginning and end of which we ascertained in our study last month) is another subject of equal importance, which now presents itself for consideration namely, the sanctuary; and with this is also connected the subject of its cleansing. An examination of these subjects, will reveal the importance of understanding what the sanctuary is and what its cleansing; for all the inhabitants of the earth, as will in due time appear, have a personal interest in that solemn work.

WHAT IS THE SANCTUARY?

The apostle Paul bears testimony which is most explicit on this point: "Then verily the first covenant had also ordinances of divine service, and a worldly sanctuary."—Heb. ix. 1. This is the very point which at present we are concerned to determine: What was the sanctuary of the first covenant? Paul proceeds to tell us. Hear him:—

"For there was a tabernacle made; the first [or first apartment], wherein was the candlestick, and the table, and the shewbread, which is called the sanctuary [margin, the holy]. And after the second veil, the tabernacle which is called the holiest of all; which had the golden censer, and the ark of the covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein was the golden pot that had manna, and Aron's rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant; and over it the cherubims of glory shadowing the mercyseat, of which we cannot now speak particularly."—Verses 2, 5.

There is no mistaking the object to which Paul here has reference. It was the earthly dwelling-place of God. "Let them make Me a sanctuary," He said to Moses, "that I may dwell among them." In this tabernacle, which they erected according to His instructions, He manifested His presence. After entering the promised land, this temporary structure in time gave place to the magnificent temple of Solomon. In this more permanent form it existed, saving only the time it lay in ruins in Daniel's day, till its final destruction by the Romans in A. D. 70. This was the sanctuary of the first covenant, with that covenant it came

to an end; is there no sanctuary which pertains to the second? There must be, otherwise the analogy is lacking between these covenants. And Paul virtually asserts that the new covenant, in force since the death of Christ, the testator, has a sanctuary; for when, in contrasting the two covenants, as he does in the book of Hebrews, he says in chapter ix. 1 that the first covenant "had also ordinances of divine service, and a worldly sanctuary," it is the same as saying that the new covenant has likewise its services and its sanctuary.

Where then shall we look for the sanctuary of the new covenant? Paul, by the use of the word *also*, in Heb. ix. 1, intimates that he had before spoken of this sanctuary. We turn back to the beginning of the previous chapter, and find him summing his foregoing arguments as follows:—

"Now of the things which we have spoken this is the sum: we have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens; a minister of the sanctuary, and of the true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man."

A plain allusion is here made to the sanctuary of the first covenant. That was pitched by man, erected by Moses; this was pitched by the Lord, not by man. That was the place where the earthly priests performed their ministry. That was on earth: this is in heaven. That was therefore properly called by Paul a "worldly sanctuary"; this is a "heavenly one."

This view is further sustained by the fact that the sanctuary built by Moses was not an original structure, but was built after a pattern. The great original existed somewhere else; what Moses constructed was but a type, or model. Listen to the directions the Lord gave him on this point: "According to all that I show thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle, and the pattern of all the instruments thereof, even so shall ye make it".—Ex. xxv. 9.

Now, of what was the earthly sanctuary a type or figure? Answer: Of the sanctuary of the new covenant, the "true tabernacle, which the Lord pitched, and not man." Its sacrifices were types of the

greater sacrifice of Christ; its priests were types of our Lord, in his more perfect priesthood; their ministry was performed unto the shadow and example of the ministry of our High Priest above; and the sanctuary where they ministered was a type or figure of the true sanctuary in heaven, where our Lord performs His ministry.

All these facts are plainly stated by Paul in a few verses to the Hebrews, Chapter viii. 4, 5.

"For if He were on earth, He should not be a priest, seeing that there are priests who offer gifts according to the law; who serve unto the example and shadow of heavenly things, as Moses was admonished of God when he was about to make the tabernacle; for see, saith He that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount."

IN chapter ix, 8, 9, Paul further says:—

"The Holy Ghost this signifying, that the way into the holiest of all [Greek, holy places, plural] was not yet made manifest, while as the first tabernacle was yet standing, which was the figure for the time then present," etc.

This view is still further corroborated by the testimony of John. Among the things which he was permitted in vision to behold in heaven, he saw seven lamps of fire burning before the throne (Rev. iv. 5); he saw an altar of incense and a golden censer (chapter viii. 3); he saw the ark of God's testament, the depository of His holy law, (chapter xi. 19); and all this in connection with a "temple" in heaven.—Rev. xi. 19; xv. 8. These objects every Bible reader must at once recognize as implements of the sanctuary.

WHAT THE CLEANSING WAS?

HAVING learnt what constitutes the sanctuary, the question of its cleansing and how it is accomplished, is soon decided. Does the reader object to the idea of there being anything in heaven which is to be cleansed? The following are the plain terms in which Paul affirms the cleansing of both the earthly and the heavenly sanctuary:—

"And almost all things are by the law purged with blood; and without shedding of blood is no remission. It was therefore necessary that the patterns of things in the heavens should be purified with these; but the heavenly things themselves with better sacrifices than these."—Heb. ix. 22, 23.

The fact that Paul speaks of heavenly things to be cleansed, does not prove that there is any physical impurity in heaven; for that is not the kind of cleansing to which he refers. The reason Paul assigns why this cleansing is performed with blood, is because without the shedding of blood there is no remission.

Remission, then, that is, the putting away of sin, is the work to be done. The cleansing therefore is not physical cleansing, but a cleansing from sin. But how came sins connected with the sanctuary, either the earthly or the heavenly, that it should need to be cleansed from them? This question is answered by the ministration connected with the Levitical type, to which we now turn?

The closing chapters of Exodus give us an account of the construction of the earthly sanctuary, and the arrangement of the

service connected therewith. Leviticus opens with an account of the ministration which was there to be performed. All that it is to our purpose to notice here, is one particular branch of the service, which was performed as follows:—

The person who had committed sin, brought his victim to the door of the tabernacle. Upon the head of this victim he placed his hand for a moment, and as we may reasonably infer, confessed over him his sin. By this expressive act he signified that he had sinned, and was worthy of death, but that in his stead he consecrated

victim was thus offered by the people. Day by day the work went forward; and thus the sanctuary continually became the receptacle of the sins of the congregation. But this was not the final dispositions of these sins. The accumulated guilt was removed by a special service, which was called the cleansing of the sanctuary.

This service, in the type, occupied one day in the year; and the tenth day of the seventh month, on which it was performed, was called the day of atonement. On this day, while all Israel refrained from work and afflicted their souls, the priest brought two goats, and presented them before the Lord at the door of the tabernacle.

On these goats he cast lots; one lot for the Lord and the other for the scape goat. The one upon which the Lord's lot fell, was then slain, and his blood was carried by the priest into the most holy place of the sanctuary, and sprinkled upon the mercyseat. And this was the only day on which the high priest was permitted to enter into that apartment. Coming forth, he was then to lay both his hands upon the head of the scape-goat, confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, and, thus putting them upon his head (Lev. xvi. 21), he was to send him away by the hand of a fit man into a land not inhabited, a land of separation, or forgetfulness, the goat never again to appear in the camp of Israel, and the sins of the people to be remembered against them no more. This service was for the purpose of cleansing the people from their sins, and cleansing the sanctuary and its sacred vessels.—Lev. xvi. 30, 33. And whosoever did not afflict his soul on this day of atonement was cut off from among the people. It was an annual day of judgment.

THE CLEANSING OF THE HEAVENLY SANCTUARY.

THE reader to whom these views are new will be ready here to inquire perhaps, with some astonishment, what this strange work could possibly be designed to typify. We answer a similar work in the ministration of Christ, as Paul clearly teaches. After stating, in Hebrews viii., that Christ is the minister of the true tabernacle, the sanctuary in heaven, he states that the priests on earth served unto the *example* and *shadow* of heavenly things. In other words, the work of the earthly priests was a shadow, an example, a correct representation, so far as it could be carried out by mortals, of the ministration of Christ above. There is therefore a work performed by Christ in His ministry in the heavenly temple, corresponding to that performed by the priests in both apartments of the earthly building. But the work in the second apartment, or most holy place, was a special work to close the yearly round of service, and cleanse the sanctuary. Hence the second phase of Christ's ministration in the heavenly sanctuary must be a work of like nature, and constitute the close of the work as our



GROUND PLAN OF THE EARTHLY SANCTUARY.

his victim, and transferred his guilt to it. With his own hand (and what must have been his emotions?) he then took the life of his victim on account of that guilt. The law demanded the life of the transgressor for his disobedience; the life is in the blood (Lev. xvii. 11, 14); hence without the shedding of blood, there is no remission; with the shedding of the blood remission is possible; for the demand of life by the law is thus satisfied. The blood of the victim, representative of a forfeited life, and the vehicle of its guilt, was taken by the priest into the sanctuary and administered before the Lord.

The sin of the individual was thus, by his confession, by the slaying of the victim, and by the ministry of the priest, transferred from himself to the sanctuary. Victim after

great High Priest and the cleansing of the sanctuary.

As through the sacrifices of a former dispensation the sins of the people were transferred in figure by the priests to the earthly sanctuary, where those priests ministered, so ever since Christ ascended as our intercessor in the presence of his Father, the sins of all those who sincerely seek pardon through him, are transferred in fact to the heavenly sanctuary where he ministers—to the record books of heaven. Whether Christ ministers for us in the heavenly holy places with His own blood literally, or only by virtue of its merits, we need not stop to inquire.

The continual transfer of sins to the heavenly sanctuary (and if they are not transferred, will any one, in the light of the types, and in view of the language of Paul, explain the nature of the priestly work of Christ in our behalf?)—this continual transfer, we say, of sins to the heavenly sanctuary, makes its cleansing necessary on the same ground that a like work was required in the earthly sanctuary.

ONCE FOR ALL.

An important distinction between the two ministrations must here be noticed. In the earthly tabernacle, a complete round of service was accomplished every year. For three hundred and fifty-nine days, in their ordinary years, the ministration went forward in the first apartment. One day's work in the most holy completed the yearly round. The work then commenced again in the holy place, and went forward till another day of atonement completed the year's work. And so on, year by year. This continual repetition of the work was necessary on account of the short lives of mortal priests. But no such necessity exists in the case of our divine Lord, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. (See Heb. vii. 23, 25). Hence the work of the heavenly sanctuary, instead of being a yearly work, is performed once for all. Instead of being repeated year by year, one grand cycle is allotted to it, in which it is carried forward, and finished, never to be repeated.

One year's round of the earthly sanctuary represented the entire work of the sanctuary above. In the type, the cleansing of the sanctuary was the brief closing work of the year's service. In the antitype, the cleansing of the sanctuary must be the closing work of Christ, our great High Priest, in the tabernacle on high. In the type, to cleanse the sanctuary, the High Priest entered into the most holy place to minister in the presence of God before the ark of His testament. In the antitype, when the time comes for the cleansing of the sanctuary, our High Priest, in like manner, enters into the most holy place to make a final end of His intercessory work in behalf of mankind. We confidently affirm that no other conclusion can be arrived at on this subject without doing despite to the unequivocal testimony of God's word.

Reader, do you now see the importance of the subject? Do you begin to perceive what an object of interest for all the world is the sanctuary of God? Do you see that the whole work of salvation centres there, and that when the work is done, probation is ended, and the cases of the saved and lost are eternally decided? Do you see that the cleansing of the sanctuary is a brief and special work, by which the great scheme of salvation is for ever finished? Do you see that if it can be made known when this work of cleansing commences, it is a solemn announcement to the world that salvation's last hour is reached, and is fast hastening to its close? And this is what the prophecy is designed to show. It is to make known the commencement of this momentous work. "Unto two thousand and three hundred days, then shall the sanctuary be cleansed."

Every man's destiny is to be determined by the deeds done in the body, and each one is to be rewarded according to his work. (2 Cor. v. 10; Rev. xxii. 12). In the books of remembrance kept by the heavenly scribes above, every man's deeds will be found recorded (Rev. xx. 12); and in the closing sanctuary work these records are examined, and decision is rendered in accordance therewith. (Dan. vii. 9, 10). It would be most natural to suppose that the work would commence with the first members of the human race; that their cases would be first examined, and decision rendered, and so on with all the dead, generation by generation, till the last is reached, the generation of the living with whose cases the work would close. How long it will take to examine the case of all the dead, how soon the work will reach the cases of the living, no man can know. And as shown last month, since the year 1844 this solemn work has been going forward. The light of the types, and the very nature of the case forbid that it should be of long continuance. John, in his sublime views of heavenly scenes, saw millions of attendants and assistants engaged with our Lord in his priestly work.—Rev. v. And so the ministration goes forward. It ceases not, it delays not, and it must be soon for ever finished.

And here we stand, the last, the greatest, and the most solemn crisis in the history of our race immediately impending; the great plan of salvation about finished, the last precious years of probation almost ended; the Lord about to come to save those who are ready and waiting, and to cut asunder the careless and unbelieving; and the world—alas! what shall we say of them! deceived with error, crazed with cares and business, delirious with pleasure, and paralyzed with spiritual apathy, they have not a moment to spare in listening to solemn truth, nor a thought to bestow upon their eternal interests. Let the people of God, with eternity in view, be careful to escape the corruption that is in the world through lust, and prepare to pass the searching test, when their cases shall come up for examination at the great tribunal above.

To the careful attention of every student of prophecy we commend the subject of the sanctuary. In the sanctuary is seen the ark of God's testament, containing His holy law; and this suggests a reform in our obedience to the great standard of morality. The opening of this heavenly temple, or the commencement of the service in its second apartment, marks the commencement of the sounding of the seventh angel. (See Rev. xi. 15, 18, 19, and note that now, while the nations are angry, the time of the dead that they should be judged is come) The work performed therein is the foundation of the third message of Revelation xiv.—the last message of mercy to a perishing world. This subject explains the great disappointment in the world-wide advent movement in 1844, by showing that they mistook the event to occur at the end of the 2300 days. It renders harmonious and clear past prophetic fulfilments, which are otherwise involved in impenetrable obscurity.

It gives a definite idea of the position and work of our great High Priest, and brings out the plan of salvation in its distinctive and beautiful features. It renews us up, as no other subject does, to the realities of the judgment, and shows the preparation we need to be able to stand in the coming day. It shows us that we are in the waiting time and puts us upon our watch; for we know not how soon the work will be finished, and our Lord appear. Watch, lest coming suddenly, He find you sleeping.

U. SMITH.

* * * Next month we intend to consider the great advent awakening in 1844.

THE THREE TILLS.

"BUT man dieth, and wasteth away; yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" —Job xiv. 10. This is a direct inquiry as to the state of the dead. The above inspired words in three different ways assert the death of man; first, is the simple statement, "man dieth;" second, "he wasteth away;" and, third, "he giveth up the ghost"—all of which mean death—and then comes the explicit question, "Where is he?" And we are glad to learn that this important question is just as explicitly answered in the inspired words that immediately follow: "As the waters fail from the sea, and the flood decayeth and drieth up, so man lieth down, and riseth not; . . . they shall not awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." This is indeed a plain and explicit answer as to the state of man in death.

First, we are told that it is like something of common occurrence and observation—as water is absorbed in the earth, so man lieth down in death; he wasteth away. Then we are told in plain words that he *sleeps*, and shall not *awake*—riseth not. What, never rise? never awake? and is death, then, an eternal sleep—as the atheist claims? Ah, no; blessed be God! We have omitted a most important and beautiful clause, "So man lieth down, and riseth not; till the heavens be no more." In that little word *till* there is a bright gleam of hope.

to the dying man, and he anxiously inquires, When will the heavens be no more?

This brings us face to face with the question of a resurrection, and so the inspired patriarch of Idumea proceeds: "If a man die, shall he live again?" This question is right to the point. Now, give attention to the answer: "All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come. Thou shalt call, and I will answer thee; thou wilt have a desire to the work of Thine hands."—Job xix. 14, 15. Waiting an appointed time, "a set time," then to be remembered by the Lord, to be *called*, and *changed*. Elsewhere he says the *place* of waiting is the grave.—Job. xvii. 13. And let it be observed that here is another *till*—I will wait "*till* my change come."

Now, if the reader will consult John v. 28, 29; 1 Cor. xv. 51, 54; 1 Thess. iv. 16, and Rev. vi. 14, as well as many other Scripture texts of like import, he will get a clear knowledge of the *time* when these "*tills*" expire. The appointed or set time to remember the dead is when Jesus comes. Then the heavens depart as a scroll; Jesus calls to the dead, first His own people; they hear, answer, come forth, and are changed to immortality, made like the angels, never to die any more. Blessed hope, soon to be realised.

Again Job breaks forth: "Oh that Thou wouldest hide me in the grave, that Thou wouldest keep me secret, until Thy wrath be past, that Thou wouldest appoint me a set time, and remember me!"—Job xiv. 13. The set time is appointed; it is the resurrection, and the servant of God will then be remembered. Thus it is seen that all these tills expire at one and the same time, and then all that Job hoped for will be realised.

1. "*Till*—the heavens be no more."

The heavens depart as a scroll when Jesus comes.

2. "*Until*—Thy wrath be past."

The wrath of God, filled up in the seven last plagues, will be past when Jesus comes.

3. "*Till*—my change come."

God's sleeping saints will all be changed, when awakened by the last trump, when Jesus comes.

Lord, hasten the glad day when these tills all run out, and the saints' last great change comes, when they shall sing victory over death and the grave.

H. A. ST. JOHN.

WISE WORDS.

A BIBLE doctrine hurled with a satanic sling will not in that manner convert a sinner. It is as true that "the tongue of the wise useth knowledge aright" when teaching the Gospel as in any other calling. "The heart of the righteous studieth to answer."—Prov. xv. 28. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."—Prov. xxv. 11. Such precious jewels as are contained in God's Word should be skilfully set in every Gospel lesson. Not only should they be arranged to tell the

truth in a convincing manner, but it should be pleasantly told. Solomon writes, "The words of the pure are pleasant words." A rare gift is to tell the truth, tell it well, and do it pleasantly.

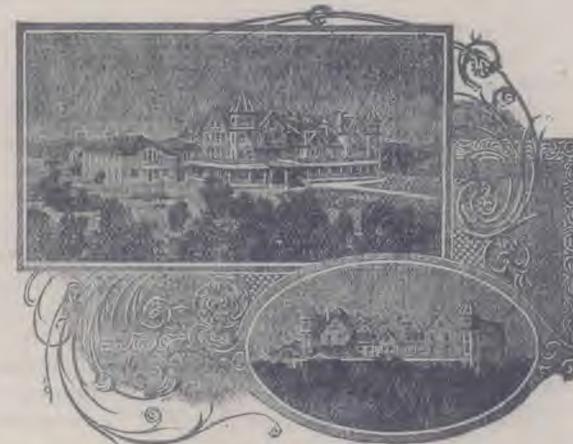
WM. COVERT.

BLEEDING AFRICA.

OUR Society's Cape Town organ, the *South African Sentinel*, reflects something of the general disorganisation of affairs in that Colony in the following paragraph, which also shows how war interrupts ordinary evangelistic work:—

We enter upon the new volume by faith, and not by sight. The unsettled condition of the country makes it exceedingly difficult to carry on our paper with any degree of satisfaction. Doubtless some

perfectly understand the liberty which Christ proclaimed. It was liberty for the soul from sin, for the bondman as well as for the freeman; and so sweet was the draught of liberty from the everlasting fountain of God's free life that it made bondmen patient to bear injustice and servitude. When the great event comes toward which these very struggles for political changes are fast forcing the world, it will matter little to the men who have filled the earth with violence whether they happen to be free or not. "The kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman and every freeman," will vainly call for the rocks to fall upon them to hide them from the face of the Lord.



OUR SOCIETY'S SANITARIUM IN SOUTH AFRICA.

of our readers have fallen on the field of battle, while many have been compelled to flee from their homes, and we therefore send the paper for naught—only to have it returned, with the words "Gone and left no address" written on the wrapper. The cause of this present unsatisfactory condition of affairs is one of those things which has brought the *Sentinel* into existence, and instead of being a discouragement to the publishers, is rather an incentive to renewed exertions to bring these things before the people in their true light—is evidences of the final crisis of the nations.

THE London *Daily Mail*'s correspondent at Capetown said in a cablegram to that journal:—

Lord Roberts has visited the huge sanitarium at Claremont, of the Seventh-Day Adventists, which is a branch of the famous institution at Battle Creek, Michigan, U.S.A. He expressed himself delighted with the appointments and accommodation.

A large number of wounded British officers are now quartered in the institution, undergoing treatment.

BONDMAN AND FREEMAN.

MEN talk as though the gaining of political liberty were the one great and noble aim of a people—always excepting any people whom the majority represented by those who thus talk may desire to deprive of full political liberty. Even religious teachers talk as though fighting for political independence were a Christian thing to do. But they do this because they imper-

—Rev. vi. 15. Yes, there is a liberty infinitely more important than civil liberty which men must hasten to learn if they would not be in the company described.

UNSATISFYING RICHES.

THE following facts, which some recent writer has put together, well illustrate the unsatisfying nature of wordly wealth in itself:—

The members of the Rothschild family receive every day threats of blackmail and murder from "cranks" and rogues all over the globe. The late Baron Reinach, a French millionaire, after years of perpetual anxiety, committed suicide. Ferdinand de Lesseps, after piling up a big fortune made out of forced labour of men whose bones are bleaching by the Suez Canal and the still unperforated Isthmus of Panama, died broken-hearted and disgraced. Barnato, admired for his success by millions, pestered by every money-spilling loafer in London, threw himself into the Atlantic to escape from a life of misery. Joel, another member of the same South African fraternity, was shot dead in his own office. Colonel North, after buying his way into "society" by the millions he had coined, dropped dead in the midst of all his busy schemes, furnishing a startling comment on that text: "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee." The Duke of Bedford, with his large estates and an income of £300,000, takes away his life. Mr. Hooley, who bought big concerns for millions, is now a bankrupt. In the ancient world it was much the same. The Julian and Flavian emperors were immensely rich, but there was scarcely one of them who died a natural death. Murder and suicide were mainly the lot of the millionaires of ancient Rome. The Medici, who amassed such wealth in

Florence, were in constant danger of poison. We need not postpone to a future state the tremendous Nemesis which commonly visits the rich; we see it enacted in this present world.

Bible Reading.

THE BIBLE PLAN OF SUPPORTING GOSPEL LABOURERS.

By the late D. L. Moody.
MAN'S DEVICES.

THE renting of seats, taxing of membership, church festivals and fairs, with their attending evils, and other methods, are all more or less subject to criticism. The Bible promises to thoroughly furnish us in every good work.—2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

GOD'S PLAN.

1. 1 Cor. ix. 13, 14. God has ordained that gospel labourers shall live of the gospel, the same as the priests did anciently at the temple service.

2 Num. xviii. 20. The priests anciently were not to have any inheritance among their brethren or any secular occupation.

3. 2 Tim. ii. 4. No gospel labourer is to entangle himself with worldly affairs.

4. Num. xviii. 20. The priests were to look to God for their support.

5. Luke x. 1, 8; ix 1, 6. Gospel labourers are to look to God for their support.

6. Num. xviii. 21, 24. The Lord supported His ministers by giving them His own portion.

7. Gen. xiv. 18, 20. The custom of paying the Lord's tithe to His priests was observed by Abraham, so did not originate with Moses, and is not Jewish.

8. Heb. vii. 1, 10. Abram paid tithes to Melchizedek, who was greater than himself.

9. Heb. v. 6, 10; vi. 20; vii. 17. Melchizedek represented Christ.

10. Gal. iii. 7, 29. Abraham is said to be the father and representative of Christians.

11. John viii. 39. Jesus says if we are truly Abraham's children, we "will do his works."

12. If Melchizedek represents Christ, and Abraham Christians, then Christians should pay tithe to Christ.

13. Matt. xxiii. 23. Jesus indorsed the tithing system.

14. 1 Tim. vi. 7. Man starts in life with nothing.

15. Ps. xxiv. 1; l. 10, 12; Hag. ii. 8. God is the rightful owner of everything—land, cattle, and money.

16. Matt. xxv. 14; Luke xvi. 1, 2. We sustain the relation of stewards to God's property.

17. Lev. xxvi. 32. God reserves one-tenth as His share. This we *pay* over to God. We do not *give* tithes.

18. Mal. iii. 8, 9. The man who fails to pay a tithe, the Lord says, robs Him, and brings a curse upon himself.

NOTE.—The sin of Adam and Eve was appropriating to their own use that which God had reserved from them. The using of God's tithe is a similar sin.

19. Hag. i. 5, 11. Withholding God's tithe unfavourably affects all the remainder.

20. Mal. 3: 10, 11. Precious promises to those who bring in *all* the tithe.

21. Prov. 3: 9, 10. The tithe should be paid from the very first receipts, not the last.

22. Num. xviii. 26-27. Ministers and all gospel workers should pay a tithe.

23. Mal. iii. 8. Offerings should be given from our own portion.

24. Matt. vi. 1, 4. Alms to the poor should be given unostentatiously.

25. 2 Cor. ix. 6, 15. Those who pay their tithes and give liberally do not grow poor, but God increases their ability to continue giving.—Luke vi. 38.

NOTE.—The payment of the tithe divides the support of the work of God equally upon all, rich and poor, and removes all occasion for praising men.



"BLIND KITTENS."

THE editor of a foreign newspaper gives his readers a very pointed parable to illustrate the unreason of unbelief. He says:

Many, to our amazement, seem to think that science in its workings has discovered that we could get on very well without a God. But science has done just the contrary. And here, if you please, we shall build up a sort of a parable.

A man had a box full of motherless blind kittens. He was very kind to them. He put their box on wheels and moved it about to keep it in the sun. He gave them milk at regular intervals. With loving-kindness he drove away the dog which growled and scared the little kittens into spitting and back-raising.

The kittens trusted the man, loved him, and felt that they needed him. That was the age of faith.

One day the dog got a kitten and tore it to pieces.

The kitten had disobeyed orders and laws. It had crawled away from the box.

But another kitten, with one eye now partly open, got thoughtful and said: "There is no such thing as man. Or, if there be such a thing, he is a monster to let little Willie get torn up. Don't talk to me about kitten Willie being a sufferer through his own fault. I say there is no such thing as a man. We kittens are bosses of the universe and must do our own dog fighting."

That speaker was the Ingersoll kitten.

A kitten of higher mental class opened both eyes just a little and actually made observations.

Said he: "I am a scientist. I discover that we owe nothing to man's kindness. We are governed by laws. This box is on wheels. It rolls around in the sunlight of its own volition. True, I do not know who shoves it, but no man could do it. Further, I discover that there is such a thing as the law of 'milk-passing.' Milk comes this way just so often. Its coming is nature's law. It has always come. It always will come. Good-night, I am going to sleep. But don't talk to me any more about a kind man. It's all law, and I am certainly great, for I saw the laws first."

That was the Newton kitten, but he lacked the Newton faith.

We have no time to tell what the Darwin kitten said. He was very long-winded.

But this happened. The kittens grew up—such as did not perish through their own fault. They got their eyes fully opened. They saw the man, recognized him, and asked only to be allowed to stay in his house. "Excuse us," they said, "for being such foolish kittens. But you know our eyes were not quite open."

"Don't mention it," said the kind man. "Go down cellar and help yourselves to mice."

That's the end of the parable. We are all blind kittens, and our few attempts at explaining nature's wonders and kindness only get us into deeper and deeper mysteries.

We discover that the earth goes around the sun. But the greatest scientist must admit his inability to tell or guess why it goes. "Give me the initial impulse," he says, "and all the rest is easy."

The blind kittens in their wagon say, "Give our wagon just one shove and we'll explain the rest."

The kitten gets hold of a law of "milk-passing," and substitutes that for man's individual kindness.

The feeble-minded agnostic seizes the law of gravitation, and thinks he can discard God with gravity's help.

But the great mind that defined gravity's law was a religious mind—too profound to see anything final in its own feeble power.

Newton was no atheist. None better than he knew the mysterious character of his law. That it has worked from all eternity "directly as the mass and inversely as the square of the distance," he knew and told his fellow-creatures. That is all he knew and all that any man knows about it.

To-day Lord Kelvin, a worthy follower in Newton's steps, is asked to explain WHY gravity acts. He can only say:

I accept no theory of gravitation. Present science has no right to attempt to explain gravitation. We know nothing about it. We simply know NOTHING about it.

Darwin asks, without answering his question, "Who can explain what is the essence of the attraction of gravitation?"

[The writer stops, we think, just short of the stopping place. The problem so difficult to the man of the world is so simple to the child of faith. "There is no power but of God," says the Word. What power is it acting in gravitation, holding all the universe in proper order? "Upholding all things by the word of His (Christ's) power," answers Inspiration.—Ed. O. W.]

"UNDER the head of 'Biblical Research,' a religious paper describes the visit of a lady to Mount Sinai. Is it because the popular idea of Biblical research is that it is accomplished by travelling in Palestine that so many people know so little of what the Bible teaches? True Biblical research best begins at Genesis 1, and leaves off at the end of Revelation 22."



MARCHING STILL.

SHE is old and bent and wrinkled,
In her rocker in the sun,
And the thick, grey woollen stocking
That she knits is never done.
She will ask the news of battle,
If you pass her when you will,
For the troops to her are marching,
Marching still.

Three tall sons about her growing
Cheered the widowed mother's soul;
One by one they kissed and left her
When the drums began to roll.
They are buried in the trenches,
They are bleaching on the hill;
But to her the boys are marching,
Marching still.

She was knitting in the corner
When the fatal news was read,
How the last and youngest perished—
And the letter, ending, said:
"I am writing on my knapsack
By the road, with borrowed quill,
For the gallant army's marching,
Marching still."

Reason sank and died within her,
Like a flame for want of air;
So she knits the woollen stockings
For the soldier lads to wear,
Waiting till the war is ended
For her sons to cross the sill;
For she thinks they all are marching,
Marching still!

—Minna Irving.

—o—

A WARNING TO MOTHERS.

OUR efforts in connection with the mission and rescue work frequently bring us in contact with women who traffic in the souls and bodies of their fellow sisters. Recently I asked the following question of one of these madames of over fifteen-years' experience, through whose hands thousands of unfortunate girls have passed:

"What do you consider the active causes that are working to produce the great army of annual recruits to the ranks of fallen women in Chicago?"

Her answer to this question should be a warning to every parent, especially to every mother. After a moment, she replied:

"First, lack of parental authority; wrong bringing up at home."

"Second, failure to teach young girls the foundation principles of morality."

"Third, failure to teach the girls how to work. They are taught to crochet, to play and sing; but when financial and other reverses come, they do not know how to work, and are, therefore, unable to make an honest living."

If these non-professing women, who

themselves are engaged in the traffic of some mothers' daughters, are able to discern the active causes that are working the destruction of our youth, what excuse can there be for the failure of Christian parents to discern these things? For every effect there is a cause. Whatsoever parents sow, that shall they also reap.

"Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, fulness of bread, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy."—Eze. xvi. 49.

W. S. SADLER.

Chicago Medical Mission.

—o—

THE MAN WHO CAN.

DURING the Spanish-American war, while still the Spanish held Cuba and General Garcia, the Cuban leader, was in the interior of the Island, the call was made in New York for some one to carry a message to Garcia. No one knew where he was, but a certain journalist took the message and found him. This incident led the editor of a paper called the *Philistine* to write a sketch which attracted considerable attention in America and England. The following paragraphs from the article suggest the lesson of the whole—the demand in every business for the man who can do things without having to be told what to do at every step:

No man who has endeavoured to carry out an enterprise where many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it. Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds, unless by hook, or crook, or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or, mayhap, God in his goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an angel of light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test. You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one, and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia, and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go do the task?

On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye, and ask one or more of the following questions:

"Who was he?"
"Which encyclopedia?"
"Where is the encyclopedia?"
"Was I hired for that?"
"Don't you mean Bismarck?"
"Is he dead?"
"Is there any hurry?"
"Sha'n't I bring you the book, and let you look it up yourself?"
"What do you want to know for?"

Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your "assistants" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's; but you will smile sweetly and say,

"Never mind," and go and look it up yourself.

And this incapacity for independent action, this moral stupidity, this infirmity of the will, this unwillingness to cheerfully catch hold and lift, are the things that put pure socialism so far into the future. If men will not act for themselves, what will they do when the benefit of their effort is for all?

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but deliver it, never gets "laid off," nor has to go on a strike for higher wages. Civilization is one long, anxious search for such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted; his kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory. The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

BY A WHITE ROSE.

THE far-reaching influence of a little act of kindness is beautifully shown in this story. Kindness and sympathy are what the world needs, not criticism and spurning. The incident is told by a writer in the *Silver Cross*:

A wealthy lady, young and beautiful, who had lately experienced genuine conversion, was so overflowing with love for the Saviour that she was drawn to visit those who were in prison. One day, before starting on this errand of mercy, she went to her conservatory, and her gardener gathered her up a large box of flowers, and was about to tie it up for her, when she noticed a perfect white rose untouched, and asked that it be added.

"Oh, no," he said. "Please keep that for yourself to wear to-night."

"I need it more just now," she said, and took it with her on her journey.

Reaching the prison, she commenced her rounds among the women's wards, giving a few blossoms to each inmate, with a leaflet, a text, and a message of sympathy and Christian hope.

"Have I seen all the prisoners here?" she asked the jailor.

"No; there is one you cannot visit; her language is so wicked it would scorch your ears to hear it."

"She is the one who most needs me," she answered. "I have one flower; the choicest of all I brought; can you not take me to her?"

Then, when they confronted each other on either side of the grated door, the visitor was greeted with curses, and the only reply she gave was the beautiful white rose, which was left in the woman's cell. As she turned away she heard one heart-breaking cry, and the voice which had breathed

imprecation, moaned over and over again the one word, "Mother! mother! mother!"

The next week she came again. The jailor met her, saying, "That woman whom you saw last is asking for you constantly; I never saw a woman so changed."

Soon the two were alone in the cell; and the penitent, her head resting on the shoulder of her new friend, told with sobs her sad life's story.

"That rose was like the white ones which grew by our door at home in Scotland—my mother's favourite flower. She was a good woman; my father's character was stainless, but I broke their hearts by my wicked ways, then drifted abroad, where I have lived a wicked life; is there any hope for me?"

And so the dawning of a better day came as the two "reasoned together."

Many visits the lady made in this narrow room, until she seemed an angel of light to its inmate. When the time came for the woman's release, the love of Christ constraining her, she went into the world to devote her life to the saving of such as she had been.

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SHINE IN THE HOME.

BE a light to all that are in the house. Shine where you live. "Do all things without murmurings and disputings; that ye may . . . shine."—Phil. ii, 14, 15. Eat without faultfinding. Mend the torn garment without complaint. Go on the unpleasant errand without bewailing the necessity. Respond to the call for help cheerfully. Commend often; censure only when you must.

"Papa, I do try to do right; won't you please tell me sometimes when I please you?" A little girl said to her father, who was constantly correcting her.

The lights of kindness, gentleness, patience, and consideration should never go out. We should keep the light of a holy example always burning.

A boat went out to sea, carrying a father and a daughter. A terrible storm came up as they were hurrying back. The coast was dangerous. The mother lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do no good, mother," the son called after her. But the mother went up, put the light in the window, knelt beside it, and prayed.

Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer of gold on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came towards the light, and at last were anchored in the little sheltered harbour by the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with the lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" she said.

"We steered by mother's light," the daughter answered, "though we did not know what it was out there."

"Ah!" thought the boy, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by my mother's

light," and ere he slept he surrendered himself to God, and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea.

Months went by and disease smote him. "He cannot live long," was the verdict of the doctor; and one stormy night he lay dying. "Do not be afraid for me," he said as they wept; "I shall make the harbour, for I am steering by my mother's light."—Selected.

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ANCIENT WORK SONGS.

THE modern labourer does not sing as much at his toil as the old-time workman, perhaps. Steam and machinery and the failure of village and home industries in England and Europe generally have taken some of the poetry out of labour. Most of the work-songs are old-time ones and it is interesting to learn that this kind of song is as old even as the days of Abraham. Speaking of what the excavator's spade has turned up in the way of the literature of labour in ancient times, Prof. Sayce says:

Some of the songs have been preserved to us with which the Babylonian labourer beguiled his work in the fields. They probably formed part of a treatise on agriculture. Here is one which the peasants sang to the oxen as they returned from the field:

My knees are marching,
My feet are not resting;
Taking no thought.
Drive me home.

In a similar strain the plowman encouraged his team with the words:

A heifer am I,
To the mule I am yoked.
Where is the cart?
Go, look for grass;
It is high, it is high!

Or again, the oxen, while threshing, would be addressed with the refrain:

Before the oxen,
As they walk.
Thresh out the grain.

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THE COSTLY GAME OF WAR.

(Arthur Mee, in the London "Morning Herald.")

THE transport of the army by land and sea is the heaviest initial cost of the war. A hundred-and-twenty ships with a million tonnage, carrying the biggest British army in the history of the world, are not chartered and sent seven thousand miles for nothing. Hundreds of thousands have been spent in merely fitting up vessels as transports.

The ships, too, have been supplied with six or seven million pounds of food, the bill for which can hardly have been a less than a quarter of a million. In all, the Government estimate for the transport by sea and land of 50,000 men was £3,500,000; and since then the number of men has been trebled, so that, if the cost of transport for the second and third armies of fifty thousand men is on the same scale as that of the first fifty thousand, the transport bill will run into over ten millions—the original estimate of the cost of the war.

Food will be one of the heaviest items in the war bill; and, unlike the transport bill, it is one which is continually growing. It was officially estimated that the taking of

50,000 men six thousand miles, and maintaining them four months in a land with no supplies, would cost £8,000,000: multiply that by three, and we have £24,000,000—the bill for four months' food and transport of 150,000 men. At sixpence per man per day, the food bill will be over £26,000 every week the war last—roughly, a hundred thousands pounds per month. We are paying over fifty shillings a minute to keep the wolf from the camp in South Africa.

—o—

WHY HE FAILED.

SPEAKING of John Rylands, the Manchester cotton merchant, Dr. Joseph Parker tells the following story:

The doctor was one day walking with him through his warehouse when he suddenly stopped at a door, and before opening it, said to Doctor Parker:

"I want you to take notice of the man in this room. Tell me what you think of him."

Doctor Parker told him afterward that the man did not impress him at all beyond the fact that his mouth seemed very loosely made. Mr. Rylands replied,

"That man has a better knowledge of cotton-spinning than any man of my acquaintance. He has dined with princes and statesmen. I am now giving him a pound a week for pasting paper into a book. I would give him one hundred pounds a year to begin to-morrow if he could do one thing."

Doctor Parker wondered what that thing was, and said so. Mr. Rylands quickly answered:

"Hold his tongue. If I were to take him into my confidence and put him in a position in the firm for which he is qualified, in less than a month he would spend his evenings in a tap-room, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, and tell everybody that came in what they were doing at Rylands's."



MEAT EXTRACTS.

THERE are frequent references now in medical and scientific journals to the meat extract delusion. One famous French physician, not long ago, declared that thousands of invalids had been starved to death on meat extracts. Here is what the *British Food Journal*, a trade organ, says:

Dr. A. McGill, in a report to the Inland Revenue Department, Ottawa, Canada, observes that much has yet to be done by experimental physiologists before final pronouncements can be made upon the food value (if any) of the flesh bases, which, in most instances, form the chief portion of the nitrogenous material in meat extracts. The bases certainly differ among themselves in food value, and of course, if this is true of the flesh bases, it is *a fortiori* true of the various forms in which protein matter occurs in these preparations, viz., as peptides, proteoses, acid albumins, and so forth.

Dr. McGill's experiments suggest that a part of the nitrogen in some meat preparations exists as urea. Urea certainly can have no food value, nor can one readily understand how the allegation that it is of use as a stimulant can be justified. Nature seems to have provided for its prompt elimination from the system, and it is certain that any failure to get rid of it by way of the kidneys results in serious disturbance of the vital functions,

and may end in death by uræmia. No practical method has been discovered by which a sharp analytical line can be drawn between the nitrogen present as urea and that present as creatin, creatinin, and xanthin.

It is evident that the flesh bases cannot be called food stuff in the proper sense of that term.

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HOME HINTS ON PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By "Physical Culture" is meant the training of the body, by regular and systematic exercise, for the purpose of securing and maintaining firm muscles, a symmetrical form, and proper position of the organs of the body.

Various ways are recommended for accomplishing this, but a few simple principles underlie them all, which, if applied in the ordinary activities of life, will accomplish the same results as could be attained by a long and expensive course in "Delsarte," "Swedish Gymnastics," or any one of the numerous "systems" for special physical development.

On the other hand, neglect in following out these principles, especially on the part of growing children and young adults, will produce many physical deformities which long courses of special training can with difficulty correct; in fact, many times these prove to be entirely beyond cure except by forceful or surgical measures.

1. MUSCULAR FREEDOM.

Among the most important of these principles is that of perfect freedom of the muscles which are in action. The structure of the muscle is such that by contraction its fibres become shorter and thicker. By means of this action of the fibres, the blood which carries away the waste products is pressed from the smaller veins into larger ones, and fresh blood with its supply of nutrient material comes to build up the muscle at once.

So it is evident that any restriction of the action of the muscle does harm in two ways; first, by direct compression of the small blood-vessels, thus hindering the free circulation of blood through the muscle; second, by not allowing the muscle itself to do thorough work in getting rid of the venous blood and making way for the arterial blood which supplies its food. As a result there is a tendency to the accumulation of waste matter in the blood and lymph channels of the muscle, and weakness and lowered vitality of the tissue follows.

As just mentioned, the contraction of a muscle fibre causes it to become shorter and thicker. A similar change in shape occurs in the muscle as a whole when in action. This must be borne in mind when preparing for taking exercises, and allowance be made not only for the size of the muscle at rest but when in action. This fact is especially noticeable in the biceps muscle of the arm, and can be fully appreciated by any person attempting to lift a heavy weight when the arm is tightly bandaged, or bound by a tight sleeve. Practically the same results occur in muscles

which for any reason remain inactive for any length of time.

In order that the body may receive full benefit from the exercise, the muscles should have perfect freedom. In other words, there should be nothing to impede their action, either by supporting them in certain positions as is done by shoulder braces, stays, etc., or by constriction, as by tight sleeves, waistbands, tight elastics, either above or below the knee; even by tight or improperly fitting shoes, which hinder the proper movements of the muscles of the feet and ankles.

2. PROPER POSITION.

Another important principle consists in maintaining the proper position of the body when walking, standing, or sitting. Many



Illustrating Breathing Exercise.

people have the idea that if the shoulders are thrown back nothing further is required. But this is not sufficient. The hips as well as shoulders should be well back; the chest forward, and head erect. For one who does not know whether he stands correctly or not, one of the most simple ways of getting into the correct position is as follows:—

Stand up straight with the back against a wall, so that the heels, hips, shoulders, and back of head come in contact with the wall. Let the arms hang freely at the sides. From this position slowly bend the head backward, at the same time allowing the shoulders and upper part of the body to incline forward, but keeping the hips firmly in contact with the wall. Continue throwing the head backward until the top, instead of the back of the head, is against the wall. Now raise the head, taking care to hold the shoulders and hips in the same position as when the head was back. If properly done, the hips will be thrown back while the upper part of the body will be

slightly inclined forward, so that the weight of the body falls almost entirely on the balls of the feet, and it is easy to rise quickly upon tiptoe and down again without swaying forward or losing the balance.

If growing children were taught to maintain this position when running, standing, walking, or sitting, it would save many a back-ache in later years, for the muscles of the back would be strong as a result of proper action. Then, too, the abdominal muscles would be strong and able to act as a proper support for the viscera, instead of being relaxed and allowing the stomach and other organs to sink several inches lower than their normal position, causing the abdomen to protrude, and, what is far worse, paving the way for a series of physical disorder of the stomach, bowels, kidneys, liver, and many times pelvic disturbances, as well as derangement of the nervous system.

3. BREATHING EXERCISES.

Another consideration is in regard to the breathing. This is of such importance that in many systems of exercise the greater part of the time is given to this alone, and the exercises are such as to draw special attention to the muscles of respiration, bringing them all into activity. The lungs themselves are not the organs by which respiration is carried on. They act simply as large elastic bags into which the air is drawn and from which it is expelled by the action of the diaphragm and other muscles. Hence breathing is a muscular action, involuntary to a certain degree, but voluntary to a much greater extent than many people practically acknowledge. It is a fact that many times the breathing is sadly neglected, and the muscles which do the work much abused by being so greatly limited in their action.

A simple yet valuable exercise for the development of these muscles is the following:—

With the clothing perfectly free, so as to allow plenty of opportunity for expansion of the waist and of the chest, stand in the position previously described. Place the hands over the lower part of the chest, so that the ulnar (or little finger) margins of the hands come about three inches above the waist line, and the tips of the middle fingers touch each other. Take in a full breath, drawing the shoulders back, and allowing the hands to separate as the waist expands, and to come together again as the breath is expelled.

After repeating this five times, draw in a full breath, and hold it for one-half minute, in the meantime thoroughly percussing, or striking the muscles (as shown in the illustration), then exhale and allow the muscles to relax for a half minute. This may be repeated several times.

A few simple exercises taken in this way in good fresh morning air will greatly invigorate a person, and if taken regularly for a few minutes each day, will be found of great advantage in warding off disease,

especially for persons who have a tendency to weak lungs.

DR. OLIVE P. INGERSOLL.
Calcutta.

—o—
WOUNDS.

ALL wounds, however trivial, says a London physician, should be washed in a weak solution of Condy's fluid or of pure carbolic acid; they should never be entirely covered by "sticking-plaster," but brought together by strips which leave room for any oozing to get away between them. The air to which a wound is exposed ought to be as pure as possible; and finally, by careful living and abstinence from alcohol, the cells of the body, whose duty it is to fight the poisons of which we have been speaking, should be encouraged and aided in their protective work.

—o—
A HEARTY EATER.

COMMENTING on the amount which a spider actually consumed during twenty-four hours, Sir J. Lubbock says: "At a similar rate of consumption, a man weighing 160 pounds will require a whole fat steer for breakfast, a steer and five sheep for dinner, and for supper two bullocks, eight sheep, and four hogs, and just retiring, nearly four barrels of fresh fish."



HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"MOTHER," a little child once said, "mother, how old must I be before I can become a Christian?"

And the wise mother answered: "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I always loved you. I do now, and I always shall," and she kissed her mother, "but you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother made answer with another question: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me and my care?"

"I always did," she answered, and kissed her mother again; "but tell me what I want to know," and she climbed into her mother's lap, and put her arms about her neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing any older."

Then her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, my darling, without waiting to be older. All you have to do is to love

and trust, and try to please, the One who says: 'Let the little ones come unto Me.' Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered, "Yes."

Then they both knelt down, and the mother prayed, and in her prayer she gave to Christ her little one who wanted to be His.

—Revivalist.

—o—
SOMETHING UNUSUAL.

He hunted through the library,
He looked behind the door,
He searched where baby keeps his toys
Upon the nursery floor;
He asked the cook and Mary,
He called mamma to look,
He even started sister up
To leave her Christmas book.
He could n't find it anywhere,
And knew some horrid tramp
Had walked in through the open gate,
And stolen it, the scamp!
Perhaps the dog had taken it,
And hidden it away,
Or else, perhaps, he'd chewed it up
And swallowed it in play.
And then mamma came down the stairs,
Looked through the closet door,
And there it hung upon its peg,
As it had hung before;
And Tommy's cheeks turned rosy red,
Astonished was his face.
He could n't find his hat—because
'T was in its proper place.
—Emma E. Marean, in *Youth's Companion*.

—o—
THE LITTLE GIRL'S SNOWDROPS.

IN northern lands, about this time of the year, or earlier in some parts, as the snow is melting away, the snowdrops bloom. They are little white flowers—white as the snow amidst which they spring up, and are general favourites, not only because they are pretty but because they are among the first flowers of spring. Here is a story, said to be true, about a little girl who sent some snowdrops to a king:

One morning in spring, many years ago, a little girl came to the door of a castle on the banks of the river Rhine, in Prussia, just as a lady was coming out. The lady was a countess, the wife of the count who lived in the castle. He was an officer whose duty it was to wait on the king every day,

The little girl held in her hand a small basket of snowdrops. When she saw the countess, she said to her that she had heard that the king was very fond of snowdrops, so she had brought this little basket full of them, and asked her if she would please have them given to the king.

"It is true, my child," said the countess, "that the king is very fond of snowdrops, for I have often seen him wear them on his breast. But pray tell me how you came to know this; and where you got such nice ones as these so early in this season."

"My brother goes to school with the son of the king's butler," said the little girl, "and I remember hearing him say how fond the king is of them. My father is a woodman. We live in the forest not far from here. Sometimes, when my father goes a great way into the forest to cut wood, he takes me with him. There is an open place there, warm and sheltered, where the snow-

drops come up a good deal sooner than they do in other places. So, when we were there yesterday, I gathered these for the king, and I thought I would bring them to you this morning."

"I am glad you brought them," said the countess, "for I am sure the king will be delighted to have them. But who, shall I tell the king, has sent them to him?"

"Please say they are from Gertrude Alling, a little girl who loves him and prays for him every day."

Then the little girl went home to her humble cottage in the forest. When the countess gave the flowers to the king and told him what the little girl had said, it touched his feelings very much, and he even shed tears.

Some weeks after this, a waggon was going through the forest in which Gertrude's father lived. It stopped at the door of their cottage. The driver of the waggon knocked at the door, and asked if a man named Alling lived there, and if he had a little daughter named Gertrude. Her mother said, "Yes." Then he said he had some things to leave there; and began to take out several boxes from his waggon. The woodman's wife was much surprised, and said there must be some mistake, for they had not ordered any things, and were not expecting them.

"It's all right, my good woman," said the waggoner. "There's no mistake. You'll understand it all when you come to open the boxes."

When the woodman came home at the close of the day, he could not rest till he had opened the boxes. The largest one contained a beautiful sewing-machine, "For Gertrude's Mother." The second one contained rolls of flannel, and material for dresses. The third had in it a beautiful Bible, on the back of which was printed in gold letters: "To Gertrude Alling, from the King of Prussia." Inside the Bible the king had written with his own hand two texts of Scripture, in each of which one word was written in capital letters. This told the whole story. These were the texts: "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow," (Isa. i. 18). "My doctrine shall drop as the rain" (Deut. xxxii. 2).

It was a very happy family in the woodman's cottage that night.

It was the love that prompted the gift that made it of worth in the eyes of the king: Just so, little deeds of kindness and a life given in service to the King of kings are of great worth in His sight, because of our love for Him.

—o—
THE BABY'S NURSE.

MR. HILLIER, who was once in India with the English army, tells of seeing an elephant that was used to take care of children.

"Take care of the children! How could he? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Well, he did take care of them. It was

wonderful what that elephant know. The first time I met him, he gave me a blow that I had reason to remember. I was on duty in an officer's yard, and his little child was playing about. She kept running too near, I thought, to the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would get his great clumsy foot on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up, and the next thing I knew I was flat on the ground. The elephant had hit me with his trunk.

"One of the servants came along just then, and helped me up; and, when I told him about it, he said: 'I wonder that the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for any one to touch that baby when he has it in charge. You must remember that he's that baby's nurse.'

"Well, I thought that he was just saying it for sport, but sure enough, after a while a servant came out with the child fast asleep in her arms, and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk as though it had been a cradle. And that great fellow stood there for more than an hour, watching that baby, and rocking it gently now and then.

"He was very good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The officer's wife would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back; then, one by one, the three children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother. He could do it better than any servant could, because he could reach, and knew just how to do it. Oh, an elephant is an uncommonly handy nurse, when he is trained to the business, and faithful, I tell you! You can trust him every time."—*The Pansy.*



M. LOUBET, the President of France, longs, we are told, for life on a farm. He tells his friends that if he lives through his term, he will not again be a candidate for office, but will go to end his days "on the old farm at Marsanne."

A "HAIL" of bullets is a common expression, but the war correspondents have reported it to be a veritable fact under a fire from Mauser rifles. At Colenso it was said that the ground was so broken by the storm of lead that it looked like a lake in a rain-storm. M. Bloch says that experiments in Belgium have demonstrated that a soldier with the Mauser can fire 78 shots per minute without pausing to aim, and 60 when aiming.

THE reports increase, says a well-informed foreign journal, as to the tension between the Governments of Japan and Russia. The Japanese papers are full of

predictions of war at an early date and chronicle the rapid movement of troops. As indicative of the preparations, it is said that Japan has placed an order for 100,000 winter uniforms with a British firm, while at the same time large supplies of campaign foods have been purchased by the Commissary Department, and hundreds of horses are being mustered and trained for service.

ALTHOUGH the Kimberley mines yield diamonds to the value of £4,000,000 per year, it is stated that they pay no rates, and diamonds are free of taxation in the Cape.

IN discussing systems of military conscription which might be introduced into Great Britain, the Swiss system has frequently been recommended. This is the Swiss arrangement:—

Every male person in the Confederation is liable to military service from the ages of twenty to fifty. For the first twelve years he is in the *Aussug*, or *Elite*; for eight years more, from his thirty-second to his fortieth birthday, he is in the *Landwehr*; and after that he passes into the *Landsturm*, or final Reserve, which would not be called out except in the last extremity.

A WRITER in the *Nineteenth Century* says that the Negro in the Southern States of the American Union is practically held in slavery to political and social prejudices. The colour line even invades the churches. He says:—

"Racial antagonism exists in all Southern institutions, whether they are called Christian institutions or not. It makes no difference, the race feud is just the same. In lecture-halls, white churches, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavourers, in Young Men's Christian Associations, and such places, the 'colour' line is rigidly drawn."

A WRITER in the *Cornhill* magazine argues that it is time serious attention was being given to tapping, by electricity, moisture-laden air currents so as to precipitate the moisture in rain when needed. Whatever may be done locally by "rain-makers" in this direction, we may know that it is beyond the powers of man to regulate the fall of rain by mechanical means. After suggesting a scheme for securing the electrical communication with the clouds, the writer suggests this fancy sketch of the future:—

If such a scheme were practicable, we can perhaps picture parish councils with new subjects for debate. The squire will put in a claim for unbroken weather for the flower show in his park, while his chief tenant will stipulate for plumping showers on his hundred-acre field of mangold-wurzel."

THERE are increasing protests in England against the football mania which, in industrial centres, interferes with factories and everywhere stimulates gambling. To such a pass has it come that the *Contemporary Review* says:—

"The excitement during the match is epidemic, and twenty thousand people, torn by emotions of rage and pleasure, roaring condemnation and applause, make an alarming spectacle. Every Saturday in winter more than a million people are cheering and hooting round the football grounds. The tendency of it all is towards brutality. Protests are laid on all kinds of grounds, and, as very few clubs

have clean records, there is no lack of material. Charges are met by counter-charges, and all the details are swallowed with avidity by the public. The dirty linen is washed over and over again, and never becomes cleaner; the newspapers fatten upon the garbage. In fact, the behaviour of the Press is one of the most lamentable features of the football mania. . . . One of the worst signs of the times is that the infection is spreading to other games."

THE magazines and reviews in both England and the Continent have much to say of possible continental action against Great Britain. It is generally recognized that the times are exceedingly threatening. The unpreparedness of London just now to defend itself against invasion is discussed just as though all the Powers had not recently sat about the round-table at the Hague to talk about peace. The *Review of Reviews*, after quoting from a French review, says:—

If such a conviction as this gains possession of the excitable French mind, we do not need to go farther back than the history of the last three months to see that there would not be more than the thickness of a piece of tissue paper between us and a war with France if any incident arose which kindled popular passion on either side of the Channel. I loathe and detest having to repeat this warning note in the hearing of my countrymen; but while the ears of our rulers are so deaf that they will not hear, and their eyes so blind that they will not see or understand the handwriting on the wall, what is to be done but to continue to repeat in season and out of season the unheeded warnings, the justice of which is being verified day by day?"

M. BLOCH, a Polish economist, some time ago, wrote a book on war, in which he showed how modern armaments made the old military tactics obsolete. The course of the war in South Africa has demonstrated the accuracy of his forecasts of future wars. He showed that campaigns would become a series of sieges, and wars would be long and consist very much in waiting till the weaker side had exhausted its resources. The reason is that rapid-fire guns and their long range make the old method of frontal attack impossible. So, he truly says, great campaigns will only be an exaggeration of the present system of armed "peace."

GREAT BRITAIN'S food bill with the American farmer is about eighty million pounds sterling a year.

THE stalks of the maize, formerly a waste product, save as fodder for cattle, are now being made up into paper pulp, and cellulose which has its use in war-ship building, and they are also contributing to the manufacture of smokeless powder. Thus, in America, they now bring the farmer who can market them, from ten to fifteen rupees per ton.

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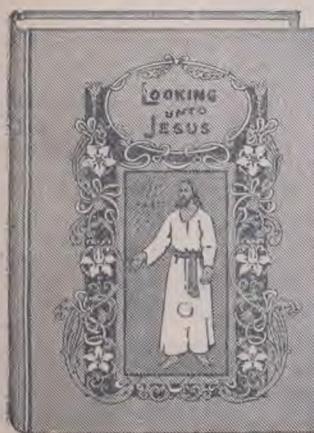
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IT has been stated that Government has for some time been spending three lacs of rupees per day in famine relief.

IN Georgia (U.S.A.) a Seventh-day Adventist was recently sentenced to a term in the chain-gang for working in his own garden on a Sunday.

BIRD-LOVERS are energetically protesting against the increasing slaughter of birds to supply the demands of fashion in Europe and America. Fashion is too deaf to hear the songs of the birds or the protests of their defenders.

THE Paris correspondent of the *Statesman* says that politicians are of the opinion that the war in South Africa is the beginning of the great war for which Europe has been preparing.

THE WATCHMAN is posted within the first week in each month. Subscribers who do not receive it promptly thereafter are requested to notify us. We post all paid subscriptions from a printed list with care to guard against missing any name, and when, through failure of the post, copies are not delivered, we will, if possible, supply again the missing number.

WHEN subscribers change their address, we shall be glad to have them send a post-card notifying us of the change. Otherwise the paper is liable to go undelivered for several months.

ONE more step has been taken in America toward making an image or likeness of the Papacy. A call has been made for a "National Assembly" to form a national Christian political party. Some quicker way of making "Christians" than that of transforming men individually by the power from on high is demanded in these days.

A NEW "trust" is announced, this time a combination of five publishing firms who propose to raise the price of Bibles.

OUR London house is publishing a monthly magazine, *Life and Health*, as the exponent of health and temperance principles. It is a live journal, thoroughly practical. Its price by post in India, we suppose, will be about Rs. 2-4 per year.

THE postal regulations affecting newspaper registration in India have been drawn closer, so that this year we shall have to pay a half-anna postage on each copy. We do not think it in the interests of our readers to devote our paper "wholly or in greater part" to political or other current news. We do mean to devote it wholly to the "good news," to Bible study and profitable reading for the home, and so we will cheerfully double our postage account.

SPEAKING of the terrible strain which militarism forces upon the nations, Mr. Sydney Low, in the *Nineteenth Century* says of Britain's necessities:—

"When the war is over, English statesmanship will have a larger task before it than the re-settlement of South Africa. It will be called upon to turn us into a military nation or at least into a nation that can perform its military duties without unendurable strain and imminent danger of failure. . . . Compulsory service seems the only way of meeting the difficulty; nor can one believe, after the warnings of the present war, that it will be seriously resisted."

BECAUSE the Gospel stands for self-humiliation and self-sacrifice, it seems foolishness to the worldly mind, and the world very generally thinks the precepts of Christ are impracticable. Dr. Max Nordau, speaking of peace principles, says:—

Rousseau was a friend of peace on principle; but he considered Saint Pierre's plan as impracticable, although it was sensible, or, rather, because it was sensible—"for," he said, "men are insane; it would furthermore be a sort of insanity to be the only sane man among the insane."

In the world's mad career it is coming to pass according to the prophet's words: "Truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter. Yea, truth faileth; and he that departeth from evil is accounted mad," as the marginal rendering of Isa. lix 15 puts it.

THE Papal official organ is pleased at the outlook. There is to be no loss to Romanism in the Philippines, it says; and it looks very much as though the Church of Rome had gained rather than lost by the transfer of those islands to a professedly Protestant Power. Then the official organ sees an omen of good to the Papacy in the possible weakening of Protestantism in the struggle of the two Protestant countries, England and the Dutch republics:—

"Will Protestantism be exhausted by it? Has the period of the great transformation of the world begun, when the Church will accomplish a new conversion of the Gentiles? Let us have courage."

In Bolivia.—One of our South American workers reports as follows:—

For some years past the Roman Catholic clergy have worked hard to have the Holy Scriptures prohibited in the Bolivian republic. To this end they have—in their authorized journals—denominated the Bible a filthy book, indecent literature, falsified history, and an instructor of heresy; and in this way they have managed to throw dust in the eyes of the Bolivians, which has prejudiced them against the perusal and study of the Word of God.

Just now, however, the liberal party has taken possession of the governmental reins, with the result that there is a great religious reaction taking place throughout the whole country. The liberals are clamouring for the free circulation of the Bible throughout the Bolivian territory; and thus the way is opening up for the spread of the gospel message in those benighted parts; although the priests are using every effort in their power to impede this object.

BECAUSE a man can do little he is not to refrain from doing that little, for that is to distrust God's power, and to say that the good accomplished depends on the giver. A lad once had but five loaves and two small fishes, but they fed five thousand people because Divine power blessed the little store.

Sincerity.—The other day a travelling journalist assured the readers of a London daily, that the Chinese were sincere in their religious life, and should be let alone. It is a familiar saying, and very often it is taken for granted that the man who is sincere is also right. But the Bible couples "sincerity" with "truth" in the service of God. A man may sincerely enough take the wrong road in travelling, but it can never lead him to his destination; nor would it be reasonable for anyone to plead his sincerity as a reason for not pointing out to him the right way.

Militarism.—"It is a startling fact," says the London *Echo*, "that at the end of the century, the military spirit in England is more pronounced than it has been since the great struggle with France a hundred years ago." And, from the point of view of the world, it needs to be so, as the spirit of militarism is equally in evidence everywhere. All this din of preparation for war means that those who do not wish to be of the world and its lusts must hasten forth in the Lord's work with their feet "shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace."

THE Bible Society reports remarkable growth in Bible circulation in Siberia. It has risen from 3,000 copies in 1886 to nearly 50,000 in 1898.

THE British force in Africa is the largest army ever transported across the seas.

ADDED to the devastation of war in South Africa locusts are said to be destroying all green things in some parts.

"THAT TIRED FEELING."—Many things are advertised, which, if half that is said of them were true, would for ever banish weariness. But a medical journal gives this advice: "When 'that tired feeling' comes on, instead of going for a dose of kola, one should go to bed. 'Taking something' in the nature of a drug, when what the brain and body need is sleep, is a crime."